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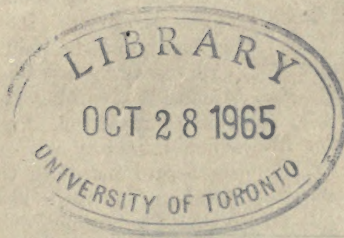
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ART. I.—*Les Confessions de J. J. Rousseau, nouvelle Edition, précédée d'une Notice par* George Sand. (New Edition of Rousseau's Confessions, preceded by a notice by G. Sand.) Paris: Charpentier. 1841.

IN France, in the middle of the last century, when the artificial in society was at its height—when *bienséance* was the professed substitute for virtue—when there was no belief in a higher morality than that which could be deduced from mere selfishness—when the admission of a cold materialism was considered the perfection of civilisation—there arose a man who declared that he was dissatisfied with all this. He could not repose on a materialism which seemed to rob man of his dignity; he could not bear to find all high emotions reduced to the love of self; he fancied that there was an inner worth of man more valuable than obedience to the external forms of politeness; he even considered that there might be a higher sphere of action than the *petits soupers* over which some witty lady presided, and that excellent as was the glance of approval from feminine eyes, there was no such great nobility in flippant explanations of physical science to *femmes savantes*.

The man was not a learned man, but he had read his Plutarch, and when he contemplated the pictures of antique greatness, he discovered the possibility of a different sort of people from the courtiers, and the wits, and the poetasters, and the musicians, and the *philosophes* of Louis XV. He had read his Tacitus; and he had found therein reflections on a corrupt age, which, without any great exertion, he could apply to his own. It was explained to him that these ancient pictures were but so many

exaggerations; that the virtues of self-denial and patriotism, which were so prominent among the Greeks and Romans, were in themselves impossible; and the demonstration founded on a knowledge of the world was by no means difficult. Yet was the strange man not convinced, but answered, 'True, I see that from the men of this day, you cannot construct a patriot or a legislator of the antique school; but how am I sure that the ancient man was not the true man, and that these are not the mere creatures of degeneracy?' And he set to work, and he tore down, and he abstracted, and he sifted, and he declaimed; and the result of his doctrines was that artificial convention was not all, but that man was a real something beneath it. He would not admit that when the periwig, and the snuff-box, and the smart saying, and the flippant gallantry, and taste, and 'philosophy,' were taken away, nothing was left; but declared that there was still man—a natural man, capable of joy and sorrow—aye, capable of great achievements—greater, mayhap, than were often dreamed of in the select parties. The little word 'MAN,' in the mouth of this innovating thinker, began to acquire a new significance, and the frequenters of the *petits soupers* were startled at the phenomenon. The strange personage who had thought so oddly, and who uttered such startling doctrines, and so terribly scared poor convention, was JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, citizen of Geneva.

But this same Rousseau did not stop at the declaration, that man was something beyond a mere empty *substratum*, existing to sustain the decorations of civilisation, but he went further, and declared that these so-called decorations were only disfigure-

ments,—so many negative quantities, each of which taken away, would cause man to rise in the scale of being. The fine arts, he thought, were miserable things, for they took up time that might be better employed; science he detested, seeing in it nothing more than a laborious occupation with trifles; the advantages of machinery he scorned, for he believed that the use of these wheels and levers had deprived man of confidence in his own arms and legs: all that renders humanity honourable in the eyes of modern Europe he abhorred, and the value of mental qualifications he settled in one sentence, 'The man who meditates is a depraved animal.' Therefore to him was a Chippewa Indian infinitely more respectable than an astronomer, or a poet, or a philosopher. And thus did our Rousseau, instead of being a teacher of sound doctrines, which he might have been had he reconciled the idea of humanity with the idea of progress, become an utterer of much that was useless; and, being a free man, advocated a reign of darkness, and a bigotry. He could not see in his age an imperfect stage of progress to a better state of things; he could not take the good with the bad, and therefore he hated all together. The additions made to man since he had left the savage state were all deformed eccentricities, which, if they were not cut away, were only to be left, and lamented over, because they had taken so deep a root. No intolerant admirer of feudal government or priestly influence ever preached against enlightenment with more warmth than the Genevese Republican.

And what sort of man was he that spoke the strong word? He was, as Mr. Carlyle says in his lectures on 'Hero-worship,' not a strong man. Great was the speech that was uttered, small was the speaker. The age was vain; it was distinguished by an empty love of praise from small people; yet none were vainer, none had a more girlish fondness for laudation, than Jean Jacques Rousseau. The age liked, as we have said, to deduce virtue from selfishness, and Rousseau hated that deduction: yet where was creature more morbidly selfish? If egotism was the *ignis fatuus* that misled his contemporaries, with him it was more: it was the disease that fed upon his vitals, that forbade him to have one healthy feeling. Nay, striking as were the truths which he uttered amid a maze of fallacy, so much does he exhibit of that egotism, that vanity, that love of notoriety, that we can hardly tell where the real thinker begins, and the lover of self-display leaves off. He is a difficult person to un-

ravel, this Jean Jacques Rousseau. He has left us a book of Confessions, which seems to surpass in candour all the books that were ever published, and in which he seems most liberal in the proclamation of his transgressions, decent and indecent; and yet we have a kind of uneasy notion that we have not quite got at the truth, and that we know a deal more about many people who have not been half so frank, than we do about that confessing Genevese. He tells us at the very commencement "Let the trumpet of the last judgment sound when it will, I will present myself before the sovereign Judge, with this book in my hand, and I will say aloud, 'Here is what I did, what I thought, and what I was.'"

This sounds imposing; we ought to be awe-struck, but we confess that we are not all-believing; no, not even when Madame Dudevant tells us that he is a father of the church to come. We cannot help thinking of an ugly old maxim of Rochefaucauld, to the effect, that we prefer talking of our faults to not talking of ourselves at all; and when we look at these faults of Rousseau—wretched, disagreeable faults as they are—in short, just those sort of faults that, above all others, we should keep to ourselves—we feel that they are somehow very dexterously tiuselled over, and that if the enormity be great, there is a good measure of accounting cause and interesting repentance to overbalance its effect. We set aside all the statements let loose by the professed enemies of Rousseau, all the hostile histories; we take him as he shows himself, and we consent to disbelieve every other authority; but still we say, he is the most puzzling creature. What can we believe him to be? Shall we suppose him sincere? A host of little meannesses, and vanities, and timidities, a strange mixture of braggadocio and flinching, are at hand to shake our faith. Shall we believe him a mere vain man, whose only desire was for notoriety, who snarled at the world to make it frown upon him, and who ran away from it simply because he hoped it would follow him? If we turn to certain hostile anecdotes, we shall find reason for such belief: but then the earnestness, the truthfulness of 'Emile' rise in a sort of majesty before us, and will not allow us to think that all was a trick. Shall we believe, to account for his eccentricities, that he received some unlucky hurt in his infancy, which affected his brain? If we would foster such belief, there are accounts to support us: but there is abundance of quiet, calm, unenthusiastic sense to refute us: there is the 'Contrat Sociale, which, un-

pleasant as its doctrines may be to some, is a fine specimen of logical deduction from assumed premises. Nay, in his entire works there is a sort of consistency, as if the thinker never changed, though the man might occasionally waver: and yet—and yet there come the signs of weakness, of the being ‘not strong,’ that make us hesitate. Perhaps, after all, it is we ourselves who are unjust to this Genevese, in wishing to pin him to some well-defined category. Perhaps it is on account of the great quantity of accurate information concerning him, that we think we know so little. Maybe we know too much. The artistical biographer may remove this deformity, and heighten that perfection, and we shall have a very conceivable sort of personage. But when the very man is revealed, may he not always seem inexplicable, and may we not ascribe to his want of candour, what is our own dimness of perception? May not all present the same want of harmony between theory and practice, between thoughts and actions, as poor Jean Jacques?—Reader, if thou be a writer also, think within thyself if this is not possible.

To the new edition of Rousseau’s ‘Confessions,’ which forms the head of this article, Madame Dudevant (George Sand) has written a very pleasant and ingenious preface, with only the fault of soaring a little too far into the regions of mysterious signification. Thus, having settled that Jean Jacques is to be a saint of the future, she bids us observe how completely the work more immediately before us, is one of primitive Christianity—namely, the publication of a confession. A truly agreeable and good-natured turn to give to an act in which disappointment, and vanity, and egotism had so large a share! George Sand is willing to admit the many faults of the Saint, but he may take his place by the ‘publican Matthew’ and the ‘persecutor Paul!’ Nay, the time is not far distant when ‘Saint Rousseau’ shall be no more tried at the bar of opinion than Saint Augustin. All this is meant to sound wonderfully fine, but nevertheless, the words ‘Saint Rousseau’ will not ring musically in our ears.

To assign to Jean Jacques a place more definite than that of mere saintship, Madame Dudevant with much acuteness divides the eminent men of an age into two classes, the ‘strong men’ (*les hommes forts*) and the ‘great men’ (*les hommes grands*). The former men are those who belong to the present, and who act in the present. Their feet are set firmly on stable ground, and they can strike out with vigour. They

include the great warriors, the great statesmen, even the great manufacturers, men who do brilliant deeds, and have brilliant successes. Voltaire, Diderot, and the *negative* philosophers of the last century, with whom Rousseau could never amalgamate, but whom he approached only to fly off again, leaving a feeling of contempt on one side, and loathing on the other, belong to the class of ‘hommes forts.’ They sapped the foundations of established things, they shook creeds, they disorganized society, but they had no view of the far distant. It was because they were of the present, that they could attack it so vigorously. These ‘hommes forts’ are, according to George Sand, the sappers and miners of the moving phalanx of humanity; they clear the road, they break down rocks, they penetrate forests. The ‘hommes grands,’ on the other hand, are not versed in the science of present facts; they find themselves in a strange region—too strange to allow of their acting, and they therefore occupy their minds with uneasy meditations. A pure ideal is before them, with which nothing that surrounds them will accord. Hating the present, they may seek their ideal in the past or the future; they may look forward to the time when man shall have reached his perfection, or they may sigh over a golden age. Rousseau, who belongs to this category of ‘hommes grands,’ not having faith in the future, was one of the sighers over the past; though, nevertheless, he had an instinctive feeling of progress, as he showed by writing ‘Emile’ and the ‘Contrat Sociale.’ These two classes of the ‘forts’ and the ‘grands’ are perpetually at war with each other, although they are more really allied than they think, and are both equally necessary to the advancement of mankind. The ‘forts’ working by corrupt means in a corrupt region, become necessarily corrupted, and hence they do not satisfy the purity of the ‘grands.’ The latter, contemplating their ideal, have too exalted notions to admit of their acting with force on the bad men of their age. They are therefore despised by the ‘forts’ as mere dreamers—empty theorists, who have no genius for practice, but who pass a life completely useless to themselves and others. Nevertheless, these ‘grands’ are the ‘creators,’ the originators of all actions, although they seem but mere dreamers in their lifetime. For the meditators of one age strike out thoughts which are realized by the ‘forts’ in the next, these thoughts having now become a solid basis for practice. The circumstance that the ‘grands’ can only create without acting, while the ‘forts’ can only act without creat-

ing, of itself explains their mutual utility and their mutual dislike. When a better age than the present shall come, the distinction between the 'forts' and the 'grands' will vanish: as, mankind having become purer, there will be no longer any need of a semi-vicious agent to carry out good thoughts, but the 'grands' will see their plans accepted by society, and the 'forts,' not being so completely involved in a fierce struggle, will have room for meditation. Till then the 'homme grand' must consent to be a sort of martyr.

Such is George Sand's classification of the 'hommes grands' and the 'hommes forts.' There is a great deal of truth in this division, considered in the abstract; but whether it is quite right to place Jean Jacques in the category of the 'grands,' as distinguished from the 'forts,' is another matter. He had indeed that restless dislike of the present, the longing after something distant—he scarcely knew what, and therefore placed it in primitive America—which are the marks of the 'grands;' but certainly he acted immediately, both in and on the present, and therefore though not a strong man in an English sense of the word, he was most assuredly a 'homme fort' in the Dudevant phraseology. Let us turn over the whole works of Voltaire, with all their scoffs and wicked pleasantries, and we doubt whether we shall find a harder hit at existing creeds than the 'Profession of faith of the *Vicaire* of Savoy,' though the latter is written by Rousseau with all the show of diffidence, and a pretended veneration for every description of church. True, our Genevese did not take his mace in his hand, and thunder away at all institutions like the Robber Moor: true, he rather whined than bawled his sentiments: but he was an eminently practical man in his way notwithstanding.

Let us look at him a little closer. Jean Jacques is more alluded to in general terms than surveyed minutely now-a-days, and it will be not altogether lost time to follow (briefly, of course) the career of a man who made so great a noise in his epoch, and whose influence is likely to be more permanent than most of his contemporaries. Rousseau had a *positive* side; he had a constructive as well as a destructive theory; and therefore does he rightly belong to the Dudevant category of 'grand,' as an originator, although we would not, on that account, exclude him from the predicament of 'fort.'

Jean Jacques Rousseau, citizen of Geneva, born in the year 1712, was in his youth one of those persons, whom god-fathers and godmothers do not highly es-

teem. He was a shuffling, unsatisfactory sort of a boy, who seemed destined not to thrive. Bind him to one trade, and he would fancy another, with a still greater predilection for doing nothing at all: these amiable propensities being accompanied by a most unlucky taste for petty larceny. Money, it is true, he did not love to steal, there was something too commercial and business-like in having to lay it out. He liked immediate enjoyment. Spartan in contrivance, epicurean in luxury, the ripe fruit, the glittering bauble, were for him the tempting baits. He had every 'sneaking' vice, with little of ill-nature or malice: and these characteristics of his juvenile years, however he might afterwards affect the bearish misanthrope, seem to have cleaved to him pretty firmly during nearly the whole of his life. His mother died at his birth: he was the idol of his father, a Geneva clockmaker, and of the neighbours, who looked upon him as an infant prodigy. With reading of all sorts, ecclesiastical history, Plutarch, La Bruyère, and the old ponderous romances, did the youthful republican store his mind, and his parent gazed on him with admiring horror when he saw him put his hand over a chafing-dish to imitate Mutius Scævola.

Happy were the first years of Jean Jacques Rousseau, when all caressed, and none opposed, and when the dreams of futurity, nurtured by a warm imagination, only gave an additional zest to the enjoyment of the present. He tells us himself, he was 'idolized' by all around, yet never 'spoiled.'—Is not this a distinction without a difference, Jean Jacques? And were you not in infancy nurtured in all that love of having your own way, in all that waywardness, in all that effeminate sensitiveness, which were so conspicuous in your future career, and which, perhaps, were the origin of all your—greatness? Well,—thus did childhood pass pleasantly; but directly it was gone, and there was a necessity for the youth adopting some means of getting a living, then came the disagreeables of life. This business would not suit, and that master was too cross; and, one night, stopping out beyond the walls after the gate was shut, and dreading harsh treatment from the engraver to whom he was apprentice, he ran away altogether. His father, having got into a scrape, had been obliged to leave Geneva long before, and poor Jean Jacques, at the age of sixteen, set out on a long walk from his native town, without any visible means of finding a place of rest. Fortunately there is no evil in the world without a corresponding

portion of good, and religious dissensions, which have been the greatest scourges ever known to the world, proved of great utility to Jean Jacques. There were catholics hovering about in the vicinity, anxious to draw Swiss heretics into the pale of the church; and the young vagabond from Geneva, willing to go to any place—excepting only his home—or to do anything whatever, provided a comfortable meal was the result, was a *bonne bouche* not to be obtained every day. He had been brought up in the tenets of old wicked John Calvin, and the members of the only true church hoped to turn the wants of his body to the benefit of his soul. He was soon secured by a *cure* of Savoy, who transmitted him to Madame de Warens: a widow and a new convert, afterwards a very important personage in the life of our hero, who transmitted him in her turn to an institution at Turin, formed for the purpose of giving instruction in the Roman faith.

Far be it from our purpose to stop with Jean Jacques any length of time at the filthy sojourn at Turin. The 'hospice,' according to his account, was the scene of the most bestial vice, and he was but too fortunate in escaping the contagion. Turning catholic for the sole purpose of promoting his worldly interests,—when his conversion was complete, he had the mortification of seeing himself outside the doors of the 'hospice,' without a single prospect of a livelihood. He managed to enjoy himself a short time at Turin, and after spending the little money he had in such dainties as suited his palate,—for he was a great epicure in all delicacies, in which milk or cream formed a component, and which are included in French under the general name of 'laitage,'—and solacing himself with one of those Platonic amours, which he describes so delightfully, he was at last obliged to accept the situation of valet in the house of the Countess de Vercellis. The poor lady died shortly afterwards, and it was amid the confusion which followed her decease, that the boy Rousseau committed one of those frightful acts which no penitence can atone for in the eyes of mankind, and which leave a deeper stain than we suspect the 'confessing' Genevese ever thought. We allude to his celebrated theft of a ribbon, and his base accusation of a young girl, his fellow-servant, when he was discovered. In vain does he tell his reader how, even at the time he writes his 'Confessions,' his soul is torn by remorse,—in vain he tells him how the desire to get rid of the burning secret chiefly induced him to write that book,—in vain he attempts to

comfort himself by saying that poor Marion has had avengers enough in those who persecuted him, when he was innocent, during forty years,—the reader cannot feel satisfied. What is even worse, the act is not quite isolated, but the motives that led to it still seem strong in after life.

Both he and the object of his accusation were sent out of the house together, and the youth again saw the world open before him. However, his acquaintance with a Savoyard Abbé, named Gaime, whom he had met at the house of Madame Vercellis, and whom he afterwards immortalized as the '*Vicaire* of Savoy,' led to an introduction to the house of the Count de Gouvon, who engaged him as a servant. In this respectable family fortune seemed to dawn upon him; his superiority to the station which he held was at once discerned, and he was treated accordingly; the Abbé de Gouvon, a younger son of the family, who had a great taste for literature, giving him instructions in the Latin and Italian languages. But it was impossible for Jean Jacques to pursue a career steadily; sometimes ill-fortune seemed to assist his own wrong-headedness in working his ruin, but on this occasion his do-no-good disposition operated quite alone. He took a violent fancy to a lubberly fellow named Bâcle, who just had coarse wit enough to amuse him, and who was about to set off for Geneva. Nothing would suit him but to accompany this Bâcle, and he had the ingratitude to quarrel with his benefactors on purpose to get out of the house. The project he had for obtaining a comfortable living, both for himself and his friend, was a beautiful specimen of the art of building castles in the air. The Abbé Gouvon had given him one of those hydraulic toys called 'Hiero's fountains,' and it was by showing this to the inhabitants of the villages through which they would pass that the two wiseacres hoped to live in luxury. At every inn they could exhibit the hydraulic wonder, and of course no innkeeper who saw it in full action could think of charging for food and lodging. Their anticipations as to the interest their fountain would create were in some measure realized, but not their hopes of profit. The hosts and hostesses were amused enough, but they never failed to make a regular charge. The unlucky fountain at last was broken, and the two adventurers, tired of carrying it, were heartily delighted at the misfortune. This *trait* of levity at the downfall of the air-built castle is delicious.

Rousseau's only resource now was to return to the house of Madame de Warens,

at Annecy, trusting in the kindness which he believed she entertained for him, and feeling for her something of the fondness of a child, and the passion of a lover. He was well received, was lodged in her house, and was afterwards placed by her with the music master of the cathedral, that he might study under him. This professor having involved himself in a quarrel with his chapter fled to France, and Rousseau was deputed to accompany him. They had proceeded as far as Lyons, when the poor master fell down in a fit, a crowd collected, and Rousseau—left the helpless musician, and scampered back to Annecy, which, he found to his horror, Madame de Warens had left.

It is painful to go through such a number of meannesses committed by a man so distinguished. In all that regards character he seems to have been the very reverse of great. Excitable in the most morbid degree from his very childhood, he did not know what self-denial was. No matter how trifling the temptation, how frivolous the whim, that stirred him for the moment, there was no duty so sacred, no obligation so binding, that he would not break them through, without the slightest compunction. That he had no deliberate malice in his composition, that he would not have done any act deliberately wicked, may readily be admitted, but at the same time there was no deed so base that it might not have resulted from his weakness. With a feverish anxiety for present enjoyment, with the most cowardly dread of present ill, he had constantly too weighty reasons for committing any crime whatever. The detestable act of false accusation, his ingratitude to the Gouvon family, his miserable desertion of the old musician, all proceeded from the want of determined character. Strange is the anomaly when the hero is no hero, when the battle is fought by the weak and pusillanimous.

The vagabond life recommenced after Rousseau's desertion of the professor: and to the interesting characteristics which had already distinguished him, he began to add those of a *charlatan*. At Lausanne, making an anagram of his name, and calling himself 'Vaussoire' instead of 'Rousseau,' he set up for a singing master, though he scarcely knew anything about music, having profited little under the auspices of his late preceptor. But the masterpiece of impudence was his composing a cantata for a full orchestra, when he could not note down the most trifling vaudeville. He copied out the different parts, he distributed them with the utmost assurance to the musicians who

were to play at the private concert of a Lausanne amateur: indeed, that nothing might be wanted to complete the 'swindle,' the concluding piece was a tune commonly sung about the streets, which he boldly proclaimed to be his own. The concert must have been a brilliant scene. The 'composer' attended and was most erudite in explaining the style and character of his piece. Gravely did he beat time with a fine roll of paper. A pause, and the grand crash began. 'Never,' says Jean Jacques himself, 'was such a *charivari* heard.' Then, when the noble work had been played to the end, came the ironical compliments, the assurances of a lasting immortality. The boldest impostor that ever lived or was ever imagined—the august Don Raphael himself could not exceed the cool effrontery of our modest friend in this instance. Years afterwards Jean Jacques looked back and marvelled at his own audacity. He can only account for it as a temporary delirium. Shall we accept this explanation? It will be charitable at any rate.

The notable achievement rendered Lausanne too hot to hold. Rousseau was glad enough to go elsewhere. He taught music at Neuchâtel, and learned while teaching: visited Paris, where he was disgusted at the aspect of the city, from the circumstance of entering it at the wrong end,—just as a stranger to England might be displeased on entering London by Whitechapel: and after enduring great privations, returned once more to Madame Warens, who was at Chamberi and invited him to join her.

Hitherto his connexion with Madame Warens had been purely of an innocent character, and the lady and her *protégé* conducted themselves in perfect conformity to the names they gave each other of *Maman* and *Petit*. When first he saw her on the way to Turin, she was twenty-eight years of age, and he describes her as having a tender air, a soft glance, an angelic smile, a *mouth the measure of his own*, and beautiful hair. She was short in stature and thickset, though without detriment to her figure. A more beautiful head, more beautiful hands, more beautiful arms than those of Madame de Warens, were not to be imagined. About six years had now elapsed since the time of that first interview, but the only change, at least in the eyes of Jean Jacques, was that her figure had become rounder. Otherwise the charms which had at first made such an impression on him, and which had constantly flowed before his mind as a beautiful object at an unapproachable distance, were the same as ever, and above all, the voice, the 'silvery voice of youth,' was unaltered.

Madame de Warens was *mentally* the chastest person in the world; the 'icicle on Diana's temple' was not more cold; yet, strange to say, she allowed herself aberrations, from which a lady with less of the Vestal disposition would have shrunk. In her youth she had been seduced by her *maitre de philosophie*, and from that time she always seems to have had a *liaison* of some sort or other. During her widowhood she had her favourite resident with her, as constantly as an old empress of Russia. When Rousseau first knew her, Claude Anet, her servant, was the happy man; and on this last visit, Rousseau himself was raised to the exalted position,—simply to keep him out of mischief. He was not the *successor* of Claude: both were retained together. The worthy Claude, far from feeling any petty jealousy, looked upon his mistress and her younger lover with the indulgence he would have bestowed on two children; for though he was not older than Madame de Warens, there was something grave and steady about him. A highly respectable man was this Claude Anet! The lady herself riveted the friendship of her two lovers. Often with tears did she make them embrace, saying that both were necessary to the happiness of her life. Interesting confession!

We thus find our hero, who was in some instances almost a puritan in his notions, and in some a sensualist of the lowest kind, sunk into the deepest state of degradation. The life with Madame de Warens, though Rousseau has shown himself an artist in describing it, colouring it so as to make it *almost* beautiful, reveals itself, on a moment's reflection, as one of the most detestable states of existence that can be conceived. Jean Jacques may exhaust his stores of eloquence to make us think that Madame de Warens was a Lucretia in soul,—alas! we cannot consider the lady, who was always keeping some young man out of mischief, and who, when Claude was dead and Rousseau was absent, instantly supplied the place of the latter with a third, otherwise than as a Messalina on a small scale, whose only virtue was a sort of muddling good-nature. As for the two favourites, Claude Anet and himself, he may heighten the respectability of the former, and render his own peculiar person as interesting as he will, he still leaves us the question unanswered: 'If one of two lovers, kept simultaneously by a lady of small fortune (for we give all the circumstances), is not in a degraded position, who is?' Rather should we have been pleased with him, had he boldly taken up the question, and thundered

forth a justification. But this glossing over the disgusting, this forcing forward the amiable, this pretended deference for old world morality, with a real worship of the lowest vice, this is the worst part of the affair. Call good good, and evil evil, or evil good, and good evil, or give events just as they were, and we shall know what you mean, Jean Jacques: but this morality, which raises its voice so high, and yet allows the gratification of every possible desire, generates nothing but false positions. Mr. Carlyle has well said, that in these books of Rousseau there is 'not white sunlight: something operatic, a kind of rose pink, artificial bedizenment.'

Those who censure Rousseau are very indignant at the selfish feeling he displayed after the death of the respectable Claude. The first thing that struck him was, that he inherited the clothes of the deceased, particularly a fine black suit. He himself calls the thought vile and unworthy, but to us it is the honestest thought connected with the affair: the one scintillation of truth, which reveals the rottenness of the foundation on which the whole edifice stood. Amid the mass of falsity, the one truth has been found offensive. When the shutter of the ball-room in which rouged beauties have been dancing all night is thrown open, it is the sunbeam that is blamed, and not the dissipation and the red paint. The friendship that Jean Jacques felt for Claude must have been the hollowest thing imaginable: nothing could be more natural than that he should see him die without a pang. The loss of a rival, and the gain of the fine black suit: the exchange was not so very grievous. People have begun at the wrong end in blaming Jean Jacques, he having set them the example.

Madame de Warens, who, with all her frailties, was a good-natured soul, was constantly getting into difficulties through the unbusiness-like character of her mind, and her great easiness to all sorts of *charlatans*. Poor Claude, therefore, was a valuable person in the *ménage*; he had habits of economy, and was a steady man of business; qualities which were by no means conspicuous in the young Genevese. The latter continued to lead a sauntering sort of life, half studious, half lazy, and quite unsatisfactory, under the protection of his 'mamma:' sometimes improving his knowledge of music, sometimes learning Latin, and occasionally dabbling in astronomy. Among other fancies, the youth had a short fit of uneasiness as to his fate in a future life; and he resolved the weightiest of all questions, by a method which is not recognized

by any church, but the principle of which many a superstitious clerk or apprentice applies in divining matters relating to his worldly prosperity. Jean Jacques placed himself opposite a tree, and taking up a stone, said: 'If I hit—sign of salvation; if I miss—sign of damnation.' And he did hit, for he had chosen a tree which was very large and very near. From that time, quoth Rousseau at an advanced period of life, I never had a doubt of my salvation. Happy Rousseau, so soon to solve all doubts! Strange mixture of seriousness and frivolity, which appears at every step of this interesting biography. There is a consistency of inconsistency in all that relates to this remarkable man.

The most unwholesome study in the world is that of medical books by one who does not adopt medicine as a profession. What nervous man, who has turned over the leaves of his Buchan with trembling hand, has not felt by turns the symptoms of every disease? What mind more likely than that of Rousseau to imbibe poison at such a source? Yet he must study a little anatomy: and the result was, that he fancied he had a polypus in his heart. Another whim, to waft from the place of quiet the most restless creature that ever skimmed the earth. The whim of taking a fancy to that which did not belong to him,—the whim of friendship,—had already blown him about: we now find him under the influence of the whim of hypochondria. Poor 'mamma' is obliged to let 'petit' go to Montpellier, the only place in the world where his extraordinary disease can be cured. An amour with a Madame Larnage, whom he met on the road, drove his uneasiness out of his head, and when he arrived at Montpellier, though he found the fidgets return, he found no physicians willing to believe in his complaint. So back again he went to Chamberi and 'mamma,' with half a mind to desert this first love and go to the residence of Madame Larnage. When he arrived at the house of Madame de Warens, lo! he found he had a successor: a fair, flat-faced, well-made, lubberly sort of personage, by profession a barber, was the presiding genius of the establishment. He could not have believed the footing on which the intruder stood had not the ever-candid 'mamma' explained the delicate little affair with her own lips, at the same time making him understand, that his own position was by no means compromised. This he could not tolerate, and in his 'Confessions' he makes an immense merit of his delicacy on the occasion. The *liaison* with 'mamma' was thus readily broken off, and

with it terminates what Jean Jacques terms the period of his youth: a period by no means reputable, but on the whole tolerably happy: a period by no means indicative of any distinguished futurity, but nevertheless one, the effects of which may clearly be traced in his after life. This first period is the most interesting in the biography of the *man*. Afterwards we are more concerned with the progress of the *writer*.

Madame de Warens was still willing to protect him, but the new lover made her residence unpleasant, and moreover her fortune was getting worse and worse. Accordingly he set off for Paris, where he arrived in the autumn of 1741, with sanguine hopes of making his fortune. We have seen him when almost a boy, possessed of a 'Hiero's fountain,' believing that in that toy he had the means of travelling all over Europe free of expense. The hopes that he now entertained of making a certain fortune at Paris were not a whit less extravagant, although he had nearly attained the age of thirty. He had discovered a new system of musical notation: which was to effect an entire revolution, and to strike the whole world with surprise and wonder. Never did an inventor's vanity so much induce him to overrate the work invented. There is some ingenuity in his scheme, and it presents some advantages; but as it is accompanied by corresponding disadvantages, it has never been adopted. The principle is the substitution of a row of figures, for the dots and lines employed in the received system of notation. The key-note is always signified by number one; and the other figures, as high as seven, readily express the different intervals; while a dot, over or under the figure, marks an octave above or below. The advantage of the plan, independently of its saving the expense of musical engraving, and allowing music to be printed in mere common type—an advantage urged by Rousseau—is that it saves all trouble in transposition. The singer or player has only to vary the signification of number one, and all the other figures will adapt themselves to the new key without the expenditure of a thought. The great disadvantage is, that the figures being written in a straight line, the notion of ascending and descending passages is not conveyed at once to the eye, as by the received system. Hence, although it might be employed in slow or very simple melodies, its use in a series of rapid passages would be found exceedingly embarrassing. Even if the plan had been free from this fatal objection, there was no such great wonder in the invention, nothing which

might not be hit on by any clever young man, who dabbled in a subject, and had a taste for innovation. He succeeded in obtaining a hearing by the Academy; and three *savans*, who knew (says Rousseau) everything but music, were appointed to examine the new system. The result of their report to the Academy was a certificate directed to Rousseau to the effect that his plan was neither new nor useful. The charge of want of novelty was owing to a discovery that a monk, named Souhaitti, had years before conceived a gamut written in figures. Rousseau vows that he never heard of this monk or his discovery; and as his system is so easy of invention that a thousand people might have conceived it without communication, there is no reason to doubt the truth either of the charge or the defence. The celebrated Rameau with whom he had an interview made the really solid objection to the use of figures, and that was the objection we have already named.

The visit to Paris did not answer the purpose for which it was intended, but at any rate it procured him some influential friends, through whose exertions he became secretary to M. Montaigu, the French ambassador at Venice. The services he rendered while in this situation to the French monarchy, he represents, in his 'Confessions,' as being of the most important kind, and he regards the conduct of the ambassador as one continuous effort to keep his merits in the background. There are accounts which are unfavourable to the belief of Rousseau's importance in his situation at Venice, but whatever his exaggerations may have been, this much is certain, that there is a healthiness in the part of his memoirs relating to this short period of his life, which we do not find elsewhere. Occupation seems to have suited him; he seems in active life to have attained a degree of happiness which he did not know at any other period; he met with a wholesome interruption to his habits of indulging in feverish hopes, or still more morbid dependency. However, as every situation which promised comfort and steady occupation to Jean Jacques was destined to endure but a short time, this was lost by a quarrel with M. Montaigu, and Rousseau was once more in Paris. Then he made acquaintance with Diderot and Grimm, and became *almost* one of the clique of the *philosophes*. About the same time he formed a *liaison* with the well-known Thérèse Levasseur, whom he met in the capacity of a servant to a kind of tavern, who lived with him as his mistress till, when quite an old man, he married her,

and who bore him the children whom, immediately after birth, he despatched to the foundling hospital. Like the unlucky story of the ribbon, this foundling affair is one of those indelible blots on the character of Jean Jacques which no sentimentality can erase, and which no sophistry can justify. Arduous as was the battle in which he afterwards engaged, there he stands constantly before us, as one who had not the least hardihood in conquering a propensity, or in enduring even an inconvenience. Having put five successive children in an asylum, which prevented even recognition, he has the still greater meanness of endeavouring to excuse himself, by the plea that he thus placed them in the road to become honest artizans, rather than adventurers and miserable *litrati*. Plato, with his sheep-pens for new-born infants, erected in his imaginary republic for the purpose of preventing the recognition of children by parents, is at least tolerable, however disagreeable his doctrine; but Jean Jacques, the great champion of natural affection, the asserter of the extreme doctrine that none but a parent ought to superintend the education of a child, becomes absolutely disgusting, when he attempts to apologize for his miserable act. Would that we could find an excuse by believing that the desertion having preceded his vigorous advocacy of natural affection, he had at the time of that advocacy become an altered man. Alas! when years afterwards Madame de Luxembourg endeavoured to find his children, he was not sorry at the ill success of the attempt: so much would he have been annoyed if any child had been brought home, by the suspicion that after all it might be another's. A touch of delicacy—a well-turned sentiment—anything, that he might but escape from the application of his own broad principles.

The influence that Thérèse Levasseur had over his mind must have been most remarkable. She is more striking from what he does *not* say of her, than from what he communicates. Throughout the remainder of his life does she appear as a kind of adjunct to his existence, and yet she never appears as a heroine of the story. Sometimes we forget her altogether: we see him consumed by a passion for another, and the image of Thérèse fades from our mind. But the object of adoration passes away—the feeling of devotion was but transient—and the eternal *gouvernante*—as Thérèse aptly enough was called—is again before us. He tells us that he never loved her; he says she was so stupid he never could hammer a notion into her head; her mother who preyed upon him, and whom he

believed to be involved in the 'conspiracy' against him, he perfectly detested; yet was that Thérèse ever with him; nowhere could he go, without her as a companion. The fickle, wayward Rousseau, who was always dissatisfied with what he possessed, and thirsting for what he had not, was ruled by that same stupid woman, as mistress and wife, to the day of his death: shortly after which, herself being old, she married a stable-boy.

There are few literary men who have made their *début* in that character so late in life as Rousseau. If we except his papers on the new system of notation, it was not till he was about thirty-eight years of age, that he appeared before the public as an author. The Academy of Dijon had offered a prize for the best discourse in answer to the question—'Has the progress of arts and sciences contributed to the corruption or to the purification of morals?' Rousseau's discourse, written on account of this offer, and deciding that the arts and sciences had had a corrupting effect, gained the prize, and had a most important effect on the career of its author. Looking at it now, one is astonished at the noise it occasioned at its time. It is clever certainly, but the cleverness is precisely that of a smart youth in his teens, who aptly brings forward his reasons in support of a thesis he has chosen, and uses for his purpose the little learning he has at his command. Nothing, it would seem now, could be more easy than to take up a Cato-the-Censor sort of position; to declaim in high-sounding terms about abstract virtue; and to protest against literature and science, as effeminating the mind and occupying the time which might be more properly devoted to the service of the republic. There were the early Romans, with their barbarous victories, to be exalted; there was the good word in honour of Lycurgus and the old Spartans; and a due share of reproach against the Athenians. There was also reflection on the dangers of philosophy in shaking the credence in existing institutions. This was a trick eminently Rousseau-ish: whenever the Genevese began his work of destruction, he always threw out a hook or two, in the hope of catching one or two of what we may call the 'conservative' party. And at the end of the essay there was a trick even more Rousseau-ish. After proving, in his fashion, that mankind had necessarily deteriorated as the arts advanced, the author argues that the mischief being once done, the arts are to be encouraged to fill up the time of the corrupt beings who inhabit the earth, and prevent them from doing further

mischief. The meaning of this is, that Rousseau wanted to look like a Roman of the earliest ages, and, at the same time, to write his operas for the French public. All his virtuous orations, his tirades against corruption and effeminacy, were to be set down to his own account; his deviations from his own path were to be ascribed to the perverseness of the age. A doctrine more convenient—more admirably calculated to let a man do what he pleased, with a dazzling appearance of austerity—could not have been devised. His contemporaries saw clearly enough through the stragem, and he did not forgive them.

Lightly as we may think of the discourse now, the sensation it made at the time was enormous. Rousseau, like Lord Byron, woke and found himself famous. Great men and little men felt themselves called upon to defend the cause of civilisation against the daring aggressor. Answers poured in on all sides: the invader was to be repelled, to be bullied, complimented, flattered out of his position. Many of these answers to the essay are not to be met with, nor are they worth the trouble of seeking; but the answer of Stanislas, king of Poland, being easily accessible, and bound up in the complete editions of Rousseau's works, we advise every reader to peruse. Nothing can be more smart, more civil, more redolent of the eighteenth century, than the worthy monarch's contribution to the cause of civilisation. The very first reason he advances is really beautiful. He observes that the tone of the discourse proves that the author is a man of the most virtuous sentiments, and that the allusions prove him a man of erudition. Ergo, virtue and learning are compatible. *Probatum est*, and the philosopher of Geneva has got a compliment into the bargain. Unluckily, the enlightened monarch was not satisfied with defending erudition in general, but he must try to exhibit his own in particular, and therefore, in answer to a remark of Rousseau's, that Socrates had despised science, he profoundly declared, with a slight oblivion of chronology, that the objections of Socrates could only apply to the philosophers of his time—such, for instance, as the Epicureans and the Stoics. The Genevese, republican as he was, was mightily pleased at this very civil attack from a crowned head. He answered the king, and he answered him exceedingly well: having been flattered as a virtuous and erudite personage, he, in return, put in his compliment to the enlightened sovereign. With respect to the point about Socrates, Rousseau candidly confessed that he did not exactly see how

the son of Sophroniscus could exactly have had in view the Stoics and the Epicureans, seeing that these same Stoics and Epicureans did not exist till after he had quaffed the hemlock.

The effect which this first literary essay produced on the contemporaries of Rousseau—on persons whose names are now recollected only in connexion with his own—is comparatively of small importance: much more so is the effect which the work, and the victory which it gained, had on its author—a man whose name is certainly imperishable. It has been said that it was merely in accordance with the advice of Diderot, who thought a paradox would be striking, that he took the side he did. The hypothesis, we are aware, is more than doubtful; but in the principle of the hypothesis, although it may be historically false, we can see a great appearance of truth. It is highly questionable whether, when the prize was proposed, Rousseau had any decided ideas on the subject; whether he did not take his peculiar ground as being that on which he would meet the fewest competitors. But the discourse once written, and the prize once awarded, he found himself in a new position, and one by no means dissonant to his feelings. The utter annihilation of the hopes he had fostered on entering Paris; the small impression he had made on the Academy as a musical genius; had a natural tendency to give a misanthropical turn to his mind, and especially to embitter him against the men of learning. The brilliant effect of his discourse rendered him notorious as an enemy to the decorative qualities of civilized mankind; and this character he willingly supported through life. Thus was this work—indifferent as it was—the first appearance of that powerful advocacy of the natural man against the man of society, which has rendered immortal the name of the *citoyen*. The seed was perhaps scattered at random, but it fell on soil remarkably fertile.

He now became a professed despiser of all the elegancies of life. He reformed his dress; clapped a peculiarly unfashionable wig on his head; ceased to wear a watch; and—thought that he looked wise, a noble image of consistency. The fine ladies of his acquaintance petted him in his eccentricities, and called him their “bear.” He looked very fierce, no doubt, but there was not much ferocity in the heart of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He was a bear like the one in “She stoops to conquer,” which danced to the genteelst of tunes. At the same time, to be independent of all persons, he resolved to have a mechanical occupation

by which he might obtain a subsistence, and became a copier of music. As might have been expected, the rule was more stern than the conduct of the eccentric genius was consistent. A former opera, “*Les Muses galantes*” had failed, but he soon composed “*Le Devin de Village*.” This was played with great success before Louis XV. and Madame Pompadour, at Fontainebleau, but he never derived any benefit from it; being deterred by a sort of *mauvaise honte* from appearing before the king, notwithstanding Louis had expressed his wish to see him. A juvenile comedy called “*Narcisse*” was produced at the Français and damned. These theatrical labours caused the wits of the day to laugh aloud at Rousseau,—the declaimer against the arts: but as we have already seen, he had left himself a loophole to creep out of, and with respect to his “*Narcisse*” he had a particular excuse. Having experienced the situation of his mind in literary success—he tells us in the preface to that comedy,—it was necessary for him to feel the sensation of a failure, in order to complete his course of self-knowledge. The force of vanity and conscious perversion of the truth, could no further go.

Another offer of a prize by the academy of Dijon, the subject on this occasion (1753) being the “*Origin of inequality among men*,” caused Rousseau to pursue still further in another discourse the career he had begun in declaiming against the arts and sciences. The purport of the essay is much the same as the former one, though the principle of opposition to civilisation is carried out with greater violence. The life of the savage, the happy indolence of one who merely has to provide for the necessities of life without a thought inspired by ambition or avarice, are advantageously contrasted with man as he appears in polished society; and the first person who invented the “*meum*” and “*tuum*” is proclaimed the first grand enemy of his species. This work, which did not get the prize, is more impressive than its predecessor, but it is founded on similar fallacies: the author unwarrantably exalting the supposed virtues of savage life, and keeping its barbarities in obscurity, while he exhibits in its worst light the effect of modern civilisation. As a French writer has neatly remarked, he made the romance of nature, and the satire of society. The dedication of this essay, which is to the republic of Geneva, is a monstrous specimen of national flattery. The magistrates, the pastors, the women, all come in for their share of extravagant eulogy, and the manner in which he exalts

them in succession, reminds us of a series of speeches after a public dinner. The best of the joke was, that the republic, which Rousseau had been so anxious to flatter, received the essay rather coolly. He paid a visit to his native city, formally abjured Catholicism, and received the title of *citoyen*, but he was soon glad to return once more to France.

The acquaintance with the two well-known ladies, Madame d'Epinay and her sister-in-law the Countess d'Houdetot, which he had formed some time before, now began to have an influence on his life. The former built on purpose for him, on her estate at Montmorency, the small house so celebrated under the name of the 'Hermitage.' Here he took his two *gouvernantes*, that is to say, Thérèse and her mother; here he might copy music, meditate, and write *tirades* against society: in short, do what he pleased, without being annoyed by the bustle of Paris, and without—an important consideration—being lost sight of by that metropolis. Here was a delightful country, an abode that he had longed for when he had no immediate prospect of obtaining it, and if happiness was to be found on earth, here it seemed might Jean Jacques have been happy precisely in his own way. But contentment and Rousseau were destined never to be constant companions. The history he has given to us of his life at the Hermitage is the darkest, gloomiest spot in his whole biography, and at the same time most unsatisfactory and almost unintelligible. Falling violently in love with Madame d'Houdetot, he contrived to displease Madame d'Epinay and M. Lambert, who, although Madame d'Houdetot was a married woman, was her professed *amant*, in accordance with the usage of that virtuous period. Consumed by this passion, the most ardent that ever fired his ardent temperament, and annoyed by its consequences, Rousseau now looked upon almost every living creature as a secret enemy, and raised around him a perfect atmosphere of hostility. Madame d'Epinay, the Baron d'Holbach, Grimm, Diderot, of whom the last two had been his most intimate acquaintance—all, in his belief, were engaged in a conspiracy to make mischief out of his innocent love for Madame d'Houdetot; to damage his reputation; to hold him up to public scorn; and the mother of Thérèse was the spy in their service. Rousseau, with his enemies grinning at him from every side, reminds us of one of the heroes of Hoffman, scared by a door-post and insulted by a knocker, with this difference, that the horrors of Hoffman are always entertaining, while the horrors

at the Hermitage are weary and tiresome to the last degree. Why the *coterie Holbachique* should take all the trouble which is represented, to demolish the reputation and disturb the peace of one poor man, expending an equal amount of labour to that required for a state conspiracy, we never learn from the 'Confessions.' Rousseau had some kind of notion that he, the solitary lover of truth, and hater of faction, existing apart from the corruption of the world, was a sort of living reproach to the fashionable men of letters who ruled the day, and shone in the eyes of all Paris. To account for the natural antipathy between the 'hommes grands' and the 'hommes forts,' set forth by Madame Dudevant, this surmise would seem well enough; indeed, by reducing it to an abstract form, she probably obtained her theory. But a serious belief that this antipathy would manifest itself in such a very practical manner; would give rise to such an unwearying system of persecution as that to which Rousseau believed himself exposed; denotes a mind in a state, we would almost say, of voluntary unhealthiness. There is no occasion to read the justifications written on the other side. The cloudy charge which Rousseau brings against his foes, carries with it its own refutation. The wounded vanity of a man who was not revered quite so much as he hoped—a kind of necessity of appearing fretful, in accordance with the character of misanthrope which he had assumed—and also a love of being persecuted, like Mawworm's—were the real originators of the conspiracy that existed in—the mind of the *citoyen*.

But if the residence at the 'Hermitage' gives us the most repulsive part of Rousseau's biography, we are indebted to it for two of his most celebrated works. The worshippers of Jean Jacques will doubtless think that we have not treated their idol with sufficient respect, that we have shown too little charity in questioning his motives, too little leniency in dwelling on the foibles which he himself made public. Let us endeavour to make peace with these by an acknowledgment that whatever was the organ, the thought itself, when spoken, was a wholesome one. Probably a caprice had given it birth in the essay on the arts and sciences, a desire to remain consistent with that caprice had nurtured it through the discourse on inequality. The reasons that supported his views were, as we have said, fallacious; and that to a degree that any person with the most moderate knowledge of the world could detect the weak points; but still the views were well-timed. It was

good that in an age, when all was artifice ; when the monstrosities of fashion had destroyed the external form of nature, when the soft poison of *bienséance* had lulled to rest the internal voice of nature ; that a man should come forward and assert the cause of the natural man. The principle was carried too far—it is the very nature of reaction to go too far—the man's words might have been dictated by mere vanity : but still, whatever might have been the originating cause, it was good that the word was spoken. False, we know, was the exclusive praise of the Chippewa Indian, with his bow, and his dog, and his simple life ; but it was good that the powdered *savant* was taught to gaze on him, and was told that he also was a man, and not merely a heathen man to exalt at the expense of Christianity—for many of the *philosophes* would have been glad to praise a savage so far—but a man who was happy without learning, science, or *doubt*: chiefly happy because he was not a philosopher.

One great work that Rousseau planned in this solitude he intended to carry to considerable length, under the title of 'Political Institutions.' As a whole it never appeared, but it furnished the materials to a book that afterwards became almost the bible of modern republicans: the 'Social Contract.' In his earlier essays the author had taken a position, but he had taken it like a schoolboy ; he had shown acuteness, but it was the acuteness of plausible argumentation, not that which displays itself in completely scientific deduction. But whatever be the politics of the man who for the first time takes up the 'Contrât Sociale,' however he may detest the application of the principles there laid down, he cannot, if he will consent for a moment to forget his prejudices, refuse to acknowledge that it is a wonderful emanation of intellect. The author is no more the clever declaimer, who seeks for common-places in his Plutarch ; he is no fretful misanthrope that rails ; but he is a severe and consistent reasoner, who, casting all passion aside, lays down his premises, and carefully and steadily follows out their consequences. Historically his work may be valueless: the 'Social Contract' by which people originally living in a nomadic state agreed to become citizens may be chimerical : we will go further and say that we believe it is chimerical. But Rousseau keeps his adversaries at bay, when he defies them to show any other legitimate source of government than that of the common consent of the governed. Let not the jurists talk to him about the right of conquest, he knows of no such right,

the words are to him an unmeaning jargon. Conquest was the possession of a superior force by a certain party at a certain time : but if the other party, the conquered, shall in their turn acquire the force and vanquish their rulers, the former conquerors, who shall say their title is not as good as the first? Historically the contract may never have existed,—but is it not at the foundation of every ideal government which is conceived in modern times? When we talk of a nation throwing off a despotism, and adopting a 'constitutional' form of government, do we mean anything more than an approximation towards the making the consent of the citizens the basis of government, however imperfect that approximation may be, and however limited the number of those we choose to admit as citizens? Let us admit, with George Sand, that it was the tendency of Rousseau's mind to see his ideal in the past, rather than in the future. He thought he saw the origin of society in his 'contract:' he was wrong—he looked the wrong way: had he looked towards the idea of modern civilisation, he would have been right. Calling, as he does, the entire body of citizens the 'sovereign,' the manner in which he points out the functions of that sovereign, the relations of the individual citizen towards the corporate body, the creation of the executive power, the adjustment of different political powers to produce a proper equilibrium—this is really beautiful. As a specimen of scientific exposition, the work cannot be surpassed. If we bear in mind the desultory education of the author—an education not merely imperfect, but tending to turn the mind into the most perverse direction ; if we recollect his perpetual weaknesses and vanities ; his utter incapability of pursuing any one steady path ; it is with something more than astonishment that we behold an edifice so well proportioned, so perfect in all its parts, so unbedizened with extraneous frippery, rise from elements that seemed so unpromising. Many will attack the premises of the 'Contrât Sociale': but let these be once conceded, and the construction must command universal admiration.

The other work, which we owe to the solitude at the 'Hermitage,' is one that has far more readers than the 'Contrât Sociale': being no other than the famous 'Julie,' or, as it is generally called, the 'Nouvelle Heloise.' It was Rousseau's amusement to forget for awhile the actual world, and to transport himself into the society of two charming imaginary creatures, who were to him the perfection of the female charac-

ter. One was dark, the other fair; one was lively, the other gentle; one prudent, the other weak: but the weakness was so touching that virtue seemed to gain by it. He gave to one of these a lover, of whom the other was the tender friend, even something more: but he did not allow of any jealous quarrels, because it was an effort for him to imagine a painful sentiment, and he did not wish to sully so agreeable a picture by anything that seemed to degrade nature. This is the description almost in his own words of his two ideal friends, who, when they ceased to have their sole dwelling in a brain industriously indolent, and acquired an existence on paper, became the Julie and Claire of the 'Nouvelle Heloise.' Doubtless, while these beautiful creatures gained in reflection, they lost much of that witching charm which they possessed when they merely floated in the dreams of their creator. Sometimes they burst out in their full radiance, but oftentimes they sink not only into mere essayists, but into mere essays: the headings of the letters 'De Julie' and 'De Madamed'Orbe,' simply distinguishing moral discourses of Jean Jacques himself, to which he might as well have given a title having reference to the subject. The creation of a character—an *objective* character—was not Rousseau's forte. He loved to be carried along the tide of his own dreams, to work out his own thoughts: he could indulge in a sentiment, he could reflect soundly on a theory, but he could not get out of himself. Indeed it is remarkable that he possessed in so strong a degree the two peculiarities that he had: the peculiarity of being always influenced by the prospect of immediate enjoyment, and that of being able to discuss a subject with the calmest reason, and to examine it in all its bearings. The 'Nouvelle Heloise' is a strange specimen of the strength and of the weakness (in two senses) of Rousseau. Sometimes he strikes by the sound sense, by the real manly practical wisdom which he displays in his reflections, and anon he astounds by the most turgid declamation, and the most absurd refinements. Many of the letters will induce the reader of the present day to agree with Sir Walter Scott, that the lovers St. Preux and Julie are two of the dullest pendants it was ever his misfortune to meet: many of the pages intended to draw the tear will, we fear, occasionally elicit a smile. In the first part, which relates to the seduction of Julie by St. Preux, or rather of St. Preux by Julie, the impassioned tone of the letters, the hurried sentiment, the violence of emotion, are evidences of the

author's great powers, when he gave himself up to the torrent of his feelings. There we see the temperament, that never allowed duty to prevail over desire; that made him fly with such inconsiderate ardour to everything which became the object of a wish, whether it were a lady or a spangled ribbon that had smitten his heart. There we see that weakness of character which was strength in the performance of small acts, and rendered great acts impossible. Turning to some of the best letters in the latter part of the book, we find the acute observer, the same dispassionate reflector, who wrote the 'Contrat Sociale.' As the depicter of the passion which knows no bounds, which has no laws but its own, which tears down inconsiderately every impediment, Rousseau is strong, though he owes that strength to his weakness as a man. As the man of cool understanding Rousseau is strong. But it is when he is embarrassed with the two sides of his own character, when he would fain make us believe that there is some kind of harmony between an act caused by mere passion and a dictate of pure reason, or at any rate that there is no such great contradiction, that he becomes feeble as a writer. It is to this feebleness that we owe the hair-splitting distinctions, the gloss over the vicious, the 'operatic light,' which so often annoy us in the 'Heloise' and the 'Confessions.' Rousseau the man of passion, Rousseau the man of reason, is welcome, but Rousseau the apologist is tiresome.

The object of the 'Heloise,' as a moral work, was to carry on—though in a milder form—the attack against metropolitan civilisation, which he had commenced by his 'Essay on the Arts,' and followed up by the 'Discourse on Inequality.' Then the comparison was between ancient and modern life, or the savage and the man of refinement; now it is between the country and the town; and, of course, the view that he takes is tinged with the fallacy, that the former is the scene of exclusive virtue, the latter of unmingled vice: a fallacy that has caused more twaddle in prose and verse to be written than any that ever existed. Let him have, however, the full credit of being the uncompromising enemy of that adultery which was the disgrace of polished society in the time of Louis XV.: when every married lady of fashion had her *amant* as a matter of course, and the more sentimental considered a breach of faith with that happy personage as a crime, while the infidelity to the husband was nothing at all. To the time of marriage, the girls were mere puppets, the most innocent freedom

was denied them : but the marriage ceremony was the proclamation of full license, and that once performed, restraint was broken, and the most extreme liberty began. This state of things, which so completely destroyed all domestic life, was viewed with just abhorrence by Rousseau. In his 'Heloise,' he attempted to demonstrate a principle the reverse of that which regulated society, and to show that a breach of chastity before marriage was no such great crime, but that conjugal infidelity was atrocious. His 'Julie,' who is seduced by her tutor, becomes a perfect model of a wife, when she afterwards marries a respectable old gentleman. The problem to be worked was a simple one : but Rousseau, carrying on his book without a complicated story—of which he boasts—has recourse to a needless complication of sentiments : and this it is which leads him into his besetting sins of over-colouring, distortion and moral sophistry. Not only does his erring fair one recover her chastity ; but her old husband, who knows of her transgression, insists on the former lover residing in their house, and takes a kind of philosophical pleasure in watching the emotions of that gentleman and his wife. By overstraining his sentiment, the author has destroyed its effect, and presented us with a number of shadowy caricatures, instead of real individuals. It is always his fault that he cannot be quite *true*.

The disagreeable life he led at the 'Hermitage' caused him to leave that retreat, and take up his abode at the château of the Marechale de Luxembourg, who had kindly offered him a residence. His 'Heloise' had at this time raised him to the zenith of his popularity : the ladies were all delighted with it. If he had attacked the principles on which their empire was founded, he had done so in a way to fascinate them ; his artificial picture of the natural was admirably adapted to artificial readers ; the 'operatic light' thrown on the scene rendered it more acceptable than if it had been illumined by a bold glaring sunlight. Impassioned as were some of the letters, sound as were some of the reflections, it had nevertheless some affinity to the pastoral life of a ballet. It must have been a pleasant occupation to Jean Jacques to read aloud his 'Heloise' to Madame la Marechale. He tells us she talked of nothing but him—her head was full of nothing but him—she uttered *douceurs* all day long, and was constantly embracing him. Great lords wished to sit by her at table—but no!—she told them that was the place destined for Rousseau, and made them sit elsewhere. With

great *naïveté* Jean Jacques exclaims, after the enumeration of these delights, 'It is easy to judge of the impression which these charming manners made upon me, whom the least marks of affection subdue.' He was for a while in an atmosphere of positive enjoyment ; he was admired as he liked to be admired ; he had desired his 'Heloise' to be the pet of the ladies, and he had succeeded. The little warning in the preface, that any unmarried woman who read one page would be unavoidably ruined, is a charming instance of the puff indirect.

It was at Montmorenci that he wrote his well-known letter to D'Alembert on the subject of theatres. In the article 'Geneva' in the 'Encyclopédie,' D'Alembert had proposed the erection of a theatre in that city, and Rousseau in his letter, consistently with his former attack on the arts and sciences, violently opposed the proposition. The vulgar prejudices against the profession of an actor he fostered with great ardour : indeed, it was his constant tendency to repose upon popular prejudices, when they suited his purpose : he made use of the ordinary commonplaces against theatres generally, and he brought forward several financial and other considerations to oppose the erection of a Genevese theatre in particular. The inhabitants of Geneva were poor, and being hard-worked, they had but little spare time on their hands, and therefore, theatres, which might serve to keep an idle population like that of Paris out of mischief, could only exist among them as an expensive hindrance to business. The theatre too, he thought, might interfere with sundry little pleasant parties called *cercles*, where the male citizens of Geneva were wont to congregate together, to drink hard, to smoke, and to indulge in jokes, not of the most savoury character. These merry *réunions*, where the liquor passed freely, and the coarse jest caused a roar, found a vehement champion in Jean Jacques. The whole morality of Geneva seemed to rest on this basis, and a revolution that would have converted the Genevese from low sots into the spectators of Molière's comedies, was contemplated with positive horror by their fellow-citizen. Still advocating the rude at the expense of the polished, Rousseau, while censuring theatres, now stood up the professed defender of the pipe and pot. It appears that the battle he fought was hardly worth the trouble it cost. Voltaire, who by his theatre in the vicinity of the city had attracted many of the residents, had hoped to found one in the city itself, and D'Alembert's article in the 'Encyclopédie,' written under his dictation, had been

intended as a 'feeler.' Rousseau's letter operated so far that it destroyed these hopes, and involved him in a quarrel with the *philosophe* of Ferney; but when afterwards theatricals were actually introduced in Geneva, it was found that the citizens had so little taste for them, that a permanent existence could not be secured. Thus Rousseau in his letter was fighting against a supposed evil, which left to itself would have perished naturally.

Whether it was from a feeling of patriotism, or whether it was from feeling himself not a strong man, Rousseau always tried to have a numerous party on his side: it had been his constant aim to flatter the republic of Geneva. The adulation was dealt out in a most liberal measure in the dedication of the 'Discourse on Inequality,'—the moral worth of the Genevese was valued at a high rate, when he expressed such dread at their corruption by the introduction of a theatre,—he puffed the pipe of peace with his compatriots while eulogising the *cercles*,—and if he did go so far as to admit that the Genevese women, when assembled in a knot together, talked scandal about their own husbands, he added that it was much better to do so, than to indulge in the same vein when any of the male sex were in the room. Pastors, citizens, ladies, pipe, pot, and scandal, all was virtuous at Geneva. Nay, more virtuous was it to get drunk, and talk ribaldry at Geneva, than to keep sober, and study mathematics at Paris. Unfortunately, this love for his country (let us believe it really was love) was not returned in a spirit of kindness; and the little amiable prejudices which he had been at such pains to exalt, re-acted against their defender in a frightful manner. In the present times, the anniversary of Rousseau's birthday is a great occasion at Geneva; but it was a very different matter when he was alive. We all know how the seven cities, through which the living Homer begged his bread, contended, after his decease, for the honour of his birth. Rousseau's case was still harder, for he was obliged to endure a severe persecution; no longer a shadowy, unreal persecution, invented by himself in his morbid moments, but a substantial storm, which beat him about from point to point most relentlessly. By the publication of his 'Emile,' this storm was occasioned.

'Emile' is unquestionably the greatest of all Rousseau's works. The thoughts which lie scattered elsewhere, the opinions which he had previously uttered in a crude form, are here carefully digested, and arranged into a systematic work. For the weaknesses and vanities of Rousseau, we

must turn to his early essays, to his 'Confessions,' to his 'Heloise:' but for his theoretic views, for those utterances that have weight in themselves, and are not merely curious, as expositions of a character, we must go to the 'Contrât Sociale' and 'Emile.' The former contains the theory of the *citizen*—the rights belonging to the free member of a free state, subject to naught but that universal will of the state, in which he himself has a share: the rights which are inherent in him because he is a man, and which he has himself limited by becoming a party to a social compact. The latter contains the theory of the *man*—the natural man apart from his connection with any state whatever. Rousseau gives himself an imaginary pupil, whom he calls 'Emile,' and educates him from the moment of his birth to the time when he is married and may be supposed to acquire a political existence. The savage life which Rousseau eulogized at the expense even of the most perfect republic, finds its representative in the young Emile: only it is much softened down since first it was so violently advocated. Then the inhabitant of the woods and mountains, born under *no* government, having no property, and conscious of no law, was the object of admiration: now it is to the man, born under a modern government, but at the period of his life when he also has no property, and is conscious of no law, that Rousseau directs his attention. The book 'Emile' is a system of education: but what is that system? It is the system of letting nature perform the greatest part of the work, and as the savage is instructed by her voice, so causing the child to be instructed also. Only the plan is modified to a certain extent, because Emile is to be educated into complications which the savage can never know, and hence, though his path is originally that of nature, he has—such is the world—to be led to civilisation as a goal: a civilisation, which, be it understood, does not make him so completely blend with his fellows as to lose his identity, but allows him still to retain a substance of his own which can exist apart from society. It is by feeling *wants*, that the savage learns the use of his several faculties, but his wants are few and simple: it is by surrounding Emile with the wants of a more artificial kind, that his training is accomplished. The preceptor's entire occupation is to watch over this Emile; his influence is unfelt by his pupil, as he teaches him no precept, sets him no task; but he is constantly preparing such an atmosphere, that the pupil must infallibly guide himself to the desired point. So far is the education natural, that the pupil is merely let

on by the desire of supplying his own wants; so far is it artificial, that these wants are artificially awakened. What is called learning is deferred to an age comparatively mature, when the boy can be made to feel uneasy at the want of it; but all crowding of a child's mind with words, the notions attached to which he cannot possibly understand, are expressly prohibited. Precocious displays of erudition, such as the knowledge of geography and history, long recitations of poetry by children, Rousseau treats with the most utter contempt; fables, in which beasts and birds hold converse, he opposes strenuously as means of conveying instruction in childhood, protesting that they only serve to give false impressions, and that La Fontaine, in his time the favourite author for children, is neither adapted to them by his language, nor by his moral. Our own Cowper, in a fit of small wit, chose to ridicule this notion of Rousseau's, and wrote a miserable fable himself to show his contempt for the doctrine, but he simply showed that he did not understand the man whom he condemned. As it was Rousseau's principle of education to inspire a series of wants, and to communicate nothing that the child himself did not desire, it was necessary that words corresponding to no notions at all should be prohibited: and more necessary to exclude those to which wrong notions were attached. A word in a child's mouth should only, in this system, serve to mention something he cared about; and therefore he could have no use for words, the meanings of which were out of his mental reach, nor for figurative expressions, which could only tend to confuse his view of the relation between names and things. 'Emile' is a well-weighed, carefully written book; the remarks on the disposition of children are founded on the acutest observation; and he who heedlessly attacks an isolated part, is likely to find he has chosen an adversary his superior in strength.* The plan of hindering Emile from learning when a child, and confining his earliest years to bodily exercises, and a few rude notions of the laws of property, is not, however, merely adapted to prevent him from being a precocious *savant*. He is not to be a *savant* at any period of his life, for Rousseau, still adhering to the side he took years before, continues to hold that character in contempt. In due time the pupil learns something of the classics, and of modern lan-

guages, but he is to consider these as mere trivial accomplishments, and is early taught to think that the mechanic who pursues an useful calling is higher than a philosopher or a poet. Though supposed to be rich, he is nevertheless to be independent of the freaks of fortune; and he learns the trade of a joiner, is regularly bound apprentice, that in all circumstances he may obtain a livelihood. Thus he becomes Rousseau's ideal of a man: a man depending on no society, but capable of mixing in any: the man believed in at the time of the Revolution, which Rousseau foresaw, and which so shortly followed: and whatever we may think of the means adopted to cultivate this ideal, certainly the thought itself was a great one. By the side of 'Emile,' the ideal man, strong of limb, firm in his independence, stamped with all the nobility of nature, is placed the 'ideal woman,' whom Rousseau calls Sophie. In treating of her, he appears as the strenuous opponent of the 'rights-of-woman' sort of thinkers, who consider women capable of performing all the political offices of a man, and as unjustly kept in a state of subjection. He objects even to the influence which ladies had already obtained in the fashionable circles of Paris; he objects to their presiding over society; to their giving opinions on matters of philosophy and literature: teaching that domestic life is the proper sphere of woman, and that the secondary position assigned to her, is the result not of prejudice, but of the natural order of things. When Rousseau thinks calmly, there is nothing of what may be called the 'socialist' in his composition. Politically he is an ultra-revolutionist, but with regard to social laws he is strictly conservative.

The cause of the storm that was created on the publication of 'Emile' was the 'Profession of Faith of the *Vicaire* of Savoy' which appears as a mere episode of the work. This insidious 'profession' is remarkable for its display of natural piety. The declarations of faith in a Supreme Being, and in the immortality of the soul, are made with the greatest appearance of devoutness; but while the doctrine of a future state is 'proved' by arguments singularly unconvincing, the groundwork of every positive religion is assailed with remarkable tact and acuteness. The evidence by miracles,—in short any sort of evidence that would make of Christianity anything but a mere system of morality,—is assiduously controverted; and though the doctrines of Rousseau are such as in the present time might obtain him no severer name than that of a 'rationalist,' he was in his day a com-

* From these commendations we except, as a separate work, the 'Professions of the *Vicaire* of Savoy.'

plete infidel as far as regarded any established creed. The Catholics, of course, did not like him: the Calvinistic Genevese, whom he had vainly tried to flatter by a few compliments in this very 'profession,' joined in the abhorrence: and lastly the material *philosophes*, disgusted at his advocacy of a future state, loved him no better than the orthodox. The tempest broke out in more places than one, the parliament of Paris threatened him with imprisonment, the council of Geneva caused his book to be burned by the hands of the executioner. From Montmorenci he was obliged to fly, and he vainly sought shelter in several places in Switzerland. His 'Letters from the Mountain,' which he wrote as a sort of defence to the objectionable part of his 'Emile,' only served to increase the violence of his enemies. Great polemic talent is exhibited in these 'letters.' If he cannot refute the danger against himself, he shows the nicest skill in placing his adversaries in a false position. With dexterity availing himself of an argument long in vogue among the Catholics, he dares his Genevese opponents, who as Protestants found their faith on the right of private judgment, consistently to prevent his interpreting the Scriptures to prevent his interpreting the Scriptures his own way. Then leaving the abstract theological ground, he attacks on constitutional principles the acts of the Genevese council, which was the executive power, and was composed of the aristocratic portion of the republic. In revenge for his persecution, he shows how that council has exceeded the limits prescribed by the constitution, how it has encroached on other members of the state: and to the arguments which he used on this occasion are to be ascribed the revolutions in favour of a more popular form of government, which afterwards happened in Geneva. At the time, the position he took drew upon him little else than persecution, and if he occasionally found an asylum, he was soon obliged to leave it to avoid personal risk. The ignorant populace, excited by their pastors, believed him to be Anti-Christ; and he, with that perverse love of notoriety which ever distinguished him, chose to walk out in an Armenian costume, and thus in a measure to support the opinion of the bigoted Swiss, that he was, at any rate, something not quite right. From this persecution, which he says put him in peril of being stoned to death, but which some believe he greatly exaggerated, he took refuge by his journey to England, in company with David Hume. With his departure from Switzerland on this occasion, ends the book of 'Confessions.'

Over the rest of his life, in which we have no longer his own voice to guide us, we may pass very briefly. England did not suit him: there was no chance in this island of a shout of 'Anti-Christ,' nor of his windows being demolished with brickbats: but what was worse, people did not seem to care much about him. His life was in perfect safety, but he found himself an object of ridicule. He quarrelled with his friend Hume, and with this country altogether; and returned once more to France, where his fame having become established, he was received in the most flattering manner. At Paris his eccentricities took the form of madness; he lived a prey to the most frightful mental anguish; he even seemed to luxuriate in his own horrors, and loved to repeat a stanza of Tasso* which reminded him of his own situation. His face was so distorted by convulsions, that those who had been familiar with his countenance could recognize it no more. On the 3d of July, 1778, he died suddenly, at the chateau of a friend at Ermonville,—not without suspicion of suicide.

There is something sublimely tragic in this last madness of Rousseau. The man could not at last find anything really to love in this world: it was a something to him mysterious and unholy, and he peopled it with awful phantoms. He uttered his imprecations against it: but he was not a strong man, he could not weather the storm, and the curses, 'like young chickens, returned home to roost.' Probably he at first assumed misanthropy in a kind of morbid freak, and declared himself the enemy of civilisation for the sake of supporting a paradox: but he nurtured this position till it became more and more a real thing—to himself terribly real. To separate the acted from the true is, as we have said, difficult to the reader of the 'Confessions;' but we must have faith in the sincerity of that maniac misanthropy of which we hear so little, and which came after the period we have attentively examined.

In spite of the weakness of the Man, the strength of the Word was felt. The young, the enthusiastic, the dreamers of the last century, followed the dictates of Rousseau, and his words became the gospel of revolu-

* "Vivro fra i mei tormenti, e fra le cure,
 Mie giuste furie, forsennato errante.
 Paventero l'ombra solinghe e scure,
 Che 'l primo error mi recheranno avanti;
 E del sol che scopri le mie sventure,
 A schivo ed in orrore avrò il sembiante:
 Temerò me medesimo, e da me stesso
 Sempre fuggendo, avrò me sempre oppresso."
 Gerus. lib. xii.

tionists. If *his* nature was not quite natural, it was natural enough to move those who had only gazed at the mere artificial. Truly it is a great sight to see this Rousseau, this creature of feeble purpose, constructing what he believed to be the natural man out of such strange materials as society presented him, and out of such a weak self. The man of his imagination grew to maturity in the 'Emile,' and there is no doubt he was as dear a companion to his preceptor as if he had been a reality. He would have marred his idol by a projected work, called 'Emile and Sophie:' a work of which only a few chapters were written, and which promised to be one of immense power: but the ideal man was to have risen triumphant from his imaginary misfortunes. Pygmalion—and Jean Jacques wrote a Pygmalion—created an ideal, saw it realized, and was blessed: Rousseau erected likewise an ideal, but he saw the impossibility of its realization in the world, he gnashed his teeth at actualities, and sunk into despair and madness.

ART. II.—*Schwedische Geschichten unter Gustav dem Dritten, vorzüglich aber unter Gustav dem vierten Adolf.* (Sketches of Swedish History under Gustavus III. and Gustavus IV., Adolphus.) Von E. M. ARNDT. Vol. I. 8vo. Leipzig. 1839.

THE history of Sweden from the beginning of the sixteenth century downwards is a remarkable proof how brilliant a thing it is, and how dangerous, for a country to be governed by a race of kings in whose blood genius, and to it closely allied madness, is hereditary. Men of business proverbially have an instinctive distrust of genius: Jove's thunder, they say, is a thing always more sublime than safe, useful indeed, nay necessary at certain critical seasons for shaking and purifying the morbid overlaid atmosphere, but on common occasions dispensable. Not that genius is a thing essentially bad in itself; the men of business are not so uncharitable as to say that; it is a thing essentially good, but good for the most part in excess or in disproportion to the occasion. There lies the evil. It overshoots the mark. Like old Acestes in the *Æneid*, it does not shoot the pigeon, but the clouds; and the clouds burn and blaze, and stars shoot across the sky, and all men cry a miracle; but with all this the proper mark of the archer was the pigeon, and not the cloud.

There is, indeed, a sort of calm, mild, well-toned, contemplative genius, which is perfectly safe. In the world of books there are many such, a Sophocles, a Jeremy Taylor, a Goethe; but wisdom with a sword in her hand is rare. The genius of soldiiership is dangerous on a throne. A conqueror who knows how to stop conquering, like Frederick of Prussia when he had finished the Silesian business, is one out of a hundred. Charles XII. did not know where to stop; Napoleon did not know where to stop. A king ought to sit upon his throne; but military geniuses like Napoleon and the Swede, are not to be made to sit anywhere. They must spur and drive on with or without a rational aim. Did not Charles, when at Bender, ride three strong horses weary every day? Could he have existed otherwise? To move about the world, and drive down all opposition, with a leathern belt about his loins, a sharp sword in his hand, booted and spurred, and gloved,—was it not the very life, and breath, and being of the man? Was it not the very life, and breath, and being of Napoleon also? Could *he* have existed otherwise? Could the Corsican or the Swede, being as they were the most fulminant of soldiers, be for the countries which they respectively governed, anything but bad kings? The reign of the one was to France, after the necessary good of self-preservation had been obtained, altogether a brilliant blunder; and though the other was cut short in his career, the extraordinary obstinacy of his character—a feature equally remarkable in Napoleon—leaves little ground for hoping that he would have been able to secure more favourable terms of peace than those which his successors were contented to receive two years after his death, at the fatal peace of Nystadt (1721) which opened the Baltic to Russia. Thus all the gain of Narva and of Charles the Twelfth's military genius to Sweden was a splendid loss.

But let us not look exclusively at one side of the picture. The men of business are quite right when they do not pray Heaven to send men of genius to keep their daily ledgers and to collect their yearly rents; but kings have sometimes extraordinary work to do; and then a genius will do great things. When we take a survey of the long line of intellectually gifted Swedish sovereigns (concerning whom Arndt justly remarks, that in such close succession no European country has anything parallel)—Gustavus Wasa, Charles IX., Gustavus Adolphus, Christina, Charles X., Gustavus, Charles XI., Charles XII., and Gustavus III.—we shall find that though

the country over which these men reigned may have some reason to blame them for having forced it by violent and premature efforts to assume a position which it had no innate strength to maintain, yet, on the whole, by the combined might of genius, and outward chances (to which all are subject), it still takes among European powers a place not below what naturally seems to belong to it; a place higher, perhaps, than amid the storms and changes of three centuries mere safe mediocrity might have secured; and then there is, in addition to this, that glorious bequeathment of genius to a nation—the memory of noble deeds and high enterprises. For what man that is not a mere Economist will say that the lives of Gustavus Wasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII. (to name no more), are not worth to Sweden a whole *Iliad* and an *Odyssey*, and something more?

There are some persons who will say that Sweden has not accomplished its destiny among European nations, because the Czar Peter was not hindered from setting down Petersburg at the head of the Gulf of Finland in 1703, and Barclay de Tolly was allowed to march over the Baltic ice from Wasa to Umea in 1809? But would our Russophobia have been anything more moderate, if Petersburg had then or a few years afterwards been planted on the Black Sea or the Sea of Azof, as near Constantinople as it now is to Stockholm? For a sea-metropolis it is manifest Russia must have had, either on the Black Sea, or the Baltic, if it was to be a civilized and a European power at all. As for Sweden, who can doubt for a moment (looking only to results) that its present union with Norway, in that snug Scandinavian peninsula, is a much more natural and happy thing, both geographically and physiologically (for the Norwegians and the Swedes are brother Goths), than either that old clumsy-soldered union of Calmar, or that yet older one—as old as the thirteenth century—with Finland? Let us hope that Bernadotte will neither resign, nor be deposed, nor be assassinated, as had become almost the general rule with his predecessors; and that Sweden with Norway, after so many violent plunges and careerings, will learn at last to steady itself: to grow quietly, like the grass, into the manhood of a free constitution as England has done before it; and not be heard of in Europe, either by external wars or by internal revolutions, for a century at least.

The history of Sweden from the time of Gustavus Wasa is more interesting than any history of modern times, chiefly for this

reason, that it is the history not of great measures merely, but also and principally of great men; of men of decided genius; of kings great and energetic, always valiant, often wise in the difficult art of reigning. They have all *done* something, the men that held the Scandinavian sceptre. It was not a mere bauble in their hands, but the original *σκηπτρον*: a staff not to lean on, but to strike with: and how they did strike!—The first Gustavus, the clergy; the third, the nobility!—In all their Titanic doings, from the overthrow of the papacy at the council of Westeraas, in 1527, to Narva, and the humbling of the mutinous aristocracy by Gustavus III. during the Russian war of 1789, what perseverance, what energy, what vigour, did not they display! Thor's hammer seems to have been left as a political legacy to these men. One great penalty, indeed, the Swedes paid for so much genius: a penalty beyond that which we already mentioned as inherent in the very nature of genius. After so much exertion, Nature, notwithstanding the beneficial influence of frequent crossing, seemingly weary of creating great men, produced an extraordinary thing still, a thing gigantically abnormal, a creature of high notions and contracted views, genius altogether without sense, dignity altogether without grandeur, obstinacy always most eager about small things—practically a fool. This fool sat on the throne of Gustavus Wasa, the last of his line, and only not overturned it: Gustavus IV. Adolphus. But this man also had character; he was no empty dangling fool; no king, such as we have seen, to make a mere clerk-registrar of, and sign all sorts of papers that he had never read: he was a most energetic, active fool: and did one great thing at least, to prove the Wasa stuff in him, and help to atone for his many offences. When only a boy of 17, in the year 1796, he outwitted the wisest woman in Europe, the Czarina Catherine of Russia, and so enraged her that the very paint turned pale upon her face with chagrin. The descendant of Gustavus Wasa would not marry a daughter of the house of Romanoff, because she would not sacrifice her Greek religion to her Lutheran love. The bride was there, dressed and decorated for the joyful occasion. The Muscovite queen looked on, eager to pounce upon the fulfilment of her long-delayed hopes. She had already crossed the Baltic in fancy, years before Barclay de Tolly actually accomplished it—the Muscovite priest was also ready—but the Swedish bridegroom was not found. He would not sign the marriage contract before he had

spelt and studied every word of it. He suspected some foul play about one of the clauses: the clause about the Greek priest and the Greek chapel in Stockholm. He laid down the pen, and walked away; shut himself up in his chamber, and did not appear at his own wedding; leaving his blooming bride—whom he really loved—to herself and to hysterics. Truly a most delibérate and conscientious fool!

With such fine dramatic elements to work on, the history of Sweden, if it be not one of the most interesting or striking in the world, must want this character by the fault of the writer, or by the want of materials, not by the barrenness of the theme. It is not our present business here to say how Geijer has succeeded: not Mr. Laing's report alone speaks favourably: in the meanwhile we have accidentally encountered not a historian of Sweden in the grand style, not a Livy, not a Michelet to his country; but a vigorous sketcher, a man with a bold brush and a glowing pencil; an eye-witness with an eye in his head, and a heart in his breast, and a considerable faculty of speculation too; a stout Pomeranian yeoman of the old plain-speaking school; a muscular, fiery-hearted man '*das starke heisse Arndt's Blut*,' proverbial in Rügen; one that if Marshal Blücher or the Baron von Stein had been King of Prussia before the battle of Jena, would have been prime minister to either worthily, and prevented many catastrophes; no nice carver and gilder in whom the delicate Clio of the Berlin censorship may delight, but a man with a club. This man, to whom we have already given public thanks for his contributions to the memorable history of the year 1813,* has furnished European history with another original source of information on a theme more remote perhaps from general sympathy, but not less interesting to the reflective mind, or less important to the philosophic historian: we mean the strange drama of the Swedish history during the reign of Gustavus IV. Adolphus, which ended in the deposition of that unfortunate incapable, and the elevation of a French soldier of second rate value to the throne of the Wasas: a sort of political by-play only to the great drama which was being performed in Europe at that time, not a little amusing amid so much matter of more serious urgency, to some of the spectators, but an earnest enough affair to those immediately concerned, and pregnant, it may be, with earnest issues to our children's children, when Bernadotte and

Oscar, and Oscarson to come, shall have played out their difficult parts as God shall order.

Our readers who are acquainted with Arndt's cast of mind, as exhibited in his other works—his 'Spirit of the Age,'* his 'Reminiscences,' his patriotic 'Songs,' &c., will not be disposed to ask any questions as to his inward vocation to write sketches of Swedish history, or indeed of any other history into which he chooses to throw the whole vigour of his ardent mind. His outward vocation to write on Sweden, and on the late Swedish revolution especially, may be stated shortly as follows. Born in the green isle of Rügen, in the famous biographical year 1769, of German stock, but, by virtue of the sword of Gustavus Adolphus and the diplomacy of Oxenstiern, under Swedish rule, he was both a Swede and a German *εν δυναμει* (potentially) as Aristotle says: eventually (inclination and circumstance so ordering), he came forth a German and a Prussian, not however without strong Swedish sympathies and some considerable Swedish experience. The son of a thriving Pomeranian yeoman, what nobler ambition could he be expected to have than to be a minister of the Lutheran Church? To Greifswald accordingly, and then to Jena, he betook himself to study theology; but it was an age of theological lukewarmness (so himself says); and perhaps the political pamphleteer was imping its young wings secretly already in the back-chambers of the preacher's brain. He was destined to preach not to a parish in Rügen against brandy, and other small Swedish sins, but to the people of Europe against Napoleon Buonaparte and the great French Revolution. He threw away the Pomeranian black gown therefore (though there was a sleeve in it with 3,000 dollars a-year) very cavalierly, and went roving about the world through Germany, Hungary, Italy, France, the Netherlands, for no particular purpose visible then, but merely from what we may call a sort of Ulyssean instinct, to see the cities and to know the minds of men—

"Πολλων δ' ἀνθρώπων ἰδὲν ἄστυα καὶ νοὸν ἐγνώ."

Coming back to Greifswald, and being now about twenty years of age, he had the good fortune to fall in love with the daughter of one of the professors there; this connexion soon helped him to an actual pro-

* Speaking of this work when at Prague, in 1811, Stein said, "Since BURKE, nothing of such genuine political eloquence has appeared, nothing of such urgent truth."

fessorship; and in this capacity he remained ten years (from 1799 to 1809), partly resident there and lecturing on history, partly in Sweden and Stockholm. He made two visits to Sweden; one in 1803-4, merely out of curiosity to know the country, another more important one in 1806, a fugitive from the unfortunate catastrophe of Jena: on which occasion he had not been in Stockholm two weeks before he was employed by the government to assist in a revision of the Pomeranian laws that was then going forward. Thus employed, and mingling also a little in the unhappy political business with Russia and England in 1808-9, he remained in Stockholm between three and four years at the head-quarters of political information, and seeing with his own eyes the most remarkable of the members of the aristocratic confederacy to which the present king owed his remarkable elevation. He then, seeing affairs in Stockholm hopeless, returned to Germany; to Berlin, to Breslau, to Prague; and from thence, as we mentioned formerly,* to Petersburg: there to form that connexion with the Baron Von Stein, which renders his reminiscences such a valuable contribution to the history of the year of liberation in Germany. His future career as a professor in the Prussian university of Bonn is more generally known, and has already been briefly commented on in our brief notice of the 'Reminiscences.'

The 'Sketches of Swedish History,' as the biographical notice we have just given indicates, boasts the entire value of an original authority, only for the short period of five years—1803, 1806-7-8, and 9. But the writer's early connexion with Sweden, and his natural genius for history, stamp a peculiar value on whatever he says relative to that most interesting country; and in particular his account of the remarkable reign of Gustavus III., and the brilliant character of that monarch, being derived from personal intercourse with some of the most distinguished characters of that age, possesses a worth scarcely inferior to the testimony of the best, far superior to that of a common eye-witness. He has preserved not a little in the shape of anecdote and tradition, from the year 1780 downwards, that might otherwise perhaps have been altogether lost. Not less grateful are we to him for the short but vigorous sketch of the great sovereigns of Sweden from Gustavus Wasa downwards, with which he introduces the reigns of the two last of the race. And we have been equally pleased and in-

structed with some prefatory remarks on the character of the Swedish people, and the peculiarities of their political constitution, conceived in a large and catholic spirit of historical philosophy, but marked also by that vigorous, decided, and unsparing tone of moral censure (when required) which characterizes the author no less than his ready and glowing sympathy with everything in history that is truly great. Eager as we are to present our readers with some of the masterly political portraits with which this book abounds, we cannot refrain from giving some slight notion here of Arndt's views of the social and political state of Sweden, different as that is radically in so many respects from what we are familiar with on this side the German ocean. In the following extract we see the grand radical weakness of Sweden clearly laid bare:

"What Sweden wants is a population, a people. There should be seven millions at least cultivating that ground which now scarcely supports three. The country is not sufficiently subdued. It is in the state of a colony; half-peopled, and, in many respects, only half-civilized. Public life in Sweden is too scattered to be strong. It wants mass, it wants weight, it wants the frequent action of body on body, hostile collision of part with part, working out friendly equipoise. Is Sweden a nation? In one sense it is; but in the proper and perfect sense it is not. The materials are not there of which a nation in the highest sense is composed. The different classes of which society is made up are not there sufficiently developed, do not rub sufficiently against one another, have not found their proper position, their natural level. The Swedes may possess a political constitution more favourable to freedom than that of Germany, or even of Hungary and France, but they are not therefore a nation in the same sense that the Germans, the Hungarians, and the French are; and this for the plain reason that we have just stated—the spiritual and physical powers of the masses in their restless reciprocity of action and counter-action are wanting. That which the English call PUBLIC SPIRIT is wanting; and must be wanting for some time too, I fear. But why this? you will say. Why this? Simply because there are too few of you. What? you will say again, do mere numbers make a state? Was the historical importance of Sparta, of Athens, of Syracuse, of Florence, of Venice, of Genoa, rated by mere arithmetic? Listen to me, and I will explain my meaning. I do not say absolutely you are too few to make a nation, but relatively—relatively to the land over which you are spread. If you could collect the *disjecta membra* of what might be a nation from the North Cape to Ystad, and concentrate them in the six provinces north, south, and west of Stockholm as a nucleus, then—Oh then!—but this is just the thing that cannot be done; and so you must even be content to wait. As soon as you have a people with an active communication and interchange of living social in-

* In our 61st Number.

fluences constantly at work, so soon you will have a public spirit and become in the ripe and full sense of the word a nation. Till then you cannot count yourself safe, and must be constantly on your guard against the old personal and private spirit of aristocratic cliques and cabals, which has been your bane hitherto. Instead of a steady breeze and fair sailing you will have ever and anon, as you have hitherto had, gusts and hurricanes. Nations are not made in a year, any more than constitutions can be cut out on a piece of parchment. You must be content to grow. Happy if you have a wise gardener who knows where to cut and prune, and where to uproot also, here and there when necessary!"

We have given in some parts of this quotation more the substance than the exact words of our author, from a desire to spare space. We may be found to do the same again as our author's style, however vigorous and racy, possesses very little of that terseness and condensation which is the prime requisite of the classical in writing. Popularity rather than classicality is his element. He who addresses masses of men must never blush to say the same thing twice over.

Our next extract refers to a matter no less peculiarly Swedish—the relation between the aristocracy and the yeomanry. To establish this relation on a natural and just footing has been the great problem of modern society. Poland, in attempting, or rather in neglecting to solve it, became the prey of foreign despotism; Prussia, in the hour of urgent need, cut, rather than untied the knot, and did with the once famous and all-engrossing nobility what Tarquin did with the poppies—lopped off their heads by an Agrarian law. Sweden has this problem yet to solve. Her aristocracy have as many sins to answer for, and more perhaps than the Prussian. Let them keep their eyes and their *hearts* open (this last is a main matter) and act wisely. If, on calm reflection, they should find that they require pruning, let them not be slow or sparing with the knife. He cuts most safely who pares his own nails. But let us hear Arndt.

"The Swedes have been accused of vanity. I do not think they are a vain people naturally; but a bad constitution and a perverse education, and other unfavourable circumstances, have given them a strong tincture of this, as of some other foreign follies. Northern countries are not capable of so much show and glitter as the south; of so much external beauty and luxuriousness of existence: and with these limits, which Nature has put to their capacities, they ought to be content. But no!—they must ape foreign fineries—they must polish and furbish themselves into something that Nature never

meant: and so they become altogether artificial, and deck themselves out with many vanities. This corruption of a people, by the excessive imitation of what is foreign, generally commences with the aristocracy, and through them it is apt to spread through the people. Such a denationalizing system has long been at work in Sweden, is so to a great extent still, and is the bane of public life there, however comely constitutional forms may be, or may be made. By a constitution in which the different classes of society are represented in a manner altogether disproportionate to their natural relations; by a perverse, Frenchified education of the higher classes destined to lead, to judge, and to advance the people; all that vanity has become rank, which develops itself so readily in the eager imitation of what is foreign: and more than in any other country is it observable in Sweden, that as soon as a man gets above the position of a plain yeoman, so soon is he carried away by the insatiable Tantalus striving after an aristocracy of mere show and glitter. Yes! had the pith of the people here not been so substantially good, had their laws and customs, the remains of the old rude times, not been so substantially manful, we might long ago have seen in Sweden what we see in Poland and in Russia. For let civilisation and refinement (so called) advance at what rate it will, this land was intended by nature to be inhabited by a race of free and happy peasants. Let me not be misunderstood; I also wish an aristocracy; I do not wish to have a country of mere peasants; but I wish decidedly, and before everything else, that in this rude northern climate, every man should be in earnest and work, that every man in this country, even the literary man, and the lord, should have something of the character and spirit of the native yeoman in his composition. I do not wish mere peasants, but I wish everything for peasants: a free, manly education, a taste cultivated for the practical and substantial rather than for the showy, a will marching directly up to its deed, no exotic play with those arts and refinements of life which belong in their vigour only to more southern climates. I wish *democracy*: not democracy in constitutional forms merely or mainly, but in that earnestness and severity of manners, in that determined girding of the soul to the combat with an external nature not given in that latitude overmuch to sport. For Sweden is a land like Scotland, Norway, Tyrol, and Switzerland, where man becomes utterly ruined if he may not energetically speak out the defiance and the pride of his heart in word and deed, and if he is taught to look for salvation in refinement rather than in valiantness, in play rather than in work."

There is profound ethnographic philosophy, a high moral tone, and, with reference to present social relations and constitutional questions, a great practical truth and significance in these remarks, which we much fear many fine gentlemen, with sounding titles, in the demoralized capital of Sweden, may not have sense enough to understand. An undue preponderance of the aristocratic

elemen over the yeomanry, who are the pith and marrow, morally as well as physically, of Sweden, together with not a little admixture of the pragmatism of the Prussian system of over-governing, is the great defect of the Swedish constitution and administration. Ernest Maurice Arndt, though a man of the people like Martin Luther, in every pulse of his heart and in every vein of his body, is no vulgar theorizer and constitution maker. He saw through the French folly from the beginning as clearly as Burke did. He is a practical man, and speaks of aristocracy and democracy with a direct eye as well to the growth of centuries as to the necessities of the moment. To the Swedish aristocracy, looking at their past history and at their present condition, he says,—The pillars which God and nature meant for the support of your social edifice, are and must be of the Doric order. Your capital, that is to say your aristocracy, must be of the Doric order also, or had better not be at all. But lo! you have overlaid the shaft with a Corinthian topping, both disproportionate in bulk, and idly pranked out of all keeping, with tier upon tier of foolish French flosculities. This is not an age for aristocratic trifling. Aristocracy is good so long as the members which compose it are true to their designation: so long as they are substantially the BEST of a people. But if they are *not* so, De Tocqueville tells us—and it is but too evident—that democracy, or the monarchy of the middle classes, for good or for evil, is on the march, and will not back: therefore, BEWARE! In God's name have your eyes open, and do not play the French or the Prussian fool over again, when your complex quadriform parliament comes together in 1845. Wisdom, which was not necessary to concoct a peace of Westphalia in 1648, will be necessary then.

But we revert to our author. After filling seventy most agreeable pages of introduction with miscellaneous remarks on the character of the Swedes, and the anomalies of their political constitution, M. Arndt proceeds to the proper historical part of his work. He first casts a glance on the three past centuries, and with a few vigorous lines gives the reader decided and distinctive portraits of Gustavus Wasa and his passionate son, the romantic wooer of our virgin Queen; Charles IX., "the stern and iron man;" Gustavus Adolphus, the heroic champion of Protestantism; the intellectual and eccentric Christina; the valiant and fortunate Charles Gustavus; Charles XI., energetic, steadfast, and firm; Charles XII., the Northern Achilles. So far a

warm sympathizer with royalty, and real kings, who acted *by* themselves and *for* the people, proceeds with pleasure. Such a royalist Arndt is, decidedly and thoroughly, in his views of Swedish history. Perhaps he has a bias this way,* of which the critical reader will of course beware; but it is in viewing Swedish history certainly a much more safe bias than that opposite constitutional bias (if we may so call it), which we English are apt to carry along with us in judging of the internal political relations of the continental states. Let us never forget Poland. In certain necessary stages of social development a strong monarchy is the only bulwark of national independence against aggression from without, the only protection of the impoverished masses against oppression from within. These are trite truths, but not the less necessary to be continually repeated as a check against our strong British prejudice, that popular constitutional forms are the *only* safeguard of popular liberties. An absolute sovereign, reigning energetically as the great princes of the house of Wasa did, is the natural protector of the people, properly so called; their only efficient protector when they are not yet strong enough to protect themselves. He who doubts this truth may study the history of Sweden from the death of Charles XII., in 1719, to the revolution of 1772; and he may possibly find something there to enlighten him. That was the era of aristocratic omnipotence and royal impotence in Sweden; the era also of internal division and cabal, of external failure and decline. But this epoch our stalwart royalist-democrat passes with regardless step and indignant kick. In the famous contentions of the Hats and Caps, during the heat of which Russia (at the peace of Abo in 1743) planted her first foot—how ominously!—in Finland, he finds nothing great either in the internal or external history of Sweden to detain a single glance; but with the apparition of Gustavus III., and the resumption of the old kingly authority by the bold stroke of 1772, he resumes his inspiration.

His account of this reign (occupying as it does only fifty pages) is written in a grand spirit of sympathy, and with a fine perception both of the morally great and dramatically effective in history. We have no space here to enter into any detailed analysis of the brilliant character of Gustavus; we do not think it is possible to clear this monarch, as Arndt attempts to do, from the

* In his *Reminiscences* (p. 82), he says—"Ich glaube Ich bin von jeher ein übertriebener Royalist gewesen."

charge of duplicity generally brought against him, arising out of the circumstances connected with his elevation to the throne; but bating this point, we think Arndt has succeeded in sketching a portrait of this king-cavalier at once far more favourable and far more characteristically true, than what has often been presented to the European public. The same political position in fact tended to misrepresent this man's character that afterwards operated so powerfully in exaggerating the peculiarities of his son. He was at war with his nobility; and in a poor, remote, and thinly-peopled country like Sweden, the numerous and influential aristocracy were naturally enough looked upon by foreigners as identical with the people. Hence if they chose to baptize any rigorous monarch a despot and a tyrant, simply because he spurned to be their slave and to govern principally for their aggrandizement, the designation was apt to pass current through the whole of Europe without question.* From the influence of such general prejudices and prepossessions Arndt, by his position no less than by his character, is the proper man to set the historical student free. Our space forbids us to insert here his masterly and detailed characteristic of Gustavus III.; but we shall make amends as far as we can, by giving at full length the portrait of one of his most famous favourites—the celebrated ARMFELT.

"Baron Gustavus Maurice Armfelt was a native Fin, born about the year 1760. The manly beauty of his person, and the sparkling riches of his mind, conspired to bring him early into notice with Gustavus III., whose friendship and confidence he for many years enjoyed. In the first Finnish war (1789) he distinguished himself by the most brilliant heroism and determined courage, and returned home covered with honour and wounds. With Gustavus his fortunes fell; his schemes against the regency of 1792-6 could scarcely he said to be born before they were strangled, and Armfelt was forced to fight his way alone for several years through dangers and difficulties from every side. Gustavus Adolphus treated him as he did all the friends and companions of his father who had been in disgrace during the regency—he recalled him to his country and to court-favour. But between two such men as Armfelt and Gus-

tavus Adolphus, nature had planted a gulf that suffered no intimate connexion to grow up between them. For hot and cold, stiff formality and wild freedom, large-hearted openness and a narrow self-containment, are natural enemies. This innate repulsion between his own character and the king's, Armfelt often felt severely; nevertheless, he always remained true to the son of his early friend; no man to the last hour served Gustavus more faithfully than he. Armfelt is a man who bore on his brow the stamp that nature meant him for something great. Had his rare qualities been mingled with a little less levity, had a sphere of noble and enterprising activity been opened up to him after the first irregular fervour of youth was over, unquestionably he would have asserted his place among the very first names of European celebrity. His body displayed, from the head to the knee, a wonderful combination of beauty and strength; only in the lower part of the leg, about the ankles and the feet, something uncertain and unsteady appeared; an outward index perhaps of the weak part of his internal character. His head, clustered round like Apollo's with rich, floating, golden ringlets, was one of the most beautiful you might see; a forehead broad, and pregnant with ideas; blue eyes, spirit-speaking, and sparkling with intellect; a kingly nose; a full mouth, around which feeling, irony and voluptuousness sported in rivalry; a finely-rounded manly chin; combined to make this head almost an ideal. Armfelt is a genius, and unites all the virtues and the vices which are wont to mark the higher kinds of genius. Rich in thoughts, in wit, and in life, he overflows wildly, and wildly overleaps himself. He speaks and writes admirably; pens the most beautiful verses; sends forth, as often as he opens his mouth, unwearied lightnings of intellect and wit; understands the art of living with all sorts of men, and making himself agreeable to all; and—what is the highest quality of all—in whatever he does, great or small, good or bad, the man, the open-hearted, kindly man, breaks freely out. This it is wherein his great captivating power lies; this it is that secures him his ascendancy over other men. For amid this northern frost, and near this arctic circle, to stand on high ground, intellectually and socially, as Armfelt did, and preserve at the same time the warm, free-pulsing MAN, demands a large heart. Armfelt is enterprising and quick to seize; eager to attain but not obstinate to retain; light-hearted, not without levity; at one moment both laborious and dexterous at his labour, at another careless and thoughtless; always more fruitful to project than patient to execute. On Cupid's many-twinkling million-coloured arena of flowers this man was a terrible conqueror, a northern Don Juan, a thousand times more fiery than the Spaniard, a Cæsar, a son of *Venus Genitrix*, who could write VENT, VIDI, VICI, as a blazon on his shield, and ride through the lists of Love unchallenged. His adventures with women of all nations are famous, as are also his collections of the most lovely children, who could boast mostly princesses for their mothers, and whom he all educated gallantly as his own. In such matters of course one mentions no names.

* This remark applies, with particular force, to Charles XI., who, in his bold resumption of the crown lands, applied the surgical knife to the Swedish in as merciless a way as Stein did to the Prussian nobility after the battle of Jena. His memory accordingly was long retained in the families of the aristocracy as a synonym for tyrant; but in Arndt he finds an eloquent vindicator, as, indeed, he had long ago found an intelligent one among ourselves in Archdeacon Cox. 'Travels in Poland, Sweden,' &c.; bk. 7, c. 2.

But this man, whose faults lie so open before all men, and whom any dry pedant may blame, possesses also a truthfulness of nature and a strength that are capable of rising up into the noblest flames of a high enthusiasm. A man of feeling may almost weep when he reflects, how men of this character, fitted by nature manifestly for the most heroic career, and for the most humanizing deeds, often fulfil only half their destiny, and with all their fulminating and coruscating qualities, often serve the rude multitude—which judges always by the issue and the result—only for a laugh. Armfelt, if Gustavus III. had lived longer,—Armfelt, born an Englishman or a Frenchman, instead of a Fin,—would have stood before the eyes of Europe as a star of a very different magnitude. He is one of those men whom it is impossible to see, and not to follow. In a free state, under a high-hearted king, in the van of a revolutionized people, he would have been a glorious citizen and a famous captain. But Armfelt, surrounded by confined and mechanical heads, pulling at one rope with lukewarm and narrow-chested men, will often appear a worse man than the worst: he will run at one time too quick, at another time too slow, now too hot, and now too cold. For never yet was genius gifted with the instinct of mediocrity, with the happy delusion to mistake a half for the whole, and patch-work for the woven web. For this reason also genius always commits absurdities and extravagances, wherever it is not allowed freely to work its own schemes and to shape its own course.”*

Of such powerful portrait-painting Herr Arndt's book is full, and in this respect the most uncritical reader cannot but see how superior it is to much that passes current with the respectable name of history both in this country and more especially in Germany, where a jealous state-supervisorship of the press puts a gag upon all bold personal utterances with regard to public men, and forces the pen of the modern historian to deal in measures only which are mere results, and not in men in whom the causes and the philosophy and the living colours of measures lie. We should like to see the man who at Bonn, or anywhere else in Germany, would dare to write such free personal sketches of the men of Berlin or Vienna, as Arndt has here done of the men of Stockholm.

The fourth chapter of the work gives a hasty sketch of the regency of the Duke of Sudermania, which occupied the interval between the assassination of Gustavus III. in 1792, and the ascension of Gustavus IV. Adolphus, in 1796. The duke, as well in his then appearance on the stage of public life, as in the part he afterwards played

under the title of Charles XIII., after the deposition of his nephew, Arndt describes as a good easy man, capable of doing little harm on the throne, and less good. That he was ambitious, or had anything to do, as is so often asserted, either with the assassination of his brother, or the deposition of his nephew, Arndt considers as destitute of proof, and inconsistent with the easy and indifferent character of the man. But, without discussing secondary matters of this kind, we hasten on to that which is the main matter in Arndt's book, and for which it is indebted to its character as an important original contribution to European history: the reign of Gustavus IV. Adolphus. And in noticing shortly the bearing of our author's testimony on what we already know, we shall, omitting matters of internal government, and the unimportant operations in Germany in 1805 and 1807, confine ourselves to the two grand points of most general interest, and greatest European significance. The first of these points is the strange abnormal character of the king; the second, the apparently (though not really) equally strange and peculiar character of the revolution (so called) of 1809.

With regard to the very singular character of the king, three shades of erroneous opinion seem principally deserving of notice. The first is that maintained by the chief actors in his deposition, the accusers at once and the judges of the royal culprit: viz., that he was a compound of incapacity, impracticability, pedantry, obstinacy, folly, ambition, insolence, tyranny, Quixotism and cowardice, such as never was seen upon a reasonable throne, and such as no free people was called upon to tolerate in any public capacity, much less in the situation of absolute master and lord. This is the view set forth in the well-known book—well-known, at least, in our circulating libraries some thirty years ago—the manifesto of the revolutionary or French party in 1809, whose title is given below.* The Edinburgh whigs trumpeted this book valiantly as soon as it was published; and as the sources of information on this subject open to the British public were very scant, we are inclined to think it may have had considerable influence in forming the political opinion of this country, so far as there was any, with regard both to the merits of the

* This is taken mainly from the characteristic of Armfelt, p. 268-271. But compare also the sketch of his character at p. 171.

* An Historical Sketch of the last Years of the Reign of Gustavus IV. Adolphus, late King of Sweden, including a Narrative of the Causes, Progress, and Termination of the late Revolution; translated from the Swedish. London. 1812.

revolution, and the demerits of the deposed king. It was not to be expected however that the anti-Gallican spirit, which was the ruling one in this country, would quietly allow the most chivalrous and consistent champion of legitimacy on the continent, to be publicly stigmatized as a heartless despot and an impracticable fool. There were, indeed, not a few strange traits of character, startling facts, and what in parliamentary phrase we call 'scenes,' publicly reported of this royal Swede, the truth of which our own captains and diplomatic men were the first to testify: but on the other hand there were public proclamations, letters to George III. and other productions of the royal pen, equally patent to Europe, which breathed a spirit of high principle, worthy of a king, and carried with them a certain air of grandeur and decision that seemed to maintain the old character of the Wasa family worthily. Those writers therefore in this country, who wished to set forth the character of the knight-errant royal of the Bourbons in the most favourable light, were strongly tempted to usher him upon the stage as a most magnanimous and high-minded, just and generous monarch: a little obstinate, perhaps, and headstrong in his temper, but whose main misfortune was that he was ill-supported by his neighbours, and that before he could bring his chivalrous drama to a conclusion, he became subject to fits, or even a permanent malady, not merely of monomania, but literally, and in the medical sense of the word, *madness*.

This is the view taken by Mr. Crichton* and by Mr. Alison.† These two views are natural enough as coming from two opposite parties, whose views they were separately calculated to support; but now at the eleventh hour Mr. Laing‡ has come forth, a sturdy Scotch radical, as the decided champion and vindicator of the calumniated memory of the great champion of the Bourbons. This gentleman indeed allows that his royal client was "obdurate, foolish, narrow-minded, arbitrary, perhaps crazy as we say in private life; but there was reason in his madness. It was folly in so weak a potentate to think of coping with Napoleon; but so it was in Gustavus Wasa (in 1520) to think of coping with the King of Denmark. He was, moreover, sincere, consistent, steady, and, in the midst of a dissolute court, the only man of pure moral character and sincere religious impressions." For this and for other reasons Mr. Laing thinks

that Gustavus Adolphus has not been fairly dealt with by his contemporaries. Mr. Laing, in short, gives the opinions not of the Scottish whigs or the 'Edinburgh Review' of 1812, but of the Swedish liberals of 1838. This view is the natural product of a reaction; the Swedes have now weighed the men of 1809 in the balance, and found them wanting. Instead of high-minded patriots, they are now found to have been only a factious conspiracy: 'a faction who sold Finland to Russia, who sold his crown to his uncle Charles XIII., and the reversion of it to the present dynasty.' Oh, poor humanity, wilt thou never learn to sit steady on that unsanctified steed of thine! This reaction also overshoots the mark, as a man of Mr. Laing's calibre might have known; but it sounds so much more manful, and carries the reader away so sublimely, to deal in sweeping denunciations. We are like to get a much more thorough and impartial characteristic from M. Arndt than from any of these gentlemen. Here it is: something like the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as a man with half an eye may guess. We ought to have mentioned by the way before, that this as well as the other historical sketches we translate, were originally written in the years 1809-10, and have been kept so long *in retentis* from obvious motives of private feeling in the highest degree honourable to M. Arndt. Writers of books in these days are not generally so scrupulous.

"Gustavus Adolphus was a man of a slender straight figure, in every limb regularly moulded, somewhat above the middle stature, his head rather long, his forehead open and rising with an almost too steep ascent, his eyes blue, his hair light, his nose straight and noble, his mouth full and close shut, his chin round and manly, in short an Oldenburg-Holstein family face, such as Charles XII. also had from his Oldenburg mother. One might say altogether his head and his whole figure had a cast of Charles XII., when we conceive this king in a state of rest; but the calm dignified earnestness, the dark-glowing eye, the grand energy and nobility that his contemporaries admired as something magical in this heroic person, are entirely wanting in his descendant. With his elegant, agile body, Gustavus treads the ground more formally solemn than manfully energetic. In this peculiarity, and in some others, there was a great deal of the Spanish Bourbon in him. In his otherwise regular features, which, had they been lighted up by the play of intellect, might even have been termed beautiful, and which in moments of gracious condescension could assume an extremely pleasing expression, there remained nevertheless, after he had passed the term of youth, a certain air of unreadiness, unripeness, almost boyishness: that defect which is often noticeable in the faces of old families fast wan-

* 'Scandinavia,' vol. ii., c. 5.

† 'History of Europe,' vol. viii., c. 65.

‡ 'Tour in Sweden,' p. 216.

ing to decay, that something of an inherited ghostly reminiscence of the past, that lies like a painful burden on the present, the clog of all free action, and the poisoner of all healthy enjoyment of existence.

"The king's bearing was uniformly firm and Swedish, always coloured with a seriousness and solemnity, which seldom relaxed into a smile. Charles XII., tradition tells, was hardly ever seen to laugh, but the hero never grumbled, and was never fretful. Those who knew the king well knew also that this seriousness and solemnity was nothing affected or assumed—it was his nature. He had a sad want of warmth and docility; he was as stiff and stark as northern ice and iron; and whatever appeared obstinate, dogged, and crotchety, in his peculiar habits of thinking, of believing, or of acting, was merely the reiterated manifestation of this inherent stiffness and inflexibility of his nature.

"But with all this unbending stiffness of disposition, this man was far from being incapable of training and culture. He had on the contrary enjoyed an excellent education, and made good use of his opportunities: so much so that in his early years his talents excited considerable attention, and seemed to afford fair grounds of bright hopes for the future. He was not one of the race of ignorant kings; but had studied the history and the constitutional law of his country thoroughly, and was pretty well versed besides in the general and special history of Europe, so as to be able to quote example and precedent aptly when occasion required. He was a good and subtle thinker and speaker, and was always ready to enter into any discussion in conversation with intelligent strangers, from whom he might hope to derive useful information. Few kings are able to do this. He was also no mean master of the pen, expressing himself with ease and elegance in French and in his native Swedish alike. Many of his state-papers were written by himself—the body and substance of them at least, so that his minister had only to tag a head or a tail to them for the sake of form. He had moreover generally a very just judgment of the foreign relations of his times, and the mutual dependencies of the European states. I have seen letters from him to the king of England, at the time of the Spanish rising in 1808—letters fresh from his own heart and hand—in which he pointed out clearly to his allies the character of the Spanish people, the peculiar shape that warfare in that country must assume, and predicted confidently that, by persevering efforts of English soldiery, there most surely Napoleon could be undermined. Strange! in speculation so subtle, so agile, and so exact, this same man was in action all gnarledness and perversity! Who shall measure the contradictions of human nature?

"King Gustavus Adolphus sat quietly amid the surging flood of the nineteenth century, which with its impetuous current swept away icebergs and iron-stone rocks, like so much straw and dust: there on his throne sat he, while all was changing around him, immoveable. With a high feeling of kingly power and dignity, with a deep sense of his vocation to rule and to be the champion of right and honour

among his people, there he sat in his own mind like a mountain, sublime, steady, as if he was a second Thor, or even a Christian God the Father, and calmly allowed the rush of waters to swell and roar around him, opposing still stoutly to all opposition his good conscience and his faith in the divine justice, and his pious maxim *ärligt varar längst*—HONESTY LASTS LONGEST.

"All this would have been very beautiful and noble in a man who was *really* a king, and one capable of kingly deeds; but Gustavus's measure of things was a very ordinary one, and he over-measured himself with his fine sentiments fairly. Was he presumptuous then? Not exactly: but in applying his maxim, he did not discern the difference between the divine government of things, and mere human management,—between what a king might do, and what a private man should do. Moreover he carried about with him constantly a consciousness of something dark and gloomy; but this element, which in others so often takes the shape of a floating cloudiness, was in him, like everything else, stark and obstinate. He was accordingly in religion a sort of dry mystic (*eine art trockener Fantast*); he was apt to mistake a thing, merely strange and grotesque, for a wonder and a miracle: for this reason he took it into his head to interpret the revelation, by help of Jung Stilling; he must needs see ghosts by daylight, and insisted on recognizing the great signature of God in the ephemeral trace of the moment; he understood not the divine measurement of time, which is not time but eternity, and in which centuries are seconds. Therefore also he stood waiting in an attitude of dogged faith and hope, while the moment was slipping through his fingers that God had given him to do something; and stood, at the end of the drama, in gaping astonishment that God should have allowed the wild billowy energies of the age to sweep away the royal throne from beneath the feet of faithful and conscientious majesty. No doubt his constant feeling of the sacredness of principles, and the inviolability of obligations, was honourable, and worthy of a king; but as little as he understood the comprehensive calculations of the divine government, so little did he understand the true position of a king on a throne. Kings are gods; and they have the same problem to perform as gods. It is impossible for a king to apply the same inflexible rules that are sufficient for the narrow sphere of private life, to that wide-working world of the most conflicting elements which it is his peculiar vocation to comprehend, to lead, and to control. A master of a family may do nothing but lead, and do well; but a king must understand the difficult art, while he leads upon the whole and controls the final result, to allow himself to be led in many details and to yield minor points. Of all this Gustavus Adolphus was the very reverse. He trusted in God that he would help him to stem the flooding deluge of the age with his hand, and to catch its waters in a bucket.

"As this prince was high-minded and honourable in his public character, so in his private relations he was excellent: severe and sober in manners, a faithful husband, a tender father, an

exemplary master of a family. He was a *vir uxorius*; one to whom female society was more necessary than to most men; inasmuch that his courtiers and attendants were wont to say, that though at no time distinguished by an engaging and pleasing manner, he was thrice as morose and humourous when he had been long absent from his wife. Both as a prince and as a king he did not want fair temptations; Stockholm is not a place to want such; but against all seductions of this kind he remained cased in victorious mail: like his great ancestor, and favourite pattern, Charles XII., he lived a CHASTE man."

Let not the student of European history imagine that the minute and philosophical analysis of the character of Gustavus IV. Adolphus is a matter of secondary importance to him. As a mere matter of biographical curiosity indeed, as a study, if nothing better, for a new historical novel by Mr. James, it has its worth. But as the only true key to a series of events, with which the main history of the revolutionary war has more than an episodic connection, it is invaluable. What then are the results? The king of Sweden was everything good that his eulogists have made of him, coupled however with an innate want of sense which turned the sublime of his chivalry always into the ridiculous: he was everything bad that his enemies have made of him, except that he was not a tyrant, that he was not a coward,* and that he was not mad. He

* This charge, several times repeated in the 'Historical Sketch,' is expressly denied by Arndt, on personal knowledge, p. 374. We give the passage: "When on the Finnish coast, in 1808, the king, one evening, with an inconceivable indifference to danger, caused himself to be landed on a small promontory of land, and walked about on the strand and in the woods two full hours with his companions. It was a lovely autumn evening—one of those evenings that work so magically on the human heart, as if there lay in them a real vernal power belonging to some calmer and more subdued world. The waves plashed gently on the sand, the air was still, the moon shone with clear and friendly light through the trees. The king was uncommonly cheerful, and spoke only of the lovely weather, of the stars, and of the beauty of nature, for which he had always possessed a deep feeling. But the silence of the gentle evening was deceitful; the Russians lay encamped hard by—no man knew exactly where. The royal party was alone, without weapons or protection of any kind. A few Jägers in the copse, or one or two struggling Cossacks, might have shot, or made prisoners, the whole party. Happily, however, they escaped without harm; and the king sailed the next day to Åland. There is a peculiarity here to be noted in the character of the king—as, indeed, he was full of peculiarities. His enemies have accused him of cowardice. Nothing can be more unjust. When in the autumn of 1804, he was making preparations for the abortive sea-voyage between Stralsund and Ystad, every one was astonished at the coolness with which he looked each danger in the face; at the patience with which he encountered every obstacle. No one seemed more resolute and more hardy than the king. This sum-

mer was only impracticable, obstinate, passionate on occasions: one that, taking him all in all, might have played a most reputable part in private life and in common times, but in these days and on a throne, with all his noble sentiments and magnanimous declarations, he proved practically what we call a fool. Let us now see what his folly led to. What sort of thing was the famous revolution of 1809, and what was the cause of it? We shall introduce this subject by a quotation from Mr. Alison.

"We abjure by this present act all the fidelity and obedience which we owe to our king Gustavus IV. Adolphus, hitherto king of Sweden, and we declare both him and his heirs born or to be born, now and for ever dethroned from the throne and government of Sweden."

So Mr. Alison quotes the words of the abjuration of allegiance made by the Swedish states at the Diet of May 1, 1809. He then proceeds to comment.

"This is the most open and undisguised dethronement of a monarch by the states of a kingdom which is perhaps recorded in history; and it is not a little remarkable that it not only was accomplished without the death of the reigning monarch, but without the spilling of a single drop of blood on the part of his subjects. The Swedish historians may well take pride in the dignity, unanimity, and humanity of this great national movement, which offers so marked and pleasing a contrast to the dreadful convulsions which alike in England and France followed the dethronement of the reigning monarch, and the hideous royal murders by which they

mer also (1808), he sailed several times between the Swedish and the Russian gun-boats with as much coolness and indifference as if the cannon-balls, which were sending splinters of planks round about him, had been peas. The same spirit was displayed in the evening walk just mentioned. What did the king mean by this strange conduct? And why, when he knew so little what fear meant, did he not at once place himself at the head of his army, as his great ancestor of the same name had done before him? He meant nothing: the exposing of himself to danger on these occasions was, with him, a matter neither of boasting nor of folly; he only did not know how to use his courage: and there were not wanting also men about him whose interest it seemed to be that he should never come to a true understanding of his own position, and his own vocation; Men who work so upon kings are never wanting." Let this one example among many show how difficult it is to deal with a thing so anomalous as this king's character. A little reflection, indeed, will soon reveal the intimate connection that existed, in the original constitution of the man, between all his peculiarities. But how few are there that, before they judge of character, calmly and conscientiously reflect? One thing is plain—whatever virtues or talents Gustavus had, he did not understand when or how to apply them; and this, practically, was often worse in its results than if he had been an absolute natural.

were both consummated. See *Bignon*, viii., 164. *Montgaillard*, vi., 397, 398.*

Now this is one of the most shallow pieces of magniloquent commonplace that a historian of Europe ever penned. Be it Alison, or be it Bignon, or Montgaillard, the only excuse for them is, that looking upon Sweden altogether as a secondary matter in the history of the French revolutionary wars, they did not think it worth their while to be over curious in their investigations. And yet a chapter containing an account of an eventful change of dynasty in one of the most famous states of Europe, and also of a war which ended by the cession of Finland substantially in making Russia queen of the Baltic Sea, ought to have been seriously pondered by a historian of Mr. Alison's pretence before it was penned. The error which the learned writer has here made is a very simple but a very serious one. The deposition of the king of Sweden was not a *national* movement in any sense, much less a *great* national movement. What was it then? It was the mere bold stroke of a party:—"der Gewaltstreich einer Parthei," says Arndt: a mere aristocratic "nothing out of which no great something was likely to proceed" How and why was it this? Do we depend merely upon M. Arndt's authority or Mr. Laing's? Let him who doubts it, in the first place, take any most concise view of Swedish history that he can lay his hands on, and considering the course of public affairs and the state of public parties, say how it *could* be otherwise? To talk of a great national movement in Sweden in the same sense that the phrase might be applied to the religious revolution of England, or the political revolution of France, is merely to talk: for as M. Arndt puts it in the passage which we first quoted, where was the *people*, where was the *nation*? There is no history in modern Europe so full of depositions, resignations, and revolutions, as the Swedish, and many of these, as if by frequent practice they had become expert, the parties seem to have managed in a most peaceful and proper style comparatively. But were these changes of dynasty and revolutions the less an evil for their being so frequent? and because they were often bloodless, a matter therefore on which Professor Geijer and other Swedish historians have reason to look back with peculiar satisfaction? Shallow!—They were so frequent because there was an utter want of stability, mass, and gravitating power in the nation: because, in the per-

fect sense of the word, it was not yet a nation at all: and they were so bloodless, because they were not a public struggle between the government and the people, but a mere matter of political sword-play between the king and the aristocracy. Gustavus III. in 1772, from the side of the throne, effected a bloodless revolution as nimbly, and as much to the admiration of Europe, as Adlerkreutz in 1809 on the part of the aristocracy. There was also another "revolution," though not so great a one, effected by the same monarch in 1789, on that notable occasion commonly called the league of Anjala, when the Swedish nobility (since 1772 nursing celestial wrath in their bosoms) took occasion to lay down their arms in the very critical moment of the Finnish war, and coolly refused to fight. These revolutions, indeed, were things quite understood in Sweden, and practised as a regular game by either party, so often as opportunity was or seemed to be favourable. All that was required was strength, decision, and a little violence on the one side, with weakness, wavering, and confusion on the other; and then the "revolution," or, more properly speaking, the conspiracy, was sure to succeed. Blood was merely an accident; not at all necessary. One bold stroke, with or without blood, as the case might be, did the business. The king or the nobility came off victorious and held the reins tightly a little longer than an English ministry, and then were driven out in their turn by a new revolution. Meanwhile the people, that is to say, not the people of Sweden (for the far-scattered colonies of peasants that stood for that designation could not see what was going on), but the population of Stockholm—stood passively by and applauded as a mob will when they see a gallant fight. They were indeed interested in the matter always more or less; but they had no means of making their interest be felt; and the main feeling with them generally was (as it often is with English electors), that a change might probably do them some good, at least could not possibly do them much harm. They therefore cried Hurrah! to the victorious party; took their dinner in the afternoon, and went to the theatre in the evening of "a revolution," quietly, as if nothing had taken place.

So much for the character of Swedish revolutions generally. As to the political merits of this particular one, allowing it to have been, not in any sense a national, but altogether an aristocratic movement, was it a good and praiseworthy movement on the whole, or was it a bad and shameful one? Are we, with Mr. Alison, to say that "the

* 'Alison's History of Europe,' vol. viii. c. 45.

Swedish malcontents acted the part of good patriots" in deposing their king; or shall we take up Mr. Laing's note, and talk of the "faction who sold Finland to Russia, who sold his crown to his uncle Charles XIII., and the reversion of it to the present dynasty. Money or safety for themselves might be the price; still it was a foul transaction. Sweden lost Finland and Pomerania during Gustavus's reign: but was the loss from misgovernment on the part of the king, or from the most unblushing perfidy of Swedish nobles, who sold the fortresses and frontiers entrusted to them, without even the pretext of principle, for money? Was it possible to govern well with servants so corrupt? Was not the loss of these provinces similar to the loss, without any treachery in his servants, of the United States of North America, by our George III.? Did ever man dream that George III. and his dynasty ought to be deposed for the loss of America?"—Strange!—here again the English Conservative identifies himself with the revolutionary party in Sweden, applauding them as "good patriots;" while the Scotch Radical becomes a sort of Swedish Jacobite and Royalist, to plead valiantly for the ancient Wasa dynasty on the throne! The causes of this change of sides, so to speak, and reverted position of literary parties, are to be found in the doings of Bernadotte, after his dynasty was identified with the revolutionary party in Sweden; in the ratification of these doings by the congress of Vienna; and in the state of parties in Sweden when Mr. Laing wrote his book. As to the real merits of the question, the causes of the deposition of Gustavus were something more powerful than mere faction, and less pure than good patriotism. Arndt (p. 252) states three: the impracticable character of the king; the worthlessness and incapacity of his ministers; the entire want of sympathy between him and his people. These are the true causes: not one of them only, but all the three: and by the first one alone, so far as the king himself and not his race was concerned, those who study the history of the times carefully, will admit that the deposition was fully justified. On the one hand, however, Mr. Alison shows a want of historical perception when he talks only generally of "good patriots" in a country so long subject to aristocratic clique and cabal as Sweden: while, on the other hand, Mr. Laing fulminates wholesale anathemas like a mere partisan, and from his hatred to the men who govern Sweden now, does not hesitate to identify the whole body to

which they belong with the base deed of Cronstadt, in surrendering Sweaborg, "the Gibraltar of the north," and with it South Finland, to the Russians in 1808.

It is a pity that substantial men like Mr. Laing, trusting perhaps to the ignorance of the British reader in points of continental history (for unfortunately history is not taught in our universities), should pollute their valuable pages with wholesale calumnies of this kind. How unprincipled and how malicious to talk of the Swedish aristocracy having sold Finland to the Russians, because one man was found among them who did a base thing! How little they had to do with the loss of Finland, the name of Adlerkreutz alone can testify. Finland was lost because Alexander of Russia was ambitious of territory, and could not resist a tempting opportunity to aggrandize himself at the expense of an ancient rival; because Gustavus IV. Adolphus was all his lifetime more ambitious of provoking a new, than careful to suspect an old, enemy, and generally also was deficient in military and political talent; because his ministers were scarcely more capable than himself, and wanted his principle; and, lastly, because the people in Stockholm generally, and the aristocracy in particular, were, from the beginning, opposed to a war that arose originally out of a Quixotic hostility to Napoleon, and were moreover French in their sympathies and neutral in their political principles. With regard to the German war of 1805-7, there cannot be the slightest doubt that the Swedish people were in the right. The French showed no wish to quarrel with them; and they ought, at least, to have remained neutral. The king who had not sense to sacrifice his own private feelings to this plain national interest, did not know the first duty of a ruler. With regard to Finland again, if the Swedish people in Stockholm did not support the sovereign, when once involved in a Russian war, "with mournful resolution," as Alison says; but if (as Arndt plainly proves) they despaired from the very beginning, and did everything that they could by their vain French talk to dispirit the soldiery, and weaken the hands of the government; then let them share the blame of the loss of Finland justly with the impracticability of the monarch and the incapacity of his ministers. That Finland might have been saved, for that chance at least, had its brave native soldiers been duly supported, the general character of the people, as well as their admirable conduct on that occasion, renders undoubted. If Mr. Alison will reconsider

the matter, he will find that he is quite wrong in the assertion he makes that the contest was hopeless from the beginning.

We have already said that by the obstinate and impracticable character of the king alone, we think the revolution was fully justified. From whatever cause, in the spring of 1809, things had actually been brought to such a pass—that with Barclay de Tolly and his Russian legions almost at their gates without, universal weakness, confusion and mistrust prevailed within the walls of Stockholm. While the naked and starved militiamen were dying by thousands in the streets, the king shut himself up morosely in his palace, giving minute orders about the button-holes of their collars, “shutting his eyes that he might not see the storm,” and to all questions answered only—war. But war was, under such a captain, in the circumstances of the case, ruin. The king, however, as he always did, remained immovable. Having during his short reign of ten years shown a singular capacity to provoke new enemies, to insult his allies, to talk the greatest things and to do the smallest—having lost one of the fairest provinces of his kingdom, and being in the fair way to lose another—being moreover since the constitutional changes of 1789 almost absolute, and not so manageable on a throne as an English George or William—his deposition seemed to offer, if not the only, at least the most obvious method of extricating affairs. To the aristocracy moreover he had just given mortal offence by dismissing them, in a moment of hasty and headstrong displeasure, from the honourable service of his body-guard. They were eager to seize an occasion for resuming the power of which Gustavus III. had deprived them, and finding the humour of the people indifferent or rather inclined to favour their views, clubbed together in their old familiar ways and arranged matters, not for an assassination this time, but for a plain deposition. A suitable occasion was easily found. A division of the western army was induced to leave the Norwegian frontier, and advance towards the city with sounding proclamations full of the misery of the times, and the dominant necessity of righting the wrong by a recurrence to the old principles of “Swedish liberty.” An alarm was raised; the king at first did not know what to do; and then, to show his incapacity for meeting such an occasion, proposed to leave the city. To this of course the nobility objected. They came together and besieged the antechamber of the monarch. They entered. Baron Adlerkreutz laid violent hands on majesty from before, and Baron

Silversparre from behind. With this, and with a single word—Your majesty will be pleased to deliver up your sword, the bloodless revolution of March, 1809, was achieved.

The chief actor in this memorable scene, in this clever and politic “stroke of a party,” was Major-General Charles Adlerkreutz, who had just returned, crowned with laurels, from the Finnish war,* and whose patriotism, in the right sense of the word, no one could suspect. Arndt says he had nothing to do with the plot or conspiracy itself; he was merely chosen as the hand to put it into execution; and a bold hand certainly was required to take a royal son of Wasa in his own den by the beard. A man was required who could look at steel; the king was not a man to yield without a blow; in fact, he did draw his sword, and but for the intervention of Silversparre, might have used it to some purpose. The bold aggressor and king-deposer is thus drawn at full length by our brave Rubens:

“Adlerkreutz is nothing but a soldier; but this he is thoroughly. For long intrigues and intricate conspiracies, he has no talent and no patience. Courage, carelessness, and cheerfulness, are painted in his every act and gesture. Unquestionably he has ambition—altogether without ambition no public man can be what he is—but Adlerkreutz feels the freedom and the dignity of the man too much, to suffer the mastery of that terrible passion which creeps now like the snake, smiles now like the fox, and now consumes like the Furies. He bears with him the air of a man that can take what the day brings and make the best of it; but with all his light-heartedness, he preserves a collectedness,—with all his forgetfulness, a presence of mind,—that is ever ready to collect any scattered energy, and arm itself in instantaneous mail for the deed of danger. Adlerkreutz is the image of the most ready power of concentration. He is of a middle stature, and close set; uniting strength of body with agility of movement. His broad and cheerful brow depicts the dauntless and the fortunate soldier; his clear merry eye beams forth pru-

* Mr. Alison, in his account of this war, talks of “the brave Klingspor.” A general historian, who may not have minutely mastered the personal details of every major and marshal that comes in his way, should avoid epithets of this kind, unless he is quite sure of their applicability. M. Arndt, who was in Stockholm at the time, and who knew the parties and the public opinion, says that this Klingspor, though nominally at the head of the Finnish army which did such marvels in driving back the Russians, in fact never had been anything of a soldier, and “always kept at a respectable distance from powder and shot.” So notorious was this at Stockholm, that, when the deposition had been effected, and the names of the conspirators were publicly known, the city wits passed their ready joke upon the whole affair thus: “It could have been no very dangerous achievement, otherwise Klingspor would have had nothing to do with it.” P. 447.

dence and cunning. Round his sharply chiselled mouth and his manly chin there plays at times an expression of voluptuousness; but he that understands to read the features of the human face, soon discerns that coolness and collectedness are the guides and goddesses of his life, who stand as his faithful guards and sentinels, even on those occasions when he allows himself to float carelessly with laughter-loving fools upon the bickering tide of the moment. Adlerkreutz may be out-manceuvred and deceived on occasion by paltry tricks which he neither knows nor needs, but he will nevertheless always do what he has willed to do: nay, the out-manceuvrers and the deceivers themselves he will force in the end to do his will, and not theirs."

Those who admit the expediency of the Swedish Revolution generally, and consider the deposition of the reigning monarch as a thing that in the circumstances could not well be avoided, are apt to object to the sweeping style in which it was executed—to the wholesale abandonment and outcasting of an ancient famous and well-deserving race which it involved. It is hard to see why the conspirators might not have adopted the same course that their party had done in the case of the assassination of Gustavus III; appointed a regency, and waited for the majority of the son of the deposed monarch. This would have been both more gentle towards the monarch, who was unfortunate rather than culpable, and more "patriotic" towards the nation, whose sounder heart would beat in more loyal sympathy to a descendant of Gustavus Wasa, than to any foreign, Danish or French, prince adoptive. But the necessity of the moment urged; and besides the personal safety of the chief actors, a matter which they could not easily disregard, the nobility had an old hereditary enmity with all princes of the Wasa stock; and while the Muscovite czar was knocking at their door, salvation was looked for nowhere, by the foreign-fangled "French of the north," but in French alliance, and in the patronage of the Europe-fearing "hero of all centuries:" for so Adlersparre, the leader of the western army, in his proclamation above mentioned, published to the stupid people the expected countenance of Napoleon. But the dynasty of Bernadotte is what the French politicians call "an accomplished fact;" and we shall act more wisely than Mr. Laing in letting it alone. The king himself is now eighty years of age, and cannot live, in the common course of nature, to do much more harm or good by the large exercise of his royal veto against the quinquennial army of bills by which he is besieged. The crown-prince has one plain duty: to reign

heart and hand as a true Swede, as Gustavus Wasa did of yore, the brother of the brave Dalecarlian yeomen rather than the servant of the nobility in Stockholm. If he does this—and he may be assured there is no other way of making a new dynasty strong in any country, much less in Sweden—he has no cause to vex himself with apprehensions about Russia, whatever some persons may speculate. That extraordinary power had played out its game of aggrandizement on the Baltic at the peace of Frederickshamm, 17th of September, 1809. Those who wish to observe the further motions, must look to the Black Sea, and the banks of the Danube.

ART. III.—*L'Histoire de Dix Ans*, 1830-1840. Par M. LOUIS BLANC. Tomes I., II., III. Paris. 1843.

THIS is a remarkable work. So strong is the sensation it has created in Germany, as well as in France, that we must introduce it to the notice of our readers, in spite of its incomplete state. Three volumes of the promised five have already appeared. Three editions were demanded of the first volume before the second was published, although the publication takes place by weekly *livraisons*. The second and third volumes have already had two large editions, the demand increasing.

And this success is explained by the talent of the author no less than by the absorbing interest of the theme. The ten years, 1830-1840, were troubled, stirring, and important times to every European nation; to none so much as France. The revolution of July—those Glorious Three Days; the revolutions of Poland and Belgium; the siege of Antwerp; the insurrections at Lyons and Grenoble, with the countless conspiracies and insurrections at Paris; the cholera morbus, with its eighteen thousand victims in Paris alone; the Duchesse de Berri and La Chouanerie; the taking of Algiers; five attempts at regicide; St. Simonism; Republicanism, and innumerable other 'isms;' these are brilliant subjects, brilliantly treated by M. Louis Blanc. '*L'Histoire de Dix Ans*' is one of those works so often libelled by being called 'as interesting as a novel;' were novels a tithe as interesting, they would be what they pretend. It has all that we require in a novel, and much more. It is a narrative of

events real, striking, absorbing: the subjects of immense interest to all readers, and the style unusually excellent. As a narrative we know of few to compare with it, even in French History. Eloquent, earnest, rapid, brief yet full of detail; it has the vividness of Carlyle or Michelet, without transgressing the rules of classic taste. The style, though not free from an occasional inelegance, is remarkable for concinnity and picturesqueness, alternating between rhetoric and epigram. The spirit of the work is avowedly republican. The author never disguises his sympathies or convictions; yet, at the same time, is fully alive to all the errors of his party, and reveals the true causes of their ill success. Impartial he is not: no man with strong convictions can be so. You cannot hold one idea to be sacred, and regard its opponents as priests; you cannot believe one course of policy tyrannous and destructive, yet look upon its ministers as enlightened patriots. All that impartiality can do is to make allowance for difference of opinion, and not deny the sincerity of an opponent: to anathematize the doctrine not the man. M. Louis Blanc is, in this sense, tolerably impartial.

'L'Histoire de dix Ans' is not conspicuous for any profound views; its philosophy is often but philosophic rhetoric. But it is not without excellent *aperçus*, and acute penetration of motives. There is a great deal of the Journalist visible in the work. M. Blanc is a young man still, edits '*La Revue de Progrès*,' and is more familiar with Journalism than with social science. His work manifests both the advantages and disadvantages of such a condition. If the Journalist is incapable of that calm review of things, and those laborious generalizations, which the social philosopher elaborates from his abstract point of view; yet is he the more conversant with the concrete special instances, more familiar with the motives and passions of political parties, more ready to understand every *coup d'état*. M. Blanc shows a thorough penetration into the spirit of each party, and sees the germs of strength or of disease. He has lived amongst conspirators; dined with legitimatists; been familiar with Buonapartists. Above all he understands the national spirit: its reckless daring, *insouciance*, gaiety, love of excitement, of military glory, idolatry of symbols, and facility of being led away by a sonorous word, or pompous formula. One of the people himself, he rightly understands the people's nature. We may illustrate this power of penetration by the citation of two of the numerous epigrams with

which his book abounds. Speaking of the incompetence of the Legitimists to shake the Orleans dynasty he says, '*Les révolutions se font avec des haines fortes et de violents désirs: les légitimistes n'avaient guère que des haines.*'* The second is really a profound *mot*: of the Buonapartist party he says: '*il avait un drapeau plutôt qu'un principe.* C'était là l'invincible cause de son impuissance.'†

An excellence not to be overlooked in his book is the portraiture of remarkable men. Louis Philippe, Lafayette, Lafitte, Casimir Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Mauguin, Armand Carrel, and Dupont (de l'Eure), with many others, are brought out in strong relief. But M. Louis Blanc describes a character mostly by epigrams. This has the advantage of effect, and of producing a lasting impression; with the disadvantage of all epigrams in sacrificing a portion of the truth to effect. Nothing can be happier than the way he hits off the restlessness of Thiers: '*plus d'inquiétude que d'activité, plus de turbulence que d'audace.*' But it is surely too much to talk of Metternich as '*un homme d'état sans initiative et sans portée.*'

The portrait of Lafayette may be quoted as a fair specimen of the author's judgment of men.

"As to M. de Lafayette, at that time he could have done everything and he decided on nothing. His virtue was brilliant yet fatal. In creating for him an influence superior to his capacity, it only served to annul in his hands a power, which, in stronger hands, would have altered the destinies of France. Nevertheless Lafayette had many qualities essential to a commander. His language as well as his manners presented a rare mixture of *finesse* and *bonhomie*, of grace and austerity, of dignity with haughtiness, and of familiarity without coarseness. To the one class he would always have remained a grand seigneur, although mixed up with the mob; to the others he was born one of the people, in spite of his illustrious origin. Happy privilege of preserving all the advantages of high birth, and of making them be pardoned! Add moreover that M. de Lafayette possessed at the same time the penetration of a sceptical and the warmth of a believing soul; that is to say, the double power of fascinating and containing his audience. In the *carbonari* meetings he spoke with fiery energy. At *la chambre* he was a witty and charming orator. What then did he want? Genius—and more than that, will. M. de Lafayette-willed nothing hardily, because, unable to direct events, he would have been pained at seeing them directed by another. In this sense he was

* Revolutions are effected by means of strong hatred and violent desires: the legitimatists had scarcely anything but hatreds.

† It had a Banner rather than a Principle. There-in lay the invincible cause of its impotence.

afraid of every one, but more than all of himself. Power enchanted, but frightened him; he would have braved its perils, but he dreaded its embarrassments. Full of courage, he was entirely deficient in audacity. Capable of nobly suffering violence, he was incapable of employing it with profit. The only head that he could have delivered to the executioner, without trembling, was his own.

"As long as he had to preside over a provisional government, he was competent, he was enchanted. Surrounded by a little court, at the Hôtel de Ville, he enjoyed the boisterous veneration which was paid to his age and celebrity, enjoyed it with an almost infantile *naïveté*. In that cabinet, where they governed by signatures, there was considerable fuss about very little action. This was a situation admirably adapted to small intellects, because amidst these sterile agitations, they deluded themselves respecting the terror which they felt for all decisive acts."

M. Louis Blanc, in several cases, shows the fatal effects to the republican party of Lafayette's want of audacity. It is certain that this quality, which served Danton instead of genius, is indispensable in revolutions: as M. Blanc admirably says: 'In times of struggle audacity is prudence; for in a revolution confidence has all the advantages of chance.'

'L'Histoire de Dix Ans' opens with a preliminary sketch of the state of parties from the return of the Bourbons and banishment of Napoleon to Elba, down to the commencement of the revolution of 1830. This is one of the best portions of the book. The author vividly shows how completely the Restoration was the work of the *bourgeoisie*. Napoleon fell because he wished to make France military, and the tendencies of the nation at large were commercial. Rome and Carthage have been and will ever be too adverse in principle to be united; one or the other must succumb. Napoleon did not see this, and he fell. M. Louis Blanc takes great pains to exhibit the cruel egotism of the *bourgeoisie* throughout the calamities which have befallen France. He points with withering sneers to every testimony of it, without seeing that egotism is the vice of the middle classes. They are exclusively bent upon the *bien être*—the 'main chance.' They have neither the refinement and the large ambition of the upper classes, nor the heroism and poetry of the lower. Their object in life is not to enjoy, but to collect the means of enjoyment. They are bent only on making fortunes. The rich think more of spending their money; the poor have no hope of fortune. Heroism, and its nurse ambition; self-sacrifice, generosity, and humanity; these are virtues of the higher and lower

classes. Of the higher, because men need outlets for their activity, and because ambition is a stimulant powerful as the 'main chance' of the bourgeois; of the lower, because want feels for want, misery for misery, and generosity is the constant virtue of those who need it in return. With this conviction that egotism is the bourgeois vice, it is somewhat discouraging to trace the rapid increasing development which that class is taking in European history. It impresses us the more strongly with the necessity for doing all to counteract the narrow-minded utilitarianism, which is usurping such a throne in men's souls; and endeavour to make people fully understand Goethe's profound saying: 'That the beautiful needs every encouragement, for all need it and few produce it; the useful encourages itself.'

Having brought his preliminary sketch down to the opening of the revolution of July, M. Louis Blanc then commences his history of the ten years, 1830-1840. The first volume is devoted to a spirited and detailed narrative of the 'Glorious Three Days,' with the unparalleled examples of mob heroism, and touching episodes of civil war. The second and third volumes continue the history down to the siege of Antwerp. The accounts given of the St. Simonians, of the cholera morbus, of the various insurrections and abortive conspiracies, of carbonarism, and of foreign policy, will be read with universal interest. M. Louis Blanc has not only preceding histories, pamphlets, and newspapers, from which to gain his information; it is apparent throughout that he has had access to unpublished documents, and to the communications of various living actors in the scenes described. Some of these obligations he names; others he leaves the reader to infer. Nevertheless the grave student of history will often demur. He will see conversations reported at length which it is highly improbable, if not impossible, should ever have been authenticated; he will see motives purely inferential ascribed as unquestionable; he will see accounts of ministerial intrigues and royal falsehoods, reported as if the author had been present all the while. Moreover, M. Louis Blanc is a young man; he is a journalist; he is a partisan; yet the knowledge he displays, or assumes, implies not only greater age and experience than he can possess, but also astounding universality of personal relations with opposite parties. We mention this as a caution to the reader. We by no means accuse M. Blanc of falsehood, or of

misrepresentation; but when we find him reporting at length important conversations held between two people, neither of whom he could possibly have known—neither of whom would, for their own sakes, have repeated these conversations, when we find this we confess our critical suspicions are aroused, and we ask, how came these things known? We must again declare that M. Louis Blanc appears to us a perfectly earnest, honest man, and incapable, we believe, of *inventing* these things. But whence did he get them? Why are not distinct references given? Why are not authorities sifted? These are questions every one is justified in asking. No man can read history with confidence who has not such authenticity before his eyes as prevents the suspicion of hasty statement or party misrepresentation.

Lét us observe, however, that this suspicion of M. Blanc's accuracy refers only to minor and individual points. There is no error possible respecting the staple of this history, except such as may result from party views. The facts are known to all. The debates are registered. The actors are mostly living, and the friends of the deceased survive. It is the history of our own times; the youngest of us remember its events. Error, therefore, on the great events is barely possible; and it is only these that have a lasting interest for men.

It is difficult to select passages from a history of sufficient interest by themselves for quotation. The episodes are too long for extract, and any particular event would demand too much preliminary explanation. We shall condense, therefore, the episode of the death of the Prince de Condé as much as possible. The suspicions which attach themselves to persons high in the state, owing to the unfortunate transactions which preceded and succeeded the event—and indeed the mysteriousness of the whole incident—give this episode a strong and special interest.

Our readers will probably recollect the name of La Baronne de Feuchères, which recently went the round of the papers. This celebrated woman died, and left an immense heritage to be disputed, and an infamous reputation to be commented on. She was by birth an Englishwoman, one Sophy Dawes; she appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, which she quitted to become the mistress of an opulent foreigner, with whom she lived at Turnham Green. Le Baron de Feuchères subsequently married her, and his name served for some time to cover the scandal of her adulterous

amours with the Duc de Bourbon, last of the Condés. Her power over the duke was omnipotent. He loved and dreaded her. Gifted with rare beauty and grace, fascinating and imperious, tender and haughty by turns, she had considerable cleverness, and no principle. The duke had settled on her the domains of St. Leu and Boissy, and about a million of francs (4000l.) in money. She desired more, and was presented with the revenue of the forest D'Enghien. But a secret uneasiness followed her: she dreaded lest the prince's heirs might provoke an action, and she lose all that she had so dexterously gained. She conceived the bold plan of making the duke adopt the Duc d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, as his heir. The proof of this is in the following letter from the Duchess of Orleans to the Baroness de Feuchères:

"I am very much touched, madame, by your solicitude in endeavouring to bring about this result, which you regard as fulfilling the desires of M. Le duc de Bourbon; and be assured that if I have the happiness of seeing my son become his adopted child, you will find in us at all times and in all circumstances, both for you and yours, that protection which you demand, and of which a mother's gratitude will be your guarantee."

It must have cost the pious, rigid duchess some pangs thus to associate her maternal hopes with such very equivocal advocacy. The Duc d'Orleans, on the second of May, 1829, learnt from Madame de Feuchères that she had, in an urgent and passionate letter, proposed to her lover to adopt the Duc d'Aumale; on this information he addressed himself directly to the Duc de Bourbon. He gave him to understand how sensible he was of the kind solicitude of Madame de Feuchères, and how proud he should be to see one of his sons bearing the glorious name of Condé. At this unexpected blow, the Duc de Bourbon was overwhelmed with anxiety. He had never liked the Duc d'Orleans. He had stood godfather to the Duc d'Aumale, but never thought of him as his heir. Yet how could he, without insult now, refuse that which they assumed him to be so anxious to bestow? Above all, how resist the violence and the caresses of Madame de Feuchères? Harassed and terrified, the Duc de Bourbon consented to an interview with the Duc d'Orleans. Nothing positive was concluded, but the Duc d'Orleans believed his hopes so well founded, that he ordered M. Dupin to prepare a will in favour of the Duc d'Aumale.

The baroness became more and more

urgent. The prince allowed his anger to escape in bitter reproaches. He had had no rest since this fatal plan had been proposed to him; he could not sleep at night. Violent quarrels embittered the day. More than once indiscreet confidences betrayed the agitation of his mind. 'My death is all they have in view,' he exclaimed one day in a fit of despair. Another time he so far forgot himself as to tell M. Surval, 'Once let them obtain what they desire, and my days are numbered.' At last, in a desperate attempt to escape from Madame de Feuchères, he invoked the generosity of the Duc d'Orleans himself. 'The affair which now occupies us,' he wrote on the 20th August, 1829, 'commenced unknown to me, and somewhat lightly by Madame de Feuchères, is infinitely painful to me, as you may have observed; and he entreated the duc to interfere and cause Madame to relinquish her projects, promising at the same time a certain public testimony of his affection for the Duc d'Aumale. The Duc d'Orleans went to Madame, and in presence of a witness whom he had taken care to have called, he begged her to discontinue her project. She was inflexible. So that without at all compromising the prospect of his son, the Duc d'Orleans had all the credit of an honourable and disinterested attempt.

This situation was too violent not to explode in some terrible manner. On the 29th August, 1829, the Duc de Bourbon was at Paris; and in the billiard room of the palace, M. de Surval, who was in the passage, heard loud cries for help; he rushed in, and beheld the prince in a frightful passion. 'Only see in what a passion monseigneur puts himself,' said Madame de Feuchères, 'and without cause! Try to calm him.' 'Yes, Madame,' exclaimed the prince, 'it is horrible, atrocious thus to place a knife to my throat, in order to make me consent to a deed you know I have so much repugnance for:—' and seizing her hand, he added with a significant gesture: 'well, then, plunge the knife here at once—plunge it.' The next day the prince signed the deed which made the Duc d'Aumale his heir, and assured the baroness a legacy of ten millions of francs (40,000*l.*)!

The revolution of July burst forth; the Duc d'Orleans became Louis Philippe. The prince de Condé grew more and more melancholy; his manners to Madame de Feuchères were altered; her name pronounced before him sometimes darkened his countenance; his tenderness for her,

though always prodigal and anticipating her smallest wishes, yet seemed mixed with terror. He made M. de Chourlot, and Manoury his valet, the confidants of a project of a long voyage: of which the strictest secrecy was to be preserved, especially with regard to la baronne: at the same time dark rumours circulated about the chateau. On the morning of the 11th of August, they found the prince with his eye bleeding. He hastened to explain it to Manoury, as having been caused by the table. Manoury replied that that was scarcely possible: the table was not high enough: the prince was silent, embarrassed. 'I am not a good story teller,' said he shortly after; 'I said that I hurt myself while sleeping: the fact is, that in opening the door, I fell down and struck my temple against the corner.' It is worthy of remark that the prince afterwards wished Manoury to sleep by the door of his bed-chamber; and that Manoury having observed that this would look strange, and that it was more natural for Lecomte, his 'valet de chambre de service,' to do this, the prince replied, 'Oh no, leave him alone.' Lecomte was introduced into the chateau by Madame de Feuchères.

The preparations for the voyage were nearly completed. For three days the prince had resumed his usual pleasures. After a gay dinner, at which M. de Cossé-Brissac was present, they played at whist. The prince played with the baroness, M. Lavillegontier, and M. de Prejean. The prince was gayer than ordinary; lost some money, and abstained from paying it; saying 'to-morrow.' He rose and crossed the room to proceed to his bed-chamber; in passing, he made a friendly gesture to his attendants, which seemed like an adieu. Was this one of those adieus in which the thought of approaching death shows itself? Or was it the indication of his project of voyage, of exile?

He ordered that they should call him at eight o'clock next morning; and they left him for the night. It is necessary distinctly to understand the situation of the prince's chamber. It was joined by a small passage to a *salon d'attente*. This salon opened on the one side into a *cabinet de toilette*, touching the grand corridor; on the other it opened upon a back staircase, ending at the landing-place where were the apartments of Madame de Feuchères, and of Madame de Flassans, her niece. The back staircase led from this landing-place to the vestibule; and by a higher landing it communicated with a second corridor, in which

were the chambers of l'abbé Briant, of Lachassine, the femme de chambre of the baroness, and of the Duprés, husband and wife, attached to her service. The room of the latter was immediately under that of the prince, so that they could hear when there was talking above their heads.

This night the *gardes-chasse* went their accustomed rounds. Lecomte had closed the door of the *cabinet de toilette*, and taken away the key. Why was this precaution taken? The prince constantly left the door of his room unbolted. Madame de Flassans sat up till two in the morning, occupied with writing. No noise disturbed her. The Duprés heard nothing. All the night a profound calm reigned throughout the château. At eight the next morning, Lecomte knocked at the prince's door. It was bolted; the prince made no reply. Lecomte retired and returned afterwards with M. Bonnie: both knocked without receiving a reply. Alarmed, they descended to Madame de Feuchères. 'I will come at once,' she said; 'when he hears my voice, he will answer.' Half-dressed, she rushed from her room, and reaching that of the prince, knocked, and exclaimed, 'Open! open! monseigneur, it is I.' No answer. The alarm spread. Manoury, Leclerc, l'abbé Briant, Méry-Lafontaine, ran thither. The room was burst open. The shutters were shut, and the room dark. A single wax light was burning on the mantel-piece, but behind a screen, which sent the light upwards towards the ceiling. By this feeble light the head of the prince was seen, close to the shutter of the north window. It seemed like a man steadfastly listening. The east window being opened by Manoury, shed light upon the horrible spectacle. The duc de Bourbon was hanged, or rather hooked, on to the fastening of the window sash! Madame de Feuchères sank groining and shuddering on a fauteuil in the *cabinet de toilette*, and the cry, 'Monseigneur is dead,' resounded throughout the château.

The duc was attached to the fastening by means of two handkerchiefs, passed one within the other. The one which pressed his neck was *not* tied with a slip-knot: moreover it did not press upon the trachial artery—it left the nape of the neck uncovered—and was found so loose, that several of the assistants passed their fingers betwixt it and the neck. Circumstances suspicious. Further, the head dropped upon the breast, the face was pale; the tongue was not thrust out of the mouth, it only pushed up the lips; the hands were closed;

the knees bent; and at their extremities the feet touched the carpet. So that in the acute sufferings which accompany the last efforts of life, the prince would only have had to stand upright upon his feet to have escaped death! This disposition of the body, together with the appearances which the body itself presented, powerfully combated the idea of suicide. Most of the assistants were surprised by them.

The authorities arrived; the state and disposition of the corpse were noted down; an inquest was held in which it was concluded that the duc had strangled himself. Indeed, the room, bolted from within, seemed to render assassination impossible. In spite of many contradictions, it was believed that the duc had committed suicide. Nevertheless this belief became weaker and weaker. It was proved that the bolt was very easily moved backwards and forwards from outside. The age of the prince, his want of energy, his well-known religious sentiments, the horror he had always testified at death, his known opinion of suicide as cowardly, the serenity of his latter days, and his project of flight: these all tended to throw a doubt on his suicide. His watch was found upon the mantelpiece, wound up as usual; and a handkerchief, with a knot in it; his custom when he wished to remind himself of anything on the morrow. Besides, the body was not in a state of suspension. The valet de pied, Romanzo, who had travelled in Turkey and Egypt, and his companion, Fife, an Irishman, had both seen many people hanged. They declared that the faces of the hanged were blackish, and not of a dull white; that their eyes were open and blood-shot; and the tongue lolling from the mouth. These signs were all contradicted by the appearance of the prince. When they detached the body, Romanzo undid the knot of the handkerchief fastened to the window sash; and he succeeded only after the greatest difficulty; it was so cleverly made, and tightened with such force. Now, amongst the servants of the prince, no one was ignorant of his extreme *maladresse*. He could not even tie the strings of his shoes. He made, indeed, the bow of his cravat for himself, but never without his valet bringing both ends round in front for him. Moreover, he had received a sabre cut in the right hand, and had his left clavicle broken: so that he could not lift his left hand above his head, and he could only mount the stairs with the double assistance of his cane and the banisters.

Certain other suspicious circumstances

began to be commented on. The slippers which the prince rarely used, were always at the foot of the chair in which he was undressed: was it by his hand that they were that night ranged at the foot of *the bed*? the ordinary place for slippers, but not for his. The prince could only get out of bed in turning as it were upon himself; and he was so accustomed to lean on the side of the bed in sleeping, that they were obliged to double the covering four times to prevent his falling out. How was it that they found the middle of the bed pressed down, and the sides, on the contrary, raised up? It was the custom of those who made the bed to push it to the bottom of the alcove; their custom had not been departed from on the 26th. Who then had moved the bed a foot and a half beyond its usual place? There were two wax-lights extinguished but not consumed. By whom could they have been extinguished? By the prince? To make such complicated preparations for his own death, had he voluntarily placed himself in darkness?

Madame de Feuchères supported the idea of suicide. She pretended that the accident of the 11th of August was but an abortive attempt. She trembled when they spoke of the duc's projects of voyage, and hearing Manoury talking freely of them, she interrupted him: 'Take care! such language may seriously compromise you with the king.' But it seemed strange to all the attendants of the prince, that upon the point of accomplishing so awful a deed, he had left no written indication of his design, no mark of affection for those to whom he had always been so kind, and whose zeal he had always recognized and recompensed. This was a moral suicide, less explicable than the other. A discovery crowned these uncertainties.

Towards the evening of the 27th, M. Guillaume, secretary to the king, perceived in passing by the chimney some fragments of paper which lay scattered on the dark ground of the grate. He took up some of them from underneath the cinders of some burnt paper, and read the words *Roi . . .*

Vincennes . . . infortuné fils. The procureur-général, M. Bernard, having arrived at St. Leu, these fragments, together with all that could be found, were handed to him. 'Truth is there,' he exclaimed, and succeeded in recomposing the order of sense (according to the size of the pieces) of two different letters, of which the following remained:

"Saint Leu appartient au roi
Philippe

ne pillés, ni ne brûlés
le château ni le village.
ne faite de mal à personne
ni à mes amis, ni à mes
gens. On vous a égarés
Sur mon compte, je n'ai.

urir en aiant
cœur le peuple
et l'espoir du
bonheur de ma patrie.

Saint Leu et ses dépend
appartiennent à votre roi
Philippe; ne pillés ni ne brûlés
le . . . le village
ne . . . mal à personne
ni . . . es amis, ni à mes gens.
On vous a égaré sur mon compte, je n'ai que
mourir en souhaitant bonheur et prospérité au
peuple français et à ma patrie. Adieu, pour
toujours.

L. H. J. DE BOURBON, Prince de Condé.

P. S. Je demande à être enterré à Vincennes,
près de mon infortuné fils."

In these strange recommendations many thought they saw a proof of suicide. Others, more suspicious, could not conceive that these were the adieus of a prince about to quit life. The fear of a pillage of St. Leu seemed incompatible with that disgust for all things which precedes suicide. It was moreover little likely that the prince should have experienced such a fear on the night of the 26th, the night after the fête of St. Louis, wherein he had received such flattering testimonies of affection. It was also inexplicable how the prince could attribute St. Leu to Louis Philippe, to whom he knew it did not belong. There was great surprise, that having seized the pen in the midst of preparations for a suicide, he had said nothing respecting his design, and thus saved his faithful servants from a frightful suspicion. The very mode in which the papers were discovered was inconceivable. *How came it that these papers, so easily perceived on the evening of the 27th, escaped the diligent search of Romanzo, Choulot, and Manoury, and all those who that day visited every corner of the room, chimney included?* Was it not very likely that they were thrown there by some hand interested in the belief of suicide? These things led some to conjecture that the document was of some anterior date, and that it was no more than a proclamation of the prince during the first days of the month of August, when the revolutionary storm was still muttering. This hypothesis was strengthened by some who remembered that the prince had indeed conceived the idea of a proclamation. For our own parts, we incline to look upon it as a forgery. It could hardly have been a pro-

clamation, from the very form of it; and the same objection before advanced of the prince's attributing St. Leu to the king, when in reality it belonged to the prince, applies also to this. Besides, a critical inspection of the words remaining, and of their arrangement, leads to a suspicion of forgery: they are too consecutive for a burned letter.

Two parties formed opposite opinions, and maintained them with equal warmth. Those who believed in his suicide, alleged, in favour of their opinion, the inquest; the melancholy of the prince since 1830; his royalist terrors; the act of charity which he had confided on the 26th to the care of Manoury for fear of not being able to accomplish it himself; his mute adieu to his attendants; the state of the body, which presented no traces of violence except some excoiations quite compatible with suicide; the condition of his clothes, on which no soil had been observed; the bolt closed from within; the material difficulties of the assassination; and the impossibility of laying the finger on the assassin.

Against these presumptions, the defenders of his memory replied by words and acts of powerful effect. One of them, M. Méry Lafontaine, suspended himself at the fatal window-sash in precisely the same condition as that in which they found the prince: and this was perfectly harmless! Another endeavoured, by means of a small ribbon, to move the bolt from outside: and this with complete success. It was said that Lecomte, when in the chapel where the body was exposed, vanquished by his emotion exclaimed, 'I have a weight upon my heart.' M. Bonnie, contradicting the formal assertions of Lecomte, affirmed that on the morning of the 27th, the bolt of the back staircase was *not* closed; and that in order to hide this fatal circumstance, Madame de Feuchères, instead of taking the shorter route when hurrying to the chamber of the prince, took the route of the grand staircase!

On the 4th of September, the heart of the prince was carried to Chantilly. L'Abbé Pélier, almoner to the prince, directed the funeral service. He appeared bearing the heart of the victim in a silver box, and ready to pronounce the last adieu. A sombre silence reigned throughout; every one was in suspense. The impression was profound, immense, when the orator with a solemn voice let fall these words, 'The prince is innocent of his death before God!' Thus ended the great race of Condé.

Madame de Feuchères precipitately quit-

ted St. Leu, and went to the Palais Bourbon. For a fortnight she made l'abbé Briant sleep in her library, and Madame Flassans in her room, as if dreading to be alone. Soon mastering her emotion, she showed herself confident and resolute. She resumed her speculations at *La Bourse*; gained considerable sums, and laughed at her enemies. But she could not stifle the murmurs which arose on all sides. The Prince de Roban made every preparation both for a civil and a criminal *procès*. At Chantilly and St. Leu there were few who believed in the suicide; at Paris the boldest conjectures found vent; the highest names in the kingdom were not spared. The name of an illustrious person was coupled with that of Madame de Feuchères, and furnished political enemies with a weapon they were not scrupulous in using. With a savage sagacity they remarked that, from the 27th, the court had taken possession of the theatre of the transaction; that the almoner of the prince, although on the spot, was not invited to co-operate in the *procès-verbaux*; and that the physician of the prince, M. Geurin, was not called in to the examination of the body: the latter being confided to three physicians, two of whom, MM. Marc and Pasquier, were on the most intimate relations with the court. With the affected astonishment of railleury they demanded why the Duc de Broglie had prevented the insertion, in the 'Moniteur,' of the oration of M. Pélier at Chantilly. To stifle these rumours, the scandal of which reached even the throne, a decisive and honourable means was in the power of the king. To repudiate a succession so clouded with mystery would have silenced his enemies and done honour to himself. But the head of the Orleans family had early shown that indifference to money was not the virtue he aspired to. On the eve of passing to a throne he hastily consigned his personal property to his children, in order that he might not unite it with the state property, after the antique law of monarchy. Instead therefore of relinquishing his son's claim to the heritage of the Prince de Condé, he invited Madame de Feuchères to court, where she was gallantly received. Paris was in a stupor. The violence of public opinion rendered an inquiry inevitable; but no stone was left unturned to stifle the affair. The conseiller-rapporteur M. de la Huproie, showing himself resolved to get at the truth, was suddenly shifted elsewhere, and the place of judge which he had long desired for his son-in-law was at once accorded him.

At length, however, the action brought by the family of the Rohans, to invalidate the testament of the Duc de Bourbon in favour of the Duc d'Aumale was tried. Few trials excited more interest. The veil which covered the details of the event was half drawn aside. M. Hennequin, in a speech full of striking facts and inferences, presented a picture of the violences and artifices by which the old Duc de Bourbon was hurried into consent to the will. In the well known sentiments of the prince, M. Hennequin saw the proof that the testament was not his real wish, but had been forced from him; and in the impossibility of suicide, he saw the proof of assassination. The younger M. Dupin replied with great dexterity. But it was remarked and commented on at the time, that he replied to precise facts and formal accusations with vague recriminations and tortuous explanations. He pretended that this action was nothing but a plot laid by the legitimistes; an attempt at vengeance; which he called upon all friends of the revolution of 1830 to resent. The interest of the legitimistes in the affair was evident; but to combat an imposing mass of testimony something more than a vehement appeal to the recollections of July was necessary. The Rohans lost their cause before the jury: but, right or wrong, do not seem altogether to have lost it before the tribunal of public opinion.

The court soon ceased to feel any uneasiness respecting the noise which the affair still kept up. Nevertheless one thing was extremely tormenting in it. There was, and had been for some time in the house of Condé, a secret of which two persons were always the depositaries. This secret had been confided by the Duc de Bourbon, at the time of his stay in London, to Sir William Gordon, equerry to the Prince Regent, and to the Duc de Châtre. After their deaths M. de Chourlot received the confidence of the prince, and having been thrown from his horse and being considered in danger, admitted Manoury also into his confidence. No one ever knew what this secret was, except that it was most important and most redoubtable.

Whatever may be the conclusion arrived at by the reader respecting this mysterious affair, there can be but one sentiment respecting part of the conduct of Louis Philippe. Decency would have suggested that such a woman as the Baronne de Feuchères should not be welcomed at court, especially when such terrible suspicions were hanging over her. Decency would have suggested that the public should have full and ample

conviction of the sincerity with which the causes of the prince's death were investigated. It does not seem to us that Louis Philippe acted with his usual tact in this case. For tact he has, and wonderful ability, in spite of the sneers of M. Louis Blanc. A man cannot rule France without courage, cleverness, and tact. Louis Philippe has abundantly shown to what a great extent he possesses all three. He uses his ministers and friends as tools, it is true; but it is no ordinary task to use such men as instruments for your own ends.

M. Louis Blanc, in common with most Frenchmen, is very bitter against the king; and the episode we have selected from his work must be read *cum grano*, as it is obviously dwelt upon for the purpose of inspiring his readers with his own animosity. True, the spirit of the whole work is biographical, anecdotal, personal; nevertheless we remark that M. Blanc selects with pleasure all the facts or anecdotes which tell against the king. He dwells with evident satisfaction on the vivid picture which he draws of the irresolution, the want of audacity, which Louis Philippe displayed when the throne was first offered to him; and very strongly depicts the utter want of participation which the Duc d'Orleans had in the Revolution. He neither conspired nor combated. His name was never mentioned, his person never thought of, till the Revolution was finished: and then, wanting a ruler, they elected him. It is with quiet sarcasm that M. Blanc points to the fact of Louis Philippe, the day after every *émeute*, always appearing in public with his family, especially on the theatre of the transaction, as if to associate in the people's minds the ideas of order and peace with the Orleans family.

But we must here quit for the present the work of M. Louis Blanc: anxiously awaiting the appearance of the concluding volumes, and conscientiously recommending it to our readers as one of the most vivid, interesting, and important works that have recently issued from the French press.

ART. IV.—*De l'Agonie et de la Mort dans toutes les Classes de la Société, sous le Rapport Humanitaire, Physiologique, et Religieux.* (Agony and Death in all Classes of Society: humanitarily, physiologically, and religiously considered.) Par H. LAUVERGNE. Paris. 1842.

IN reading this book one is reminded of the practice of the French law-courts, where a good case is often disfigured by the advocate's oratorical redundancy and looseness of assertion. M. Lauvergne's 'Treatise on Death and Dying' contains a great deal of exceedingly curious and interesting matter; but his philosophic remarks are weakened by the looseness of his style; his narratives have a theatrical manner, which makes the reader sceptical in spite of himself; nor is our belief in his statements or his sense strengthened much, by proofs continually exhibited in his work of a credulity rather extraordinary in one of his nation and profession. A devout Roman Catholic, he has numberless little miracles to relate, and deals in stories of spiritual gifts and visions vouchsafed to the faithful. Such naïve confessions of faith would bring a sneer to the lips of Bichat or Broussais. We confess, for our parts, a great incredulity as to our author's supernatural flights; and in acknowledging, doubtless, the honesty, must frequently question the reasonableness, of his piety.

His religion, too, is a strange jumble of divinity and physic: he attempts to account for the mysteries of the one, by discoveries in the other; he speaks ominously on *the seizes of souls*; he says that the sublimest aspiration of the mind is 'its aspiration towards a *feminine being*,' and that 'all religions which endure, cannot arrive at the supreme and incomprehensible ideal, but by the intermediary of this feminine being, whom they have personified in the symbol of a virgin pure and immaculate.' As for the Protestant religion, it, says M. Lauvergne, 'admits the doctrines of Christianity with some variations, and there is nothing active in it but good works, &c. Hence, from the absence of the aspiration after the feminine being, the Protestant adept is incapable of the higher delights of religion.' It is evident that our author has not studied much the Protestant's creed, and that he would be astonished to find it word for word in his own prayer-book.

With regard to dying proper, and the physiological portion of his subject, M. Lauvergne carries his reader no farther than Bichat did forty years ago: except,

perhaps, that he lays some considerable stress upon phrenology, which was not recognized until lately as a part of physiological science. But though it is now pretty well proved that certain conformations of the brain will determine certain 'qualities' of the subject, we are in truth no nearer the first principles than before; we are but in possession of one little link in the chain of effects, the cause of which lies hidden in eternity; and we come to no more than this, that a man with this or that conformation of brain will die probably in this or that manner. And no wonder: for conscious death is only the last act of living, in which, as in any other, the individual will act according to his nature.

To recur to the religious point of view, our author seems disposed to hint that to certain souls, more or less favourably disposed, and immediately before dissolution, a prescience is given of their condition in a future state, a celestial revelation, and a power of prophecy: all of which he exemplifies by various tales in support of his theory, and in all of which tales we confess to believe as little as possible. Because an hysterical nun on her deathbed sees her heavenly bridegroom descending to her; because an agonized sinner, in a delirious fever of remorse and cowardice, beholds a devil at his pillow who is about to drag him from it into the fiery pit; we are not called upon to respect their hallucinations at their last moments more than at any other time. We should otherwise be prepared to receive equally the revelations of persons, who have, so-called, spiritual gifts, and yet do not die: of Lord Shrewsbury's ecstatic virgin; of Kerner's saint and heaven-seer of Prevorst; of the howlers of the unknown tongue in Newman-street; of the heroines of American revivals, foaming at the mouth, and shouting 'Glory, glory,' of Corybantes, and Mænads, and Pythonesses; of all sects of illuminati in all countries. The Obi-woman works herself into a fit of real excitement, as she makes her fetish ready; the howling dervish is doubtless not an impostor; any man who has seen the Egyptian magicians knows that they are perfectly in earnest; and the preternatural visions of every one of these are quite as worthy of credit as are the gifts of M. Lauvergne's saints of the Roman Catholic community. The Virgin Mary will not appear to a Protestant pietist, any more than Bacchus will to a French or Spanish nun, who never heard of him. The latter lives surrounded perpetually by images of martyrs and saints. She kneels in chapel,

her patroness is before her with a gilded glory round her head, with flowers at her altar, from which she looks down smiling friendly; the nun wakes at night, there is the picture of the Virgin above her lamp, the gilt glory round her head still, the dagger displayed in the mystic heart. What wonder that a woman so bred should see in the confusion or exaltation of death the figures on which her mind has dwelt a whole life through? Such apparitions are not new images presented to the brain, but a repetition or combination of old ideas formed there. One does not invent, one only repeats in dreams; (the story in Mr. Dickens's *America of the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who spoke with her fingers*, as the phrase is, in her sleep, is a very curious verification of this); and every case of vision that we have read has a similar earthy, nay individual origin. Saint Barbara or Saint Scolastica will never appear to a Bramin woman, we may depend on it; any more than Vishnu will manifest himself in a dream to a nun.

But there is little need to enter into these disquisitions in our Protesting country. The Seherin of Prevorst may have made her converts in Germany, but Lord Shrewsbury has not obtained for his Virgin many disciples here: and if we might be permitted to judge, Dr. Lauvergne has perhaps produced his marvellous stories not with a very profound credence to them himself, but from the desire that his book should have as mysterious an air as possible, and contain discoveries of some sort.

As this occasional supernatural illumination of the mind at the period of dissolution, is almost the only new point, with regard to the phenomenon of death, on which our author appears to insist, we may say that with respect to death in France or elsewhere, physiologically, humanitarily, or religiously, he has given us very little satisfactory information. But about dying, in other words *living* in France, his book is very curious and instructive, and must interest every person who approaches it. We get here a good moral picture of individuals of numerous classes in the neighbouring country. We have priests and nuns, soldiers and husbandmen, gentle and simple; and the Englishman will note many curious differences between their manner of being and his own. A late ingenious traveller in Ireland, Mr. Thackeray (whose pleasant *Sketch-Book* we recommend to all who would know Ireland well and judge her kindly), notes a French grave in the cemetery at Cork, with its ornaments and carv-

ings and artificial flowers—"a wig," says he, "and a pot of rouge for the French soul to appear in at her last rising." The illustration is not a just one. The artificial flowers do not signify a 'wig and pot of rouge'—a mere love, that is, of the false and artificial pursued even into religion: these ornaments argue rather a love of what is real than of what is artificial. The custom of the Frenchman's religion unites this world with the next by means not merely of the soul, but of the body too. A human creature passes from earth to heaven or to purgatory almost as he does from London to Calais, carrying his individuality as completely with him in the one journey as in the other. Money is paid here towards bettering the condition of the departed being in the other world; prayers are said here, which the priests negotiate, and carry over to the account and benefit of the soul in limbo; interest is made for him without, and offerings of masses brought by his relatives, as petitions and little gifts of money or presents are brought by his friends to a man in prison. In every way, the Roman Catholic's religion is put objectively before his eyes. The saints whom he worships have all been men like himself, are now men still with certain extra faculties and privileges; their images are the earliest shapes which he looks at from his mother's knee; his worship of them is to the full as much sensual as spiritual, and may rather be called extreme love and wonder than abstract devotion.

That service which is paid to the Virgin in Roman Catholic countries is almost as personal as the devotion which a knight of old offered to his mistress. The prayers to her in the Catholic prayer-books abound in expressions almost passionate, and in terms of regard and love such as an individual may feel for another who exhibited the extreme of purity, tenderness, and beauty. Heaven is only the dwelling place of this adored and beautiful person, whom one day the believer will bodily meet there. The saints live there in the body as here: there kneels Saint Francis and exhibits his wounds; there, listening to each individual supplication of the faithful below, is the blessed Virgin, who intercedes for her servants with her Son; not one of the holy personages of the scripture or the legend but exists personally in heaven as he did on earth, according to the received articles of a theology with which painting and poetry have had so much to do.

And hence, as we have before said, and in regard of the visions and prophecies with

which some of M. Lauvergne's dying subjects are favoured, we must ascribe them not to supernatural but to hysterical influences; which have wrought wonders at every period, and amongst all religionists of the world. But let us allow some of the doctor's illuminati to speak for themselves; they are members of a class about whom we are not much in the habit of hearing in England, and rife in the provinces of France. Here is an account, not of a dying but a living wonder, who will no doubt cause Lord Shrewsbury to set off to the department of the Var, in order to match her with the other heaven-inspired virgins whom his lordship has discovered.

"At this moment there exists in a village of the department of the Var, of which Brignoles is the chief town, a woman possessed by divine love. She has to the extremest extent the development of the organ of veneration, or pure love. She is simple, good, charitable, unostentatiously pious, and of a converse extremely agreeable. Since her earliest infancy this woman professes the most ardent love for the Saviour; the Passion has been always her fixed idea, the object of her aspirations and thoughts, her *phantasma*, as the ancient Greeks would call it. Her life is entirely a metaphysical one; she meditates and prays, and, perhaps, in her moments of ecstasy may have confided some of her thoughts and visions to some of her friends. Of these, however, none as yet have spoken. But that which she can hide from none, that which all eyes can see, and the vastest intelligences may comprehend, is the following:—be it at a church, or at the bedside of a dying person, when her prayer is at its height, a circle or crown is seen to surround her forehead and the rest of her head, which looks as if it were opened by a regular tattooing, from each point in which a pure blood issues; the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet open spontaneously at the places where the nails of the punishment were inserted, her side offers the bleeding mark of a lance-thrust, and finally a true cross of blood appears on her chest. Cotton-cloths, applied to these places, absorb the red mark with a touch purely artistic. And what is more extraordinary still, this appearance manifests itself spontaneously every Good Friday at some minutes past three o'clock. It is extraordinary, but it is true, and the fact can be vouched for by hundreds in the country both of the wise and the poor of spirit."

The Good Friday part of the story is certainly not a little strange, and a miracle which ought surely to give such a saint a place in the calendar. The next instance is that of a dying nun, not so wonderful, but more natural and pathetic.

"Mademoiselle — embraced the life of the cloister at an early age. She was sixteen; of a melancholy and dreamy temperament. She was very handsome, but was never known to

entertain thoughts of frivolity; and when her companions would give themselves up to the innocent gaieties of their age, she would retire into solitude, from which she would be seen to issue with a countenance bearing the traces of tears. On taking the veil she received the merited name of *Sœur des Anges*. During the first six months of her recluse life, it was observed that in good looks and health she quickly fell away. She complained of pain in her breast, which was found to be cancer, of which it was necessary to free her by an operation. She submitted to it, and while a surgeon was dissecting the tumour, all that she did was to utter, from time to time, the sweet and gentle name of the Virgin Mary, for whom she had always professed a particular devotion. After the operation, she confessed that she had suffered very little, and that the good mother had received her in her arms. Soon after this, consumptive symptoms declared themselves, and she spoke to a friend of the favour of heaven, and prayed to die soon in her state of innocence and purity.

"There was also in the convent a young nun with whom she lived in a touching state of intimacy; and, during the night, when silence was in all the cells around, she would awake her companion, whose bed was next to hers, and talk to her friend of her visions, and of her hopes of death. It was not long in coming. Her beautiful face never beamed with brighter radiance than on that day; the disease had covered her cheeks with roses, and softened with a pearly whiteness her azure blue eyes. At nine o'clock in the morning everything was ready for the triumph of the virgin; her modest chamber was adorned as if for a fête day; she had already confessed and communicated in presence of all her friends. The young girl whom she loved so tenderly was herself in a desperate condition, and had obtained permission to have her bed placed at the side of the dying nun's. It is from the former that we have received the following account. Before receiving the Eucharist the canticle is customarily sung. At this moment, *Sœur des Anges*, lifting her arms to heaven, and with a seraphic voice, purer than that which she had been known to possess, sung a couplet.

"After the ceremony, all that remained for *Sœur des Anges* was to die. Her ideas remained perfectly lucid to the end, and with them was mingled a sort of infantine joy at the heaven opening for her. When, for example, two nuns held her hands, and endeavoured to support her with words of kindness, she cast a furtive look on her neighbour who lay herself a prey to fever, and laid one finger on her lip. (This signified that she had but one hour to remain.) Then she raised the finger to heaven, as if to prophesy her good fortune. Then changing her gesture, she asked her friends how many hours she too was to linger before enjoying the blessing of death? But remembering that by these movements she had committed the sin of pride, she called for her director and confessed herself with inexpressible candour.

"Towards mid-day her head appeared to sink in her pillow: she remained two or three hours in a state of torpor, from which she issued, asking one of the nuns watching by her, if she had slept? 'I never,' she said, 'believed myself so

completely dead. I saw in my sleep all the beauties of heaven, and believed myself already there.' Thus saying, she raised herself slowly from her bed, and stretched her arms as if to embrace a shadow at the foot of her couch; her inspired and open eyes wished to follow and speak to it; two nuns held her up; and it was thus, in the position of a girl starting forward to embrace her father, that she breathed her last. Her eyes remained open, and preserved for a considerable time all their brilliancy.

"After her death, Sœur des Anges was dressed in her religious habit and exposed, until the day of her funeral, on a bed of state."

And so poor Sœur des Anges is laid out on a *lit de parade*, for weeping sisters to wonder at, and almost to worship. She becomes a saint in the history of her house; her sickly visions take a celestial authority; ere long other hysterical sisters will vouch for having seen the heavenly bridegroom, into whose arms the enraptured nun flung her soul. The old nuns, M. Lauvergne says, die, generally speaking, by no means so willingly. They try all the remedies of the apothecary, they make all sorts of vows to their favourite saints, and hold on to life with all their might. They die hard, as the phrase is. They are afraid of purgatory, the doctor says, and would give anything to buy off *ce maudit temps d'expiation*. Could not our physician have found, in his physiological sciences, some other cause for this difference between the young women and the old? In a Protestant country, Sœur des Anges, the young and beautiful, would in all likelihood have had a husband to love and children to bring up; and her affections would have sought for no preternatural issue. The glories of celibacy would never have been preached to her, or the sin and stain of marriage and maternity; ideas of duty would never have called upon her to perform this slow suicide: and she would have had other attendants at her death-bed than those visionary ones with which the poor distracted creature peopled her cell. As for admiring such an end, or believing that it was attended by any heavenly spirits or ministers, one might as well admire the death of the poor lady at the lunatic asylum the other day, who leaped out of the window because she said the Lord called her.

From the story of the nun we may as well turn to that of a religious person who met with a very different end,—a perjured and repentant priest, who died with demons round about him, as there were angels round the couch of poor innocent Sœur des Anges.

"A terrible example of the effects of fanati-

cism and jealousy is the following. A young man of an ascetic character had taken orders. Unhappily for him he subsequently made acquaintance in the world with one of those heartless coquettes, who have a score of eternal passions in the course of their lives, and whose joy it is to torment those who have been captivated by their fatal charms. Of such a creature our poor young priest was the victim; she drew him into her toils, and so completely fascinated and overcame him, that she became as much the mistress of his will, as the mesmeriser is of that of the magnetised. The history of this passion is a dreadful one; the wretched woman seemed resolved to possess her victim body and soul, and actually made him abjure his faith, and invented a service in which she took the place of the Virgin, and made the wretched priest adore her on his knees, with all the ceremonial of religious worship. It was her pleasure to make him walk the streets publicly in a trivial disguise; to take him to mask-balls, dressed as a devil; she made him wear her portrait as clergymen do the image of the saints, and sign a compact denying his faith in religion. As may be supposed he had a rival: on venturing to remonstrate regarding him, the unhappy wretch was turned from his mistress's door, and at home opened a vein, and wrote in his own blood a recantation of his suspicions.

"But the woman's caprice was now satisfied, and she sent the rival to the unhappy priest to forbid him henceforth her door. To convince him there was no hope the rival produced a letter, in which the woman said, 'I never loved the poor devil in the least: my fancy was to see if I could dispute a heart with heaven, and damn an Abbé.'

"The aspect of hell in a dream does not awaken the sleeper more suddenly than this letter aroused our seminarist. He was brought back to hate the cause of his error, as a man who recovers from an attempt at suicide by poison, instinctively hates ever after anything which recalls his crime to mind. But cured of his love, his remorse now pursued him terribly; he flung himself in his bed, where he lay writhing like a serpent; he replied, sobbing, to invisible interlocutors, and saw monks in frightful red passing before him, and calling his name, coupled with intimations of damnation and execution. He fancied his bed was floating in a sea of flames, and that two demons were holding him by the head and heels, and about to fling him into the yawning gulf of hell.

"With the daylight, reason returned, but with it thoughts of suicide. He knelt and prayed wildly before a crucifix, and then took poison. The corrosive nature of the poison he took caused him frightful agonies; he lay for some time writhing with pain, and gnawing and biting at his coverlids: and in dying he seized the cross with one hand and the consecrated taper with the other, exclaiming with Job, '*Cur misero lux data est?*'"

This tale has a theatrical air; but the author alludes to it more than once in the course of his volumes, and we must remember that the actors in the story are French

people, whose passions and fancy are very much more violent than our own. And it forms another comment upon the beauties of celibacy which certain Protestants (we beg pardon, not Protestants, only priests of the English Protestant church) are lauding just now.

Next we have a brief account of a man who escaped from the authority of his spiritual masters—that authority which the same personages proclaim to be so awful and so wholesome.

“One night, as an attendant of the infirmary was sitting by the bedside of a patient in a fever, the former was seen reading in a book which turned out to be a Latin work by one of the first fathers of the church. . . . He had been a poor self-starving Trappist—pledged to obey blindly his superior,—a crossed and unbred abbot, who was free to quit his monastery, and enjoy himself wherever his inclination led him. One day while the monk was just in the act of raising his spoon from the platter to his mouth, the abbot accused him of gluttony because he raised it too fast, and bade him as a punishment to keep his hand uplifted in that position until the superior gave him leave to put it down. His companions looked on gravely, without laughing, and with an air of contrition; and during the punishment the monk determined to quit the convent. He cast away his monk's frock—but wishing still to bear the cross of expiation in this world, he determined to become an hospital attendant, and discharge the duties of this painful and disagreeable calling.”

Although our author has made, as we have seen, some distinction between Christianity and Protestantism, he speaks with great respect of the Protestants on their death beds; he gives instances of an English manufacturer whom he attended in his dying moments, and of one or two Protestant clergymen in similar circumstances, who, if they did not depart in a rapture, died at least in a noble, calm, and pious resignation, such as perhaps may be preferred to the most wondrous of visions, and at least cannot be questioned on the score of unreason.

Military men, of course, call for the attention of a French writer, and in speaking of their deaths M. Lauvergne does not fail to indulge his appetite of wonder, and narrate the presentiment that many of them have had of their approaching demise in battle. It seems indeed to be pretty clear that many officers of rank have uttered prophecies regarding their fate, which have been subsequently fulfilled. But if we were to get the number of false presentiments of this nature, we suspect that these would amount to a vast catalogue, while the realized prophecies would fill a very small list. Every

gambler who lays down his money on the red or the black has presentiments of this kind, and is in the habit of respecting them. In the days of lotteries men had ceaseless presentiments, and got the thirty-thousand pounds prize too in consequence of them: but there were twenty-thousand false prophets most likely in the lottery, as well as one successful seer, and we have quite as much right to consider their failure as his success. Could the chances be calculated, these wonders would perhaps be found to be by no means so wonderful. Suppose, that is to say, twenty men were to draw lots which should be shot: some would have a presentiment that they would draw the fatal lot, some would be quite sure they would escape, and the lot would still fall on the individual according to the law of twenty to one, and the prophecy would be fulfilled or otherwise according to the law of twenty to one too. When Dessaix returned from Egypt to fight the battle of Marengo, our author says he remarked to his aide-de-camp, ‘Something will happen, the bullets *don't know me* in Europe,’ and the general was accordingly shot. Now is it to be presumed from this, that in his former campaigns the bullets did really know Dessaix, and went out of their way in order to avoid that officer? Either that is to be believed, or the whole story is worth nothing; and amounts simply to this, that in a battle a man has a chance of being killed, that he speculates upon this chance which so nearly concerns him, and utters his hopes or doubts in the shape of prophecies, which are and are not fulfilled. But there is no use in arguing on the subject. We consider these stories as among the clap-traps with which the author has chosen to emphasize his case, and which *sur le rapport religieux* render his book exceedingly worthless.

Nor, we take it, is his system of generalizing upon particular cases at all a safe one. He describes a Protestant dying, a usurer, a galley-slave, a bishop dying: it is very well: but it is absurd to talk about the Protestant, the bishop, the galley-slave, &c., dying, as if the race were all alike. Mr. Newman will die, for instance, in all probability, in a very different way from Mr. Sydney Smith; and as of Protestants, so of bishops, usurers, convicts, and the rest; their deaths will be as different as their lives, as different as their faces, their temperaments, their histories. All which, too, is pretty evident, and need not be argued at great length.

To return to the military men, we will give one instance of the death of a soldier,

remarkable not for its heroism, but for its contrast and moral.

"M. —, a retired superior officer, came out of the old imperial guard, which the enemies of France have called with reason 'the iron rampart.' He was married, had two children, and worked in his farm with extreme zeal. His mania, for every man has one, consisted in multiplying tulips and rose-trees. He was always among his trees, or in his kitchen-garden, and never more happy than when called upon to show them to some benevolent visitor. . . . He became daily more anxious to avoid the world, and the sight of a stranger became odious to him. His sensibility grew to be extreme: the recital of a good action would bring tears to his eyes: and soon nothing recalled in him the courageous warrior of old times. Strange to say, he feared death very much, and was only happy in receiving the visits of his clergyman or his physician. He fell ill several times, and his timidity was such that on each occasion we found it more difficult to raise and restore his moral condition, than to cure him of his bodily malady. Restored to health, diet became his great object. He dressed himself according to the weather, and his cook never prepared a dinner without consulting him as to the state of his stomach for the day.

"One day he was suddenly seized with an attack of apoplexy. His terrors now became incessant; he passed like a child from the hands of his physician to those of his confessor; and on the day of his death, as, in the midst of his terror, he was about to receive the last communion, it was lamentable to look at his quailing eyes and to hear the moans he made, as if he were asking quarter of death.

"Some days after his decease an inventory was made of his papers, and in the corner of his desk was found an old crumpled scrap of paper that we had the curiosity to read: it was to the following tenour. 'We, the undersigned, officers, grenadiers, soldiers, and drummers, hereby declare that the grenadier — has, during this campaign, been the bravest amongst the brave of our demi-brigade.'

"A little below, in sharp, almost illegible letters, scrawled as it seemed on the bronze of a cannon, was written—'The grenadier who, according to the testimony of the bravest in the army, has honoured the soldier's epaulettes, is worthy to have those of an officer. I appoint the grenadier — sub-lieutenant in the first company of the demi-brigade. Signed, Buonaparte, General in chief of the army of Italy.'"

Another soldier M. Lauvergne instances, as illustrating the ruling passion of avarice. He was in Spain, where he contracted a complaint, for the cure of which a very expensive medicine was ordered. He had no money, he said, to purchase the medicine, on which his companions clubbed their small means together, and helped him to this costly means of health. The cure was not completed, and the regiment was ordered home. Deprived of his medicine, the patient grew worse: a surgical opera-

tion became necessary, to which he submitted, and from the consequences of which he died. On examining his trunks after death, several rouleaux of gold were concealed in them, which might have saved his life, had he had the courage to spend them in time.

Next follows an instance of superb courage on the part of the medical officer of a ship.

"The philosophic spirit of the eighteenth century fortified by that of the revolution, has occasioned a number of singular and remarkable dying scenes.

"I had a friend endowed with the noblest faculties of the heart and head. Brought up from his cradle with ideas of liberty and equality, he bore the name and afterwards showed the character of one of the Gracchi. His learning was considerable, his taste led him to the study of Greek and Roman antiquities, and he had arrived at last at the profound conviction that the universe was the production of a general nameless first cause, and that after death came annihilation.

"At twenty years of age, in the quality of a surgeon, he followed our armies across the Rhine, and contracted the dreamy habits of the German philosophic school. In 1815 he might be considered a dangerous and contagious materialist. His speech was grave and persuasive, his morals and conduct would not have been disavowed by a stoic. He had dissected all the great characters of the Revolution, and in regard of convictions and principles found few of them complete. The true statesman, he used to say, never flinches from what he believes to be good; the scaffold does not terrify him. The biography of a man is his death.

"He would often repeat that, 'Anatomy was the Coran of the universe: the Alpha and Omega of all truths which men have fancied they discovered. The human body is the compendium of all the exact sciences. . . .' One of his favourite ideas was this, 'The life of animals is a sort of germination, various in form, but equal in fact. A man is planted as a tree is: a male and female flower produce an egg from which comes the plant called man, which grows, is nourished, flourishes, droops, and has an end. As regards the individual the end is eternal: the species is of incalculable duration. Reason and evidence admit no other philosophy.'

"In 1817 this gentleman was in the Antilles, surgeon-in-chief of a corvette, amongst the crew of which the yellow fever was making frightful ravages. Our stoic, during the course of the malady, displayed that firmness which alone stamps the great man. He was the Providence of the ship.

"At that time the question of the origin of this scourge of our colonies was much debated among our medical men. M—— thought the cause of the evil lay in the matter vomited by the patient. He made a trial of it upon himself, the result of which did not tend to convince him. Towards the end of the epidemic he died, though the cause of his death was unknown. Here is the last extraordinary page of his clinical journal.

"M. de Lansmatre, a naval officer, had reached the third day of the complaint, and M—— had been writing down hourly the progress of the fever, and the aggravation of the symptoms. It ended with this page: '24th June, 1 o'clock, black vomit, diarrhœa, burning thirst, pulse quick and feeble; 2 o'clock, the same symptoms, with delirium, extreme agitation, fixed eyes, and dwindling pulse; 3 o'clock, the same, death imminent, the patient undergoes *the empire of his reason*, he mentions his father and his native place; 4 o'clock, decubitus on the back, haggard eyes, skin cold, pulse fleeting, rattle, and death. He was a loyal man of war. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*'

"Up to this there seems nothing extraordinary in this entry of the journal: but what would be inconceivable, but that we knew our friend's own resolution, is the fact that he was, at the very time, himself attacked by the yellow fever; that his mind however still remained invulnerable; and that, all but dead, his intelligence yet lived strong enough within him to enable him to attend to thirty patients, and to note down every observation that occurred to him with respect to the cases of any of them!

"At four o'clock Monsieur Lansmatre died, and at five, an hour afterwards, M—— had ceased to exist, without any trace of malady, except that his whole person was yellow. It might have been supposed that some sudden attack, as of apoplexy, had carried him off; but he had written in the margin of his note-book, 'I also am taken with the fever, but repose myself in my moral and physical temperament. *Fortitudo animi duplex.*' This stoicism in the face of inevitable death, this calmness of thought while poison was in the heart; the sentiment of duty, and of its sacred accomplishment, up to life's last breath; have no comparison in modern times, and antiquity makes us acquainted with nothing more sublime."

If M. Lauvergne will read Laird's Travels up the Niger, or the account of the last ill-fated expedition to the same river, he will find a score of such instances of heroic sense of duty; of men in the midst of their hopeless agony commanding and obeying to the last, and only quitting their duty with their life. No tales of heroic deaths are so noble as these. nor is their sublimity a whit lessened, because there is no dying speech to record it.

Here we have the story of a man who has personal courage without moral courage:

"N. —, a person of mediocre intelligence, and strongly infatuated by materialism, was likewise surgeon on board a ship visited by yellow fever. He continued his attentions to the crew up to the moment when he himself was infected with the malady. The first symptom of the fever is generally a horrible headache, to alleviate which the patient naturally will bind something round his temples. N. —, seized on a sudden with the fatal headache, says gaily before the officers and men of the ship, 'It's my marriage day, lads: *yellow Mary* has flung me

the handkerchief,' and so saying, binds a handkerchief round his head and descends to his cabin, saying jocularly to his friends, 'Good night, I'm going down stairs to paint myself.' He bolted his door in order that his sleep should not be disturbed; he set out his cleanest sheets; and after carefully shaving, washing, and perfuming himself, stretched himself out in his cot as commodiously as possible, and so listened to himself dying.'

But perhaps the most curious instance of indifference to death is that which M. Lauvergne records of another naval surgeon, who, his ship being on a rock and expected to sink, while the crew and officers were aghast in terror on deck, went down to his cabin, and—*went to sleep*. They woke him an hour to say the ship was just sinking; he grumbled at being awakened, turned round and went to sleep again; and so was found two hours afterwards, on a third summons, not to die, but to dine. The ship had got off the rock during the repose of this most resolute of sleepers.

Now we come to a character curious for its entire insensibility.

"We have already cited several examples of men of instinct only: one remarkable one is that of a sailor, whom we studied for a long time, and who went, on board the vessel in which we knew him, by the name of Sans-Plume. The skull and face of this man reminded every one of a calf. He was, in a moral sense, entirely stupid and brutal. He was quite indifferent as to his dress (hence his nick-name), spent all he got without ever thinking of clothes, and was as insensible to heat as to cold. When sent on shore to tend the small live stock of the ship, he would go to sleep in a field quite regardless of the hour, and the correction which awaited him on board. Once, we remember, in the islands of the Archipelago, an intelligent goat, which he had let out to feed, came down to the shore, and bleating loudly warned the sailors on watch on board ship to come to its aid and that of the goatherd, who was asleep in a wet ditch.

"Sans-Plume was all appetite: he would have crammed himself every day to indigestion with meat and wine, but that the rations were fixed: he took them in the company of the sheep or the sailors, it mattered not to him which: for as he thought of nothing and listened to nothing, he had in consequence nothing to say. And yet with such animals as were to be found on board he liked to commune, and seemed to have an instinctive penetration into their natures. I have watched him repeatedly on deck of a night when he was on duty, sitting in a corner with a cat or a dog between his legs, and talking to them about eating and drinking, or any subject of mere instinct. He had ways of pinching them too, so as to make them cry out in a manner somewhat resembling speech: and I, for my part, can vouch for having heard him so talking with a cat, of whom he asked in an angry voice, 'Who has eaten my chop?' and the cat mewed out in

a piteous tone, and in the provençal language, *es iou*!!

"Sans-Plume was also called *Misère*. He suffered, without complaining, all sorts of torments; he was kicked and beaten, and bore all with the patience of a donkey; his only care was to look to his sheep and hen-roosts. One day, when he was asleep, the sailors covered his face with a mixture of soot and honey, and then stuck feathers into it: Sans-Plume woke, and laughed with the rest. Another time they cut down his hammock, and he fell on deck: he got up quite patient, and set himself to mend his bed without a murmur.

"Sans-Plume was of a physical insensibility which I never saw equalled. He would have endured a cruel operation for the sake of a large ration of meat; his bodily strength was like that of a bull, and the power of his blow prodigious.

"He had been at school, but did not know his letters; he had, he said, made his first communion, but he did not know with what hand he should begin to cross himself.

"After the cruise I lost sight of Sans-Plume for some time, but found him once more on shore, employed at the slaughter-house (*abattoir*) of the town. Going one day afterwards to visit a farm in the neighbourhood, I found him there in the character of stable-man. He was afflicted with chronic diarrhoea, couched among the cattle, and in a state perfectly desperate. A priest came to him several times to speak to him of his Christian duties, but the clergyman said he had never in the course of his ministry met with a soul so brutalized, with a being so hard to move in respect of conscience and religion. I was present by chance at one of these conferences. Sans-Plume, almost dying, his eyes shut, appeared to listen to the priest; but when the latter asked him if he wished to see him again, he answered with a careless tone, 'Leave me alone or get me something to eat.' . . . One night he disappeared, and was found dead in a cave in a hill. He had near him an empty bottle, a sausage three parts eaten, and a large loaf which he had scarcely begun. As long as I knew Sans-Plume I never thought of him as an intellect but as a stomach. I remember when on board ship he was attacked with frequent indigestions; on these occasions when his comrades spoke to him he would not reply; but if any one told him that an ox was going to be killed the flesh-eater would revive again, and tucking up his shirt sleeves he would come and offer his services to fell and cut up the animal."

The writer brings us still lower in his description of death-bed scenes, not in the scale of intellect, but of crime. But of these dismal pictures our readers must by this have had enough, or the more ardent must be referred to the work itself. The last chapter especially may be noted as the *bouquet*, or master-piece of the whole: wonderful in its cadaverous variety, and not to be read but with a discomfort, which is a high compliment to M. Lauvergne's descriptive powers.

ART. V.—1. *The Mountains and Valleys of Switzerland*. By Mrs. BRAY. 3 vols. London. 1841.

2. *A Summer in Western France*. By J. A. TROLLOPE, Esq., B.A. 2 vols. London. 1841.

AN English party, devouring sandwiches and drinking bottled stout amidst the broken walls of the Amphitheatre, might sit for the portraits of a large class of our travelling countrymen. The ruins of antiquity go for something; but they would be of no account without the *débris* of the luncheon. Eating is the grand business of a weighty majority of the English out of England. It arises partly from a certain uneasy apprehension that they cannot get anything fit to eat anywhere else; and this very fear of not finding anything they can eat, probably tempts them to eat everything they can find. It is a common occurrence at a continental *table d'hôte* to hear an Englishman declare, after having run the gauntlet of twenty or thirty plates, that he hasn't had a morsel to eat.

A great deal of this feeling may be traced to the sudden conflict of habits and antipathies, brought face to face at that moment in the day when a man is least inclined to compromise his desires; but making all due allowances on that score, there is no doubt that the English carry a mighty stomach with them everywhere: the voracity of the shark, the digestion of the ostrich. Their physical sensations are in advance of their intellectual and mental cravings—even of their curiosity. The first inquiry at an hotel is—at what o'clock do you dine? They cannot stir another step without something to eat. If the climate is hot, it exhausts them, and they must recruit; if cold, they get hungry with astonishing celerity, the air is so keen and bracing. Change of air, change of scene, change of diet, the excitement of moving from place to place, the clatter of a new language—everything contributes to this one end, as if the sole aim and business of travelling was to get up an appetite.

The French make a delicate, but important distinction between the *gourmand* and the *gourmet*; and they include us, wholesale, under the former designation. We try to get rid of the imputation by sneering at the elaborate labours of their *cuisine*, just as if we never made any fuss about eating and drinking ourselves; but they take their revenge, and ample it is, upon our grosser vice of excess. It must be granted that no people in the civilized

world sit so long at table as the English. In France, the preparation of a dinner is a grave piece of science; in England, the work of gravity begins when dinner is served up. And it is the apparition of this uncongenial seriousness which procures us such a reputation abroad as great *feeders*; and which, by the naked force of contrast, makes the people around us appear so frivolous in our eyes. We can as little understand their exuberant gaiety as they can reconcile themselves to our animal stupor. They nickname us *Roast-Beef*, by way of showing that the paramount idea in the mind of an Englishman is that of substantial good living; and we resent it by calling them *Soup-maigre*, a sort of ignominious hint of vital animation at starvation point. There is no justice at either side. The French eat as much as the English, but they do not set about it so doggedly.

Great mistakes in national character, beginning in prejudices on the surface, and at last sinking into tradition and by-words, have their origin generally in the absurd process of applying the same test to dissimilar things; of trying opposite manners and different circumstances by the same moral or social standard. But of all nations, we have the least right to complain of any injustice of this kind, because, of all people, we are the most sullen and intractable, and have the least flexibility, the least power of adaptation, the least facility in going out of ourselves and falling into the habitual commonplaces of others. We cannot comprehend the reasonableness of usages that differ from our own. We are at once for setting them down as so much bigotry or tomfoolery. We cannot change sides for a moment, and, by the help of a little imagination, endeavour to see things from a different point of sight from that to which we have been all our lives accustomed. We allow nothing for varieties of temperament, for constitutional antagonisms. We are stolidly inert and impenetrable, and oppose ourselves bodily, bone and muscle, to all strange tastes and fashions.

This is the real character of the Englishman, and the true reason why he is so uncomfortable abroad, and why he makes everybody so uncomfortable about him. Out of England, he is out of his element. He misses the unmistakeable cookery, the rugs and carpets, the bright steps and windows, the order, decorum, the wealth and its material sturdiness. He comes out of his fogs and the sulphurous atmosphere of his sea-coal fires, into an open, laughing climate. His ears are stunned with songs

and music from morning till night; every face he meets is lighted up with enjoyment; he cannot even put his head out of the window without seeing the sun. What wonder the poor man should be miserable, and wish himself at home again! He has no notion of pleasure unassociated with care. He must enter on pleasure as a matter of business, or it is no pleasure for him. There must be an alloy to preserve the tone of his mind, for he has a motto, that there is no happiness without alloy; and so, where there is none, he makes it. He has always a safe resource in his own morbid fancy, and has only to fall back upon himself to escape effectually from any surrounding influences that happen to throw too strong a glare upon his moroseness, or to affront his egotism by showing that other people can be happier than himself.

The fundamental error of the travelling English consists in bringing their English feelings and modes with them, instead of leaving them behind to be taken care of with their pictures and furniture. You can detect an Englishman abroad by that repulsion of manner which covers him over like frost-work, and within the range of which nobody can enter without being bitten with cold. His sense of superiority freezes the very air about him; you would think he was a statue of ice, or a block dropped from a glacier of the loftiest Alps. It would be as easy for the sun to thaw the eternal peak of the snowy Jungfrau, as for any ordinary warmth of society to melt that wintry man into any of the cordial courtesies of intercourse. Why is this? Why is it that the English alone treat all foreign countries through which they pass with such topping humours and contempt—looking down upon them as if they belonged to an inferior clay, as if they alone were the genuine porcelain, as if arts and civilisation, knowledge and power, grace and beauty, intelligence, strength, and the god-heraldry of goodness and wisdom, were one vast monopoly within the girth of Great Britain? Why is this? Why, simply because the corruption of gold has eaten into their hearts; because they are the purse-holders of the world; because money is power, and they have only to put their hands into their pockets if they would make the earth pant on its axis. The English are not exempt from the frailties of universal nature; and pride and vainglory, and lustrous pomp, with its eyes amongst the stars, follow in the train of gold as surely as the lengthening shadows track the decline of light. It was so with all the

gorgeous republics of antiquity, with Tyre and Athens, and with imperial Venice, when, crowned like another mistress of the world, she married the Adriatic, and thought herself immortal!

The insular position of the English, and a protracted war, which shut them up for half a generation in their workshops and their prejudices, contributed largely to foster this hard and obstinate character, this egotistic and selfish intolerance. The peculiarities of other nations, like colours in the prism, dissolve into each other at their frontier lines; but the English are water-locked; they enjoy none of the advantages of that miscellaneous experience, that free expanse of observation and intercourse, which elsewhere have the effect of enlarging the capacity of pleasure, of furnishing materials for reflection, of strengthening, elevating, and diffusing human knowledge and sympathy. The sea has been compared to the confines of eternity; and the English may be said to have been looking out upon eternity while other races have been engaged in active commerce with their fellow men.

All this sounds very oddly in reference to a people who have amassed such enormous wealth, who have been the great navigators and colonizers of the world, who exercise sovereignty in every quarter of the globe, and upon whose possessions the sun never sets! Yet it is true, nevertheless. All this work of colonization and extension of empire is transacted at a writing-desk. The counting-house in a twilight alley, in the murky depths of the city, is the laboratory where the portable gases are generated, which are thus carried off and distributed over the remotest regions. Half-a-dozen dismal men meet round a table, scratch their signatures to a paper, and a new empire starts up in the Southern Pacific; they part in silence, and go home to dinner, with as much apathetic regularity as if nothing had happened out of the way; and for the rest of the evening nurse their family phlegm as they had done any time all their lives long. In a single morning, the basis of a teeming trade of centuries hence is laid down; but it brings no change in the inner life of the individual. The hands move outwards, but the works of the clock still keep their dark routine. It is one thing to ship off our superfluous population to distant lands, to plant the Union Jack on some savage rock, and crack a bottle with a huzza! to the health of Old England; and another to maintain intimate relations and constant interchange

with nations as civilized as ourselves, to rub off the rust of isolation and drudgery, to lift ourselves out of the one idea of money-getting, and to draw in humanity and good-humour from our neighbours. In the large and philosophical sense of the word, we have never acted upon the true principle of colonization: we never conciliate the races we subdue—we conquer everything but their affections. Our settlements are camps in a hostile country, as completely apart from the native population as swans' nests in a stream. In India, we are hedged in on all sides by jealousy and distrust; the war of races in Canada is as bitter at this moment as it was in 1760; and the animosities of the pale still flourish as rankly as ever in Ireland, in spite of free trade, two rebellions, the Union, Catholic Emancipation, and Reform. This comes of our immobility—of our elemental resistance to *fusion*.

The same thing that happens upon a great scale in political affairs, is illustrated in a minor way in the intercourse of travelling. Our social tariff amounts almost to a prohibition. Exchange of ideas takes place only at the extreme point of necessity. We are as reluctant to open our mouths or our ears as our ports, and have as profound a horror of foreign vivacity and communicativeness as of foreign corn. Habit goes a long way with us. People are so used to cry out 'The farmers are ruined,' that they must keep up war prices after a peace of nearly thirty years. We have a similar difficulty in relaxing our manners. The bulk of our continental travellers enter an hotel with as much severity and suspicion in their looks as if we were fighting the battles of legitimacy over again, and were doomed to fight them for ever.

By staying so much at home, and being kept so much at home by the pressure of external circumstances, our ideas and feelings become introverted. We turn eternally upon ourselves. We accumulate immensely, but undergo little or no sensible modifications of character. We advance in the direction of utility, but are still pretty much the same people we were a couple of hundred years ago. The only marked difference is that we are less hearty, less frank and joyous. We drop our old customs, our games and festivals, one by one, and grow more and more plodding and selfish. 'Merry England' survives only in ballads. Robin Hood and Little John are gone to the workhouse.

When a Frenchman, or an Italian, comes to England, he brings his sunshine with

him. When an Englishman goes to France or Italy, he cannot leave his fogs behind him. He is like a rolling mass of darkness, absorbing all the encircling light, but emitting none. There is this remarkable point of contrast too, that the former becomes at once a citizen of the country he visits, and the latter never ceases to be the petty lord of the manor, the common council-man, the great gun of the village or the county. The universe is only Big Little Pedlington to Hopkins.

But it is surprising how a little knocking about in steamboats, and railways, and diligences, and schnell-posts and voitures of all sorts, and hotels with every variety of perfumes, shakes a man out of his sluggish thoughts and opaque humours. It is the best of all constitutional remedies for mind and body, although it acts but slowly on the whipcord nerves of the English. It is good for the brains and the stomach. It invigorates the imagination, loosens the blood and makes it leap through the veins, dispels the nebulous mass of the stay-at-home animal, and, liberating the spirit from its drowsy weight of prejudices, sends it rebounding back, lighter and brighter than ever, with the fresh morning beams throbbing in its pulses. There is nothing in this levelling world of ours which so effectually annihilates conventional respectability as travelling. It tumbles down, with a single blow, the whole wire and gauze puppet, reducing its empty length and breadth to mere finery and sawdust. All our staid, solemn proprieties, that beset and check us at every land's turn like inauguration mysteries, as if we were entering upon some esoteric novitiate every day of our lives—all our family pride and class instincts—our local importance and stately caution—paddocks and lawns—liveries, revenues and ceremonials—all go for nothing in the swirl and roar of the living tide. A great landed gentleman cannot bring his ten-feet walls, his deer-park, or his parish-church with its time-honoured slabs and monuments, in the palm of his hand to the continent; he cannot stick the vicar and the overseer and the bench of justices in his hatband; he cannot inscribe the terrors of the tread-mill on his travelling-bag; he cannot impress everybody abroad, as he can at home, with the awful majesty of his gate-house, and the lump of plush that slumbers in the padded arm-chair; he has passed out of the artificial medium by which he has hitherto been so egregiously magnified, and he is forced, for once in his life, to depend solely on himself, docked of his lictors, for whatever amount of respect, or even attention, he

can attract. This is a wholesome and healthy ordeal; very good for the moral as well as the biliary ducts. It sets a new and unexpected value upon whatever little sense or self-reliance one may really possess, and makes a man understand his manhood better in a month than he could have done in twenty years through the mirage of a false position.

And no man abandons himself so utterly to the intoxication of this new and rapturous existence as an Englishman, once he allows himself to give way to it. He rushes at once to the opposite extreme. He chuckles and screams, like a boy out of school, like a hound just released from the thong, bounding over fields and ditches, and taking everything at a leap, as if Beelzebub were dancing mad at his heels. If he is only sure that he is not observed, that nobody sees him—for this craven consciousness, and fear of ridicule, haunt him day and night—there is nothing too puerile, nothing too gay or riotous for him. He is no longer forty or fifty, but rampant nineteen. The sudden enchantment sets him beside himself; he is under the influence of a spell; no longer starched and trammelled in frigid responsibilities, his joints begin to move with freedom and elasticity; he is all eyes, legs, ears. With what curiosity he peers into shop-windows and bazaars; with what vivacity, wondering secretly all the while at his miraculous accession of gusto, he criticises picture-galleries and museums; how vigorously he hunts through royal parks and palaces to collect gossip for the table d'hôte; how he climbs lofty steeples and boasts of his lungs; what mountains of ice he devours in the heat of the day; what torrents of *lemonade gazeuse* or Seltzer water he swallows; what a dinner he makes amidst a bewildering chaos of provocations; and how zealously he nourishes his emancipated enthusiasm with hock and claret, in the exquisite agony of a profound contempt for gout and indigestion. Verily there is nothing under heaven so thoroughly English as those things which are in the very grain of their nature the most thoroughly un-English: so unnatural is the slavery of our habitual self-suppression, so natural our disfranchisement: and of these extremes are we pieced. O ye who fold yourselves up in the coil of sour melancholy, 'like the fat weed that rots on Lethe's stream,' take heed at that critical turn of life when the green leaf is beginning to get yellow and sickly, and be assured there is nothing like a plunge into new worlds of human faces for the recovery of youth, with all its giddy joys and airy fallacies.

But the difficulty is to get an Englishman to make this plunge in downright earnest. Instead of running wild amongst the people of the continent, and giving free vent to whatever youthful mirth has not been quite trampled out of him, he usually runs a muck at them. Instead of gambolling with them, he butts and horns them. He takes umbrage at everything. It is impossible to please him. He is resolved not to be pleased, come what may. Shine or rain, it is all the same; he quarrels with everything, simply because it is not English. It might be supposed he went on an expedition in search of England, he is so discontented at not finding England at every turn of the road. It never occurs to him how much enjoyment and instruction he loses by not trying to discover the points of mutual agreement: his whole labour is to dig out the points of difference. He has not the least glimmer of a conception how much the former overbalance the latter; how much more there is to admire and imitate, than to censure and avoid; and how much sound feeling and morality, practical virtue, and social goodness, there may be in common between people who scowl at each other 'like frowning cliffs apart' upon questions of cookery and ventilation. He delights in picking up vexations and cross purposes, and incidents that 'hint dislike;' and he snarls at them as a dog does at a bone, which, all unprofitable as it is, he takes a sort of surly pleasure in growling over. Every step he makes furnishes fresh excuses for grumbling and getting out of humour; and the only wonder is why he ever left home, and why he does not go back again without delay. There is nothing to eat (this is universal); the wines are vinegar; the lower classes wallow in dirt and superstition; the churches are hung all over with theatrical gewgaws; the people are eaten up by the priests; the stench of the towns is past endurance; the women are pert and affected, the men all folly and grimace; the few educated people are destitute of the dignity and reserve essential to the maintenance of rank and order; there is no distinction of persons; and one cannot go into a public company without having one's Teutonic delicacy offended by the levity and grossness of the conversation. It has been well said of the English, that their *forte* is the disagreeable and repulsive.

Is there nothing in England to provoke the acerbity of a foreigner, who should take pleasure in cataloguing annoyances and tantalizing himself with painful truths?

Are we quite sure that we are exempt from public nuisances and social evils? Take a stranger into our manufacturing districts, our mines and collieries, our great towns. Is there nothing there to move his compassion, to fill him with amazement and horror? No wrong doing, no oppression, no vice? On every side he is smitten to the heart by the cruelties of our system; by the hideous contrast of wealth and want, plethora and famine; a special class smothered up in luxuries, and a dense population struggling wolfishly for the bare means of subsistence. Out of all this, drunkenness—unknown in his own midsummer clime—glares upon him at every step. He hears the cry of despair, the bitter imprecation, the blasphemous oath, as he passes through the packed and steaming streets. True, we have fine shops and aristocratic houses, and macadamized roads, and paved causeways and footpaths; but these things, and the tone of comfort they inspire, and the ease and prosperity they imply, only make the real misery, the corroding depravity, all the more palpable and harrowing. As to priests—what becomes of our Church in the comparison? To be sure our priests never walk about the streets—they ride in their carriages: a symptom which is only an aggravation of the disease. Nor are we so free from superstition as we would have the world believe. It is not very long since Sir William Courtenay preached in East Kent; the followers of Johanna Southcote form a very thriving little sect; and witches are still accredited in the north. For credulity we might be matched against any contemporary country—witness our police reports, our joint-stock bubbles, our emigration schemes, and our patent medicines. Are we more enlightened as a nation than our neighbours? Do we treat men of letters with more regard? Is our population better instructed? Do you find anywhere in England, as you do in France and Germany, the poor way-side man acquainted with his local traditions, and proud of his great names in literature and history? All this sort of refinement is wanted: our population is bred up in material necessities, and has neither leisure nor inclination for intellectual culture. The workman knows nothing beyond his work, and even locks up his faculties in it, from an instinctive and hereditary dread of scattering and weakening them. He has been brought up in the notion that a Jack of all trades is master of none, and so he sticks to his last, and is obstinately ignorant of everything else. This

description of training makes capital mechanics; but you must not look for any power of combination, any reasoning faculty, any capacity of comparison or generalization, where the mind has been flattened down and beaten into a single track. It is this which, in a great degree, communicates that air of gloom and reserve to the English peasantry which strikes foreigners so forcibly on their first coming amongst us. Nor is the matter much mended in the higher circles of society. An English *conversazione* is like the 'Dead March' in 'Saul.' Everybody seems to have got into a sort of funereal atmosphere; the deepest solemnity sits in every face; and the whole affair looks as if it were got up for any imaginable purpose but that of social intercourse and enjoyment. No wonder a stranger, accustomed to incessant variety, and bringing, by the force of habit, his entire stock of spirits to bear upon the occasion, should be chilled and petrified at a scene which presents such a perplexity to his imagination. He may put up, as gracefully as he can, with being cheated and overcharged and turned into ridicule for his blunders at hotels and lodging-houses; these are vulgar and sordid vices. But he looks for compensation and sympathy to the upper classes. Is he disappointed? He is too much a man of the world, too intent upon making the best of everything, too *enjoué*, and too ready to appreciate and acknowledge whatever is really praiseworthy and agreeable, to annoy anybody with his impressions. The contrast is marked—the inference irresistible.

We are so apt to think everything wrong which does not happen to square with our own usages, that we rarely make allowances for the difference of habits and modes of life. But it ought to be remembered that some national traits may jar with our customs, and yet harmonize perfectly with the general characteristics and necessities of others; and that many of the very traits we desiderate in them would be totally irreconcilable with the whole plan of their society—perhaps even with their climate, which frequently exercises an influence, that cannot be averted, over society itself. One of the things, for example, which most frets and chafes an Englishman of the common stamp is the eternal flutter of the continent. He cannot make out how the people contrive to carry on the *business* of life, since they appear to be always engrossed in its *pleasures*. He is not content to 'take the goods the Gods provide,' but must needs know whether they are honestly come by. To him the people seem to be per-

petually flying from place to place, on the wing for fresh delights. It never occurs to him that he is making holiday himself; he only thinks it extraordinary that they should be doing the same thing. Yet a moment's reflection ought to show him that they must labour for their pleasure as we do; although they do not take their pleasure, as we do, with an air of labour. Pleasure is cheaper on the continent, as everything else is, where people are not bowed down by an Old Man at their backs in the shape of a glorious National Debt.

This lightness of the heart, joined to the lightness of the atmosphere, produces that open-air festivity and community of enjoyment which makes the heavy hypochondriacal man stare. He is used to think of taxes and easterly winds, and cannot understand how such crowds of people can go out of doors to enjoy themselves. He wonders they are so improvident of money and rheumatism. Little does he suspect how slight their acquaintance is with either, and how much satisfaction they have in their cap and bells and their blue skies notwithstanding! He goes to an hotel, and petulantly orders dinner in a private room, his sense of exclusiveness taking umbrage at the indiscriminate crush of the *salle à manger* below. Here again he is at fault. The *salle à manger* is the absolute fashion of the place. It is the universal custom of Europe. The Englishman alone cannot reconcile himself to it. He sees a saloon set out on a scale of such magnificence, that he immediately begins to calculate the expenditure, and jumps to a conclusion—always estimating things by his own standard—that the speculation must be a dead loss. To be sure, that is no business of his, but he cannot help the *instinct*. Enter a salon of this description, and observe with what regal splendour it is appointed; brilliantly lighted up, painted, gilt, draped with oriental pomp; a long table runs down the centre, perhaps two or three, laid out for dinner with excellent taste. You wonder by what magic the numerous company is to be brought together for which such an extensive accommodation is provided; presently a bell rings; it is followed, after an interval, by a second and a third peal; then the guests glide in noiselessly, and in a few moments every chair is occupied. Cheap refuge against *ennui*, against the evil misgivings of solitude, the wear and tear of conventional hindrances to the free course of the animal spirits! Here are to be found every class, from the lord to the *négociant*; noblemen and commoners of the highest rank and their families; military,

and civilians of all professions; and some of the resident *élite* of the locality, who occasionally prefer this mode of living to the dreary details and lonely pomp of a small household. From this usage, which we deprecate so much because it impinges upon our dignity and sullenness, a manifest advantage is gained in the practical education of men for any intercourse with general society to which they may be called. Nor is it of less value in conferring upon them that ease and self-possession and versatile command of topics, for which the people of the continent are so much more distinguished than our countrymen.

An implicit and somewhat audacious reliance upon the virtues of money in carrying a traveller through every difficulty, is one of the foibles by which we are pre-eminently noted all over the world. Nor are we content merely to depend upon the weight of our purses, but we must brandish them ostentatiously in the faces of innkeepers and postilions, till we make them conscious of our superiority, with the insulting suggestion in addition, that we think them poor and venal enough to be ready to do anything for hire. Of course we must pay for our vanity and insolence; and accordingly resentment in kind takes swinging toll out of us wherever we go. Milor Anglais is the sure mark for pillage and overcharge and mendacious servility; all of which he may thank himself for having called into existence. We remember falling in with an old gentleman at Liege several years ago who had travelled all over Belgium and up the Rhine into Nassau, without knowing one word of any language except his own native English. His explanation of this curious dumb process to a group of his countrymen tickled the whole party amazingly. He thought you could travel anywhere, without knowing any language, if you had only plenty of money: he did not know what he had paid at Weisbaden, or anywhere else: his plan was to thrust his hand into his pocket, take it out again filled with sovereigns, and let them help themselves: he never could make out their bills, they were written in such a d—hieroglyphical hand: what of that? Rhino will carry you anywhere! (an exclamation enforced by a thundering slap on his breeches pocket); he didn't care about being cheated; he had money enough, *and more where that came from*; he supposed they cheated him, but he could afford it; that was all he looked to; and much more to the same purpose. We would ask any reasonable man of any country whether an avowed system of this kind, which puts an open premium

upon knavery, is not calculated to draw upon those who practise it a just measure of obloquy and derision.

The determination not to see things as they are, but to condemn them wholesale for not being something else, is another of our salient characteristics. And this determination generally shows itself most violently in reference to things which, for the most part, can neither be remedied nor altered. The physiognomy of the country upsets all our previous theories of compact living and picturesque scenery: tall, crazy châteaux—dreary rows of trees—interminable roads—dull stretches of beet-root and mangel-wurzel—no hedge-rows—no busy hum of machinery—and such towns! The towns are the especial aversion of an Englishman. He compiles in his own mind a flattering ideal from the best general features of an English town, and immediately sets about a comparison with the straggling, discordant mass of houses before him. The result is false both ways, making the English town better than it is, and the continental town a thousand times worse. This procedure is obviously fallacious, to say nothing about the prejudice that lurks at the bottom. We carry away with us only a few vague pictorial images, rejecting all the disagreeable details: English neatness, English order, whitewash, green verandahs, windows buried in roses and honeysuckles, gardens boxed round with faultless precision—and a serene air of contentment over the whole, as if it were a nook in Paradise. We drop out all the harsh features: the crushed spirit of the inmates of these pretty houses, who find it so hard to live in their aromatic cottages; the haggard, speechless things that hang round the door-ways and road sides; the brusque manners; the masked misery; the heartless indifference. We not only forget all such items on the one hand, but the historical and local circumstances on the other, which might help to reconcile us to the unfavourable side of the comparison. Continental towns are generally of great antiquity, having a remote origin in forts and castles, and becoming gradually enlarged to meet new necessities. They are, consequently, built without much method, piled up of all orders and ages: narrow streets, paved all over with sharp stones—fantastic and irregular façades—all sorts of roofs and angles—every colour in the rainbow—dark entries—latticed windows—gullies of water running through the streets like rivulets—and crowds of men, women, children, and horses tramping up and down all day long, as if they were holding a fair. A comparison

of one of these towns with an English town is as much out of the nature of things, as a comparison between the old Egyptian religion, all grandeur and filth, with a well-swept conventicle.

The English who settle on the continent—people who emigrate for good reasons of their own, but chiefly for one which they are not always willing to avow—are hardly less inaccessible to reason and generosity. You always find them grumbling and as murky as thunder-clouds. They never give way to pleasant influences: they are sensitive only to hard knocks. The crust of prejudice never melts: it can only be chipped off by repeated blows. And the worst of it is that the location they are driven to select, for its superior convenience on the score of neighbourhood and economy, pitches them amongst a people the very reverse of themselves. The sullen pride of the English and the explosive vanity of the French make a compound fit for a witch caldron. They are felicitously illustrated by a story too good to be true. A Frenchman is boasting to an Englishman of the battle of Waterloo, a sore subject on both sides, and arrogantly claiming the victory. "How can that be," exclaims the Englishman, "since you left us in possession of the field?" "*Mon Dieu!*" replies the Frenchman, "we won the battle, but you were so obstinate you wouldn't be beaten, and we left the field in disgust!" Frenchmen have the best of such disputes by turning even their failures into pleasures.

English residents in France are drawn thither by the grand motive of cheap living, cheap education for their children. A family could not exist in England, without undergoing severe privations and severer humiliation, upon the small sum which will enable them to live well in France. This is the magnet which attracts so many people, on narrow incomes, to the French shores. At the little town of Dinan, on the Rance, there are nearly 300 English residents; at Tours, on the Loire, there are 2000, and there were formerly three times that number, until certain unpleasantnesses broke up and dispersed the community; Avranches, St. Malo, St. Servan, swarm with English; there are 6000 at Boulogne; and they congregate at Rouen, Caen, Havre, and other places in proportion. People do not exile themselves for mere caprice to a strange land, where a strange language is spoken, where they are surrounded by strange customs, and separated from familiar faces and old ties and associations; they must have a strong motive for making so many painful

sacrifices of habit, of friendship within call, if not within reach, of easy intercourse; and that motive must be more powerful than the claims and considerations it overrules. At home they are exposed to a thousand distresses; they cannot sustain the position to which their connexions or their tastes invite them; and then there are children to be cared for, to be educated, and put out in the world. How is all this to be accomplished upon means so limited as to keep them in a state of hopeless warfare with appearances? The alternative is to settle in a country where the necessities of life are cheap, where education is cheap, where they can escape the eyes of Argus, and do as they like: a sort of genteel emigration. Who is the wiser whether they do this on 100/. or 1000/. a year, if they can do it independently? They are out of the realms of spite and tattle. Let nobody wonder then at the numbers of English who settle in France and other cheap countries; the real wonder is that there are not more of them. But let nobody, either out of false delicacy or falser pride, mistake the causes of their settling there. It is not from choice but necessity. The question comes home quite as forcibly to the English gentleman of 300/. per annum, who rents a house at Avranches or Granville, as to the practical farmer who, before he is ground into a pauper by high rents at home, turns his little property into capital, and transports himself and his family to Van Diemen's Land. The only important difference between the two cases is, that the one can return when he pleases, and the other, having embarked his whole substance in a single venture, must abide the issue.

The English resident in France is not satisfied, however, with his new mode of life after all, and must let off a little ill-humour upon the people. He exclaims, "Oh! yes, you get necessaries cheap enough; but there the advantage ends. There is no such thing as society in such places, and you must make up your mind to a mere state of vegetation. The best you can make of it is banishment with plenty to eat and drink." We should like to ask this desolate, but well-fed gentleman, what sort of society he was able to keep at home, or rather whether he was able to keep any society at all? If so, why did he condemn himself to this miserable banishment? Why, he knew very well, that the mere cost of putting himself *en regle* to make and receive visits, supposing it possible to keep aloof from the consequent expenses of seeing company, would have swallowed up his whole income.

But the assertion is not true that such places are destitute of good society; and in not a few instances the best society is too intellectual for the common run of economists, consisting as it does of the families of men of science and letters connected with the public institutions of the locality. In this respect France is essentially different from England, and it is desirable to note the difference carefully. While the system of centralization renders Paris the culminating point of the political movements of the country, and consequently draws into its focus much of the wealth, and all the fashions of the kingdom; literature and science, diffusive in their results, but retired and silent in their operations, linger lovingly in sequestered retreats, in provincial towns and villages. Almost every town has its college, or at all events its museum, and its public schools, and upon these foundations several professors are established. These are frequently men of a very high order of talent—antiquaries, good scholars, and ardent lovers of literature. It is scarcely necessary to observe that excellent society might be formed out of such materials; but this is unfortunately not always the sort of society the English resident cares to cultivate. The want, however, lies in him, not in the elements around him. The French provinces are, in fact, full of a class of readers and writers unknown in England. Every department has its own capital, towards which all its lines of interest converge, forming a minor system of centralization in everything that concerns its local history, arts, science, and antiquities. It must not be supposed that all distinguished men of letters in France run up to Paris, as in England they run up to London. Men of fortune do, leaving their château to go to ruin, while they riot in the salons of the metropolis; fashionable novelists, dramatists, and dreamers in blank verse and philosophy, fly to Paris as the only place where they can obtain encouragement and remuneration; but historians and antiquaries, a very large class, are content with the humbler reward of discharging a useful duty to their country in the most useful way, by staying behind to dignify with their presence the scene of their birth and their labours. Thus, while Victor Hugo, Scribe, and Sue, must of necessity engross all eyes in Paris, such men as Bodin and Mahé are content to publish the fruits of their learned researches in the midst of the regions to which they refer. Indeed, so completely is this principle acted upon, that if you want to procure a particular history, or an account of the antiquities of

any particular place, your best chance is to inquire for it in the place itself. It frequently happens that such works never find their way into Paris through the ordinary channels of trade.

The gradual effect of an English settlement in a French town is to spoil it. In course of time, it becomes a French town anglicized, neither French nor English, but a bad mixture of both, like a *bifteck Anglais* with a heavy sweat of garlic in it. The English mode of settling is something in its nature so utterly averse to the whole theory of French life. The English are for settling in the most literal sense—for collecting round them all the conveniences and fixtures and comforts of home—for sitting down with a strict view to the future—for shutting out the weather and the eyes of their neighbours—for keeping themselves snug and reserved and select (select above all things!)—for quiet dinners and tea in the evening—for in-door as diametrically opposed to out-of-door enjoyments, carpets, blinds, screens, and pokers—and for nursing themselves up in habits contradictory to the spirit of the people, the climate, the traditions, the usages of the country. The French are exactly the antipodes of all this. They hate staying in one spot—they are all flutter, open doors, open windows, and open mouths—they cannot keep in the house—they abhor quiet dinners—and fixtures, conveniences, cupboards, and comforts, are so many agonies in detail to them. They are in a perpetual whirl, sleep about five hours out of the four-and-twenty, and shoot out of bed, like quicksilver, the moment they awaken, ready for the same round again. Repose is essential to an Englishman: it is physically and mentally impossible to a Frenchman. The latter makes the most of the present moment: the former is always laying up for his children. In fact, the Frenchman lives for to-day—the Englishman for posterity.

The French, to do them justice, would be willing enough, from an habitual preference for the lesser horn of a dilemma, to form a social union with their guests; but the constitutional frigidity of the English forbids the bans. In this respect the English, when they shape themselves into a community, keep up all their old notions to the letter, even towards each other. There seems to be no exception to this rule; they are the same in all places. There is not a solitary instance of an English settlement in which, as far as possible, the entire habits, root and branch, of the mother country have not been transplanted bodily, without the slightest reference to the interests or

prejudices of the surrounding population. The English are the only people in the world who do this—the only people who could do it. The Germans, who resemble the English more than any other nation in everything else, differ from them widely in this. Wherever they go, they adapt themselves to the country, and are uniformly distinguished by the simplicity and economy of their style, their *noiselessness* and *bonhomie*. In America they are beloved for these qualities, and for keeping clear of wounding the self-respect and national pride of the people. The English glory in running counter to the prejudices of the world, and throwing out the angular points of their character with the irritability of the hedgehog.

In the midst of all this purse-proud display, there is a real meanness, a small huckstering spirit that constantly betrays itself. In these very cheap places they are always complaining of the great expense of living, and the frauds that are practised on them. It is a common accusation to bring against the French, that they have two charges—an English charge and a French charge; but the evil must be set down, along with other petty antagonisms, to the responsibility of those who make the market. When the English shall have learned to live like the French, they may hope to be let in under the French tariff. It is not surprising, all circumstances considered, that the French should regard our Cheapside countrymen with a little distrust and no very great good will. One cogent reason for it is, that they know, as sure as the swallow brings summer, the English bring high prices. Wherever they cluster together, they raise the markets; partly by increased demand, and partly by that mammon swagger, which is one of the vices of the national character. Formerly an inhabitant of a small town in a cheap district, might live comfortably on 1200 francs per annum and keep his servant; but the English no sooner set up a hive there, than he is obliged to dispense with his domestic, and forego a variety of enjoyments in which he used to indulge. He formerly led a life of *insouciance*; now he leads what may be called a hard life. He is borne down by the market prices, which, although cheap to the English, are ruinously dear to him. How could it be expected that he should like the people who have brought all this upon him, and who boast all the time of the benefits they are conferring on the country by spending their money in it?

The situation of a handful of English

settlers is not less curious in reference to their relations with each other. The struggling pride, personal vanities, and class prejudices of the old country, are here to be seen as efflorescent upon the decayed offshoot as upon the original stock. Five hundred a year performs the rôle of aristocracy. They are in the last degree suspicious of each other. No one knows why his neighbour, just arrived, has set up his tent in this cheap district; but malice is fertile in suggestions. There are other reasons besides small means for going abroad, and it sometimes happens that a visit to the continent is merely a liberal extension of the rules of the Bench. Of course, if there be mystery in the case, people are not over-charitable in their constructions. Religion often forms a subject of contention for lack of something better to do. Unbeneficed clergymen occasionally speculate on these little communities, and the small profit to be gained by administering spiritual respectability to them is every now and then scrambled for like a beadleship. A conflict of this kind took place recently at Avranches, where the rival candidates carried their hostilities so far that they almost went to fisticuffs in the church!

When we commenced this article, it was our intention to have pursued the inquiry through a variety of details, with an especial view to the recorded opinions of English travellers; but we have already occupied all the space that can be spared from demands of a more pressing nature. Perhaps we may return to the subject, for we are confident that a searching examination into the prejudices by which it has been hitherto *tabooed* will not be unproductive of some utility.

But it may be asked why we undertake to expose these national weaknesses? We answer, because we would rather do it ourselves than leave it to be done by others, and because we are not unwilling to show the world that our integrity and courage are superior to our vanity.

ART. VI.—*Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens sur les affaires de France au seizième Siècle* (Correspondence of the Venetian Ambassadors on the affairs of France in the Sixteenth Century), *recueilles et traduites par TOMMASEO*. 2 vols. 4to. Paris.

WHEN Monsieur Guizot was Minister of

Public Instruction, the idea and the proposition being his own, the sum of 150,000 francs was voted for the collection and publication of documents relating to French history. A similar payment has since been made yearly: the ministry disposing of the funds under the direction of a committee composed of fifty members of the several academies, themselves named by royal 'ordonnance,' and with power to examine and decide on the works proposed for their approval. Among the most remarkable volumes which have yet appeared, are these containing the correspondence of the Venetian Ambassadors.

The editor is the Signor Tommaseo; himself author of the translation which accompanies the text, and of a French and Italian preface, ably written. Obligated to make selection from a large mass of material, he has consigned into untranslated notes, in company with long geographical descriptions, amusing only as they show the ignorance of those addressed, other details perhaps thought beneath the attention of an historian. Thinking better of them, we have been at the trouble to make some translations for our readers. Their very minuteness paints, much better than dignified dissertation, the character of a people and the manners of a time. We may mention, before we proceed further, that the correspondence occupies a part of the reign of Francis I.; that of his son, Henry II.; and, passing over the brief rule of his grandson Francis, a portion of those of Charles IX. and Henry III. Always held to be of great importance, they were copied, and some few printed. Navagero, Suriano, and Tiepolo, were thus published before, but incorrectly and imperfectly.

Venice was placed high enough to see well. Her envoys, if we make allowance for religious intolerance and national prejudice, had commonly judged with fairness both France and the passing events of her history. Themselves actors in some of the most remarkable of those events, in company with them we push aside the gilded panels, and pass behind the scenes. We discover the small machinery which wrought great effects, and can sound every depth and shallow of that selfish and narrow ambition which ruled the life of Catherine of Medicis, and laid her crowned sons bound before her, her earliest victims.

The first of these ambassadors, Navagero, presents us only with the notes of his journey through Spain and France. He was succeeded by Marino Giustiniano, the date of whose mission is 1535. These early French times have been recently the

subject of an article in this review, and on the present occasion we shall abstain from detailed historical explanations. Our sole object is to present, from an important work, very ponderous and not very accessible, a series of extracts of striking interest in themselves, and embodying much curious portraiture of persons and of manners. The reader not generally acquainted with the times, will find a sufficient guide to them in any common French history at hand: the reader already versed in them, will thank us for a most remarkable addition to his historical store.

According to Marino Giustiniano's estimate, the riches of Paris did not, in this early half of the sixteenth century, equal those of Venice. The population was not so large, though more was seen of it: since men, women, and children, masters and servants, were always at the doors or in the streets. The circumference of the town was not greater, for it was easy to walk slowly round it in three hours. The parliament, composed of one hundred and twenty counsellors divided in various classes, judged definitively such as appealed to its verdict from those of the provincial parliament.

"To be a counsellor a man must bear the title of doctor, which does not mean he must be learned, since all these posts are for sale, the king giving them to his servitors, who make traffic of them in turns."

It would appear that the Venetian ambassadors were ill paid; and it is to their honour that from these embassies they mostly returned impoverished. By all, the complaint is made; recurring in terms more or less comic. We give as a curious specimen the close of Giustiniano's discourse, in his own words.

"A short time after my arrival in Paris, the king departed for Marseilles; we traversed, through excessive heat, the Lyonnais, Auvergne, and Languedoc, till we arrived in Provence. The interview with the pope was so deferred, that every one thinking it would take place in summer, we waited till November. The ambassadors, who had carried with them only summer garments, were constrained to purchase others. Returned to Paris, and arrived in the hotel of my honourable predecessors, a stable caught fire, and eleven horses with their harness were burned. I saved my mule only, and my loss was of four hundred crowns. A second mishap occurred to me the same year. The king being on the point of departure, I was forced to purchase ten horses more, at a time when their price was raised extraordinarily, and having waited in vain for remittances from your serene highness, I was obliged to sell a part of my plate. During the five and forty months my

embassy lasted, the court never remained in the same place ten days following. All these removals caused heavy expense, and not only I, who am as every one knows a poor gentleman, but the richest lords would have suffered from it: wherefore I make end by commending myself humbly to your serene highness, invoking with respect a token of your goodness which may prove to me that the state has held my services acceptable. On quitting Venice, I left two daughters, since one was born eight months after my departure. The other, whom I parted with a child, I find grown so tall that she might pass for my sister. She appeared to me one night in a dream, complaining that I did not love and had forgotten her, and not only that I had done nothing to better her fortunes, but sought to render her more and more poor, and it seemed to me that I answered, 'My daughter, such sums as I expend I do but deposit in the treasury of a kind and liberal master,' and I pointed to your serene highness. I added that your generosity and piety had often remunerated the zeal of your servants, and that you promised reward to those who were devoted to you, and this appeared to calm my daughter's agitation."

The next in order, Francesco Giustiniano, remained but a brief time ambassador. He also was in straitened circumstances: with a family to bring up, and a revenue of three hundred ducats only. We pass himself and Tiepolo, though neither is without interest, to come to Marino Cavalli, ambassador in 1546, a year before the death of Francis. To bear out his assertion that nothing is so useful to those who govern as a close inquiry into the institutions of other countries, he gives, with even more detail than his predecessors, information geographical and commercial, and a history of France commencing with Pharamond. When he arrives in Paris we pause by his side.

It numbered at this period 500,000 inhabitants, and was superior to all the cities of Europe. The work of its fortifications well commenced, was continued only in times when their necessity seemed specially apparent, and it was the ambassador's opinion it would never become a place of strength. The university contained about 20,000 students, and he judged the instruction given to be solid and carefully administered. The salary paid to the professors was low and their duties irksome; still those posts were greatly sought for, since the title of Master in Sorbonne was so honourable that they gained in repute what they might not earn in money. The *Maîtres en Sorbonne* were invested with authority to judge heretics, whom, says the writer, 'they punish by roasting alive.' His opinion of the state of the law, and the mode of conducting civil processes in

France, was far from favourable, and his advice is curious.

"They are," he says, "never ending, so that the rich only can go to law, and even they get ill out of the scrape. A suit involving one thousand crowns, swallows, in law expenses, two thousand more, and lasts ten years. This, which would elsewhere seem intolerable, has had one happy consequence. The government paying the judges for their attendance during a limited number of hours, if each of the parties interested in the cause next to be heard will pay an additional crown, the judges remain an hour longer, and thus rid themselves of much business to the great content of all. *I think our forty might do likewise.* The cost to those who plead would be but of two ducats per hour, and they would be spared divers consultations, useless journeys, and outlay at places of entertainment; so that to them it would be an economy, while it delivered your serene highness and the republic from many tiresome cares and the prolongation of hatred and scandal."

Our next extracts bring us within the precincts of the court, and more closely acquainted with its members than either the free speech of Brantôme or the patience of L'Etoile have done, with those to whom they more immediately refer. At the date of 1546, the eldest son of Francis had died with some suspicion of poison, but in reality of a disease caused by youthful imprudence. The Duchess of Etampes was all-powerful with the king, Diana of Poitiers with the dauphin. Catherine de Medicis, accepted for the latter's wife, when there seemed no chance of his wearing the crown, neglected alike as a princess and a woman, at this time effectually concealed her hatred of the favourites, quietly accepted the nullity of the part allotted her, and won a character for timidity and want of ambition! She was cherishing the secret motto, 'I bide my time.'

We quote the portraits of Francis and Henry; it would be difficult to decide whether Cavalli's judgment of Diana of Poitiers is given frankly or as a courtier.

"The king, Francis, is now fifty-four years of age, of aspect so royal that merely glancing at him one would say 'this is the king.' He eats and drinks largely; he sleeps even better; he loves some degree of luxury in his dress, which is embroidered and enriched with precious stones. His doublets are even 'worked and woven in gold. Like all other monarchs of France, he has received from Heaven the singular gift of curing the evil. Even Spaniards flock hither to profit by this miraculous property. The ceremony takes place some solemn day, like Easter or Christmas, or the festivals of the Virgin: the king first confesses and receives the sacrament, then makes the sign of the cross on the sick, saying, 'The king touches, may God cure thee.' If the sick were not restored they would,

doubtless, not flock hither from so far; and since the number augments always, we must believe that God takes this method to deliver the infirm, *and to increase at the same time the dignity of the crown of France.* The Prince Henry, who is now the dauphin, is a source of infinite hope to the French, who console themselves for present ill by the thought of good to come. He is twenty-eight years old, of strong constitution, but of humour somewhat sad; not an apt speaker, but absolute in his replies, and fixed in his opinion. He is of ordinary intelligence, rather slow than prompt. He would fain have a footing in Italy, never having approved of the ceding Piedmont: therefore entertains well such Italians as are discontented with the present state of their country. He cares little for women, contenting himself with his wife, and the intimacy and conversation of the Seneschale de Normandie, a lady of eight-and-forty years. Many believe that this love, great as it is, is yet pure, as may be that between son and 'mother:' the said lady having taken upon her to instruct and admonish him, leading to thoughts and actions worthy a prince: and she has succeeded admirably, for, having been vain and a mocker, loving his wife little, and having other faults of youth, he has become another man."

Francis was at this time discontented with the pope, Paul III., who was favourably disposed towards the Emperor. Amity with the Turk continued, but on unsure foundation. The German states were soothed to hold them apart from Spain; Scotland was friendly but powerless; peace with England seemed doubtful: and Portugal had become a foe. The revenue, from various sources of extortion, and chiefly from use and sale of matters connected with the church, had increased to four millions of golden crowns, but nowhere were the funds administered loyally.

"In the infantry only," says Cavalli, "the pay of soldiers never brought out is made away with by hundreds and thousands; the treasurers consent, having their share of the sums stolen. If all the guilty were hanged there would remain no treasurer in France, so deep-rooted is the evil."

This is strong language, and we find further on a still deeper imputation. Francis had discontented the republic by confiscating two Venetian vessels. An indemnity was at last promised, and was to consist, curiously enough, in ecclesiastical benefices.

"I would not," says the ambassador, "wound this ancient and noble nation, which has deserved well of your serene highness and the Christian republic, but I think it my duty to speak the whole truth as it presents itself from the evidence of facts, in order that when you have public or private dealings with France, you may

secure yourself, as others have done, by better guarantees than lie in written acts or promises: reducing matters within such boundary, that either the pledges you may hold, or necessity, or utility to themselves and obvious to them, shall force them to keep their words."

Giovanni Cappello, ambassador in 1554, introduces us to Henry II. as king; to Catherine de Medicis; and to the children she had borne the king after being childless ten years.

"I have spoken to you of the grandeur of the kingdom and the good qualities of the present king. The employment of his time cannot be more wise, more useful and honourable. In summer he rises at dawn; in winter, by candle-light; commencing the day by praying in his closet, whence he goes to the secret council; wherein the Connétable, Messieurs de Guise, de Vendome, and others, enter also. The adviser the king most values is the Connétable, as well from his age as his having ever been zealous and devoted. He goes thence to mass, assisting there devoutly, since he knows that all good comes from God, and that prayer obtains for us a happy close to our undertakings: thus by his example exciting his subjects to piety, and rendering himself worthy the title of most Christian King. After mass he dines, but with small appetite, seeming more occupied with his thoughts than his necessities. After dinner, there is held another council, but of less secret nature, the king rarely present, but spending this time in the study of letters, knowing that these bring with them profit and ornament to princes. He also rides much as well to give gaiety to his temper as health to his body. He is affable and courteous, deigning to converse even with the humblest; he is thirty-six years old, tall and well formed, and of fine face, though dark complexion. The Queen Catherine is of laudable modesty, *but one cannot praise her beauty.* She resembles Leo X. her great uncle; *her lips are thick, her eyes prominent.* Her love for the king is great as can be imagined; she dresses simply and gravely; and when the king is away at the wars, goes into mourning with all her court, exhorting to prayer for his majesty. They have three sons; the Dauphin,* who is ten years old, handsome and well-made and well-mannered, but of feeble nature, and having but little love for letters, which is displeasing to his majesty. There have been placed about him excellent preceptors, who mostly train him to granting graciously whatever is demanded of him, so that with time and habit he may learn a royal liberality; but with all this he profits ill enough. The Queen of Scotland has been given him for a wife. She is very beautiful, and of manners and high qualities which awake marvel in all who consider them. The Dauphin is fond of her, and happy in her converse and presence. The second son is Duke of Orleans;† he has an agreeable countenance and a generous temper. He is fond of study; our century may expect from him all that can be hoped for from any

* Francis II.

† Charles IX.

prince. The third boy,* born shortly before my arrival, is a pretty child, but has some impediment in his speech, which injures his pronunciation."

The narration of Giovanni Michele was indited after his embassy in 1561. Francis II. had died victim to disease; the power of his favourite, the Cardinal Lorraine, had vanished with him; and the star of Catherine de Medicis was now, at last, burning forth, bright and baneful. We quote a description of the court of Charles IX.

"I will strive to be brief and precise in what concerns the government. It would be here the place to say something of the two kings, Henry II. and Francis II., with whom I was concerned during my embassy. But as it has pleased Heaven to call them both unto himself, it is unnecessary, since their memory exercises little or no influence on the present state of affairs. I will say only that inasmuch as King Henry's death was fatal and a presage of misfortune, so that of Francis was opportune and fortunate, I might say happy, but for the pity every one bore him—seeing him perish so miserably, not having accomplished eighteen years. It may, I say, be called fortunate, not so much because this prince, though of good understanding, showed little courage, as from the anxiety of every one to see another mode of government from the hatred borne the Guises. Forbearing then to speak of these two dead kings, we turn to the present, named Charles IX. Child as he is, yet scarce eleven years old, our judgment must be formed almost at hazard, yet it is likely to prove accurate, since his disposition is remarked to be admirable, and promising all which can be sought in princes: talent, vivacity, gentleness, liberality, and courage. He is handsome, and has fine eyes like his father's; graceful in all his movements, but of delicate constitution, and eats very sparingly; and it will be necessary to restrain him in all bodily exercise, for he is over-fond of fencing, riding, and playing at tennis: which, though exercises fitted to his rank, are too violent, and after slight fatigue he needs long repose from shortness and difficulty of respiration. He is averse to study, and though he learns, as it is his mother's will, he does so against his own, and it will bear no fruit. He seems to have warlike inclinations, and there is no discourse he hears so gladly as those which turn on such topics, and none he caresses as he does captains and soldiers. When he was yet Duke of Orleans, and the duchy of Milan was mentioned to him as his own in flattery or otherwise, he listened joyously, and drawing aside those with whom he was familiar, he prayed their promise to follow him thither for its recovery; and since he became king, I know that one of his ministers, a Milanese by birth, being about to take leave,—he who introduced him into the presence saying to the king that he should receive him well since he was one who could do him great service in his

states of Milan, the child replied promptly that he knew it, but that now, being king, he must no longer speak so openly. In order that nothing be wanting to confirm him in these thoughts, his governor, Monsieur de Sissierre, speaks to him of conquests and hostile expeditions as the only themes worthy a monarch. Since the death of Henry II., it is towards him that all eyes have turned, and it is he, rather than his brothers, whom France would have chosen for sovereign. He has two brothers: the eldest was Duke of Anjou, but the king conferred on him the title of Duke of Orleans* to increase his importance and dignity, for they were brought up together, and he loves him dearly. Likewise, when the insignia of the order was given to himself as its grand master, he took it from his neck to bestow it on his brother. The duke's name is Edward, after his godfather, the King of England. He is nine years old; of an amiable temper; graver than the king; more robust in health; of fresh and clear complexion, but tormented by an ulcer between the nose and right eye, which no remedies have yet cured, but as it continues to diminish, the physicians hope it may wholly disappear. The other brother is called Hercules, being godson of the late Duke of Ferrara, and retains his title of Duke of Alençon, as fourth of the brothers. He is five years old; seems well made, and stronger than either the king or his brother Edward; but I hear the poor prince is in danger of losing the sight of an eye, and this reminds me of a prognostic† current throughout the kingdom, and made by the famous astrologer Nostradamus, which menaces the lives of these four princes, saying their mother will see all crowned. The sister's name is Margaret,‡ from that of her godmother, the Duchess of Savoy. She is seven years old, and if she improve in the grace and beauty I already left her mistress of, she will become a rare princess, far surpassing her sisters, Isabella, Queen of Spain, and Claude, Duchess of Lorraine. Even during her father's life she was affianced to the Prince of Bearn, who is of her own age. The king's minority will continue till his fourteenth year, the power remaining till then in the hands of the queen, the King of Navarre,§ and ten of the chief nobles of the kingdom. The queen, Catherine de Medicis, is now forty-three, esteemed for her goodness, (!) gentleness, (!!) modesty, (!!!) and understanding: *capable of rule, which is a quality common to her house.* As mother to the king she keeps him under her own eye, *herself alone sleeping in his chamber, and never quitting him.* She obtained the rank of Regent as an unwonted favour and the reward of her great dexterity with all, but most

* Henry III.; the queen afterwards changed their names.

† The prediction of Nostradamus might have been prompted by the health of the princes, each of the four being afflicted by some disease. Francis II. had an abscess in the head; Charles IX. a difficulty of breathing; Henry III. the ulcer above mentioned; and the Duc d'Alençon was threatened with blindness. It was a safe prediction.

‡ Afterwards first wife of Henry IV.

§ Antoine de Bourbon: chosen for lieutenant-general of the kingdom, as the prince of the blood most near the crown.

with the nobles: for she is a foreigner, and not come of high blood, since her father, Lorenzo de Medici, was merely a noble citizen of Florence, even though nephew of Leo X., and bearing the title of Duke of Urbino. As Regent, she governs absolutely, naming to all places and benefices, granting pardons and keeping the royal seal. *Formerly thought timid*, as having undertaken nothing of importance, she is yet possessed of great courage, as she showed at her husband's death: for notwithstanding that she loved him singularly, and he loved her and esteemed her above all, as soon as she saw him past hope, *she restrained her sorrow, and then seeming to forget it, went forth the following day perfectly calm, to dine in public and grant audience to all who sought it, and at once seize on the royal authority.* She reconciled, at least apparently, the King of Navarre and the Guises to prevent disorders fatal to the kingdom and young monarch; and I know from persons who have known her long and intimately, that she is *profound in her designs*, not allowing them to be penetrated or guessed at. Like Leo X. and other of the Medici, she knows how to feign, as in the detention of the Prince of Condé;* not only showing no evil disposition towards him, but deceiving his partisans also; saying that if he came he should be well received and better treated, and then acting as your serene highness knows: treating him not merely in a manner unsuited to a prince of the blood, but the poorest gentleman in the land. *She likes the comforts of life well, and is immoderate in her enjoyment of them;* she eats and drinks largely, but afterwards seeks a remedy in violent exercise, walking, riding, being ever in motion. Strangest of all she hunts, and last year, never leaving the king, *she followed the stag along with him, riding through wood and brushwood, from their trunks and branches dangerous to any one not an able horsewoman.* Notwithstanding all, *her complexion is always livid or olive, her size enormous,* and her physicians do not judge her state of health favourably. The King of Navarre (Antoine de Bourbon),† is forty-four or forty-five years old, his beard already grey, tall and strong. Renowned for his courage; rather good soldier than able leader. He is affable, not pompous; his manners truly French, free and open. By his ease of access and generosity he has gained over everybody. As to words he discourses well, but is reputed in his actions vain, inconsiderate, inconstant. Till this present time he has been accused not only of carelessness in religious matters, but of impiety, having foregone mass, and accepted the Genoese rite: rather, it is believed by all, in the hope of causing divisions in the kingdom, and placing himself at the head of a faction, than through zeal or knowledge: being looked on as a hypocrite even by the Protestants, and as accommodating himself to all roads, provided they lead to his advantage. His brothers are the Prince of Condé and Cardinal of Bourbon; very various in religious opinions: the latter being a zealous Catholic, the former deeply

infected with the Protestant contagion, and favouring all who are corrupted likewise: but he also hath a view to create a party against the Guises. He was the author of disturbances which had religion for pretext, but were raised in reality to murder them. Had the late king lived his designs might have ended unhappily, as well for himself as the Connétable also, whose life might have been in danger, since all the prince of Condé had done or meditated in this conspiracy the Connétable not only knew but counselled. He holds (next the queen) the post of dignity and authority; that which the Connétable filled near Henry, and the Cardinal of Lorraine* near Francis II. The Connétable counts among the Bourbon's partisans since King Henry's death, when the Guises declared themselves as his opponents; before this event he and the King of Navarre had been on no amicable terms, but the offence offered at the same time to both united them as friends. The Connétable is robust as ever, notwithstanding his age, which is past sixty, and he has preserved the vigour of his mind as well as that of his body. But as to his conduct and his nature they remain unchanged. He daily obtains more influence, wherefore it is believed that he is reconciled to the queen, who hated him till now—not only because during King Henry's life he had been on friendly terms with the Duchess of Valentinois, beloved by herself and by the king, but also because after some discussion with his majesty he had mentioned her with slight, and called her a merchant's daughter."

This Constable of France was the same venal and cruel De Montmorency, who rose so high in the favour of Francis I., and showed to his royal sister, Margaret of Angoulême, such deep ingratitude. Disgraced by Francis at last, he was restored to power on Henry's accession to the throne despite the dying injunction of his father. The Guises at this time were isolated and apart, and we get some curious details respecting them: for the Venetian envoys had been of service to them during the reign of Francis II., and at the time of the troubles of Amboise. Michele praises their piety; their family concord; their beauty of person: but when, weary of generalizing, he arrives at individual description, we find no unfair estimate of character; nor one which either differs greatly from that paper of the time which called them the 'Affamée famille,' or leaves us much to wonder at their achievements of duplicity and murder in the wars with the Huguenots, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

"The cardinal, reputed the chief of his house, would be esteemed by universal consent, but for the imperfection for which he is noted and I will by-and-by detail, the most fitting instrument to be employed in the government of a state:

* After the conspiracy of Amboise.

† Husband to Jeanne d'Albret, father to Henry IV. of France.

* Uncle to the Cardinal and Duke de Guise, murdered at Blois by order of Henry III.

with few, perhaps none, of his age equal to him, for he has not yet completed his thirty-seventh year. Besides that he possesses such promptitude of intelligence that, a speaker's mouth barely opened, he comprehends the tenour of the sentence which is to follow; he has also a happy memory, and a wondrous eloquence on all subjects, and all this set off by a grave and noble presence. He has cultivated letters, he is deeply versed in science. His life, at least to outward appearance, is pure, and suited to his high dignity: which cannot be said of other cardinals and prelates, whose habits are licentious to a scandal. But his great fault is not the mere avarice which is natural and proper to his nation, but a sordid greediness and rapacity which is said to avail itself of criminal means. I speak all this openly as I have done other things, since they remain consigned in secrecy here. He is also of great duplicity, which suffers him to speak truth but very seldom: *resembling the rest of the French nation in this also*: and worse than all, he takes offence with light cause, and is revengeful, and being envious, is slow to grant a benefit. While he was in possession of authority, he showed such inclination to injure as excited universal hatred; it would be too long to enter into details, but his violence was such, that, throughout the kingdom, only his death was desired. As to Monseigneur de Guise, the eldest of these six brothers, we speak of him as a great captain and good soldier.* No one in France has fought more battles or braved greater dangers. Every one praises his courage, his presence of mind, his coolness: *a rare quality in a Frenchman*. He is not choleric; he has not an overweening opinion of himself; his faults are avarice as regards the soldiery, and that, always promising largely, even when it is his intention to keep these promises he is overslow in their execution. But we must never depend too much on the assurances of princes, less on those of the French than any. Their object is their interest always, and, yielding their affections by this rule, they are from hour to hour friends or enemies. If the alliance with your serene highness should ever prove an obstacle to a French design, it would be at once broken off without regard to its ancient date or to any other consideration."

The correspondence of Michele Suriano, who succeeded in 1561, is less cramped and more pleasing in its style, though written with an intolerance only equalled by that of the writer who followed him, Marc Antonio Barbaro. Passing as usual over his abridgment of French history and a geographical treatise, we find a detailed view of the privileges of the nobles and the oppression of the people, and a long discourse on the heresy which was advancing with rapid strides. The *Tiers Etat* was now obtaining more importance, from the necessities of the higher grade.

"It comprehends," says Suriano, "men of

letters who are called *de longue robe*, merchants, citizens, artisans, and peasants. He of the long robe who is president or counsellor, is elevated by such office, and treated as a noble. The merchants as masters of the money, are petted and caressed, but may hold no dignity, *since every kind of traffic is considered derogatory*. They therefore belong to the third estate, and pay taxes like the non-noble and the peasant. The last is hardly treated as well by the king as the privileged. The Emperor Maximilian said of the French monarch that he was king of the asses, since his people carried peaceably and without any complaint, any weight laid upon them."

Suriano states that the profession of arms had remained a privilege of the nobles from various reasons, and among the rest, that the plebeians, if armed, might rise up against their masters and take revenge for the oppression they had suffered. Still the third estate supplied some holders of important offices: either because they were disdained by the nobility, or in obedience to ancient custom: the chancellor of France, the secretaries of state, presidents, judges, *receveurs-généraux*, and treasurers, were all men of the long robe.

"Therefore," adds Suriano, "every noble sends one of his family to the schools, whence the number of students in Paris is greater than elsewhere. Latterly even princes have done so with younger sons; not to qualify them to hold these places, but designing them for the church; wherein the ignorant no longer obtain ecclesiastical honours with the same facility."

The *droit d'aînesse* kept up the grandeur and power of the noble. But the remark of St. Bernard was remembered, that princes only should inherit by right of primogeniture, that citizens should divide equally, and that the peasantry should possess everything in common? And Suriano describes the spread of the Huguenot heresy.

"It is about twenty years, or a little more, since this contagion of heresy spread over France. It was mere peasantry first; papers called placards, being pasted at the corners of the streets, denouncing the solemnities of the mass. But the progress of the evil was determined by bringing the French people in contact with others; notably with the Germans and Swiss, who came in 1536 to defend France against the invasion of Charles V. The freedom they affected in their lives, speech and belief, infected the kingdom; not only the soldiery, but entire towns. The king sought a remedy to the disorder in severe measures, putting many to death, and confiscating the property of more, who could not be taken, laying waste whole districts, and turning their inhabitants forth to wander. Terror maintained tranquillity till the time of

* Assassinated by Poltrot in 1563.

Henry II. The king, occupied by a war, given up to pleasure, and a man of little talent, neglected the disease, and failed to employ the caution and diligence of his father to purge his kingdom of the poison. He perceived its ravages too late, and when he had concluded a disadvantageous peace with the most catholic monarch, in order that he might find time to arrest them, he died."

Francis II. had formed the project to assassinate the principal leaders. He was naturally harsh and severe, according to Suriano; but it being difficult to accomplish this design,—under the direction of the Cardinal of Lorraine, who was unmatched for dissimulation, he threw them off their guard, arrested the Prince of Condé, and tranquillized the country through its fear. 'Had he lived, he might have extinguished the flames which devoured France,' adds Suriano! who deplores that Charles IX. should be too young, and the queen-mother too little confident in herself; and who certainly would have heartily applauded, had he foreseen, St. Bartholomew! He goes on to specify the mistakes committed by the administration as regarded this 'plague.'

"There was first published an edict, pardoning all inculpated in matters of religion, and this should never have been done; it was with a view to recall French fugitives; but for one who had gone there came back ten. And, as if those of the country did not suffice to corrupt it, they arrived from England, Flanders, Switzerland, and many from Italy; and each went about preaching here and there, all over the kingdom; and though they were mostly ignorant men, and preached mere folly, every one had his suite of hearers."

He praises the queen-mother for having prevented the Admiral Coligny from becoming governor to Charles IX.; judging her to be a woman 'of sense and merit,' from whom great things might have been expected, had she possessed more experience and a 'firmer character.' But she was at this time, in truth, only wavering as to the rule which would best secure her own. As to her feeling on subjects of religion, it would seem that opinions were divided. She was acensed of giving too much authority to Marshal Strozzi, who had neither faith nor creed. It was known that many of the women nearest her person were tainted with heresy, and that the chancellor was enemy to the pope and church of Rome; yet Suriano affirms that if she did not manifest her displeasure by her actions, it was not from want of faith, but lack of authority. He adds a few

touches to the portrait already drawn of Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre: who, he says, wore rings and ear-rings; despite his white beard, was ruled by his wife (who had inherited the high qualities of Margaret of Angoulême and Henri d'Albret); and, inconstant and irresolute, believed implicitly in his favourites, who assured him he was adored by France, feared by Spain, honoured by Germany!

The next of these writers, Marc Antonio Barbaro, ambassador in 1563, is as intolerant in his views, and sanguinary in the cure he proposes to the woes of France, as his predecessor Suriano.

"Would to God," he exclaimed, "that the remedy of Francis I.—that of burning the heretics—had been continued! It was good and suitable, but not administered with fitting constancy!"

We quote his complimentary and most curious portrait of Théodore de Bèze.

"I must remind your serene highness that he was born in Picardy, which was Calvin's birth-place also, and is now aged fifty. He is of low birth; his father a good Catholic, who would fain see this perfidious son dead. He is of handsome appearance, but of hideous soul, being, besides a heretic, stained with vices and villanies, which, for brevity's sake, I will not mention singly. He is apt and acute, but wants judgment and prudence. He appears eloquent because he has fair and spontaneous phrases, and a subtle method of deceiving; but he is superficial and devoid of science. He professes to be a scholar, but he has rather collected laboriously, than made a wise and judicious choice. He pretends to a knowledge of theology, but his perverse opinions and the false authorities he quotes prove how small it is. This villain enjoys the protection of the Prince of Condé, and others preaching the false doctrine; and has done so much with his tongue, that not only has he persuaded an infinite number, principally of the high-placed and noble, but he is adored by half the kingdom, who keep his portrait in their chambers. He urges to arm against the Catholics, and pillage and profane the churches, and to other injuries and seditions; all this in his sermons. The king, the queen-mother, the King of Navarre and others, who take part in the government, heard his horrible blasphemies at Poissy; and these conferences, which have done so much evil, and added to the reputation of Bèze and the sectarians, were permitted and provoked by the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, the chancellor, the admiral, and others."

It would appear, from all these memoirs, that Charles IX., of bloody memory, was the best and mildest of the four princes brought up by Catherine. He was fourteen years old when described by Barbaro;

gentle and clever, fond of violent exercise, but also of the arts of painting and sculpture, and having no will in opposition to his mother; who, though still ruling in apparent concert with the King of Navarre, personally conducted all the affairs of the kingdom, held secret correspondences with the Duke of Guise, and was well pleased to show her authority as main-spring of all. And this 'all' is summed up by the ambassador as lawless administration, violated justice, mortal enmities; passion and caprice urging the powerful; self-interests of princes ruling their actions; confusion in religion; disobedience and turbulence in the people; revolt and impiety among the nobles.

Giovanni Correro, ambassador to France in 1569, found the state of public affairs still aggravated, the bonds of blood and affection broken, and each with his ear anxiously turned to guess whence the next echo of disturbance should proceed. The Huguenots assembled nightly in private houses; the signal which brought them together, being, not the ringing of bells, but the firing of their arquebuses; the queen alarmed, no longer showed them suspicion, but apparent favour; the Catholics seemed ast down. It was now that the conspiracy of Meaux took place. Its extent and secrecy were surprising, many thousands being concerned therein, but not a syllable having transpired till all was ready for execution.

"It would be difficult," observes Correro, "to paint by words the flight and the fear of Meaux; the irresolution which prevailed among them at Monceaux—for in remaining there was no safety, and to depart was not less perilous; the danger incurred in going to Paris, and the confusion which reigned in that town: it may suffice to say that a thousand horse proved enow to lay siege before the largest city in Europe."^{*}

By no means leaning to the Huguenot persuasion, we find Correro, at least wiser and more humane than his predecessors, advocating another policy, and viewing parties with less passion. Two hundred thousand persons had already perished on

this theme, he wrote to the senate: and the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois had not yet rang in the festival of St. Bartholomew. According to him, bishoprics and abbeys had become merchandize in France, as were pepper and cinnamon in Venice; and he began to think it would be well to name for pastors men competent to teach the doctrine, and whose lives might efface the evil impression made by priests and monks heretofore, since steel and fire would, without this change, be unavailing. His sketch of Catherine de Medicis seems drawn with more than common care.

"She is still in robust health, though adhering to her habit of eating so immoderately as often to bring on maladies which lay her at death's door. She is mild and amiable, and makes it her business to content all those who apply to her, at least in words, of which she is not parsimonious. She is most assiduous to business, not the smallest thing being done without her knowledge; interrupting therefor her meals and sleep; following the army without care for her health or life, doing all which men might be bound to do; and yet loved by nobody. The Huguenots accuse her of deceiving them, the Catholics of allowing these first named to go too far. I do not say she is infallible, sometimes she relies on her own opinion too entirely; but I have pitied more than I blamed her. I said this to herself one day, and she often reminded me of it since, when speaking of the misfortunes of France and her own difficulties. I know more than once she has been found weeping in her closet, and then suddenly would wipe her eyes and show herself with a gay countenance, not to alarm those who might judge of the march of affairs from its expression. She sometimes will follow one counsel, sometimes another. Every one fears her. The king, who is now nineteen, is tall and stoops much, and from this and his pallidness, one would not judge him to be strong. Public affairs do not interest him, he hears their details patiently sometimes during three or four hours in the council. In all decisions he rests on his mother, whom he honours with a respect most admirable. There are few sons so obedient; few mothers so fortunate. But this filial respect, which might be called fear, detracts from his reputation in as much as it augments hers: otherwise he is mild and affable to every one."

The Duke of Anjou (Henry III.) is again described. He had some years been cured of the fistula near his eye; he was of better complexion and more agreeable countenance than his brother; and his authority was great, since he had always been Catherine's favourite. It is known that he aided her in urging Charles IX. to sanction the night of St. Bartholomew.

The embassy of Correro took place in 1569. The next correspondence is dated 1575. Purposely or otherwise, the massa-

^{*} "I was present at the memorable day of Meaux, as afterwards in the city, when all there was disorder; and in obedience to the commands of his majesty, and following the example of other ambassadors, priests, and monks, who all doffed the gown and took up arms, I myself armed the persons of my suite. I had water always ready in the street, since there was fear of being burned alive. I had sentinels on foot during the night, and I acquired the habit of waking at the slightest noise or signal."—*Relazione di Francesco Giustiniano.*

cre of St. Bartholomew, which took place in 1572, is passed over in silence. Giovanni Michele was named in 1575 with Andrea Badoaro, ambassadors to France to felicitate the king on his coronation and marriage. The prophecy of Nostradamus seemed likely to attain fulfilment. Henry III. had ascended the throne, whence Charles IX. had sunk down into his grave, a victim to grief and remorse, in his twenty-fourth year.

The close of our task, comprehending the narrations of Michele and Lippomano, is perhaps the most interesting part of it. Commencing his reports to the doge, Michele applauds himself for the dignified manner in which his mission had been graced and attended by the company of twelve gentlemen, noble in conduct and origin, with a suite of eighty horses and twelve baggage mules: nothing spared in the beauty of their steeds, dress, and liveries. The unsafe state of the country necessitated an escort from Lyons, but they arrived without accident: having been received with due honours on their way, deputations coming forth to meet them, and offer flasks of wine, a present made in France to princes only. At the gates of Paris three noblemen in the king's service waited with the royal carriages: bringing for him, Michele, one all over gold, used by his majesty himself, and followed by a suite of six hundred horses. They were thus accompanied to the palace of Monsieur de Guise, chosen as one of the most splendid of the city. Michele numbers the rooms which composed his apartments, and describes them hung with cloth of gold and silver, and his bed rich with gold and embroidery. His table was served with splendour and profusion. They had five courses of five dishes each; and besides game and poultry, little wild pigs called 'marcassins,' and some fat birds from Flanders, whose names are unknown to him; and on maigre days there were always pikes, much esteemed in France, and sometimes costing each fifteen golden crowns. Such were the details thought right to be set down for the doge. Michele also self-satisfactorily tells how he received, with other visitors, the provost of Paris, who came with his officers to proffer his services in the name of the city, and to present flambeaux of white wax and boxes of sweetmeats, gifts the town make only to royalty. He was at last presented at court, and well received by Henry III., who remembered him. They had met in Venice, when he was Duke of Anjou, and saw the young Queen Louisa of Lorraine, and

Elizabeth of Austria, the youthful widow of Charles. The following sentence gives a specimen of the manner of the court:

"I saw," he says, "as we were about to enter the queen's apartments, a woman, who had been, we were told, the king's nurse. As soon as she perceived us, she came to meet me, and said joyously, 'Oh, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, you are welcome! You who treated so well and showed so much honour and friendship to the king, my son and my master!' I must also inform your serene highness that a song full of the praises of our excellent senate has been composed on the reception of the king, and sung publicly."

Another and most memorable passage will prove the growing importance of the *Tiers Etat*: judging from its tone, it might have borne another date.

"In the same mode that in the beginning the war had broken out in the interest of religion of those called Huguenots, so at present religion is little spoken of, and the general denomination is no longer Huguenot, but Malcontent. The number of these is great: composed of some of the nobility, and of the citizens, and men of all conditions, whether Huguenots or Catholics: *the combat no longer engaged in the name of religion but of the public good.* The malcontents have shown forth their claims in a writing, published after Monsieur the Duke of Alençon had quitted the court. They demand *full and complete reform* in the head and members; in all which concerns religion, justice, policy, the army and the government of the state. They protest against the alienation of royal property always forbidden heretofore; against the numerous and intolerable charges which weigh down the kingdom; against other taxes invented by foreigners. They insist on the examinations of the accounts of those who have managed public expenses and royal revenues. They would have inquiry made into the affairs of such ministers and officers as have enriched themselves during their period of office from Henry II.'s time down to ours; such as the Connétable, and the Cardinal de Lorraine; and would have the heirs of those lords pursued. They hate the Guises, as being of foreign and almost German house; they murmur against the queen-mother, not on account of her possessions, but because she interferes in the government and administration. To end all these disorders the malcontents demand *the convocation of the states general*, and, in order that the sectarians may be included in the benefits obtained, *the free exercise of the new religion* till the holding of a council general composed of natives, and not of foreigners."

The ambassadors seem to have thoroughly followed, as regarded Venice, Charles V.'s advice to his son—'Try to know the humours and characters of the principal ministers of the king of France, that you

may make the knowledge useful in case of necessity!' Here is a remarkable despatch:

"Messieurs de Guise find civil war their interest, since they hold the most eminent places on his majesty's part; on the other hand, Monsieur d'Anville is sold to Spain. As to the king, he is little changed since you saw him; but that little is in his favour; his complexion is not livid as formerly, it has grown white and animated, and he is even a little fatter. It is believed by every one in France he cannot live long, having, it is said, several hidden and severe maladies, among the rest a continual indigestion, and for this he has been advised to drink wine, which he had given up from his early youth. He possesses intelligence and judgment, for they are apparent in his conversation; and those who know him well say he does not want ambition; but he is of a nature inclined to quiet and repose, truly far removed from the liveliness of spirit common at his years, which are twenty-four, and the impetuosity which seems peculiar to the youth of France; averse to all wearisome exercise, such as hunting or horsemanship, he has no love for tilt or tournament. The knowledge of his feeble nature, and the belief that his life will be brief, weaken his authority, while they augment his brother's influence, and the hardihood of the opposing faction: neither prince nor noble finding esteem in France, if wanting in warlike propensities. At his accession he caused displeasure by certain manners, strange and unwonted, particularly to the nobility. They, as every one knows, live in great familiarity with the king; and he, not content with their assisting at his dinner with their head bare, conformably to propriety and the custom of other monarchs, surrounded his table with a barrier to prevent any from speaking to him, as was easy to do in all liberty before. But as he perceived, and was even made aware, that this offended deeply, he returned to the old habits of those who preceded him.* The choice of the young queen, his wife, pleased no one; bringing neither gain nor honour; and it was feared that the crowning a princess of Lorraine would add to the already overweening authority of the Guises, so envied and hated. The king wished this marriage, since she was a beautiful woman, but it is a curious fact, and told me by a great personage, that it would not have taken place if the Cardinal of Lorraine† had lived. The queen-

mother did all in her power to prevent it, fearing the cardinal's credit might lower and supplant her own. His death calmed all doubts: since she esteemed the other princes of his house too little to dread them, and she hastened to accomplish the king's desire. I might here speak at length of Catherine de Medicis, who governs alone and absolutely. She is accused as cause of all the misery which desolates the country. A foreigner and an Italian, she was never loved and is now detested; since every one knows that to maintain herself in her authority she fomented division and discord, making use of one and the other party by turns according as it fell in with her own private passion; and holding her sons, grown to manhood, aloof from serious affairs or thoughts, that they, being weak and inexperienced, might turn for aid to her. Her power over the king is so great that he dares contradict her no more than the rest; she cares neither for hate nor accusation; and, *knowing that books against her are sold in the shops almost publicly, nothing disconcerts her.* Hardy and intrepid, she braves fatigue and danger, undertaking long journeys, and occupied more than ever with the state of the kingdom, since both country and king are indeed in imminent danger. It is affirmed by those who see most closely and best, that these troubles, should they last much longer, will divide the kingdom irreparably between those who head them: it is feared Monsieur and the Prince of Condé. Predictions having been made on the brevity of the king's life and his death without heirs, the queen-mother,* who puts faith in them, is seriously alarmed for herself; for she knows that monsieur, who would succeed, does not love her, as having been most ill-treated of the brothers. Now, therefore, she strives to conciliate his goodwill, and draw him more near the king; she promises him riches and power, and her own large inheritance; and calls to her aid the cunning peculiar to her; trying to separate him from his partisans, and, as she knows his hatred to the chancellor and others, promising that the king shall on his return disgrace and exile them from court, even though they be her own creatures. To show you the extent of her calculations—as the astrologers announce to monsieur also a life short and childless, and as the crown would thus revert to the King of Navarre (Henry IV.), she makes use of her daughter Margaret, who is his wife, to win him over to her, and says she has succeeded already. With the same view to conciliate she attaches herself to his uncle, the Cardinal of Bourbon, a man wholly inoffensive; and also to the Duke of Montpensier, being nearly related to the King of Navarre. All this in the hope of remaining mistress and in possession of the regal power, even when her son-in-law shall come to the throne! as if she believed that she would never die, though being now fifty-nine years old. Mon-

* "Henry III., the present king of France and Poland, is now twenty-eight years old, born Sept. 19, 1551. At the font he was named Alexander Edward; but his mother, in memory of the dead king, called him Henry. He is tall, rather than of middle size; thin, rather than well-proportioned. His face is oval, his lower lips and chin pendant like those of his mother; his eyes handsome and soft, his forehead broad, his carriage graceful; and he delights in being superbly dressed, and loaded with jewels and perfumes; he has almost always his beard shaven, and wears rings, bracelets, and earrings. Bodily exercise does not amuse him, though he succeeds in managing a horse and in fencing. If he take exercise, it is rather to dance and play at tennis than hunting. Thus he is thought more inclined to peace than war."—*Lippomano's Relazione.*

† Died in 1574.

* Her credulity is well known. In one of her letters, lately published, she speaks of a conspirator who had fabricated a waxen figure, to the head of which he gave many blows. She says he intends it for the king, and desires, if he has done aught to injure his majesty's health, he may be made to revoke his enchantments.

sieur (the Duke of Anjou, formerly Duke of Alençon) is two years younger than the king, being, as your serene highness knows, in his twenty-second year; he is short of stature but well made, and strong and squarely built, and, unlike the king, fitted to bear corporeal fatigue and violent exercise. Those who know him best say he is not of evil nature, but has some fine qualities: being liberal, considering his means, a man of his word and gentle with every one, as yet uncorrupted in his religion. But he never was on terms with his brothers; least of all with this one, now king; neither with his mother. The fault is hers, from the difference she made between them; lowering monsieur and elevating the other, whom she held dear as her eyesight. Hence their hatred is deadly: and it is said that beneath the walls of La Rochelle, having commenced by outrages, they had well nigh come to blows. The dislike deepened most when monsieur became apprised of the ill offices his brother rendered him at the time of his own departure for Poland, when he entreated the late king Charles not to bestow on their younger brother the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom, which himself left vacant, adding evil reports of the duke which induced Charles IX. also to detest him. On the subject of monsieur's escape from court, which took place in the September of this same year, I will only say that if he had not prevented it by departure he would have been flung into perpetual prison. His mother had averted this before, but it was again in deliberation, and would have been accomplished had he delayed a day. And although where he is now he seems free and honoured, he may say and do only what is prescribed to him. He is more bound and captive than ever; and as to his trusting himself at court and with the king, no one believes he will do so, having the admiral's* example before his eyes. It remains to me to give you some account of the King of Navarre.† This prince and monsieur are about the same age; he is well made, but not tall; his hair is black, and he has yet no beard. He is brave and full of vivacity like his mother; most pleasing and amiable, familiar in his manner, and very liberal; loving the chase well, and attending little to aught beside. He is of enterprising spirit, and asserts, perhaps too openly, that he will one day recover his provinces held by his most catholic majesty. He is now free and goes where he will: on the word of Monsieur de Guise‡ pledged secretly for him, that he will

not leave the court without the king's permission."

We take our leave of Michele here, passing over with but a few words the long complaints which, in common with the rest of these writers, close his recital. The dangers and fatigues of his mission, which lasted five months; his journeys through the heat of summer and the cold of winter, accelerated, he says, the death of his companion Badoaro. His expenses were heavy, since he was obliged to light many and continual fires, and the journey from Paris to Venice, through Burgundy, occupied fifty days, without reckoning those lost through accidents to horses, or the sickness of any of his suite. The king sent him indeed, after his last audience, the twenty pieces of gilded silver which he himself in turn presented to his serene highness as being by right his own. But their value did not even attain that of ordinary presents made in other times to Venetian ambassadors. And if the liberality of his serene highness and the most gallant lords would accord this gift to him to pay his expenses in part, they might feel it given to the republic itself, since its ambassador would be ever ready to expend it in its service. Poor Michele!

Girolamo Lippomano was ambassador to France in the year 1577. The narrative before us, given with all possible detail, is by his secretary's hand, and entitled, '*Viaggio del Signor Lippomano.*' The French roads were at this date far from safe, and the ambassador dreaded alike to fall into the hands of highwaymen, or those of soldiers of the disbanded army which had just besieged and taken La Chareté. We quote an amusing and characteristic adventure which occurred to him at Dijon.

"The first magistrate of the city of Dijon (I do not speak of those of the parliament) is called mayor, as in all the other towns of Burgundy, and of several provinces of France. He is elected annually either from the class of nobles or of citizens; he has a guard of halbadiers, and his authority is of some importance. I went to him as I am accustomed to do elsewhere, and politely requested, beside the usual bills of health, a passport for all Burgundy, that the ambassador's progress might suffer no obstacle. The good man commenced by doubting that I was really an ambassador, saying I might be a private personage who had taken the title. I showed him vainly the letters patent of his serene highness, of the governor of Milan, the Duke of Savoy, the governor of Lyons. At last he said, '*How is it*

He is poor, spending more than his revenues; not quite content with the march of affairs, since he also is of the catholic race which maintains the true religion of France."—*Lippomano's Relazione.*

* Coligny: murdered at St. Bartholomew.

† He is mentioned but once before in the narrations of the ambassadors, as being a fine youth, carefully brought up by his mother, and in the reformed religion. Jeanne d'Albret died a few days before her son's marriage and the massacre.

‡ "The duke Henry de Guise is of the same age with the king of Navarre, taller, better made, having great majesty of countenance, bright eyes, and curled light hair; and a beard not thick, and fair; also with a scar of the face, which he received gloriously from a traitor soldier who fired his arquebuse, as the prince, seeing him at his feet, called to him to yield. In all exercises, he is admirable for ease and grace. In swordsmanship none can resist him.

possible that this can be a Venetian ambassador, since last year at Venice all the inhabitants died of plague?" (!!) I replied this was not exact; that the fullest extent of the loss had been between forty and fifty thousand persons. 'Well,' said he, 'am I not right then? there can be none or very few remaining?' I was forced to say that the death of thousands in Venice left less vacuum than would that of ten in Dijon, and so left him adding, I cared little for his passport, and that the king should know of it. So he hastened to deliver me one in good and due form."

The ambassador and his train passed on not without fear and peril. The 'lieutenant du roi' of the province, being of higher authority than the mayor, gave an escort of foot and mounted men. At Chatillon sur Seine, they had stayed to see the town and sleep at the Lion d'Or, and it would seem they dined here in a public apartment. The account of this narrow escape on the road, is highly dramatic.

"While we were at table arrived a traveller on foot, who hearing some of us speak Italian, came up to say, 'If you are as I believe Venetians, I will tell you what it concerns you to hear. To-day passing forth from Aisnez le Duc, near the Fontaines Amoureuses, there rode up to me four horsemen, asking if I had seen five mules bearing the red housings of a Venetian ambassador, and when I replied, I had not, I heard them say among themselves, "Certainly we have missed them on the road, but we will come up with them at Mussy l'Evêque," and leaving me they galloped into a road near.' Shortly after, arrived in the same Inn of the Lion d'Or, another person, a lackey of the Grand Ecuier on his way to Dijon, came up to say that a league and a half beyond Chatillon he had seen a troop of horsemen, about twenty-five in number, ford the Seine; that one of them, well mounted and armed, detached himself from the rest, and rode up to ask whether he had met various mules covered with red clothing; and that this man appeared to him a spy of robbers—that species of poor gentlemen, who hold the highways, plunder the travellers, and then take refuge in their neighbouring houses and castles."

But notwithstanding the demoralized and impoverished country, they arrived with their horse and arquebuse-men in safety at Barleduc. At Mussy l'Evêque, indeed, they excited fear themselves: for the inhabitants closed their gates, mistaking the ambassador and his suite for the banditti! They were besides in peril from their own escort, who said openly that the ambassador carried with him a sum of 80,000 francs, lent by Venice to the king, and at last so bitterly assailed the Venetians in Nagent on this ground, that had it been in a less considerable town, their escape from

thorough fleeing would have been impossible. The court was at this time at Touraine, and Lippomano remained but a day or two in Paris ere he departed for Amboise: passing four leagues from Orleans through the village of Clery, where he found the ruins of the church raised by Louis XI., whose devotion to our lady of Clery is well known, and in the centre of which stood the miraculous waxen torch, too heavy to be moved by ten men, but which shook with a heavy sound whenever, in shipwreck or other dangers, a vow was made to this virgin. The day, hour, and minute of the shock noted, were always found to accord with the vow! Presented to his majesty, Lippomano accompanied him to Tours and Poitiers, the state of the roads preventing their travelling more than four leagues a day.

The queen-mother was now desirous of peace; the King of Navarre and Prince of Condé had severally retired to Perigord and La Rochelle. The worst plague of this time arose from the undisciplined state of either army. It was impossible to ride two leagues beyond Poitiers without the risk of meeting this uncurbed soldiery, who pillaged friend and foe, sacking each village in turn, and following the shores of the river to seize on horses and on the grooms who brought them thither to water. Peace was at last concluded, though the public exercise of the reformed religion was forbidden at court, and within a circle of two leagues, as well as in Paris, and ten leagues round. The memory of Coligny, and other victims of St. Bartholomew, was rehabilitated, and their heirs exempted from taxes during six years; while Henry III. in his edict called the massacre 'the disorders and excesses of the 24th August and following days, which took place to our great displeasure and regret.' The winter had passed tranquilly in fêtes and tournaments, in which the king himself joined. But there took place quarrels between the king's 'mignons,' and a nobleman high in the Duke of Anjou's favour; the Bussy d'Amboise, so often named in the memoirs of the time. Eighteen or twenty of the former attacked Bussy unawares; two of his suite were wounded, and one died. Hereupon the duke, made furious by this event, and by the king's backwardness to avenge it, threatened to retire to his own estates, in spite of the prayers of Queen Louisa of France and the queen-mother.

"The king," says the recital, "went himself to Monsieur at the moment he drew on his boots,

and repeated the same arguments. But as the duke would not renounce his determination, the king rose up in anger and said, 'Since you are resolved to depart, go then if you can.' He called a captain of his archers, and ordered him to guard the duke in his chamber. He arrested at the same time various favourites of his highness, and ordered the arrest of Bussy, who was hid in Monsieur's palace and in his own closet, where he had remained all the preceding days, though it was said he had left the city. He was found between the wool and straw mattress of the bed, and brought before the king; trembling at the idea of instant death, for it was believed he had urged Monsieur's departure. He talked like one out of his senses, asking the king if he chose to take his head, or that he should ask pardon of Monsieur de Caylus. The king replied by a reprimand paternal rather than severe; reminding him how often he had offended the royal dignity, and adding, that he had not yet decided on his own course, but that the faults should be exceeded by the clemency, and that he should have a chamber for prison. Monsieur's attendants were all greatly alarmed, and hid or disguised themselves as if the storm had been destined to crush them; and as the house of the Venetian ambassador was their only asylum, they all crowded there. Some extreme measure was expected: when the Queen of Navarre went to visit Monsieur about noon, advising him to yield to circumstances, and since he was resolved to go, to dissimulate and wait a favourable opportunity which could not fail him. The duke accepted her advice, asked to see his majesty, excused himself, promised to be henceforth a true brother and servitor, and to do nothing which could trouble the kingdom. The king and queen-mother embraced him tenderly; Bussy and Monsieur de Caylus were reconciled."

But Monsieur in reality placed small confidence in the king, and made his escape a few days after; his thoughts turned to Flanders, which he determined to deliver from Spanish oppression; while at the same time Spain protested against France, and threatened invasion with an army if she did not interfere to calm the Flemish rebellion. The duke having gone to Flanders, the queen-mother, disregarding her own age and infirmities, conducted her daughter Margaret to her husband, Henry of Navarre, occupying herself on her way with the re-establishment of the Catholic rite wheresoever she tarried: 'so that,' says the ambassador, 'it was she who raised once more the almost-crushed religion.'

The project of a marriage between the Queen of England (Elizabeth) and the Duke of Alençon was now negotiated more warmly than heretofore: precious gifts, and even portraits were exchanged, so that its accomplishment seemed sure. Lippomano's scribe thus gives an account of the duke's expedition to England:

"Monsieur crossed the sea, arrived in London, and lodged the first day with the ambassador of France, and afterwards in the royal palace, at the queen's expense, who saw him the second day, two miles without the town. It is said that, relating to the marriage, there were rather vague words spoken than any likely to lead to a conclusion, though presents were exchanged. It is said also that every morning the queen carried him a cup of broth with her own hand, and that the duke showed himself to her in a doublet of flesh-coloured silk to prove he was not hump-backed as had been told her. But from all we heard they negotiated any affairs rather than those of the marriage; or to express myself with more propriety, the sage queen held out this bait to keep Monsieur in check, and strengthen him in his hatred to Spain. It was believed that the Queen of England, the Duke of Alençon, the King of Navarre, the Prince Casimir, and the Prince of Orange, were all agreed to carry the war into Spain. But this report was unfounded, though the king himself communicated it to the foreign ambassadors, excusing himself by declaring he had not been in the secret of the enterprise, and was sorry for it: whence we may see the precipitancy or rather the levity of the French, who at times give wind to projects ere they execute, then at others execute without previous reflection."

During the duke's absence, the king fell ill of a dangerous malady, and the French court feared lest Queen Elizabeth, in the event of his death, should keep Monsieur as hostage till the delivering to England of Boulogne and Calais, which she claimed still. The queen-mother was absent also, employed in soothing, if she could not put a stop to, the disturbances in the south of France. We must here insert a recital of the tragic end of Bussy d'Amboise. It is amusing to find the whole indignation of the writer concentrated on the injured husband, and to observe his exquisite allusions to some lady beloved by himself. This wild mode of obtaining justice was not uncommon in other offences of the age,* though extraordinary at a time and court whose licence was unbounded.

"About this time Bussy d'Amboise was killed. He was the first gentleman and the favourite of Monsieur, and the lover of a fair lady whom he saw very often. Her husband, though 'homme de robe,' yet held a post of importance in Brittany. He became apprised of her conduct, and told her she could save her own life but in one manner, which was to summon the Seigneur de Bussy to her house at the time he should command and without previous warning. The lady (if indeed she deserves the name), either in fear for herself or love for another, wrote to Bussy that she was going to the coun-

* See Brantome, with whom the writer seems to have some sympathies.

try, and would expect him the following day, and that he should come in all confidence, since her husband could not arrive to molest them. Bussy d'Amboise came fearlessly with but two gentlemen. As soon as he was in the court, and the gates closed and barred as was the order, he was assailed by twenty arquebuse men, who shot himself and his comrades. The woman who thus caused her lover's murder, was left with the perpetual stain of an impurity and a cruelty unexampled. She might have warned her friend and warded off this misfortune; and if she were, as was affirmed, forced with a dagger to her throat to write this letter, she should have chosen a thousand deaths rather than such treason. *Not thus would have acted my most glorious lady, the Signora N—, whose soul is generous as her blood is noble, and as decided in her divine actions as unhappy in being in the power of a husband so unworthy of her.* But this crime served this poor husband nothing: it was a weak and dishonourable vengeance. *For a fault, of which the blame was not his, and which few people knew, is now published to the world.* Little noise was, however, made about it, and although Bussy was a great personage, the assassin went unpunished. It appears that in France, in these affairs of honour, every man is permitted to right himself as did Monsieur Villequier of Poitiers. After a long absence from court, returning to his wife he found her about to give birth to an infant; he, therefore, killed her instantly, and with her, two female attendants who rushed forward in her defence, one of these being pregnant also! Thus, among his murders, murdering two innocent creatures who had not seen the light; and yet he is unmolested, and pursues his career as if nothing had happened, *or as if he had killed five animals hunting."*

But for considerations of space, we might be justified in quoting another description of the court, as it had become in Lippomano's time. There is a mournful interest cast over the person of the beautiful young queen, Louisa of Lorraine: perfectly without influence (since Catherine would have borne with no power in a daughter-in-law); adoring her unworthy and effeminate husband, serving him herself on all solemn occasions; and sitting 'with her eye turned on him ever, as on one beloved, of which he takes no note;' pious and charitable in church and hospital; while his time was occupied in his private apartments, sometimes indeed with alchemists and with mechanics, oftener still with the dogs, birds, and dwarfs, kept there for his disengaged hours. The queen-mother, grown old, still preserved a certain freshness, and showed no wrinkle. She always wore her mourning habits, and a black veil which fell on her shoulders but not her forehead, and when she went out, a woollen bonnet over it. As in the former time, with a view to keep the power in her own

hands, and render herself always necessary, she fomented troubles and kept private hatreds alive, so now, it was Lippomano's belief, she tried to pacify all parties. Since the king disliked public concerns, and left them to her, she had henceforth no motive for irritation, and she preferred that her dexterity and prudence should now only be made evident. We transcribe a portrait, not elsewhere drawn, of Margaret of Navarre, and a curious anecdote of Henry IV., her husband.

"The queen is not tall, of figure well formed and rather full, and though her features are less delicate than those of the reigning queen (Louisa), she is yet esteemed beautiful from her vivacity of countenance, and her hair bright as gold; though she also, like her brothers, fails in the defective shape of the lower lip, which is pendant; but some esteem this an additional grace, and that it makes the throat and neck appear to more advantage. Of a masculine spirit like her mother, she is clever in negotiation, and during the time she stayed at the baths of Spa, undertook and nigh concluded the treaty between Monsieur and the Flemish lords; and this without waking the suspicion of Don Juan of Austria, with whom she dined daily at Namur. It does not appear that she has the sainted disposition of her sister-in-law, since she delights in things which usually please women, such as dressing superbly, and appearing beautiful, *and all which follows.* Her husband, Henry of Navarre, is thought to believe in nothing, and it is said he makes sport of his own Huguenot preachers even while they are in the pulpit. Once, he being eating cherries while one of these villains preached, he continued shooting with his finger and thumb the cherry-stones in his face, till he wellnigh put out his eye."

Prejudice against France seems strong in Lippomano, as in others of these writers. And from the corruption of court and city, we can well believe his criticisms to be for the most part just. The prodigality of the king to his unworthy favourites, with the disorders of the administration, had ruined the kingdom. The court was always in a state of privation. The army wanted pay and supplies, and pillaged the villages. In Paris the prisons were numerous, and filled; while every day, in some part of the town, malefactors were seen in the hands of justice, 'the greater part being hanged.' His remarks on dress and manners are richly worth extracting.

"From the salubrity of the climate, the natives would live long, if they did not ruin their stomachs with over eating, spending on food and habiliments without rule or measure. Male dress, so various in form, that to describe it were

impossible. A hat whose broad brim falls on the shoulders, or a 'beret' which hardly covers the top of the head; a cloak which descends to the ankle, or barely reaches the loins; the manner of wearing these habits not less curious than the habits themselves. One sleeve buttoned, the other open, and the cloak pendant from one shoulder; and the change of costume usual among men, necessitating an extraordinary expense in woollen stuff and cloths of silk and gold; since no man is esteemed rich if he has not twenty or thirty suits of different kinds, so that he may change daily. The women have a mode of dress more modest and less variable. The noble lady wears a hood of black velvet, or a coiffe, wrought in ribbons of silk or gold, or in jewels, and has a mask on her face. The citizen's wife wears a cloth hood, the mask and silken head-gear being denied to her rank. All wear gowns and cotillons as they please. Noblewomen distinguished by the size of the sleeves and variety of colours, while other females wear black only. Widows have veils, and the clothing high to the throat, and over all a spenser. In mourning for parent or husband, they have also robes trimmed with hair or swan's down. Men wear mourning only on the day of burial. It is easy to recognize unmarried women in the street; they follow closely their mothers' footsteps, and the domestics, male or female, again come after. Frenchwomen have generally the waist slightly formed, and using, as they do, hoops and other artifices to increase the circumference below, their appearance becomes more elegant still. The cotillon is of great value. As to the gown which is worn over all, it is usually of coarse serge or ordinary stuff, since the women at church kneel down anywhere and sit upon the ground. The bosom and shoulders are slightly veiled with gauze. The head, neck, and arms, are ornamented with jewels; the head-dress differs widely from that of Italy, as on the top of the head are ornaments and tufts of hair which apparently increase the breadth of the forehead. They commonly wear black hair, since it sets off the paleness of the cheeks, and this paleness, when not occasioned by malady, is looked on as a charm. The French females are seemingly full of devotion, but in fact very free. Each chooses to be treated as worthy of esteem, and there is none, whatever her conduct, who does not find something to say against that of her neighbours. They are very insolent, and the cause is their husbands' over confidence, and allowing them to govern not only their households but themselves. They converse publicly with those they meet in the streets, and also go alone to church and market, remaining absent three or four hours without their husbands' asking whether they are gone. Very agreeable in their manners, they have perhaps but one fault, avarice; it is said that gold is omnipotent with all the women in the world, but with French women silver suffices. A gentleman asserted, not without reason, that three things are proper to the nation—'never to do what they promise; not to write as they speak; and, to remember neither benefit nor injury.' In trade and business the Frenchman is of faithless nature, wil-

ling to promise largely when anxious to obtain anything, but having obtained, at once repenting. And thus he either will refuse payment or defer it as much as possible. The ceremonies of the holy week resemble ours, and if more care were given to the church, or rather if all benefices were not bestowed on women, children, or incapable men, it might recover its splendour. We followed their example in eating meat the four or five Saturdays which follow Christmas, since we should otherwise have passed for Huguenots. They aver that during these weeks the Holy Virgin having lately lain in, did not fast. The French priest is not much addicted to debauch; he has no vice but that of gluttony; which is common to him, with the remainder of that people. It would thus be less difficult to ameliorate this clergy than that of other nations where excesses are more extreme. They have good and clever preachers, capable of preaching three or four hours in succession, as they do on Good Friday, not resting a moment, and hardly ever spitting: a thing incomprehensible... It was then," he says, a little farther on; "that the ambassador, my master, took leave of their majesties, to whom he was singularly dear, since surnamed by all, *il deletto Ambasciatore*. At his departure, the king created him knight of his own order; and besides this, gave him a very fine diamond set in gold, of the size of a nut, and a beautiful Turkish dog, which was his delight; but the little dog jumping back on the king, the king took him in his arms, kissed him, and offered him to the ambassador, saying, 'Accept him for my sake.' The 26th of November, 1579, we quitted Paris to return to Italy."

We believe it not necessary to excuse the length of our article, or the number of our extracts. Since the taste for 'literary curiosities' began, there have appeared no volumes whose contents so well deserve the name. They are precious to the historian, for their sketches of character and policy were so studied as to guide and enlighten a subtle and cautious state. They are amusing to the lover of lighter literature, for the closeness of their personal details. And they are important to the philosophical observer, who studies their dissertations on national habits and failings, and contemplates how these have been much or little modified by other governments and the lapse of three hundred years.

ART. VII.—1. *Mémoires touchant la Vie et les Ecrits de Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Dame de Bouvilly, Marquise de Sévigné, durant la Régence et la Fronde.* Par M. le BARON WALCKENAER.—*Deuxième Partie durant le Ministère du Cardinal Ma-*

zarine et la Jeunesse de Louis XIV. Paris : Firmin Didot. 1843.

2. *Les Historiettes de Tallemant des Reaux. Seconde Edition. Précédée d'une Notice, &c.* Par M. MONMERQUE. Paris : Delloye. 1840.

IN the memoirs by the Baron de Walckenaer we observe the influence of the historical novel upon the writing of history. The events selected are vivified by local colouring; scenery and costume are painted with fidelity; and the principal personage of the book, the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, is a heroine worthy the pen of novelist or historian. Nor is a half-wicked hero wanting. We see her path beset by the Lovelace of the age, her own cousin, Bussy-Rabutin, against whose seductive wiles her high animal spirits, gay laugh, unrestrained speech, and pure heart, are more potent defences than were the graver graces of the less fortunate Clarissa. And these are but the central figures of a series of groups who represent the private history and public events of a remarkable period. The connection, certainly, is often of the slightest. We understand the relation of Madame de Sévigné to the history of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but we do not readily discern the pretext her name should afford for a lengthened episode, embracing, in all their complex details, the intrigues and combats of the Fronde. But M. de Walckenaer is not writing a formal life of Madame de Sévigné. He is filling a broad canvass with figures; the heroine only occupies, as of right, the first place in the foreground; and as he has much to do before his work is brought to a termination, we shall perhaps act most fairly if we refrain from passing judgment upon his plan until we find ourselves in a position to estimate its entire effect. One of his episodes will suffice for our present purpose; and we select it because to us it seems the most curious and interesting, and generally is the least known. We take the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Madame de Rambouillet was of Italian extraction. Her father, the Marquis of Pisani, represented Henry the Third at the court of Rome under the pontificate of Sextus the Fifth. During his embassy the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, lost a favourite Italian lady: and, to afford her consolation, it was communicated to the French ambassador that he must espouse, and bring to court, one of the family of the Strozzi to which the late favourite belonged! The queen named a charming young widow of the noble Roman family of the Savelli, nearly related to the Strozzi, and although

the Marquis of Pisani was sixty-three years of age, he had so distinguished himself in war and in politics, and retained yet so much manly grace, that the marriage, promptly agreed upon, was solemnized within three days from the first interview, and the accomplished Italian borne away to the court of France. Subsequently the Marquis attached himself to Henri Quatre, and of his conduct and character the famous De Thou has left the brief, but expressive memorial, that he did not know of a life more worthy to be written.

Madame de Rambouillet was the only child of this marriage. From her mother, a woman of talent, she received an excellent education, having learned from her to speak the Italian and French languages with equal facility. The daughter, like her mother, was married to a man much older than herself, and that at the age of twelve years. Her elderly husband appears to have regarded her with passionate fondness, which she returned with reverential respect, such as is due rather from a child to a parent than from a beloved wife to a tender companion. The earlier years of her married life were passed at the court of Henri Quatre, at whose death she was twenty-two years old, and of whom she seems to have received and retained a most unfavourable impression. Her friend, Tallemant des Reaux, who has left even in his laconic 'Historiettes' the fullest details of her habits, tells us that from the period of her twentieth year she used to shut herself in her room, and feign indisposition, that she might so avoid appearing at the assemblies of the Louvre: 'strange conduct,' he adds, 'for a young lady, handsome and of quality!' That she had been accustomed to special marks of favour is certain; for at the coronation of the queen she was '*une des belles qui devoient être de la cérémonie.*' Nor did repugnance to the court arise, as it will occur to us to show, from any indifference to pleasure, or disregard of elegant splendours and tasteful magnificence. But she preferred solitude and the study, as we learn, of the classic authors of antiquity, to sports too rude for a mind whose refinement was in advance of the court society of that day. Her health, indeed, giving way before such hardy studies, obliged her, a little later, to content herself with the easier conquest of Spanish. Yet she was not a prude nor a pedant; not stiff, harsh, or unamiable; though she *did* disrelish the joyous Henry Quatre.

That monarch, with his many excellent qualities, was no doubt better fitted for popular love, than to win the homage of

the Marquise de Rambouillet. The wars of the League, amidst which he passed so many of his early years, experiencing reverses in every shape, among evils more prominently recognized had the effect of arresting civilisation. Intercourse of that nature which supposes the easy, undisturbed, and unalarmed presence of elegant women, was stopped. The men ever in the camp or in the field, fell into rude camp manners; and the women left to themselves and subjected to the agitations of the times, had but little leisure or inclination for refined pursuits. To the absence of the cultivation which can alone command respect, was also added a source of positive degradation in the example of Catherine de Medicis. It is not the least of the crimes which lie upon the memory of that queen, that she filled her court with corrupt women, themselves the devoted instruments of her treacherous policy. Wherever she travelled a body-guard of sirens accompanied her, and many were the fatal secrets won in moments of lulled suspicion. These causes combined may serve to explain the character of Henri Quatre's female associates, and of Madame de Rambouillet's repugnance not only for such acquaintances, but for the monarch whose notions of woman were derived from such a school. Henry the Fourth was amiable, but, like many very amiable men, shared amply the vices of the society by whom he was surrounded. The most partial of his biographers, Perifex, unconsciously paints him in manners as but a jovial, boisterous boon companion, who loved his bottle, his mistress, and his *bon mot*, and took part with vigour and address in all manly sports and diversions. He was fond of dancing, 'but to tell the truth,' adds the good old bishop, 'he danced with more gaiety than grace.' True it is that no man ever sat upon a throne possessed of more endearing qualities. In qualities of mind and heart, and in his estimation of solid virtues, he had few equals in his age. But to such a woman as the Marchioness of Rambouillet no amount of good disposition will atone for gross manners.

If Henri Quatre sinned upon the side of jollity, Louis the Thirteenth fell into the opposite extreme. He was a moody anchorite, from whose court gaiety and grace were banished. Ruled by the inflexible Richelieu, he was forced to exile his own mother, and to resign himself submissively into the hands of the minister-master, who denied him friend or favourite from among that turbulent nobility which he had determined to bend to the throne. Mazarin,

more pliant, and making up by address and subtlety what he wanted in will, never lost sight of his predecessor's principle: his sense of the importance of which was quickened by the wars of the Fronde, and was left by him as a legacy of council to his royal pupil, Louis the Fourteenth. Between Henri Quatre corrupted by the League, and Louis the Fourteenth taught by the Fronde, lies an interval, which in respect of all that is elegant, accomplished, and refined in society, would have presented a dreary waste but for the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and the several literary reunions created by its example. As the absence of refinement caused by the first civil war suggested the necessity of a school for which the court afforded no place, so the second civil war was in a large degree fatal to the work which it had found accomplished. Throughout the troubles of the Fronde the chief characters were distinguished women. If their conduct was not in all respects irreproachable, it must be allowed that the talents displayed and the more than womanly courage exhibited by the Longuevilles and the Montpensiers, proved an extraordinary advance in the course of but half a century. Its origin may be plainly traced to the Hôtel de Rambouillet, to whose accomplished mistress it is time we should return.

Madame de Rambouillet was only thirty-five years of age when she was attacked with a peculiar malady, the nature of which the medical science of the day could not determine, nor its skill alleviate. She dared not approach the fire, even on the coldest day of winter, without immediate suffering, nor could she in summer stir abroad unless the weather happened to be cool. Thus she was, for the most part of the year, a prisoner in her own house; and in winter obliged, for sake of warmth, to keep her bed even when in good general health. But the infirmities of Madame de Rambouillet tended to her celebrity. Among her many tastes of presumable Italian origin, she had a talent for architecture which she brought to aid in this necessity; for she, to whom her house was an unchanging scene, resolved to beautify this prison; and even her bed, instead of sustaining a solitary invalid, was by ingenious contrivance made a portion of the salon furniture, and so picturesquely as to be destined to general imitation and consequent fame. Not to be debarred the pleasure of society, Madame de Rambouillet borrowed from the Spaniards the idea of an alcove, where was placed this bed: occasionally concealed from the salon by means of a simple screen.

Here, with legs wrapped up in warm furs, she received by turns her intimate friends: or, the screen being withdrawn, enjoyed the general conversation. When the Hôtel de Rambouillet became the vogue, fashion imitated infirmity. An alcove and a *ruelle*, for so the space between the bed and the wall was called, became essential to the happiness of the fashionable belle. Ladies, attired in the most coquettish morning costumes, reclining upon pillows of satin fringed with deep lace, gave audience to their friends singly or by two's. Here were whispered the anecdotes of the day, and people repeated stories of the *ruelles* as they now do of the salons or the clubs. The Hôtel itself was pronounced such a model of good taste, that Mary de Medicis ordered the architect of the Luxemburg to follow its designs.

Having said thus much of the famous Hôtel, we will take a view of the interior upon one of those occasions when the best society of the day were there assembled. M. de Walckenaer draws aside the curtain. The time stated is the autumn of the year 1644, and the object for which the society meets is to hear a tragedy read by the great Corneille. There are present the *élite* of the town and of the court; the Princess of Condé and her daughter, afterwards the famous Duchess de Longueville, and a host of names then brilliant but since forgotten which we pass for those whom fame has deemed worthy of preserving. There were the Duchess of Chevreuse, one of that three (we have already named a second) whom Mazarin declared capable of saving or overthrowing a kingdom; Mademoiselle de Scudery, then in the zenith of her fame; and Mademoiselle de la Vergne, destined under the name of Lafayette to eclipse her. There were also present Madame de Rambouillet's three daughters: the celebrated Julie, destined to continue the literary glory of the house of Rambouillet, and her two sisters, both *religieuses* yet seeing no profanity in a play. At the feet of the noble dames reclined young seigneurs, their rich mantles of silk and gold and silver spread loosely upon the floor, while, to give more grace and vivacity to their action and emphasis to their discourse, they waved from time to time their little hats surcharged with plumes. And there, in more modest attire, were the men of letters: Balzac, Ménage, Scudery, Chapelain, Costart (the most gallant of pedants and pedantic of gallants), and Conrart, and la Mesnardière, and Bossuet, then the Abbé Bossuet, and others of less note. By a stroke of politeness

worthy of preservation, Madame de Rambouillet has framed her invitation in such wise that all her guests shall have arrived a good half-hour before the poet: so that he may not be interrupted while reading, by a door opening, and a head bobbing in, and all eyes turning that way, and a dozen signs to take a place here or there, and moving up and moving down, and then an awkward trip, and a whispered apology, the attention of all suspended, the illusion broken, and the poor poet chilled!

The audience is tolerably punctual. All are arrived but one, and who is he that shows so much indifference to the feelings of such a hostess? Why who should he be but an eccentric, whimsical, impracticable, spoiled pet of a poet: who but Monsieur Voiture, the life, the soul, the charm of all? He at last comes, and Corneille may enter. But a tragic poet moves slowly; Corneille himself has not arrived; and a gay French company cannot endure the *ennui* of waiting. Time must pass agreeably; something must be set in motion; and what that is to be, is suddenly settled by the Marquis de Vardes, who proposes to bind the eyes of Madame de Sévigné for a game of Colin Maillard, *Anglicé* blind man's buff. Madame de Rambouillet implores: but the game is so tempting, the prospect of fun so exhilarating, that she herself is drawn into the vortex of animal spirits, and yields assent. The ribbon intended for Madame de Sévigné is by the latter placed upon the eyes of the fair young de Vergne, then only twelve years of age; and she is alone in the midst of the salon, her pretty arms outstretched, her feet cautiously advancing—when the brothers Thomas and Pierre Corneille enter conducted by Benserade, a poet also and one of extensive reputation. Now without abating one tittle of our reverence for the great Pierre Corneille, we can sympathize with those light hearts whose game with the then young Madame de Sévigné and her younger friend, was interrupted for a graver though more elevating entertainment. Corneille, like many other poets, was a bad reader of his own productions; fortunately for him, upon this occasion, the young Abbé Bossuet was called upon to repeat some of the most striking passages of the play, entitled 'Theodore Vierge et Martyre,' a Christian tragedy, which he did with that declamatory power for which he was afterwards so remarkable. Then, of that distinguished company, the most alive to the charms of poetical expression had each, as a matter of course, some verse to repeat; and repeated it with the just emphasis of the

feeling it had awakened, and with which it harmonized, and thus offered by the simple tone of the voice the best homage to genius. And so the morning ended with triumph for the bard, and to the perfect gratification of his auditors.

Monsieur de Walckenaer, having opened so agreeable a view of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, closes the picture and darts away with some degree of abruptness into the entangled history of the Fronde. Perhaps, as his memoirs propose to have relation to Madame de Sévigné and her writings, a more ample development of the literary society of the time might with advantage have engaged the author's attention. Upon the mind of that celebrated woman the Hôtel de Rambouillet appears to have exercised sufficient influence, to have warranted somewhat more than a description of a game of Colin Maillard or even the reading of a tragedy by Corneille. With the events of the Fronde she was hardly in any way connected, and yet the history of that struggle between the Cardinal Mazarin and the nobles who affected to side with the duped and despised parliament, fills the greater part of the first volume. From this time forward M. de Walckenaer affords us but little assistance, and we cannot but regret the absence of so able and accurate a guide. But we turn to the sarcastic *Tallemant des Reaux*, whose ten tomes of *Historiettes*, each a portrait, tell a story to the initiated as expressively as one of Hogarth's series.

And first, for some members of the family of the excellent old lady herself: such as her daughter Julie, and her suitor the Duc de Montausier: next for Voiture the poet, Madlle. Paulet surnamed the lioness, and one or two others chosen for their originality of feature: we will then glance at some of the more remarkable persons of the time, who were the most in connection with this famous Hôtel.

Julie had so imbibed the high-flown notions inculcated in the writings of Madlle. de Scudery, that she became, alas! a votary of Platonic love: to the cost of the devoted Montausier whom she led a devious chase of a dozen long years. She had arrived at the ripe age of thirty-two, before she was satisfied that the term of probation had been sufficiently protracted. His manner of wooing was characteristic. Having taxed his invention for an offering worthy of his mistress, he decided upon a poetical gift; and thereupon opened what at the present day would be called an Album, bearing the title of '*La Guirlande de Julie*.' The garland was to be composed of flowers of fancy

called from the imagination of his numerous poetical friends. When the bouquet was sufficiently large, or to drop a metaphor which we did not originate, when all the odes, sonnets, madrigals, and lines, had left no more to be said in the lady's praise, they were handed over to a celebrated penman of the time: and so worthy was the calligraphy of the poetry, and the flourishes of the similes, and the illuminations in the margin so rivalled the glories of the composition, that Julie could no longer resist that phalanx of poets marching over that field of the cloth of gold, and the Garland being placed upon her brow, she yielded her hand.*

Voiture, of whom the Duc de Montausier had been weak enough to feel jealous, was what was then considered of very humble origin, being the son of a wine-merchant attached to the court. A friend whom he made at college introduced him to Madame Saintot, the wife of the Grand Treasurer; and the mode of the introduction was so characteristic of the time as to be worthy of mention. Paris was at that time a fortified city with narrow streets, and without those fine shops which make so much of the adornment of modern large cities. Traffic was carried on principally in immense market-places, called Foires; and these were so showy and attractive as to form the chief places of rendezvous. The Foires were not only bazaars for trade, but afforded means of pleasure: having booths laid out in the most seductive way. The habit of wearing masks was universal: the sermons of the day are filled with denunciations of a practice which covered much vice. Men went abroad masked and even habited as women, and women not unfrequently assumed the male attire. Now Madame Saintot had a passion for gaming, and to gratify it went disguised as a man to the Foires. At a gaming-table she met Voiture, led there by his college friend, and being a woman of wit was so struck with his sallies, that she at once sought his acquaintance. Shortly after she received from the poet a copy of Ariosto, with a letter so well conceived according to the reigning ideas of taste, that she showed it to M. de Chaudbonne, one of Madame de Rambouillet's particular friends, who, by exhibiting it, produced such a sensation that Voiture himself was sent for, and soon

* This curious production, having been put up for sale in the year 1784, was bought by an English gentleman, who bid so high a sum as 14,510 francs, or 580*l*. It however found its way back into the family of Lavallière, who were descendants of the Montausiers.

rose to the highest place in our little aristocratic republic of letters.

We are tempted by the fame of this Epistle, to offer a few of its high-flown passages. The writer begins by telling Madame Saintot that the present is the finest of all Roland's previous adventures. That even when alone he defended the crown of Charlemagne, and when he tore sceptres from the hands of kings, he never did anything so glorious for himself, as at that hour when he had the honour to kiss hers (the hands of Madame Saintot)! And then the lady is told that Roland will now forget the beauty of Angelique — But perhaps we had better cease description and offer a brief quotation.

"This beauty, against which no armour is proof, which cannot meet the eyes without wounding the heart, and which burns with love as many parts of the world as are lighted by the sun—all that was but a badly-drawn portrait of the wonders to be admired in you. All known colours, aided by poetry, could not paint you so fine as you are—the imagination of poets has never yet soared to such a height. Chambers of crystal and palaces of diamonds are easily enough imagined; and all the enchantments of Amadis, which appear to surpass belief, are after all no more than yours. To fix, at first sight, the most resolute souls and the least born to servitude; to cause a certain sort of love, known to the reason, without desire and without hope; to crown with pleasure and glory those minds whom you deprive of liberty, and to render those perfectly satisfied to whom you nothing grant; these are stranger effects, and more removed from appearance of truth, than Hippogriffs and flying chariots, or all the marvels recounted by romancers."

When M. de Chaudbonne read this letter, he exclaimed, 'Monsieur Voiture is too gallant a man to be allowed to remain in the *bourgeoisie*,' and the letter was turned into a patent of literary nobility! No wonder Mademoiselle Julie, with ideas of love transcendently Platonic, should at the moment have persuaded herself she had found at last her ideal of a love-laureat in him who was able to comprehend that 'certain sort of love known to the reason,' and to the reason only. And so poor M. Montausier, condemned to wait and linger over the perfume of the gay garland woven for the fading beauties of his Julie (the *femme de trente ans* of her day, who had her Balzac too—but not *the* Balzac, who loves to gild with delicate hand the first slight pressure of the solid thirtieth year), was piqued at the notice bestowed upon the poet. But the poet soon undid his favour by a practical heresy against his own doctrine, for he, one day—oh! tell it not in the Hôtel de Ram-

bouillet—raised Julie's hand to his lips, and was dismissed on the instant to the herd of vulgar lovers. Voiture, under the mask of his high-flown style, concealed a malicious wit, and avenged his disgrace by turning it against Mademoiselle Paulet.

She was a fine, tall young woman, with a profusion of pale yellow hair, and vivid eyes, which gave her head some fancied resemblance to a lioness. Hence her sobriquet, *la lionne*. Voiture himself was very small, and neat in his appearance, but his face was inexpressive almost to silliness. Perhaps the contrast between his own figure and that of the grand Paulet, suggested the idea that he of all others, should set himself to torment the haughty prude. Accordingly, he left no artifice untried; and is described to have gone to the uttermost extent in his outrage of her notions of *convenance*, by deliberately drawing off his boots and warming his feet at the fire! 'If he were one of us,' said a proud noble one day, as he saw him at these tricks, 'he would be intolerable.' Yet if Voiture had been called upon, according to custom, to assert these whims with his sword, he would not have shrunk from it: for he was brave, and had fought four duels after the most romantic fashion of a poet; one by moonlight, and another by the light of four torches. And whatever the prouder nobles thought or said, such was the interest felt for this lively, capricious, eccentric creature, that when he travelled in Belgium his letters were looked for with unexampled avidity, and read with the deepest interest. One of his sonnets excited so much admiration, that Benserade published a rival sonnet; and this appeal to the literary world, comprising, as we have learned from Chaudbonne's exclamation, the *élite* of fashionable society, was answered by the formation of two parties, headed, the one by the Duchess of Longueville, in the zenith of her fame, the other by her brother the Prince de Conti; and with such heat was the battle contested that its leaders lost temper, and the brother and sister quarrelled over the respective merits of these two poets: who, strange to say, were at that time held in equal estimation with Corneille himself!

Were we called upon to test the acumen of court critics before the appearance of Boileau, by the enthusiastic encomiums passed upon these sonnets, we should be obliged to pronounce it very low indeed. An attempt at readable translation would fail, because of the utter feebleness of the original of either one or the other. We must content ourselves with merely general description. Voiture's sonnet is addressed

to Uranie, in love of whom he must end his days, because neither time nor absence can cure him. Still, when he thinks of the charms for which he is to perish, he blesses his martyrdom and is ready to die. Reason comes to his aid, but after a vain struggle, declares Uranie so amiable and beautiful as to confirm his attachment.

Elle dit qu'Uranie est seule aimable et belle,
Et m'y rengage plus, que ne font tous mes sens.

Benserade's sonnet was entitled Job, and may be more briefly described. He draws a picture of Job's sufferings and patience, for the purpose of adding that there are worse torments than even Job endured, for Job could speak and complain, while the lover must hold his tongue.

Job souffrit des maux incroyables :
Il s'en plaignit—il en parla :
J'en connais de plus misérables.

The contest at last grew to a poetical civil war, and the partisans at each side, like Guelfs and Ghibelines, took the respective names of Uranistes and Jobelins. Votes were canvassed, and each name, as it was declared, hailed as a victory. The field of battle was at last cleared by a stupidity which answered the purpose of a *bon-mot*, for it set all laughing; and when people laugh reconciliation is at hand. A maid of honour, less poetical than pretty, was canvassed by the Jobelins with success, and when, amidst the silence of the anxious combatants, her opinion was called for, said — 'Well, I declare for Tobie.' This happy stroke of *naïve* ignorance proved more effective than the fiat of the beautiful Longueville.

Madame de Rambouillet was not herself affected with the pedantry and affectation, which sprung up thus like tares in the field where she had sown good seed. Learned and wise she was, but also most amiable. With none but a thoroughly good-humoured and little exacting woman could such liberties as those of Voiture be practised, according to the anecdotes told by Tallemant. 'Having found two bear-leaders one day in the street, with their bears muzzled, he induced them to steal gently after him into the chamber where Madame de Rambouillet was reading, with her back as usual to a large screen, up which climb the bears, and when she turned her head, lo! there was two grave figures peering into her book.' Was it not enough, asks Tallemant, to cure her of a fever? We know not the effect of the experiment in that respect; but we

know that she laughed at its silly author and forgave him. Tallemant's subsequent account of the love amounting to adoration felt for her by her domestics, paints a happy home. After her death a friend of hers happened to dine with her son-in-law, when an old servant, recognizing him, threw himself at his feet, exclaiming, 'Monsieur, I adore you! Since you were one of the friends of *la grande Marquise*, no one shall, this evening, serve you but myself.'

In the year 1644, when Corneille was received, as we have seen, in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, it was in the zenith of its influence. During the lifetime of Louis the Thirteenth there was no attraction at the court, and Madame de Rambouillet reigned supreme in the world of taste and letters. The first civil war of the Fronde broke out in 1649, six years after the king's death, and on its renewal was protracted to the year 1654. The agitations of this period were fatal to the ascendancy held by literary reunions; but they were remarkable for having developed an extraordinary amount of female courage, of womanly devotedness, and, in some instances, of womanly heroism; and it must not be forgotten that the women who took the most distinguished part in these troubles had graduated, if we may so speak, in the college of Rambouillet. Thus we find the high-flown sentiments, which at a later period fell like rank weeds before the scythe of the author of the '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' translating themselves here into bold and chivalrous conduct. In the adventures of Madame Deshouillieres, for example, we see a characteristic specimen of the Rambouillet days.

Her husband was a lieutenant-colonel of the Prince de Condé's infantry, and from gratitude to his patron took part in his rebellion, and passed with him into Flanders, leaving Madame Deshouillieres with her parents. Educated and accomplished according to the existing standard of female teaching; for she was acquainted with Latin, Spanish, and Italian, and rode and danced with grace; she, a young woman of nineteen years, resolved to combat the pain of separation by the study of Descartes and Gassendi, whose works had a little time before begun to attract attention. The Prince de Condé having taking Rocroi, the 29th September, 1653, in the name of the king of Spain, gave the command of the place to Colonel Deshouillieres; and he, having at length a fixed position, sent for his wife. She remained here two years, and afterwards went to reside at Brussels. At this time the capital of the low countries was crowded with young Spanish and Ital-

ian nobles, desirous of studying the art of war under the great captain then in league with Condé against his native country. The assemblies held in the hotels of the nobility were of the most brilliant kind, and Madame Deshouillieres, by her beauty and surpassing accomplishments, won universal homage. The Prince de Condé avowed himself an ardent admirer, but her discouragement became so marked, that he withdrew his solicitations. Then, for some reason of which we have no satisfactory account, Madame Deshouillieres during her husband's absence on duty was arrested, and conducted a state prisoner to the Château of Vilvorde, at two leagues distance from Brussels. It was said that the pretext for her imprisonment was her too urgent demand for payment of the arrears due to her husband, rendered indispensable by the expenses to which their mode of life had subjected them. Thus the Spanish government would deter its numerous creditors from further importunity; and Madame Deshouillieres was selected, not as the most troublesome, but as the most conspicuous victim, from her position calculated to serve as a warning to the rest. Her husband appealed to the Prince de Condé, who declined interference. Stung by this injustice, he determined to return to the service of his country from which gratitude to the Prince had seduced him. In the mean time, in order to lull suspicion, he performed his military duties with exactitude. Having matured in his own mind a plan for his wife's deliverance, a favourable opportunity for carrying it into execution after some time presented itself. With a forged order from the Prince de Condé for admittance into the Château of Vilvorde, he succeeded in entering at the head of a few faithful soldiers, by whose assistance he carried off his wife and brought her safely into France. Had he failed in his enterprise, husband and wife would infallibly have been put to death. In the course of their escape the lady's courage was tried in a less dignified, but yet very effectual way. A château in which she slept, was said to be visited every night by a troubled spirit, who, in strict conformity with all ghostly practices, displayed a preference for one particular chamber; but in that very chamber, Madame Deshouillieres, notwithstanding her advanced state of pregnancy, resolved to pass the night. Soon after the awful hour of twelve, the door opened—she spoke, but the spectre answered not—a table was overthrown, and the curtains drawn aside, and the phantom was close to

her. Stretching forth her hands undauntedly, she caught two long, silky ears, or what so seemed to her touch, and these she resolutely held until the dawn revealed a large, quiet house dog, who preferred a bedchamber to a cold courtyard.

The reception which Colonel and Madame Deshouillieres met with at the Court of France was most distinguished. Cardinal Mazarin was charmed with so valuable a defection from the ranks of his chief enemy. Madame Deshouillieres became once more the centre of the accomplished world; and the universal mark for compliment, in the elaborate form which literary compliment then assumed, and to revive which, under the name of portraits, some futile attempts have been lately made in the Faubourg St. Germain. But at length Deshouillieres and his wife were fated once more to separate, and from the same cause—poverty. They were obliged to give up every vestige of property. He rejoined the army, and by his remarkable skill as an engineer rose to distinction; while she, for solace, devoted herself to the cultivation of poetry. Their last days were spent in comparative comfort, and they lived together to a good old age.

This short notice of Madame Deshouillieres will introduce the observation we have to offer upon the style of writing of the time. Between the manners of society and the style in vogue, there is of course a plainly perceptible analogy. Both delighted in masquerade: but highly artificial as manners were, they could not so press down the natural tendencies of the heart, that upon adequate occasion it should not throw off its trammels,—and so with the style of the time, which, artificial as it was, could not quite exclude minds of the higher order from a sound, strong, and healthy mode of expression. The traditional notion formed of Madame Deshouillieres is that of an elegantly-attired lady-shepherdess, wearing high-heeled shoes, a robe looped up with ribbons and flowers, a very small hat perched lightly upon the right side of her head, a languid feather drooping therefrom, with rouge and those coquettish little black marks called *mouches* upon her cheeks, a crook in her hand, and by her side a lamb looking up to her face, as if it mistook her for its mother. Yet in turning over the neglected pages of this high-minded, courageous, and accomplished woman, we find, apart from those fulsome displays into which she was seduced by misjudging fashion, lively satires against the false taste with which her own writings are supposed to be identified, and

pictures of manners of evident truth, which furnish illustrations of general as well as private history.

Her epistle to Père la Chaise, the King's Confessor, dated 1692, exposes with admirable sarcasm the hypocrisy made fashionable by the example of Madame de Maintenon, then in complete ascendancy over the king. The epistle is in the form of a dialogue. She asks by what hitherto unknown merit can she, the victim of so many wrongs, re-acquire estimation in the eyes of the world? on which her supposed companion, recalling to mind the fifty years of unfruitful services of her husband and family, invokes her in order to procure compensation to turn devotee. The advice is indignantly rejected for the following reasons.

Devotion! No! Hypocrisy is made
By beggar'd debauchees their safest trade;
By women from whom Time hath stol'n all
charm,
Or scandal on their name breathed fatal harm:
Let these alone bereft of merit, try
To put on Bigotry's deceitful eye:
All is forgotten—all is vanish'd o'er—
And taint, or crime, or folly, seen no more.
Oh, that I could some deep, dark colours find
To paint the blackness of the treach'rous mind!
How I, who hate all falsehood, e'en the streak
Of simulated red rouged o'er the cheek,
Must more detest the gloss o'er manners thrown,
And hate all forms that are not Nature's own!

In a poem of an earlier date, Madame Deshouillieres had painted the torments to which a literary lion is exposed.

Ah! think, my friend, how onerous is fame!
You call to pay a visit—at your name
The whole assembly changes tone and looks:
'Here comes an author,' now they cry;
'Let language take a lofty range.'
And, in a manner stiff and strange,
Their precious syllables they try.
They bore you all the while about new books,
Ask your opinion, too, about your own,
And beg the favour of a recitation:
When, if you give the first in simple tone,
Or speak the other with shy hesitation,
The whisper will run round—'A bel esprit?
Why she talks like another—you or me!
Calls herself an author, and none grander,
While any one with ears can understand her!"

The reader has remarked the word *precious* in the preceding extract. It is an epithet of signification so important, as to call for a word of explanation. *Précieuse* implied originally *distinguished*, in the most elegant and elevated sense of the word.—Madame de Rambouillet was herself a *Précieuse*, meaning thereby a woman of accomplishments and distinction. But by degrees

the epithet, or to speak more properly, the title *Précieuse*, was attached exclusively to *Beaux Esprits*, until at last it came to be synonymous with pedantic. To Mademoiselle de Scudery, the friend of Madame de Rambouillet, may be specially traced the origin of the delectable style of speaking alluded to by Madame Deshouillieres, and to which Molière gave the blow of which it lingered and died. This once celebrated woman, when she wrote the first and second of her interminable romances, either through timidity, or to please a half-witted tyrannical brother who fancied himself an author, published them under her brother's name. But the fame the works acquired drew too much attention upon their reputed author to admit of his strutting long in borrowed plumage. Mademoiselle de Scudery once known as the real author, her popularity became unbounded. She opened her own salon, and upon the Saturdays received the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Nor did the rivalry excite jealousy, for the ladies were friendly to the last.

The romances of Mademoiselle de Scudery are long-spun disquisitions upon love, in which the passion is sublimated to an essence as pure and as cold as the highest region of the atmosphere. The characters introduced for the purpose of saying, not doing, are real; that is to say, they represent some of the most remarkable of then living persons. These are introduced under names composed of the letters of their own, from under which thin mask they talk like gods and goddesses. Thus Madame de Rambouillet was the Arthenice, and her daughter the Duchess of Montausier, the Parthenie of the novel of Clelie. The language of the books, out of compliment to the authoress, soon became the language of the salon, and taking the course of artificial things, by growing every day more artificial, swelled at last into insupportable bathos. Many of her originals, too, felt called upon to sustain the ideal that Scudery drew of them, and hence restraint and affectation. So, as each person of the novel was known to be drawn from a life original, it came to be esteemed the highest honour to be allowed to sit for this literary Lawrence. And as Scudery (or Sappho as she was dubbed by general consent) possessed all the refined delicacy of sentiment she loved to paint, every artifice was needed to induce her to accept presents for her portraits. The Duchess of Longueville, while in exile, sent her a portrait of herself in a circle of diamonds. Those who desired to convey more useful tokens, had them left by an unknown hand at an early hour in the

morning. And we have before us a proof of her delicacy of sentiment which does so much honour to all parties concerned in it, that we cannot refrain from detailing the circumstance.

When the extravagant but magnificent Fouquet, in whose hands was the direction of the finances of the kingdom, was thrown into the Bastille as a public defaulter, his fall was accompanied by the desertion of many who had lived upon his bounty. The exceptions were women, and illustrious women : Scudery, Sévigné, and Lafayette : and so true did they remain to the fallen man, that he has left it upon record as the testimony of his experience 'that a woman is an unfailing friend.' Of his male friends and dependants one poor rhymester named Loret, whose poetical chronicle of the court balls and masques is now a valuable picture of the past, composed a lay in praise of his patron for which he was deprived of his pension from the Court. Poor Loret had also held a pension from Fouquet, who was a generous friend of literary men and artists. Fouquet was so touched with the poetical chronicler's devotion, that he determined, ruined as he was, to continue the pension from the fragment of his fortune. To this Loret, equally deprived of all, would by no means consent. Fouquet sent for Madlle. de Scudery, placed the money in her hands, and induced her to undertake the delicate task of having it conveyed. She, in order the more completely to blindfold Loret, engaged a female friend, of whose object no suspicion could be entertained ; and the latter, after a long conversation with the poet, purposely protracted, contrived, during a happy moment, while his back was turned, to place the money in a corner where it afterwards met his eye. Fouquet, after a confinement of many years, died in the Bastille, his fate as much the result of Louis XIV.'s vengeance as of his sense of justice : for Fouquet had had the audacity to rival his royal master in the good graces of La Vallière. Not to wander further from our subject we shall just observe that in the second volume of these memoirs of M. de Walckenaer, there is an ample account of this extraordinary affair of Fouquet's, which is well worthy of perusal.

Madlle. de Scudery, though not handsome, for she was tall and lank, with something Quixotic in her appearance, made the conquest of two distinguished literary men, Pelesson and Conrart. But the impracticable tests she had invented for sounding the truth, depth, and sincerity of the tender passion, were by herself applied to her

own case, and she died an old maid at the advanced age of ninety-four : an instance of the happy effects of an innocent indulgence of the imagination, without the alloy of violent sensations, upon the duration of life. Her map of the land of love, or as she quaintly called it, her *Carte de Tendre*, was considered a masterpiece of *esprit* and skill. It was a Lover's Pilgrim's Progress, as ingenious as John Bunyan's. From the village of *Petits soins* she leads you to the hamlet of *Billet doux*. But before you arrive even at the outpost of *Propos-galants*, there remain to be crossed the three broad rivers of *Tendre-sur-Estime*, *Tendre-sur-inclination*, and *Tendre-sur-reconnaissance*, and these can only be reached by *Complaisance* and *Sensibilité*. Then there were the dangerous quagmires of *Tièdour* (lukewarmness) and *Oubli* (forgetfulness), and that slough of Despond, the lake of Indifference. Gallant and stout-hearted must be the knight, who threaded his way securely through this enchanted country. Nor did Sappho's disciples confine their studies to ideal geography—subjects were proposed for discussion, of which love and friendship formed the theme. Even the severe Richelieu, puerile in hexameters as he was grand in policy, was so smitten with the prevailing taste, that he wrote with his own hand various themes for the *salon* of his niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon. But to sum up a whole question in a sparkling antithesis was esteemed the triumph of philosophical ingenuity. And to efforts of this kind we owe certainly the famous 'Maxims' of La Rochefoucauld, while to the fashion of making descriptive portraits we are equally indebted for a work of no less celebrity, the 'Characters of La Bruyère.'

The mention of the former name takes us to the romances of Madame de Lafayette, of whose house, long after the intrigues of the Fronde, in which he was so reduced, had ceased, La Rochefoucauld became the charm. He it was who, throughout these troubles, had acted brilliant Mephistopheles to the gay, giddy, and eccentric Duchess of Longueville. His real passion for her, met by its object with her accustomed fickleness and inconstancy, perhaps first gave his writings their tone of bitterness. But such a man must have been also strongly disgusted with the selfishness of the leaders engaged in that petty but ruinous civil war, which spread desolation over the whole country. Originally, he was of ardent rather than sarcastic temper, and in conversation is said to have been overwhelmingly brilliant. And

it is certain that his intimacy with Madame de Lafayette and her friend Madame de Sévigné, much tended, on the whole, to alleviate his dissatisfaction with the rest of human nature. The former boasted, with allowable pride, that she had improved his heart as much as he had improved her head.

We have already seen that when Mademoiselle de Scudery assisted at the reading of Corneille's tragedy, she being at that time in the full blaze of her reputation, Madame Lafayette, then Mademoiselle de la Vergne, was a little girl of twelve years of age. That little girl, with the red silk bandage over her eyes for a game of blind man's buff, was destined to eclipse the renowned Sappho. Her father, who directed her education himself, had her instructed in French and Latin, in both which languages she made remarkable progress. Her first romance, like those of her predecessor, appeared under the name of a male friend. Their success was immediate; and for this reason, if we may trust Voltaire, that they formed the first attempt at painting manners as they were, and of describing natural events with grace. Let us take a specimen from the best of her romances, the 'Princess of Cleves,' of what the philosopher who could not relish Shakspeare looked up to as natural writing. The author describes the court of Francis I., meaning in reality that of Louis XIV.

"Never did any court possess so many beautiful women, and men admirably well formed; it seemed as if nature took pleasure in showering her choicest gifts upon the greatest princesses and princes."

This was indeed a step in admiration of nature, enough to satisfy the high-bred predilections of Voltaire himself. Her hero, the Duc de Nemours, is thus introduced:

"This prince was a masterpiece of nature: the least admirable part of his good qualities was to be of all the world the finest and best made man. That which placed him above all others was his incomparable worth, the vivacity of his mind, of his countenance and manners, such as never appeared before in any but himself. His gaiety was alike pleasing to men and to women. His address in all manly exercises was extraordinary. His manner of dressing was followed by the whole world, but never could be imitated. His air, in fine, was such that he absorbed all attention wherever he appeared. There was not a lady in the court who would not have esteemed it a glory to see him attached to her. Few of those to whom he was attached could have boasted of having resisted him; and even many to whom he paid no atten-

tion, could not refrain from feeling a passion for him. He had so much gentleness and such a disposition to gallantry, that he was unable to refuse some little attention to those who sought to please him. Thus he had several mistresses, but it was difficult to guess which of them it was he truly loved."

When we say that such writing as this was popular, we must be understood to mean that it formed the delight of the high-born and court circles, for whom alone novels were written. Madame de Lafayette would have shrunk with horror from the idea, that a citizen's thumb turned over one of her pages. So, when the aristocracy forsook Sappho for the more 'natural' Lafayette, it was because they relished her more direct flattery of their rank, and descended with more ease of comprehension from epic heroes in prose to the positive dressing and dandyism of the new school. The style of such descriptions was so general, that it fitted all alike. There was no fixing of peculiar features; no graphic turns of expression applicable to some one individual, and to that individual only; all were great, grand, fine, beautiful, noble. In what proportions these qualities were blended, or what their degrees in different individuals, the author was never troubled to think of. Madame de Lafayette's success, in short, lay in the wideness of the contrast between her ideas of an accomplished man, and those of her predecessors. A heroine of Scudery would have shrunk from a bold eye, or the profanation of a rude touch: no woman could resist Lafayette's Duke of Nemours. The same aristocratic spirit ascended the pulpit with the clergy, the highest posts in the church being now filled by scions of noble families. When Flechiér preached the funeral sermon of the Duchess of Montausier, our before-named Julie, in presence of her two sisters, the *religieuses*, of whom we have previously made mention, he addresses them not as *mes sœurs*, but *mes dames*, and pronounces an eulogium upon the deceased and her mother, Madame de Rambouillet, under their romantic appellations of Parthenie and Arthenice! In reading the funeral orations of the time, one would suppose that heaven was complimented by being allowed to receive the most high, puissant and noble Condés and Turennes, and that the earth, upon which they condescended not to live any longer, was eclipsed by the passing of their spirits between it and the sun.

The Hôtel de Rambouillet declines with Louis Quatorze. The troubles of the

Fronde taught Louis to distrust alike, the parliament, the nobles, and distinguished women. With the first he made short work. His appearance in his hunting-dress, booted and spurred, and whip in hand, with his contemptuous order to mingle no more in state affairs, is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. So, by alluring the once turbulent nobles to a voluptuous court, and there plunging them into extravagant expenditure, of which he set the example, he reduced *them* to such a state of dependency for distinction upon his own favour, that we find the great Condé soliciting as an honour, permission to wear a hunting-dress in all respects made after the fashion of the king's. As for women of talent, they were utterly discouraged. Frivolity became the order of the day; court-masques the ruling passion. Invention was taxed for suitable decorations, and the king himself took the chief rôle as actor, and even as dancer in this sort of entertainment.

Benserade was the fashionable writer of those court-masques, in which figured Louis le Grand. Never was Poet Laureat more honoured by royal notice, even by royal friendship; and certainly Poet Laureat before or since was never so well paid. He was very different in character from his rival, the thoughtless and eccentric Voiture. Benserade had studied the weaknesses of men, which he learned to turn skilfully to his own advantage. With the most unscrupulous flattery in constant service, he made it a principle not to offer homage to less than royal blood, with the one exception of a prime minister. He set value upon eulogies, made a regular market of them, and blamed Voiture for showing subserviency in his necessities when he might have commanded assistance. Louis' intrigue with La Vallière raised the fortune of the poet to its supreme height. He contrived to win the confidence of both. Poor La Vallière not being a *Précieuse*, blushed at the rustic turn of her naturally-formed periods, and secretly engaged Benserade to deck her phraseology in a court suit. Louis, who had not yet acquired sufficient self-confidence to emancipate himself from the yoke of his mother (Anne of Austria) called in the services of Benserade to express his secret passion. Parts were composed for the king, and speeches put into his mouth, of such ingenious contrivance, that while the queen saw not their hidden meaning, La Vallière, standing by her side, should understand it. A ballet upon 'Impatience,' in which that feeling is illustrated in a variety of forms, was chief part of one of his entertainments. Lawyers dispute over a

lawsuit, their unfortunate clients regarding them with looks haggard with impatience. Then the scene changes, and we have a troop of Muscovite savages taking lessons from a French dancing-master, who foams with impatience at their grotesque efforts to acquire Parisian graces. At last enters the king under the form of Jupiter, and Olympus is shaken with his impatient anger, that he cannot pursue his amours undisturbed: but, a god being fertile in resources, Jove metamorphoses himself into the figure of Diana, and Callisto is deceived. The court were of course enraptured at the delicacy of these allusions, and encouraged the king's resolution by unanimous plaudits.

In another masque the king as Pluto disregards the absence of day, because of the secret flame which ever cheers his dwelling—that flame understood by La Vallière, seated in the queen's box. And Benserade displayed his ingenuity in other ways. Not only were all secondary characters tamed down for the purpose of giving exclusive prominence to that sustained by the king—but they were made to criticise their own defects, and contrast them with the all-perfection of his majesty. Even this was not enough for so capacious a swallow. The king himself utters such extravagant self-praise, that it is startling to think how great must have been the hardihood of the man who could have dared to ask a mortal possessed of common sense to speak it. Greater still the wonder at the self-complacency of the stage monarch, acted by a real king. In one speech he is made to draw a parallel between himself and Alexander the Great, very much to the disadvantage of Alexander. Whatever question might arise as to their respective political and military capacities, there could be no doubt at all as to which was the handsomer man. Who, asks the royal mime, would for a moment attempt to compare us both in what relates to beauty, air, and bodily graces?

Et toute chose égale, entre ces grandes âmes,
Alexandre eût perdu devant toutes les dames.

Thus, having in these masques personated Jupiter, Pluto, Mars, and Apollo, with sundry lovelorn shepherds—the king crowned the climax by bursting out upon the stage as the Sun! and like the Sun had his worshippers. Happy were the courtiers allowed to live in his rays. There were those to whom a frown would have been death, as his smile was life; who hung about his path in the hope of being handed his cane or cloak; and to whom it was

supreme happiness to throw crumbs of bread to the gold-fish in the basins of the park of Versailles, and thus have to boast they contributed to the king's amusement. Louis appropriately rewarded the high priest of his worship by bestowing upon him the moiety of a bishop's revenue. Benserade was a clever fellow! He contrived to insinuate himself into the favour of the stern Richelieu; he hoodwinked the wily Mazarin; he steered through the Fronde without offending either party; and he won the personal friendship of the vain and fickle Louis. Yet he was said to have been generous at heart, and to have solicited more favours for his friends than for himself. Madame de Sévigné, in one of her letters, mentions her having met him at a dinner party of which he was the grand attraction, and calls him a delightful fellow. Molière disturbed his happiness, and affected his renown.

The king, whose literary taste, at least in early life, may be judged by the masques, in which he himself cut so strange a figure, showed always a marked dislike for female authorship. There is strong reason to conclude that when Molière, in 1659, wrote his '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' he was as much incited to his attack upon literary ladies by a desire to please the monarch, as by the palpable pedantry into which the disciples of the Rambouillet school had declined. This little farce told fatally against *bas bleuism*. Ménage, the tutor of Madame de Sévigné, has recorded his testimony of the effect produced by its first representation. All the Hôtel de Rambouillet were present, and at the close of the piece Ménage acknowledges that he thus addressed his friends: 'We may now say as St. Remus said to Clovis—we must burn the idols we adored, and adore those we would have burned:' then descending from his own pedantic tone, he adds quaintly, 'This satire knocked down *galimatias* and the forced style of writing.' The weakest point presented to the attack of the inimitable satirist, was of course the extravagant affectation of language.

Having sketched thus briefly and rapidly the history of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, from its foundation by the noble, frank, generous, or as her faithful servant better termed her, *la grande Marquise*, to the period of its decline, we arrive at the immediate object of M. de Walckenaer's book, the celebrated Madame de Sévigné.

Ménage, whose name we have last introduced as her tutor, was so fascinated by his pupil that he fell in love with her. Poor old pedant! he must have had some ex-

cellent qualities, for he had many enemies; provoked more by the incautious exhibition of his self-love than of his enmity, for his nature appears to have been amiable. We are drifting into a digression we cannot avoid—but this tutor meeting us at the threshold, we must have a word with him, or about him, before we claim brief interview with his charming pupil. The latter amused herself with a passion, which it is needless to say could have only been made matter for diversion. But this, Ménage could not understand. He wondered that Madame de Sévigné showed no fear of him—a gallant of such attraction. One day, she quietly desired him to take the place in her carriage vacant by the absence of her *dame de compagnie*. He opened his eyes, astonished at such a mark of contempt for public opinion, and at such a challenging of personal danger. 'Come, come,' said she quickly, 'and sit beside me: and if you do not well behave yourself, I shall visit you at your own house.' To his bewilderment she kept her word. Ménage was not so fortunate as to meet in every friend a Madame de Sévigné. Never did unhappy author excite such a host of enemies. Fleeting however would have been the effect of enmity or friendship on his name, had it not become linked with the attachment of a Sévigné and the enmity of a Molière. The comedy of '*Les Femmes Savantes*,' written eleven years after the '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' was levelled chiefly against Ménage (introduced under the name of Vadius), and gave the *coup de grace* to pedantry and philosophical jargon.

In looking over the collection of reflections, criticisms, and anecdotes which this author left under the title of '*Menagiana*,' we are inclined to think he was dealt with hardly. Under the surface of his learned display there runs a current of wholesome thought and good feeling. We find him lamenting, as authors have in all ages of civilisation lamented, that his own age was not poetical, and learnedly accounting for the more poetical character of the ancients by the poetical form of their religious worship. Of Mademoiselle de Scudery he is a fervent admirer, for the characteristic reason that he finds in her romances an analogy with the epic poem: which, giving but one event of a hero's life, would, he assures us, be wanting in impressiveness were it not ingeniously lengthened by well-contrived digressions. He wrote most of his poetical pieces in the ancient languages, and says it was not until he began to write in his own that he was made the victim of so much enmity and jealousy. It is indeed

true, that however men may consent to superiority in one branch of art they rebel against assumed versatility. It will be fair to add, that an anecdote told by Ménage of himself justifies the discriminating friendship of his clever pupil, even against Molière. He says that the attacks of his enemies became at last insupportable, and he determined to abandon the city, and to pass the remainder of his days in solitude. In the rural retreat which he selected, he amused himself with rearing pigeons. One day a favourite was shot, and Ménage grieved bitterly over his lost bird, but 'Alas!' he suddenly exclaimed, 'I find that no human residence is free from troubles. Let me then have only those to encounter which confer in the contest some degree of dignity,'—and he returned to Paris.

Since we first saw Madame de Sévigné binding the eyes of Mademoiselle de la Vergne for a game of Colin Maillard, we have only from time to time caught glances of her. Although the author of these memoirs links to her name a history of the troubles of the Fronde, she was in no way mixed up with them; nor do they appear to have directly affected either her genius or character until her daughter had grown up, and she felt it her duty to forward her prospects in life. Madame de Sévigné did not abandon her solitude in Brittany. When she did appear at court, then deemed a sublunary paradise reserved for the *élite* of mortals only, her stay was not long nor continuous: her fortune not being equal to the expenses attendant upon such costly favour. With the removal of her daughter to her husband's château on the Rhine, comes the first of that inimitable collection of letters, which have made her name immortal.

What freshness do they breathe—what boundless animal spirits—what exquisite truth and heart—what sound sense—what mild and gracious insinuations, rather than inculcations, of wise maxims—what pictures of rural happiness—what delicious rustic repasts! Her books, too—history, poetry, philosophy—Pascal and Nicole—all the sound food of a healthy mind. Then the vivid pictures of passing events caught in her visits to court, or reflected from the pens of such correspondents as Madame de Lafayette, or Bussy de Rabutin. And all the offering of an overflowing tenderness to a well-beloved daughter! Who does not think and speak of Madame de Sévigné, indeed, as almost a beloved friend that he has known. Even M. de Walckenaer, calm historian as he is, introduces her in this refer-

ential, take-for-granted way: 'This complexion of such rare freshness, this rich fair hair, these brilliant and animated eyes, this irregular but expressive physiognomy, this elegant figure, were so many gifts from nature. And then her sweet voice, cultivated to the highest degree, according to the musical science of the time, and her brilliant *danse* which drew out with *éclat* the liveliness and habitual gracefulness of her movements.' We have all that general description which is as the recalling to mind of a friend whom everybody has seen, and all appreciated, and upon whose traits we love to dwell. It has been charged by some that affection for her daughter was too prominently put forward, as if in abandoning literary pedantry she had fallen into an affectation of another kind, not less obnoxious. But no! In solitude when at home, surrounded by a highly artificial society abroad, she needed an object for the currents of her warm impulses to overflow upon, and towards that object they rushed with giddy delight, and painful and even foolish fondness. With our present unerring and rapid means of communication, and our general penny-post, we have but a feeble idea of the elixir of happiness which in old times could be enveloped in a sheet of paper. Poor Madame de Sévigné cannot contain her delight at the post-office improvement of her time, according to which a horse courier was despatched from Paris once a week! She tells us of the pleasure the faces of these couriers, whenever she met them upon the high-road, used to afford her—and no wonder, for at that time the journey of a courier was one of peril and adventure. Of pleasant excitement too! How the smack of his whip, and the sound of his horse's hoof, must have brought every face to the windows of a country château. With what honours he must have been received. An ambassador, even he of Siam, delivering his credentials at Versailles, would have cut but a poor figure beside the bearer of a packet of letters from Madame de Sévigné. He was 'a mercury alighting upon a heaven-kissing hill'—a god! What prayers must have accompanied his departure—what blessings hailed his arrival. How his horse must have been patted and fed, and the best bed given to him—and then picture the family circle around the adventurous letters, and, provided there were no very special family secrets therein, fancy the kind friends and neighbours invited to partake of that family joy and the family repast.

It is probable that serious secrets were

seldom thus conveyed because of the danger of the times. When Mazarin was obliged during the Fronde to yield to the clamours of his enemies, and to withdraw into voluntary exile, he and Anne of Austria corresponded by word of mouth, through confidential couriers who carried their despatches in their heads. A serious family affair would, even at a later period, demand a journey from one of its heads. But a letter then filled many of the objects now supplied by a newspaper, and hence we read in Madame de Sévigné's letters descriptions of public events, to convey which a friend would at present have no more to do than write an address at a newspaper office. See for example her account of the death of Turenne, and the particulars given of the funeral procession to Saint Denis: an event which at the present day (we talk not of style) would be done for all the world at a penny a line. At the same time the circumstances in which they were written give these charming compositions a serious historical importance, and hence those researches, in relation to them, which have conferred upon the names of Monmerqué and Walckenaer so much honour.

Madame de Sévigné was religious, and in the best sense of the word, for she was charitable, forgiving, and tolerant. 'Have no enemies,' is one of her most energetically expressed counsels to her daughter, to which she adds, 'and plenty of friends.' Such was the maxim of her mature years, but in her youth she practised it from feeling. We know of nothing more touching than her conduct upon arrival in town after the death of her husband who fell in a duel that had originated in dispute about a mistress. To that mistress, Madame Godoran, the young bereaved wife sent to beg a lock of the hair of her husband, whose sins against herself she forgave, as she prayed Heaven to forgive them. Her pardon of the outrage against herself committed by her cousin Bussy Rabutin (he introduced her portrait in an indecent book), was in a similar spirit. She reserved it until he was abandoned by all the world, a ruined man: and then she visited him, affording him the consolation of her matchless conversation, with all the aid he stood in need of.

Thus lively, hearty, and wise, religious and tolerant, instructive and unaffected, natural and loving, with a reflecting mind, an expansive heart, accomplished manners, and boundless animal spirits, Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marchioness de Sévigné, was the most perfect woman of whom we have

an unconscious self-record. Molière did good, but from mixed motives. His fine common sense revolted, no doubt, against the affectation which his satire demolished—but he acted, too, in obedience to the will of a monarch whose disdain was all egotistical. Madame de Sévigné did better: she instructed by presenting a model which won all hearts, in the contemplation of which people rather forgot than hated, and insensibly abandoned the tawdry idols to which they had before paid homage. For this reason, teaching by example is the best teaching; and sight of the good far better than exposure of the bad. Let those, however, who are dull, or sad, or oppressed, or disappointed, or dissatisfied with the world, have recourse to either one or the other. If Molière or Sévigné cannot administer relief, the case is all but hopeless.

With Madame de Sévigné closes that brilliant train of intellectual women of whom Madame de Rambouillet was the first.

ART. VIII.—1. *Essais Littéraires et Historiques*. (Literary and Historical Essays.) Par A. W. de SCHLEGEL. Bonn. 1842.

2. *Vorlesungen über dramatische Kunst und Literatur*. (Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.) By A. W. SCHLEGEL. 1809-11.

3. *A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*. By A. W. SCHLEGEL. Translated from the German by JOHN BLACK. Second Edition. 1840.

THE reputation of A. W. SCHLEGEL is not undeservedly European. He has 'done the state some service;' he has stimulated the minds of many thinking men, directing their attention to points of literary history which had before been overlooked; and he has been useful to the science of criticism, by his paradoxes which have roused discussion, no less than by his principles which have received assent. His works are distinguished amongst their class by a splendour of diction, a felicity of illustration, and attractiveness of exposition rarely equalled; nor has their popularity been injured by the affectation of philosophic depth of which they are guilty. Although more Rhetorician than Critic, his writings contain some valuable principles luminously expressed, much ingenuity and acuteness, and

are, in spite of all their drawbacks, worthy of serious attention. But in merits and in faults he is essentially a popular writer, and stands, with us, in the very false position of an oracle. As a popular writer he is efficient, and merits all the applause he has received; but as an oracle—as a rational, serious, philosophic critic—he is one of the most dangerous guides the student can consult. Freely admitting that his influence in England has not been on the whole without good result, we are firmly convinced that it has been in many things pernicious. And while we are constantly deploring the evils he has caused, we as constantly see him held up to our admiration and respect as the highest authority on Dramatic Art.* Whatever benefit it was in his power to confer has been already reaped; and now it is important that his errors should be exposed. We beg the reader therefore to understand this article as polemical rather than critical: not as an estimate of Schlegel's work, but as a protest against his method, and examination of his leading principles.

In the preface to his recently collected volume of *Essays* he complains that his countrymen have forgotten him; but rejoices in the conviction that in other lands his name is mentioned with respect. This is true. In Germany he has no longer any influence because he can no longer teach: the new generations have left him far behind, and all his best ideas have become commonplaces. Gossip, not Fame, is busy with him; his coxcombry is sometimes mentioned, to be laughed at; his writings have not even the honour of detraction. Yet must he always occupy an honourable place in the literary annals of his country, both on account of what he has done and the men he has been connected with. As the translator of Shakspeare and Calderon he will deserve the gratitude of his countrymen. Nor can literary history forget that he was one of the chiefs of the Romantics, whose wit and eloquence came to celebrate the victory that Lessing, Herder, and Winckelman had won; that he was the friend of the hectic Novalis, that strange, mystic, unhealthy soul; of Tieck, whose light and sunny spirit takes such glorious revenge of his misshapen form; of Wackenroder, who died in his promise; of Schleiermacher, whose unceasing activity was ennobled by so lofty and so generous

a purpose; and of Madame de Staël, who terrified Napoleon,—and talked.

He will also long be honourably mentioned amongst us as one of the first who taught us to regard Shakspeare as the reverse of a 'wild, irregular genius.' The precedence we know is claimed by Coleridge, and many of his admirers admit the claim; while others wonder at the 'singular coincidences.' As a point of literary history this is worth settling. Every one is aware of the dispute respecting the originality of certain ideas promulgated by Coleridge, but no one, we believe, has sifted the evidence on which the matter rests. The facts are these: Schlegel lectured in Vienna in 1808; five years afterwards, in 1813, Coleridge lectured on the same subject in London. On examining the printed lectures we find the most singular resemblances: not, be it observed, mere general resemblances, such as two writers might very easily exhibit—not mere coincidences of thought, but also of expression; the doctrines are precisely the same, the expression so similar as to be a translation of one language into the other, the citations are the same, the illustrations are the same, and the blunders are the same. On so large a topic as that of the Greek Drama, coincidence of opinion is extremely probable; but coincidence of expression is in the highest degree improbable; and if we add thereto coincidence of illustration, citation, and blunders in point of fact, the conclusion is irresistible that one of the writers has plagiarized from the other. We would beg attention to the following examples:

Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem.

SCHLEGEL—on
'Romeo and Juliet.'

With Juliet love was all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring.

COLERIDGE.

The Pantheon is not more different from Westminster Abbey, or St. Stephen's at Vienna, than the structure of a tragedy of Sophocles from a drama of Shakspeare.

SCHLEGEL.

And as the Pantheon is to York Minster or Westminster Abbey, so is Sophocles compared with Shakspeare.

COLERIDGE.

In the Old Comedy the form was sportive,

In the Old Comedy the very form itself is

* *Ex uno disce omnes.* "We consider the Dramatic Lectures every way worthy of that individual whom Germany venerates as the second, and whom Europe has classed among the most illustrious of her characters."—*Quarterly Review.*

and was characterized by an apparent whim and caprice. The whole production was one entire jest, on a large scale, comprehending within itself a world of separate jests, and each occupied its own place without appearing to have any concern with the rest.

SCHLEGEL.

The subdued seriousness of the New Comedy, on the other hand, remains always within the circle of experience. The place of Fate is supplied by Accident.

SCHLEGEL.

Not to tire the reader, let these examples suffice, although we could cite twenty others equally striking. Most of what is said in the 'Remains' of Coleridge on the subject of the Greek Drama and respecting Shakspeare (pages 12 to 83 of the second volume), is to be found in the 'Lectures' of Schlegel. This passes the possibility of casual coincidence. Yet Coleridge, accused of plagiarism, boldly declared that "there is not a single principle in Schlegel's work (*which is not an admitted drawback from its merits*) that was not established and applied in detail by me."

Unfortunately Coleridge, with all those great and admirable powers which we are far from wishing to depreciate, was notoriously a plagiarist, and not a very honest one. He did not simply appropriate the ideas of others, but always endeavoured to prove that he was but recovering his own property. It is worthy here to be remarked that many of the opinions and happy illustrations of certain topics, to which Coleridge gave currency, and for which he daily receives the credit, are plagiarisms. His famous saying that all men are born either Aristotelians or Platonists is in Frederick Schlegel. His still more famous saying respecting Plato, is what Socrates uttered of Heraclitus. The philosophy in his 'Biographia Literaria,' is translated, often verbatim, from Schelling. If, therefore, with this knowledge of his literary honesty we examine the present question of plagiarism, we shall find little difficulty in detecting the culprit.

Coleridge lectured in 1813, five years after Schlegel; and by this time the German's ideas were pretty well known over Europe, for Madame de Staël had then pub-

lished her 'De l'Allemagne.' On the other hand Coleridge, by an artful assertion, throws a difficulty in the way. He says that his rival did not lecture till two years after he did; referring to the lectures at the Surrey Institution in 1806. We call it an artful assertion, and the artifice is this: the fact that he lectured in 1806 is brought forward as a proof of his originality, *implying* that in those lectures of 1806 he delivered the same opinions as in those of 1813. His friends have taken the implication as if it were a necessary consequence of his having lectured. But it is by no means a necessary consequence: indeed we have his own express testimony against it: for he says that he always made a point of so altering the matter of his discourses that two on the same subject differed as much as if they had been by two different individuals. These lectures of 1806 have perished; no trace of them remains to support his assertion; the only remains are of those of 1813; and, until it can be proved that the 'resemblances' were in those of 1806, he must be accused of the theft by all impartial judges. For (and the case is remarkable as a specimen of boldness) in one place Coleridge calls Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Hazlitt, to witness that he delivered his views upon 'Hamlet' two years before Schlegel. The fact is indubitable; but he forgot, in the anxiety for his 'moral reputation,' to add this other fact—that *in his criticism on Hamlet there are no resemblances to the criticisms of Schlegel.* Let the reader compare 'Remains,' vol. ii., pp. 204—234, with 'Dramatic Lectures,' ii., pp. 199—204, and he will appreciate the importance of Coleridge's witnesses.

COLERIDGE.

The Entertainment or New Comedy, on the other hand, remained within the circle of experience. Instead of the tragic Destiny, it introduced the power of Chance.

COLERIDGE.

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We here quit this topic, to confine ourselves to the 'Dramatic Lectures.' Schlegel's method we regard as the most injurious portion of his work; the more so as it dignifies itself with lofty names, and wishes to pass off easy theorizing for philosophic judgment. We owe the jargon of modern criticism, which styles itself 'philosophic,' principally to Schlegel; for the Solgers, Röschers, Hegels, &c., are but little read. Everybody knows that the criticism of the last century was bad, but at any rate it was positive; it was intelligible; it treated of the matter in hand, and measured it according to standards which were appreciable, if limited. Bad as it was, it was more satisfactory, more instructive than much of what passes as philosophic in the present day. Ridiculous though it be to talk of the 'elegance and sublimity' of Homer, or the 'irregularity' of Shakspeare, we prefer it to the rhapsodies of Schlegel on Calderon,

wherein he defends the glittering nonsense of his favourite upon the ground that it is 'a sense of the mutual attraction of created things to one another on account of their common origin, and this is a refulgence of the eternal love which embraces the universe.' If there is better criticism in the present day than in the last century, it is because knowledge of art is greater and taste more catholic; not because 'analysis' has given place to 'synthesis,' as many people maintain.

In the eloquent introduction to the last edition of the translation of the 'Lectures,' Mr. Horne deems it worthy of especial and enthusiastic praise that Schlegel eschewed 'analysis.' Mr. Horne has an angry contempt for analysis; deems truth and appreciation solely on the side of synthesis; will see no danger in wholesale judgment. In this respect we may take his introduction as the expression of an opinion prevalent with a large class. Opposed to this class is another which sneers with unlimited contempt at 'philosophic criticism' as vague, dreamy, and fantastic. Both parties are right in what *they* mean by these terms; but neither of them affix the right meaning. One scorns analysis, meaning incomplete analysis. Another scorns philosophy, meaning bad philosophy.

Though ranging under neither banner, we confess our inclinations lean towards analysis. Bad analytical criticism is better than mediocre philosophy. A review of a poem, which consists in quoting a few passages, may not be satisfactory, but it at least selects something whereby the reader may form an opinion. A dissertation on the philosophic or artistic import of that poem must be excellent to be enduring; and at the best it is an essay, not a judgment. Mr. Horne thinks analysis 'akin to the taking an inventory of furniture in an edifice as a means of calculating the abstract spirit of its master:' as we said, he means *incomplete* analysis. He has also described his favourite method thus:

"It is the synthetic principle to work *with* nature and art, and not against them; collaterally, and not in the assumed superiority of the contemplative and investigating power over the productive power and the things it produces."

In other words, the synthetic critic is an advocate, and not a judge: an accurate description of Schlegel himself.

The greatest of modern critics, Lessing and Winckelman, were men of great analytic power, and it is to them that we owe the best appreciation of works of art. They were not declaimers. They studied pa-

tiently, and reasoned profoundly. One aspect, one limb, did not to them represent the whole. They strove to evolve the meaning *from* each work, and nor to force some *à priori* meaning *on* the work. They were judges and not advocates. It will be the scope of our remarks to show that Schlegel's 'synthesis' is rash, and not founded on a due 'analysis:' that he is an advocate and not a judge.

The first principle of classification is to trace constant uniformities amidst varieties: applied therefore to works of art, it consists in ranging under one head all such various specimens produced by various nations as have some principle in common; so that the diversities of language, customs, and tastes, are set aside, and the real generic resemblance made the ground of classification. This would be the scientific method; but Schlegel in his celebrated classification of art into classic and romantic has acted in direct opposition to it. He has grounded his classification on a single diversity instead of a constant uniformity. Except for historical purposes, the division of art into ancient and modern is fatal: it is assuming that the spirit of art is entirely religious, whereas we hope to prove that it is *national*. The ground of classification must be ethnic not chronological: it is a question of races not of periods.

Struck with the revolution operated by Christianity in men's opinions, Schlegel and others have jumped to the conclusion, that it also operated a revolution in the *spirit* of art. This is tantamount to saying that a change of belief brings with it a change of nature and of organic tendencies. Great as must always be the influence of religion upon art, it can never entirely change its spirit. Let us be understood. By the spirit of art we do not mean *opinions*. As a distinction is made, and justly, between the mind and its beliefs, so we would distinguish between the spirit of art, and the ideas therein expressed. There is in every nation an organic character, which no changes of opinion can efface; this sets its impress upon all its works, so that we never confound them with the works of another. This impress is the sign of what we call the spirit or the national tendencies of art. It cannot therefore be true that the spirit of Art is dependent on religion; the more so as religion itself is modified by the national character. We do not here allude to sectarian distinctions, or to varieties of interpretation; we point to the fact, that Christianity becomes a *subjective* religion with a northern race, while with a southern race it becomes *objective*; as we endeavoured to

illustrate in the article on the Spanish drama in our last Number.

But while we deny that any form of religious belief can be taken as the ground of classification of works of art, we are impressed with the conviction of its influence on the national tone of thought, and consequently on the forms into which art moulds itself. What we contend for is, that the division into pagan and Christian, classic and romantic, is unwarrantable; that the real distinction is national and not religious. The national distinctions are very broad. We believe they may be ranged under two general classes of objective and subjective, or of southern and northern; each class is of course to be subdivided, but the above two we regard as the most general. Let us for a moment examine the characteristics of two nations, the Italians and Germans, which may be taken as types of the two classes.

In the Italian character, feeling predominates over thought; in the German, thought predominates over feeling. "The stern nature of the north," Schlegel has well said, "drives man back within himself; and what is withdrawn from the free development of the senses must in noble dispositions be added to their earnestness of mind." We use the word in no ill sense, when we call the Italian nature *sensuous*; neither do we imply any superiority when we call the Germans *reflective*. As far as single words can express such complex things, we believe these two express the distinctive characteristics of the nations; or we might call the former plastic and definite; the latter dreamy and vague. Everything in Italian art is definite; in its plastic hands all things assume distinct form; Italian poetry has no *reverie*. Nothing like *reverie* is to be seen in the southern character; neither poetry nor music, though both so fitted to express this peculiar mental state, have been used by the southern to express it. German art delights in it. But then the sensuous, passionate nature of the Italian is averse to that dallying with thought which constitutes a *reverie*, while in the German it is the source of exquisite delight. The thoughts of the Italian grow quickly into passions; in the German, passions, when not highly excited, have an irresistible tendency to weave themselves into thoughts: so that while in the one all ideas stimulate to action, his tendency being to throw everything out of him; in the other, actions stimulate thoughts, his tendency being to connect all outward things with his inward life.

"Is an Italian cold? he runs into the sunshine. Does he seek distraction? he

resorts to spectacles and society. The Englishman must stir his fire, and fall back upon himself." So pithily remarks the late Stewart Rose; and whoever looks carefully into this observation will find it pregnant with meaning. The influence of climate upon character is far greater than has generally been suspected. The Italian derives much of his preference for 'the outward,' much of his objectivity, from the out-of-door life he leads. He is on friendly terms with nature. Look at the lazzarone basking in the sun during the day; and at night sleeping on the marble steps of some palazzo, still warm from the noonday sun; watch those children dabbling their feet in the water, and casting pebbles into it for hours together; walk into the innumerable cafés, loud with gesticulating idlers, or pass into the opera where ladies are "at home" to their society; everywhere you see the same love of sensuous enjoyment, the same preference for the world without. How different is the life of a German! His climate admits of no such friendly intercourse with the external world: its sudden changes, its cold, and vapoury gloom drive him in upon himself, and force him to regard nature as an enemy to be conquered, not a friend to be lived with. It is no wonder that the Italian delights in form, his perceptions of it are so keen, and so habitual; the clearness of his atmosphere bestows a clearness of outline upon all objects; he sees everything defined. The northern looks constantly through a mist; in the brightest days the outlines of distant objects are wavering or confused. To state our notion in a few words, we should say that the southern climate generates a sensuous activity, a love of continuity and of definite form; and that the northern generates a reflective activity, and a love of variety and rapid transitions.

To the proof. What are the essential characteristics of Italian music? Continuity, simplicity, melody. It is full of 'linked sweetness *long drawn out*.' The melody alone is considered of importance: the harmonies are mere accompaniments, having no further meaning. In all the productions of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Caldara, Scarlatti, Porpora, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Rossini, Bellini, and the hundred lovely names that throng upon the memory, we may observe, amidst all the varieties, certain characteristics: and these are an uniform simplicity in the structure, which consists of a few large outlines, and the sensuous or passionate expression. If we then compare the works of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, or Spöhr, we shall at once perceive

the opposite characteristics of complexity in structure, rapidity of transitions, and the greater importance of the harmonies; moreover, the harmonies in German music have a meaning of their own. If an Italian air be played and the accompaniment omitted, the expression of the feeling will nevertheless be preserved; but to omit the harmonies of a German air is to destroy it altogether.

Italian music is the expression of feeling; German of both feeling and thought. There is emotion in the one, but in the other imagination and reverie have equal share. The effect of each corresponds with this description. The Italian excites a sensuous musical delight, and often a touching emotion. The German, deficient perhaps in that sensuous beauty, compensates by its reverie. Beethoven's music, though trembling with feeling, and piercing the heart with plaints of melody more tender and intense than ever burst from any other muse, has yet a constant presence of Titanic thought which lifts the spirit upwards on the soaring wings of imagination. It does more: it lights up the dim recesses of the mind, and recalls those indefinite, intense half-feelings and half-ideas (if we may use the words), which are garnered in the storehouse of imaginative experience. We have all a vast amount of emotions and ideas, to which we can give no definite form; links that connect us with former states; half-remembrances of joyful and painful emotions, which have so far faded in memory as to become indistinguishably shadowed into a thousand others. These, music of the highest class excites in us, by mingling with the recondite springs of imagination and awakening long dormant feelings.

We have selected music as the fittest illustration of our views, but we could examine the other arts with the same result. This result we must repeat is,—that southern nations are sensuous, passionate, and plastic, in a word objective; and northern reflective, dreamy, vague, in a word subjective.

It is obvious that the distinction here stated must, if correct, be of all the most fundamental, and consequently the one on which to ground a classification. We must range the various races under these two classes, and speak not of classic and romantic, but of objective and subjective: for although the latter terms are ambiguous, the former are meaningless. The Greeks, Italians, and Spaniards differ amongst themselves, but one spirit reigns above all differences; they belong to one genus and differ only in varieties; while from the Teutonic

races they are separated by a distinction of genus.

The foregoing remarks, if they have not established our classification, have at least shown the incompatibility of Schlegel's. Let us add also that Schlegel who uses the words 'romantic spirit' as if they contained the key to all the problems of modern art, utterly fails in applying his classification. To call the Greeks classic was easy enough, but the Italians puzzled him: he felt that they belonged to the same class, and felt also that in spite of Christianity they were not romantic. In one place he reproaches the Italian drama "with a total absence of the romantic spirit;" but he does not say that Italy was not Christian; how then, if Christianity is the source of the 'romantic spirit,' are Christian poets not romantic? This dilemma he seems never to have felt. Dilemmas and contradictions never trouble his 'synthetic mind.' Yet would a true philosopher have seen, in this case, either that the notion of Christianity being the cause of the 'romantic spirit' was erroneous; or else he would have investigated the causes of the apparent contradiction.

What is this 'romantic spirit?' has doubtless often been asked. We have tried to understand what Schlegel means by it; but in vain. We hear that certain things are in 'accordance with the romantic spirit,' and that others are not; what this is we are left to conjecture; all he gives us is rhetoric. In one passage, however, (page 102 of the English translation), we find him descending for a moment into the positive. "The antique art and poetry," he says, "separate in a strict manner things which are dissimilar; the romantic delight in indissoluble mixtures: all contrarieties, nature and art, poetry and prose, seriousness and mirth, recollection and anticipation, spirituality and sensuality, terrestrial and celestial, life and death, are blended together by them in the most intimate manner." This at the best is simply a fact, and not a principle; unfortunately it is by no means a fact. Never was a grosser prejudice than that current about the rigid ideality of Greek art. Is there no mixture of 'things dissimilar' in Homer? Do not Achilles and Thersites jostle each other? Have we not combats and dinners? intrigues, celestial and terrestrial? Does not that poem of the Iliad reflect almost every aspect of human life? Then the Greek drama, so often cited as an illustration of this prejudice, how will it bear examination? The mixture of the divine and human—of heroic persons in gigantic masks, buskin and cothurnus, with the dancing

chorus dressed like ordinary men—is striking enough; and in the action of the drama other incongruities occur. Glissa in ‘Æschylus’ is as comic and prosaic a character as the nurse in ‘Romeo and Juliet;’ and the furies are as *grotesque* as anything in Shakspeare. The fact, therefore, is not as Schlegel states it, and the principle for which it is meant to stand, falls with it. We would beg the reader’s attention, however, to the very characteristic passage which follows. Having attempted to state in intelligible terms the distinction between classic and romantic, his rhetorical nature soon re-asserts itself, and enlarges the statement thus :

“The whole of the ancient poetry and art is as it were a *rhythmical nomos* (law), an *harmonious promulgation of the permanently established legislation of a world submitted to a beautiful order, and reflecting in itself the eternal images of things*. The romantic poetry again is the expression of the secret attraction to a chaos which is concealed beneath the regulated creation even in its very bosom, and which is perpetually striving after new and wonderful births; the animating spirit of original love hovers here anew over the waters.”

This is the staple of what passes as ‘philosophic criticism,’ to which in reality it bears the same relation as *fine writing* does to science. Schlegel is full of it; in his followers it becomes galimatias. Every penny-a-liner knows it is easier to spin phrases than to convey ideas; yet this, certain critics tell us, is the only way of writing about art. O thrice welcome, bad analysis, to any such torrent of verbiage!

A very strong example of the rashness of Schlegel’s ‘synthesis,’ and its defiance of due analysis, is what he says of the Greeks: “The whole of their art and poetry is expressive of the consciousness of the harmony of all their faculties. *They have invented the poetry of gladness*.” We are subsequently told that the great distinction between ancient and modern art, arising from the opposite tendencies of polytheism and Christianity, consists in the one being the poetry of *enjoyment* while the other is that of *desire*: the former has its foundation in the scene which is the present, while the latter hovers betwixt recollection and hope. This is an antithesis fit to captivate a stronger head than Schlegel’s; yet it is an antithesis, and no more; facts are directly opposed to it. To talk of the Greeks having invented the poetry of gladness is downright absurdity. Almost all poetry is the expression of a regret or a desire: enjoyment finds very little place in the poetry of

any nation, and in that of the Greeks less perhaps than any. It was, as Lucretius finely says, in the pathless woods, among the lonely dwellings of shepherds that the sweet laments were sounded on the pipe.

Inde minutatim dulcis didicere querelas,
Tibia quas fundit digitis pulsata canentum,
Avia per memora ac sylvas saltusque reperta
Per loca pastorum deserta atque otia dia.

Where is this gladness which the Greeks invented? Nowhere but in the *Anacreontica*: and they are but a collection of songs composed for festivals. It is not in the elegies of Tyrtæus. The patriotism of Mimnermus is mingled with regrets and ceaseless melancholy, caused by the subjection of his country to the Lydian yoke. Simonides is celebrated for his pathos, and Sappho for her tenderness. What place has gladness amidst the fierce carnage and perpetual quarrels of the Iliad? or in the wanderings of that Πολυ δακρυτος ανηρ—Ulysses ‘for ever roaming with a hungry heart?’ What place has it amidst the intense bitterness and horror of Æschylus, the pathos of Sophocles, the crime and rhetoric of Euripides? Where is the gladness in Pindar? Where is the enjoyment in the Labdacidan tale? There is wit and fun in Aristophanes; but where is the ‘consciousness of the harmony of his faculties?’ Schlegel’s idea is founded upon an *à priori* view of the consequences of such a religion as polytheism, not upon an examination of the facts. He thinks the Greeks were conscious of no wants, and aspired at no higher perfection than that which they could actually attain by the exercise of their faculties. We, however, are taught by a superior wisdom that man through a high offence forfeited the place for which he was originally destined: consequently that the Christian is more dissatisfied with this life than the pagan is, and hence the poetry of desire. We reject this reasoning. It seems to us that if religion had the effect on art which he asserts, then would polytheism more than Christianity be the religion of sadness. The Christian dies but to be born into a higher life. This hope compensates him for much of this life’s ills; and makes him look on death as a subject of rejoicing, not of grief. The polytheist has not such a hope. Achilles—the haughty Achilles, declares that he would rather be a tiller of the earth than a king in the regions of Erebus. The Christian weeping o’er the vanity of earthly wishes, has a consolation in the life to come. The polytheist can only weep. Thus is Schlegel’s notion contradicted by

the facts; and we believe unsupported by his reasoning.

The part played by Destiny in the Greek drama, is another instance of that rash synthesis to which unphilosophic minds resort. "Inward liberty and outward necessity," he says, "are the two poles of the tragic world." The success of this formula is owing to its want of precision: it will stretch wide enough to admit the most contradictory opinions. For instance, one might accept it as meaning that the free soul of man in a majestic struggle with outward circumstances, affords a tragic spectacle, yet this is by no means what Schlegel intends to express; indeed he subsequently says that the "necessity ought to be no natural necessity, but to lie beyond the world of sense in the abyss of infinitude; and it must consequently be represented as the invincible power of Fate; (*folglich stellt sie sich als die unergründliche Macht des Schicksals dar*)." This is plain enough; let us now confront it with the facts.

The part actually played by Destiny, in the Greek drama, is extremely small. It is to be seen there, of course, as the doctrine of immortality is in our drama; but in both cases this is only as a portion of the national creed, not as an artistic principle; it was not there the poet sought the elements of tragedy. Shakspeare is a Christian poet, and his works are addressed to Christian audiences; yet would it be a very absurd criticism which asserted that moral responsibility and a future state formed the groundwork of the tragedy of 'Lear,' or 'Othello.' Such, however, is the reasoning of Schlegel. He finds the Greeks believed in an irresistible Destiny, and forthwith declares Destiny to be the ground of tragedy. Bad as this logic is, it is not the weakest portion of his famous formula. Let any one examine the nature of the several Greek dramas extant, and he will find that, in scarcely a dozen of them, can Destiny be said to have any prominence; and that in the rest it has no place. It is to be observed that Schlegel lays down principles in his introductory lectures which he never afterwards applies; and having stated Destiny to be the ground of tragedy, he never, subsequently, points out the use made of it by the poets. What could he have said to the 'Philoctetes?' This most tragic play has not a glimpse of the struggle of man with Destiny; the pathos arises from the accumulation of woes upon the suffering, solitary Philoctetes; and this play alone is sufficient to overturn the notion about Destiny.

But we may more completely expose the error by looking at the dramas of Æschylus, who is universally regarded as the most religious of the three great tragedians. He has left seven plays. The 'Persians' is more an elegy than a drama. It opens with a chorus of Persians, who express their fears lest the army of Xerxes should be vanquished by that of the Greeks. Atossa, the widow of Darius, appears and relates an ominous dream. The spirit of Darius is evoked. He recognizes in the destruction of Persia the 'too speedy fulfilment of oracles,' which might have been delayed but for the arrogance of Xerxes; 'but when man of his own accord hurries to his ruin, the deity seconds his efforts.' Xerxes appears as a wretched fugitive, and the piece ends with the exhibition of his despair. It cannot be maintained that in this piece inward liberty and outward necessity are the two poles of the tragic world. Still less can it be said of the 'Suppliants.' In this play Danaus and his daughters have fled to Argos to escape the violence of their suitors, the sons of Ægyptus. They sit as suppliants at the public altars. The king convenes an assembly to deliberate respecting the reception of these suppliants, which the assembly decrees. The sons of Ægyptus arrive, and the heralds attempt to carry off the maidens as rightful property. The king interferes, and threatens war. The play concludes with prayers to the gods against forced marriages. Of the 'Orestia,' we shall speak anon. Meanwhile, we may examine the 'Prometheus,' because Schlegel says that "the other poems are tragedies, but this is tragedy itself: its purest spirit is revealed with all the annihilating and overpowering influence of its first unmitigated austerity." The subject of the 'Prometheus' is too generally familiar to need any account of it here. The struggle is between Zeus and Prometheus. The chained Titan glories in his deed—*ἔκων ἔκων ἤμαρτον, οὐκ ἀνθρώποις*—he knows that Zeus himself must one day lose the sovereign power, and therefore he suffers proudly. Zeus is here a Tyrant, not the symbol of Destiny, since he himself is subject to it. The tragic ground is, therefore, the same as if the struggle were between a king and a subject, instead of between a Titan and a god, and in nowise the struggle of man's soul with Destiny. The more we meditate on this piece, the more we shall feel convinced that Schlegel's notion is unfounded. The strongest application of his notion is not in the 'Prometheus,'

but in the 'Œdipus.' Here, indeed, we see a great mind 'struggling in vain with ruthless Destiny;' yet most men would have suspected 'Œdipus' to be tragic on the same principle as 'Lear' or 'Othello,' and would have referred the cause to some eternal facts of human nature, rather than to any religious dogma.

It has been forgotten by most writers on the subject that much of what looks like the operation of Destiny, is, in truth, only 'poetical justice,' shaping the legend. Crime leads to crime and to punishment. Agamemnon sacrifices his daughter, and is sacrificed by his wife. Orestes avenges his father's murder by a matricide, and this matricide in turn is avenged by the Eumenides. "From the feast of Atreus and Thyestes," says Gruppe, "nay, even from Pelops and Tantalus, descends an unbroken chain of suffering and crime, till it ends with the death of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra."*

Schlegel's view of the Chorus next deserves our attention, as another instance of his vicious method. "The modern critics have never known what to make of it," he observes, and endeavours to explain it philosophically for their instruction. Scholars generally have spoken but little on the subject that rational men can accept. We have met with none who had endeavoured to estimate the influence of all the facts. One set of facts has generally been taken as typical of the whole, and the rest set aside. So convinced is the excellent Bode of the insufficiency of what has been done towards explaining the matter that he says, "Upon the character of the Chorus in general, little that is satisfactory can be said, inasmuch as each separate drama has its peculiar chorus, which must be gathered from a consideration of the piece itself."† Any one who looks at the Greek Drama, with ordinary attention, will be struck with the fact, that the Chorus has a different position in each of the three tragedians; and, as Bode observes, a somewhat different character in each different play. Many remarks, true of what we find in Æschylus, are false if applied to Euripides, and necessarily so: in the rapid strides of an advancing art, in the progress of development from a religious hymn to a tragedy, many and material changes must occur.

Schlegel, in his usual 'synthetic' manner, pronounces the "Chorus a personification of opinion on the action which is going on"

... "it represented first the national spirit, and then the general participation of mankind. In a word, the Chorus is the *ideal spectator*." Confronted with facts, this explanation is incompetent. What had the personification of opinion to do with the singing and dancing? Yet singing and dancing formed such important elements in the Chorus, that Schlegel himself, in objecting to Schiller's employment of it in 'Die Braut von Messina,' says, "modern poets have often attempted to introduce the Chorus in their pieces, but for the most part without a correct, and always without a *vivid idea of its destination*. We have no *suitable singing or dancing*: and it will hardly ever succeed, therefore, in becoming naturalized with us." We may further ask: what 'general participation of mankind' is there in a Chorus which becomes the approving confidant of treacherous designs, and which in one place is maltreated and knocked down? (Vide Euripides: we forget the precise play.) We would ask, How can the Chorus be at one and the same time both 'ideal spectator' and actor in the Drama? For an actor in the Drama it assuredly was, according to the evidence of the plays, and the express authority of Aristotle. It is true that Schlegel holds Aristotle cheap; true, he says in one place that "Aristotle has entirely failed in seizing the real genius and spirit of the Greek tragedy;"* true that he pays little regard to facts; and yet we find it difficult to conceive how he could, for an instant, reconcile his view of the Chorus with any single specimen. If ever the 'personification of opinion' be indeed present, it surely only forms one element and not the whole? We cannot, however, believe that it is ever present. Moral reflections, complaints of woe, exultations of joy, long narratives, and brilliant imagery, are there; and these may perhaps be construed into the 'general participation of mankind' by the cunning artifices of 'synthetic criticism,' as Dante's 'Beatrice' has been construed into Theology, or Shakspeare's plays have been construed into concrete expressions of German philosophy. But we openly avow our hostility to such jugglery. We can neither receive such an explanation as true of the Greek Chorus, nor as in accordance with the Greek spirit. In Euripides there are at least twenty choruses devoted to accounts of the Greek armies which sailed for Troy, and of the destruction of that city. When not thus historical, the Chorus is mostly

* 'Ariadne, oder die tragische Kunst der Griechen, p. 712.

† Bode: 'Gesch der Hellenischen Dichtkunst, iii., 189.

* 'Comparaison entre les deux Phédres'; Essais, p. 90. Pretty modest this! Yet how could the synthetical mind of a Schlegel approve of the analytical Greek?

employed in receiving the confidences of the actors, and even when projects are infamous, binding themselves by oath not to reveal them : are these the offices of an ideal spectator ? And with respect to the moral sentences and expressions of sympathy with the actors, which give a colour of probability to Schlegel's notion, we shall find similar features in our modern opera. Our Chorus also expresses sympathy, utters trite maxims, and is an actor as the ancient Chorus was ; yet no one ever imagined the retainers, peasants, warriors, or priests who throng the modern stage, were personifications of the 'ideal spectator.' We repeat, the Chorus was an actor in the drama ; and if it was also an 'ideal spectator,' we ask, *in how far* was it actor and how far spectator ? Where begun the line of demarcation ? The question is not answerable.

We close here our examination of the lectures devoted to the Greek Drama, satisfied with having so far exposed the vicious method which guided the author ; but we cannot close without expressing our hearty admiration of their very unusual merit, in spite of drawbacks. Our object in this paper being polemical, we have not noticed all the admirable passages and felicitous illustrations which compensate for the errors we attacked ; others before us have praised him, and praised him justly ; we must content ourselves with a general recognition of his merits. There is no popular account of the Greek Drama at all comparable to his for spirit and completeness ; and his various criticisms on separate plays are animated and interesting. We are the more anxious to place a word of admiration here, because on leaving this portion of his work, we leave almost all that we think admirable in it. We have hitherto dealt with him as a man of rash generalization ; we have now to speak of him as an advocate.

In his first lecture, he has given a description of what a true critic should aspire to ; and this passage is worthy of being transcribed in letters of gold. "No man can be a true critic who does not possess a universality of mind, who does not possess a flexibility which, throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, and to feel them as it were from their central point." Every one has admitted the truth of this, but few have guided themselves by its light. It seems impertinent to thrust forward the truism that the foreign poet wrote to *his* nation and for *his* time, and not at all for ours—that we might as well

strip him of his language as of his national peculiarities ; yet this truism is perpetually being neglected ; the work of the foreign poet is always judged according to our tastes and our standards. There is scarcely a critic unaware of the fact, that a tragedy of the Greeks was a totally different thing from the drama of the moderns ; different in purpose, spirit, and execution. Nevertheless, there is scarcely a critic who, judging of a Greek play, does not test it by the Shakspearian standard : talking of plot, situation, character, and passion, as if the work were addressed to a modern pit of after-dinner auditors. So also the critics speak of Racine, as if he were ridiculous for not being an Englishman. Yet the man who refuses to discard his national prejudices and standards, who refuses to regard the French poet with, as far as possible, the eyes of a Frenchman, had better, for the sake of honesty and criticism, relinquish the task altogether ; otherwise, he will only be illustrating Coleridge's amusing simile of the critic filling his three-ounce phial at Niagara, and determining positively the greatness of the cataract to be neither more nor less than his three-ounce phial has been able to receive.

We have full right to test Schlegel by his own standard ; and, according to that, we say he has shown himself to be no 'true critic,' for he has failed in placing himself at the 'central point of view.' We will not stop to point out the errors of his very slovenly and inaccurate lectures on the Roman and Italian dramas ; but his treatment of Alfieri cannot be passed over in silence.

Alfieri, the greatest of the Italian dramatists, is dismissed in five pages, which contain almost as many blunders as paragraphs. He is here an advocate against the poet, and very sophistical are the arguments he brings forward. "From the tragedy of the Greeks," he says, "with which Alfieri first became acquainted towards the end of his career, he was separated by a wide chasm." If this be meant as expressing that the form and purpose of the dramas of Alfieri differed from those of the ancients, it is a truism ; if that the artistic spirit (such as we before defined it) is different, it is an absurdity. No nation so closely resembles the Greeks, in artistic spirit, as the Italians ; no dramatist so closely resembles Æschylus as Alfieri. "I cannot consider his pieces," continues our critic, "as improvements on the French tragedy : why should he ? Let us, for an instant, grant that Alfieri is the reverse of the Greeks, and no improvement on the

French—what then? Does not the matter resolve itself into this; that being an Italian, and addressing Italians, Alfieri is to be judged without reference to Greece or France? His nationality is a quality, not a fault. Yet we are told "his pieces bear no comparison with the better French tragedies in pleasing and brilliant eloquence:" how should they, when it was his express desire to avoid declamatory tirades, which he considered undramatic? Göthe has well said that there is a negative criticism which consists in applying a different standard from that chosen by the author, and in this way you are sure to find him wanting. This Schlegel perpetually uses. Alfieri hated the French, and never thought of imitating them.

It is in his account of the French drama that Schlegel most unblushingly assumes the advocate's robe. His object is evidently not to place himself at the 'central point,' but to make the French drama ridiculous. He endeavours to dwarf it by most irrelevant contrasts with the Greek and Shakspearian drama, and only succeeds in displaying his critical incompetence. Let it be remembered, however, in extenuation, that Schlegel's object was not without its use in his day, though worse than useless now. French taste had for years usurped the German stage. Gottlob Lessing struck the usurper down. By dint of rare acuteness, untiring wit, and his impetuous zeal, he won the battle for ever. Schlegel rode gracefully over the battle-field and counted the slain; then, retiring to the metropolis, published his bulletin. Beside the masculine intellect of a Lessing, clear as crystal and as solid too, Schlegel is a foppish *petit maître*. But he addressed *petits maîtres*. The battle had been won in open field, with sweat of brow and strength of hand; but it had to be recounted in drawing-rooms, and for this the hardy warrior, covered with dust and gore, was not so fitted as the perfumed Schlegel, master of small talk and gifted with rhetorical abundance. The warrior and the coxcomb each did his work. Nevertheless, had Lessing and others never lived, Schlegel perhaps would eloquently have expatiated on the beauties of Racine; but when once the breach was made in the citadel it was so pleasant to ride in, gracefully triumphant!

It is most true that Racine was not a Greek; true that he did not write upon romantic principles; but what then? Was he not a Frenchman, a poet of the higher order, worthy even to be placed beside the illustrious few? Because a deer is nei-

ther horse nor elephant, is it nothing? It is a strange synthesis that concludes so; yet, metaphor apart, such is the conclusion of our critic. He admits that we "shall be compelled to allow the execution of the French drama is *masterly, perhaps not to be surpassed*; but the great question is, how far it is in spirit and inward essence related to the Greek, and whether it deserves to be considered an improvement on it." Not so at all; it is a question every way superfluous, a standard utterly fallacious. The antique drama grew up out of the spirit and artistic feeling of the Greeks, under a set of conditions which can never be again. So also did the French drama grow up out of the national spirit, of which it was the expression. It borrowed a learned air because it addressed a pedantic age; and even in its imitation of the ancients it expressed one characteristic of its own time. So also it was tinctured with gallantry, as our own drama was with concetti, because this was the fashion of the day.

The whole of Schlegel's arguments proceed from a wrong starting-point. He insists on the following conditions as indispensable to the poet selecting a mythological subject, viz., that he should enter, and enable the spectators to enter, into the spirit of antiquity; that he should preserve the simple manners of the heroic ages; that his persons should bear that near resemblance to the gods, which, from their descent and frequency of their immediate intercourse with them, the ancients believed them to possess. It is easy to say this; it is easy to state abstract principles like these, and then condemn the poets who have never realized them. But suppose *no* poet has realized them, what then are we to say? We assert that the above conditions are not possible; that if possible, they are absurd; and that no modern poet has fulfilled them. As Göthe truly says, "for the poet no person is historical. He is to represent the moral world, and for this end bestows on certain persons in history the honour of borrowing their names." The question lies in a nutshell. Had Racine preserved with historical fidelity Greek feelings and ideas, they would have been repugnant to a French audience; his object being to interest and move Frenchmen, he represented Frenchmen, and this because he was a poet, not an archæologist. Schlegel is shocked that 'Bajazet makes love wholly in the European manner;' but no word escapes him respecting Calderon's classical monstrosities; no hint is given that, had Racine represented Bajazet making love in the Turk-

ish manner, the audience must either have shouted with laughter, or hissed with disgust. To show how far he carries this carping spirit—upon what minute points he will lay stress—we may quote his discovery, that in the tragical speeches of the French poets, ‘we shall generally discover something in them which betrays a reference, more or less perceptible, to the spectator:’ as if this was not true of every dramatist! as if it was not the inseparable condition of the art!

We are quite weary of looking at this lecture; its ignorance is the least of its faults. We can hardly hope to see many of our countrymen very hearty in their admiration of the exquisite Racine, so many obstacles are interposed; but that the feeble ridicule and ungenerous arguments of Schlegel should form another barrier to that end, is truly irritating. People talk of admiring or not admiring Racine, as if it were a matter of taste; but it is in truth a matter of knowledge. He has survived two centuries of criticism, and in spite of every change of taste; the admiration of Europe for two centuries is a pedestal whereon none but the highest can repose; those, therefore, who refuse their tribute to Racine are convicted of incompetence to judge him; convicted of want of sufficient knowledge of the language, or want of critical appreciation. Let every opponent reflect on the serious opinions once entertained by eminent Frenchmen with regard to Shakspeare. ‘Oh! that was ignorance!’—Granted; but does it not teach us suspicion of ourselves in judging of the French? When we hear a Frenchman disparage Shakspeare, we invariably suspect his critical power, or his knowledge of our language. Does it never occur to Englishmen that perhaps their contempt of the French is founded on similar causes? We have met with at least five hundred Englishmen declaring themselves ‘to have been mistaken for Frenchmen,’ so pure and fluent was their discourse; but we doubt whether more than five of them could perceive the difference between a verse of Racine and one of Quinault, or between a page of George Sand and one of De Balzac; who could feel the impropriety of the celebrated ‘*vieillard stupide*’ in ‘Hernani,’ or understand why the common Italian epithet *acerbo* would be inadmissible in French poetry. Here then is an obstacle to be overcome by long study alone. Beyond this there is a critical bigotry prevalent, which regards faith in Shakspeare as the only true, and denounces all others as heresies. Yet surely there is room in the palace of art for more than one niche; surely we may worship Shakspeare as the

sun, and yet believe Alfieri and Racine to be no inconsiderable planets?

Schlegel’s Lecture on Molière is also very bad: it wants heartiness, sympathy, appreciation, and above all, truth. It is full of unfair remarks, and some distinguished blunders. We have no space to follow him much into detail, but will select two specimens wherein he accuses Molière of ignorance of human nature. The ‘*Misanthrope*,’ he says, ‘contains the gross mistake of Alceste choosing Philinte for a friend, although a man whose principles are the exact reverse of his own.’ He asks also how Alceste comes to be enamoured of a coquette who has nothing amiable in her character, and who entertains us merely by her scandal? Now we need scarcely insist on the very great truth of this selection both of friend and mistress: a selection which though it would have been misplaced in tragedy, because contradicting our ideal nature, is the perfection of comic characterization, because founded on the contradictions of our real nature. The critic also says of ‘*L’Avaro*’: “Harpagon starves his coach-horses: but why has he any? This applies only to a man who with a disproportionately small income wishes to keep up the appearance.” Critics, accusing great poets of ignorance of human nature, should be very certain of their own knowledge. Not only is Harpagon true to nature, but it is worthy of remark that this very peculiarity to which Schlegel objects is one for which Boileau ridicules ‘*le lieutenant criminel Tardieu*,’ a notorious miser of the day:

*Chez lui deux bons chevaux, de pareille encolure
Trouvaient dans l’écurie une pleine pâture,
Et, du foin que leur bouche au râtelier laissait
De surcroît une mule encor se nourrissait.**

The Lecture on Shakspeare has met with more approbation than any other portion of the work. We believe it has been vastly overrated; we believe that eloquence has been mistaken for criticism, and varied, ingenious illustration for profound insight. The author has, we are willing to admit, ‘said many excellent things about Shakspeare;’ but that he has worthily treated this great subject, that he has at all pierced to the core of it, that he has given to the student any important light, we cannot believe. It is a panegyric, not a criticism; a masterly panegyric, which many years ago was of beneficial influence. Had reason—had analysis formed the staple, and eloquence only the ornament, of this Lecture, it would have been as useful now as then;

but Schlegel is a rhetorician by nature, and as such we should have left him in peace had not his admirers declared him to be a philosophic critic.

It is not, however, on the score of unlimited admiration that we think Schlegel's Lecture so faulty; it is because he has used pompous phrases, which are empty sounds with him. He talks of Shakspeare's 'profound art,' yet he gives no example of it. Shakspeare *was* a profound artist; he would not otherwise have been the greatest poet that the world has seen; but how has Schlegel exhibited specimens of it? He spins phrases; he says fine things *about* Shakspeare; and too much 'about,' not enough to the purpose. Let any one compare his brief and meager notices of the separate plays with the highflown panegyric which precedes them; it will then be seen how barren is this verbiage of philosophy, how useless are these bursts of rhetoric when face to face with details. We must repeat there is no style of criticism so easy as this of 'synthetical appreciation.' Observe the licence of imagination in such passages as these: "'Shylock' possesses a very determinate and original individuality; and yet we perceive a light touch of Judaism in everything which he says or does.

We imagine we hear a sprinkling of the Jewish pronunciation in the mere written words." Surely, if critics are allowed to 'imagine' in this way, sane men will shut their ears. If criticism is to become a province of conjecture and imagination, not a science, the sooner it be abolished the better. To conjecture is easy, to know is difficult; therefore, unless we curb the vagabond licence of the former, the latter will grow into rusty disuse. That Schlegel has little knowledge, and abundant conjecture, we believe has been established during the course of this article. We will now select two specimens of his science, sufficient, we trust, to lead every one to suspect its solidity in other places.

Of the plays absurdly attributed to Shakspeare, Schlegel selects 'Thomas Lord Cromwell,' 'Sir John Oldcastle,' and 'a Yorkshire tragedy,' observing that they "are not only unquestionably Shakspeare's, *but, in my opinion, they deserve to be classed amongst his best and maturest works!*" This judgment implies a great deal; and after considering it, the reader will perhaps estimate the value of that profound and penetrating appreciation of Shakspeare's art, for which our critic is celebrated. It is quite of a piece with his rhapsodies on Calderon, and fully accounts for his seeing little in Racine. The second

specimen is in its way equal to it. Speaking of Marlowe, he says, "His verses are *flowing but without energy*; how Ben Jonson could use the expression 'Marlowe's mighty line' is more than I can conceive." Now one of two things: either Schlegel had never read Marlowe, in which case it is rather impudent of him thus to contradict Ben Jonson; or else he was utterly ignorant of the rhythm and structure of English verse, Marlowe's characteristics being, as every English reader knows, a wonderful energy and want of fluency.

With these samples of Schlegel's critical knowledge, we conclude our polemical essay; his lecture on the Spanish drama having been treated in our last number. We felt it a duty to protest against his being regarded as an authority; and especially to protest against the pseudo-philosophical method, which we have throughout followed his disciples in calling 'synthetical.' The candid reader will not misunderstand our preference of the *science* over the *metaphysics* of criticism.

ART IX.—Göthe. Von C. B. CARUS.
1843. Leipzig: Weichardt.

ANOTHER book on Göthe in addition to the many we have already, and yet not one *too* many. Whoever can say something new of that old man of Weimar; whoever can throw new light on that wonderful organization; whoever can find for us one more stray letter, or can repeat to us one spoken sentence hitherto unrecorded: he shall be welcome. Nay, even if we do not learn anything so very new, it is a healthful act to contemplate Göthe. The serene countenance which shines not only through his own pages, but through those of all who write about him, is a fine panacea against every morbid sensation. We can fully understand his beneficial influence on all whom he allowed to come in contact with him: the aspiring Schiller, the humbly-worshipping Eckermann, the pietistical Jung, and the earnest Dr. Carus. We can comprehend his magical hold on those who knew him, saw him, spoke with him, for we can almost feel the magic at second hand.

Dr. Carus has a point of view quite his own. He is eminent as a physiologist, as a writer on comparative anatomy, and he considers Göthe physiologically. Being a Göthianer of the most orthodox class, a real, thorough-going adorer, he feels that he

is bound to make use of those talents which he has exercised in the consideration of vertebrated animals and zoophytes, to explain the great human phenomenon that made its appearance in 1749, and ruled all Germany for three-fourths of a century. Such a book could scarcely have been written by any Briton or a British author. However our literary enthusiasts may be disposed to read, and to buy, and to quote, and to quarrel over a bottle for the honour of their favourite poets, a disposition to regard them in their relation to the universe, to study them almost as divine emanations, and piously to trace the peculiar circumstances under which the earth was blessed by such sacred visitants, this is unknown to them, or if known, would be kept as secret as possible. There is a pantheism in German criticism which allows an idol to be much more an idol than in this country. Had the book of Dr. Carus been written by an Englishman, we should have thought the author was mystified himself, or was trying to mystify his co-patriots. Being by a German, we are not in the least surprised at the tone of adoration; we do not elevate our eyebrows the eighth of an inch; we merely see a natural act of devotion.

The acquaintance of Dr. Carus with Göthe was during the last years of the great poet's life, and therefore we have from him, as from Eckermann, a picture of fine healthy old age. Göthe never deteriorated; like the setting sun, when his course was over he departed in full majesty. A delightful picture is that given by Dr. Carus of his own personal experience of the greatest genius of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The venerable poet and the young physiologist were brought into contact by the passion which the former felt for all theories connected with comparative anatomy. Dr. Carus had published a work on the subject of his studies, and though personally unknown to Göthe deemed it right to send him a copy. A letter of thanks was received almost immediately, and this led to a correspondence. Göthe warmed at once to Dr. Carus. He found a man from whom he could learn something, to whom he could write pleasant communications on darling topics—a man whose 'hobby' was the same as his own: and therefore to him he exhibited naught of that repelling quality at which so many were offended. The letters which Dr. Carus has published in the little work are not such as we can quote. Relating to the subjects under the consideration of Göthe and himself, they would require a more minute account of the circumstances

in which they were written than would accord with an article not intended to be scientific. We must be contented with remarking that the tone that pervades these letters is beautiful. It is most impressive to see the fine old man, who had never pursued science as a profession, who had energized in so many different spheres of action, actuated, even when his years numbered considerably more than threescore years and ten, by the pure thirst of knowledge, inquiring and conjecturing and rejoicing in a discovery or a theory with all the healthy ardour of youth. The soundness of that 'theory of colours' which occupied so much of his time, may readily be doubted; but there can be no doubt of the sound state of the mind which took so much interest in its investigation.

If we cannot give a letter from Dr. Carus's collection, we can at any rate give the visit paid by him to Göthe at Weimar, in July, 1821. We are sure our readers will like to be in his presence, however often they may have seen him before:

"At the very entrance of the house, the broad and somewhat slanting steps, the decoration of the landing-place with Diana's dog and the young Faun of Belvidere, indicated the owner. The group of the Dioscuri, which was placed above, had an agreeable effect; and an inviting 'salve,' blue and inlaid in the floor, received the visitor. The anteroom was richly adorned with engravings and busts. Behind, a second hall of busts led through a door, pleasantly entwined with foliage, to the balcony and the garden steps. Entering a second room, I found myself again surrounded with specimens of art and antiquity. At last the sound of an active step announced the venerable man himself. Simply dressed in a blue surtout, in boots, with short, powdered hair, and with those well-known features which were so admirably caught by Rauch—his bearing firm and upright, he approached me, and led me to the sofa. Years had made but little impression on Göthe; the *arcus senilis* in the corner of both eyes was indeed beginning to form itself, but the fire of the eye was by no means weakened. Altogether his eye was particularly expressive. I could at once see in it the whole tenderness of the poetical mind, which his otherwise somewhat forbidding demeanour appeared to have restrained with trouble, thus preserving it from the intrusion and annoyance of the world. Occasionally, as he warmed into conversation, the whole fire of the gifted seer would flame forth. Now was I close to him! The form of a man, who had so much influence on my own cultivation, was suddenly brought before me, and hence did I exert myself the more to comprehend and to contemplate the phenomenon. The ordinary introductions to conversation were soon got over. I spoke to him of my new labours about the skeleton, and told him how his previous conjecture of the existence of

six vertebral bones in the head* was confirmed. To explain myself more readily, I asked for pencil and paper. We went into another room; and as I drew the type of a fish's head, with all its proper characteristics, he often interrupted me with exclamations of approval, and joyous nods of the head. 'Yes, yes,' said he; 'the matter is in good hands. S. and B. have touched darkly upon it. Ay, ay!' The servant brought a collation and some wine, of which we partook. Göthe spoke of my pictures; told me how the Brockenhaus had puzzled him for a long time; and how these things would be held in honour. Then he had his portfolio of comparative anatomy brought, and showed me his earlier labours. We came to the importance of the form of rocks and mountains, in determining of what stone they consisted—as well as its importance in determining the figure of the entire surface of the earth. For this branch of investigation, he had already collected materials, as was proved by a map, with drawings of rocks in the Harz and other places. For a short time, I remained alone in the room; and it was exceedingly interesting to me to observe the things by which Göthe was immediately surrounded. Besides a high stand, with large portfolios illustrating the history of art, there was a cabinet with drawers (probably a collection of coins) which arrested my attention. On the top of it was a large quantity of little mythological figures, Fauns, &c., and among them a little golden Napoleon, set in a barometer tube, closed bell-fashion. All indicated the various directions taken by the mind of the possessor. When Göthe re-entered, the conversation turned upon entoptic colours. He ordered Karlsbad drinking-glasses, with yellow, transparent paintings, to be brought in, and showed the almost miraculous changes of yellow into blue, red, and green, according to the side on which the light was received. He could not suppress a remark or two as to the unfavourable reception of so many of his scientific works; and every pause in the conversation was animated with a good-humoured 'Yes, yes,' or 'Ay, ay.' I could not leave before I had finished a bottle of wine with him, and partaken of some fine white bread. Obligated to quit at one o'clock, I left, in every respect delighted and exhilarated."

The neatness which characterized Göthe's room extended itself to every action. Dr. Carus, after describing a little apparatus made by him to illustrate his theory of colours, says,

"I must remark that in Göthe's constant habit of observing a certain neatness and accuracy in the arrangement of these trifles, one could almost recognize the father, who could not bear the drawings of his son in their different, unequal shapes, but nicely cut them all with scissors into a certain regular form. Of all the things I received from Göthe, such as books, small remittances for engravers, &c., I do not remember one that was not packed in the neatest manner; and thus was this little box, which

had been made to illustrate the origin of colour, simple indeed, but most regularly and neatly packed and arranged. No less had I observed how in his rooms and portfolios, a strict order and cleanliness, almost bordering on pedantry, prevailed; and, far removed from those disorderly characteristics which are supposed to belong to genius; the order and neatness of all that surrounded him gave a wholesome symbol of the delicate order and polished beauty of his spiritual life."

There is something very kindly in this allusion of Dr. Carus to the formality of Göthe's father, and its descent to the great poet. In the autobiography, called '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,' it is almost painful to observe the tone of disrespect in which Göthe constantly speaks of his father; while it is impossible not to perceive how much he was indebted to the old Göthe's eccentric tastes for all that he himself achieved in the fields of literature and art. Dr. Carus afterwards considers the obligation of Göthe to both his parents, showing how much the healthiness that pervades his works, is to be ascribed to the healthy stock of which he comes. The pedantic, but always dignified nature of the father, the truly feminine nature of the mother, vivacious and animated to a late period of her life, were the foundation of the poet's character, and therefore, says Dr. Carus, he may fittingly be called a '*wohlgeborner*' (well-born)—an appellation which is so often given from mere ceremony.

The interview with Göthe, of which we have extracted the description, was the only one that Dr. Carus had; the acquaintance being kept up by letters, and not by personal meetings. All that belongs to this relation to Göthe, Dr. Carus has given in the first portion of the work; the rest, which consists of four additional sections, being devoted to a consideration of Göthe, apart from his own personal experience. These sections severally treat of 'Göthe's individuality'—'his relation to nature and natural science'—'his relation to men and to mankind'—and 'the use of understanding Göthe's individuality in understanding his works.'

In considering Göthe's individuality, Dr. Carus points out the exact circumstances which worked together, and the exact nature which was worked upon, to produce such a result as the great poet of Germany. Already we have seen, Dr. Carus observes, this hero come into the world, a healthy man: the foundation is healthy. But yet, the mind is not purely healthy—otherwise, how should we have the '*Sorrows of Werther*'? Our physiologist solves the difficulty,

* Kopfwirbel.

by observing that the mind of Göthe had on some occasions a 'healthy sickness' (*gesunde Krankheit*). Some bodily illnesses there are which steadily proceed to their crisis, and then dying as it were a natural death, leave the constitution stronger than before. So was it with Göthe. We have his own '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*' to show how in his youth he contemplated suicide; how he tried the effect of a sharp knife against his breast, and found it unpleasant; and how accordingly he wrote a book, in which he flung off his own morbidity to the world, and thus made himself a sound man. They say, some unlucky youths took it into their heads to kill themselves after reading '*Werther*.' 'But who,' says Dr. Carus, 'shall blame Göthe on that account?' It was not his fault that other people had not so strong a mental constitution as his own, and broke down where he could proceed with safety. Shall we blame the man, who, sick of a fever, infects the air by getting rid of the morbid matter? Göthe has his mental fever; gets rid of it the only way he can; and as for the two or three *miserables*, who made away with themselves, they are to be blamed for not taking proper precautions. Let us not pity them, but rejoice to see the chosen one of the gods escape unscathed, and philosophize quietly on the event with Dr. Carus.

The egoism of Göthe—that complete living for himself which has caused so many expressions of dislike, is well defended by his admirer, who calls upon us to observe how entirely the poet was occupied in a career of self-cultivation, how he could adopt nothing till he had made it a part of himself, how expedient it was for him to shun hostile influences, if he would not be interrupted in that great art which he pursued unremittingly during the whole of his earthly existence—the art of life. All that was foreign to his nature he shunned. Polemics he hated; if objections were made to his utterings, he left them unanswered; a contest would have occupied him too much. To the same cause is to be attributed his repelling manners towards those with whom he felt he had nothing in common. His own path was clearly defined; he might turn neither to the right nor the left; he could not afford to encourage a number of useless acquaintance; they would have impeded him in his great occupation. The assistance he gave to poor Jung Stilling, his conduct to Eckermann, will show that his nature was a kindly one. Only he did not like to waste himself by a collision with unprofitable people, who could merely irritate. Who shall blame him?

The system worked admirably, as is proved by the picture of the septuagenarian, with faculties not in the least impaired, still calmly pursuing his course, still devoted to art and science, still thirsting after new materials of cultivation. Dr. Carus tells us that many who disliked Göthe from report, felt bound to honour him, when they saw the representation of his venerable countenance.

His relations to the fair sex, which obtained him such a reputation for utter heartlessness, Dr. Carus would account for much on the same principle as his repulsion of unwelcome acquaintance. Göthe constantly pursuing his career of self-study, must know so much of love as to gain an experience; but he must not allow himself to be so carried away by the torrent of passion as to lose all control over his own being. Between the apathetic stoic, and the man of ardent temperament who is the slave of every impulse, he must form the happy medium. He must just know how far his feelings will carry him without peril, and manage accordingly. Hence we find this all-fascinating man give small return for the love he awakened; and many a little heart must be made to ache, that we may have such beautiful feminine sketches as the *Clärchens* and the *Gretchens*. Although Dr. Carus, here as elsewhere, is the zealous apologist of Göthe, he evidently does not quite like his conduct to the ladies. Besides using his general theory, he gladly takes refuge in the supposition that Göthe did not find a woman that was really worthy of him.

The side on which Dr. Carus principally knew Göthe, was that which was least familiar even to most of his ardent admirers: namely, the interest he took in natural science. Those who loved him as a poet, often uttered the regret that he did not follow poetry alone, and favour the world with a few more dramas and songs in the place of his scientific treatises. The parties who regretted the scientific tendency were not generally such as even professed to understand what he had done in this direction, and therefore the testimony of so eminent a physiologist as Dr. Carus to his scientific merits, is highly valuable. He attributes to him the discovery that the skull is in fact a continuation of the vertebræ, the honour of which is generally given to Oken. The principle of his theory of the metamorphosis of plants, which at first could not even make its way into the press, is now so universally acknowledged, that Dr. Carus says no scientific botanist can deny his obligations to the fundamental idea of Göthe. Nevertheless he would rather regard him

as the poetical connoisseur of nature, than the patient investigator of her details. It is a worship of the beautiful universe and its pervading spirit, which lies at the foundation of his science. The singular story which Göthe tells in his 'Dichtung und Wahrheit'—how when a boy he erected an altar to the "God who stood in immediate connection with nature," heaping together all sorts of natural curiosities for the act of devotion—this story reveals at once the secret of that scientific tendency, which the admirers of the mere *poet* have found so unaccountable.

We have not pursued this little book into its minutiae, but we think we have said enough to show the principle on which Dr. Carus has acted; and we would add that the principle, with respect to Göthe, is unquestionably a right one. Göthe is not merely an author whose works are to be read, but he is a character to be studied. We may say the character is even of more importance than the works themselves, and that it is from their being so fully illustrative of their author's mind, that they derive their chief value. So remarkable a person is Göthe—the man unremittingly pursuing his one course of self-instruction—so unlike is he to any other whom we are able to approach, that no study can be more fascinating than that of his mental development. Fortunately, too, the means of pursuing that study are abundant. With the great poets of an early date, if we are lucky enough to obtain some information respecting their external existence, all attempts to penetrate the inmost recesses of the mind are vain indeed. Göthe stands revealed to all who will take the trouble to contemplate him; his works are his 'confessions;' not, indeed, under that name, but 'confessions' of a deeper truth than those of the morbid Swiss, Rousseau. What a difference in the egoism of these two men! The man of Geneva whining and going mad because he can find nothing in the world to correspond to his one-sided idea; the man of Weimar looking around upon all the littleness of his age, and still seeing a foundation on which he might stand, and live for his own thoughts. He did not wish to be something that he could not be, but made himself that which he wished. The contrast between the two egoists is as great as that between a child crying for the moon, and a Jupiter calmly smiling at the world below him.

We cannot conclude better than with some excellent remarks of Dr. Carus on the egoism of Göthe, and his intimate relation to his works.

"There are works on reading which it never occurs to us to inquire after the individuality of him to whom we owe them; the matter is everything. A dictionary, a carefully descriptive treatise on the works of nature and art and the like, leaves us quite unconcerned as to the inner individuality of the author; while on the other hand, with a high philosophical contemplation, with a grand poem, with a profound historical investigation, an interest is essentially awakened for the individuality of the mind from which these works proceeded. They are, we may say, transparent works; the spirit from which they flow shines through them, as the light of festive tapers through the windows of a palace; and we are concerned, not so much on account of that which is immediately presented to us, but because the individuality of the author, his peculiarly grand disposition, his clear, far-seeing mind, his poetically creative power are completely palpable: ay even penetrate us, and as it were, magnetically advance us, and develope us within. Thus do these works operate more powerfully, the more powerful the mind from which they proceed. Göthe's works belong to this class in the fullest sense of the word, and it was because he felt this himself, that almost unconsciously, and quite regardless whether or not it was reckoned the worst species of egoism, he represented *himself*, his own essence, his *ego*, more and more clearly and perfectly in those works, and reflected himself in them. To receive nothing that was foreign to himself, decisively to repel contradictions, to avoid all reply to opposition, was for him absolutely necessary, that he might not be disturbed in his course of development. Whoever dislikes him for this *trait*, and wishes his life had been free from it, is far from having approached the real understanding of his nature.

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"How many do we see spoiling, or imperfectly carrying out, the work of life, because they are unable to distinguish that which suits them from that which does not. Now from an erroneous notion that they will gain some advantage, now with the fallacious view of being especially useful to others by becoming unfaithful to their own proper being, they leave what Göthe very prettily calls the fortification-lines of our existence, and thus so far mar their own progress in cultivation, that it becomes impossible for them to become for others in future that which they might have been, had their own development attained its natural goal. I have often reflected on the old *naïve* work of Giotto at Assisi, which shows the pure soul, dwelling in a sort of fortress, holding communion with none but the angels that float around, while the corrupt soul is lured out of its castle by demons into the abyss of hell. This gives much room for thought, especially with reference to the self-purification of the soul; but even the fort which guards the more beautiful soul is not without significance. It represents symbolically that which Göthe calls the fortification-lines of our existence, and thus, partly self-restraint, partly a decisive repulsion of that which is not suited to us but which would impair our real essence, is distinctly portrayed."

- ART. X.—1. *Diplomates Européens.* (European Diplomats) 1. *Prince Metternich.* 2. *Pozzo di Borgo.* 3. *Prince Talleyrand.* 4. *Baron Pasquier.* 5. *The Duke of Wellington.* 6. *The Duc de Richelieu.* 7. *Prince Hardenberg.* 8. *Count Nesselrode.* 9. *Lord Castlereagh.* Par M. CAPEFIGUE. Paris. 1843.
2. *Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne,* 1814, 1815. Par le Comte A. DE LA GARDE. Paris. 1843.

MONSIEUR CAPEFIGUE is the Froissart of diplomacy. A battle of protocols is, in his eyes, the finest of battles. An engagement evaded, an antagonist overreached, an adversary tricked, is more worthy of record than a well-contested combat or a victory won. He observes the whirlwind of wordy warfare with passionless impartiality; his sympathies lean only to the most skilful, even though the game should be in the hands of the enemy of his country. Thus while he lauds to the skies the Duc de Richelieu, whose lot it was to bind up the wounds of France, occupied by the allies, he reveres Wellington, and almost adores Lord Castlereagh. And as the chronicler of the times of chivalry loved to record the deeds of knighthood, collected from the lips of the actors therein engaged, so has M. Capefigue drawn much of his information from his own heroes personally. Metternich, Pozzo di Borgo, and Talleyrand have 'posed' for him; and we presume it to be gratitude to Baron Pasquier for some familiar whisperings about an intended *post obit* payment of impartial truth to posterity in the shape of twenty volumes of posthumous memoirs, that has impelled the author to hang up the chancellor's portrait in his gallery of European diplomatists!

M. Capefigue has selected nine, of whom we have already named seven; the two remaining are Count Nesselrode, and a name less present to the memory, but deserving of honour, that of the Prince Hardenberg of Prussia. Why there should have been nine, neither more nor less, we cannot divine. Perhaps the number of the muses inspired some mystical analogy; for, cold and colourless as is the painting of the bard of diplomacy, he is not free from the modern French cant about symbols, and ideas, and systems. "It is not at haza d," declares he, "that I have chosen the historical names of these statesmen; they all represent an idea, a system of policy." For example, "the Duke of Wellington is the armed, active England of the times;" and Talleyrand, even the Talley-

rand of the republic; the consulate, the empire, the restoration, and of the revolution of 1830, is a fixed idea to M. Capefigue! Of the Duke of Wellington, be it here remarked, that is the last man in the world on whom such an historian should have laid his hands. He tells the French that the duke, speaking of his military character, although admirable in defence, never knew when or how to attack. We thought that Napier, in his unequalled history of the Peninsular war, had settled for ever such twaddle as that. What was the battle of Salamanca, of which Capefigue speaks, but an attack made at the right moment? and what the three days' battle of the Pyrenees but a series of attacks? What, in fine, swept the French from the Peninsula?

But if M. Capefigue be not another Homer of battles, he is the very Ossian of the cloud-capt land of diplomacy. Prince Metternich is his ideal. The author is speaking of the period when Austria hesitated about joining the coalition against Napoleon, hoping that she might command back, by an armed neutrality, and without the necessity of again taking the field, those possessions of which she had been stripped.

"It was then," says Capefigue, "that to justify this delicate situation M. de Metternich commenced that elegant school of noble diplomatic language, of which M. de Gentz became the most distinguished organ. . . . In those notes M. de Metternich was seen to develop his principles upon the European equilibrium, which tended to contract the immense power of Napoleon for the benefit of the Allied States. I know nothing more remarkably written than these notes, *a little vague in their details, but so well measured in their expressions, that they never either engaged the Cabinet nor the man.*"

There is, indeed, throughout this book a strange moral insensibility! Policy covers sin, nay, knows not what sin means. Faults are its only crimes. Let us take for instance the memoir of Talleyrand, and see what excuse is offered for his many tergiversations, of which each was a perjury.

"M. de Talleyrand never held himself tied down to a Government or a doctrine; he did not betray Napoleon in the absolute sense of the word, he only quitted him at the right time; he did not betray the restoration, he abandoned it when it had abandoned itself. There is much egotism without doubt in this mind, whose first thought turned to its own position and prospects, and then in the second place to the Government it served; but in fine, we ought not always to require from a superior mind that self-denial which constitutes a blind devotion to a cause or a man."

Such is Capefigue's apology for Talleyrand, and the doctrine is carried out in the book to similar exaltation of diplomatists and liars of all countries. We have nowhere met so sickening a portrait. From the moment Talleyrand appears upon the stage as Bishop of Autun, officiating at mass, which he profanes by a side grimace to Mirabeau, to his deathbed from which he essays to rise in order that his royal visitor, Louis Philippe, may receive his due of ceremonial,—from first to last, through his private gambblings and public betrayals,—we think he nowhere stands in so bad a point of view as that in which he is placed by this apologetic laureat of diplomatists. In one place there is an insinuation of so dark a character, that it ought only to have been introduced upon the condition of settling it once and for ever. It is explained in the following passage :

"To the period of the arrival of Louis XVIII. M. de Talleyrand was at the head of the Provisional Government. The whole responsibility weighed upon him, and it was then that he had to reproach himself with being hurried into the commission of acts which belonged to the spirit of the time. There are, indeed, times when the human head is without control; it is hurried along by the torrent of prevailing ideas; it is impressed with the spirit of reaction. The mission of M. de Maubreil has never been perfectly cleared up. What was its object? It is pretended that his sole commission related to the stopping of the crown jewels. Other reports say that he was charged with a more dreadful mission against Napoleon, *resembling that which struck the last of the Condés*. I can avow that Maubriel never had any direct or personal interview with Talleyrand. In these deplorable circumstances the latter kept always out of view. Here is what passed. One of the secretaries of Talleyrand, then in his confidence, told Maubreil, with a careless air, 'This is what the prince requires you to do; annexed is your commission and money, and in proof of the truth of what I say, and of the prince's assent, wait in his salon to-day, he will pass and will give you an approving nod of his head.' The sign was given and Maubreil believed himself authorized to fulfil his mission. What was the nature of that mission? Historical times are not yet come, when all may be told and cleared up. I do not judge any conduct. There are periods, I repeat, when *on ne s'appartient pas*."

Whatever may have been Talleyrand's crimes, we are not satisfied to adopt this charge of his having nodded a commission to assassinate Napoleon. We cannot believe such a story probable, upon the unsatisfactory assumption that this incarnation of impassability was hurried away by a torrent of fashionable ideas, of some very bad description. This Monsieur Capefigue is,

with all his indifference, a credulous man. We find in his memoir of Castlereagh, for example, a charge brought against Canning of the foulest character. We give it in his own words.

"Castlereagh, in his capacity of minister of war, made immense preparations for the Walcheren expedition. Must it be told? Here begins the treason of Canning in relation to his country; in relation to his colleague, it is *incontestable* that Canning furnished information to Fouché of Castlereagh's plans."

But Capefigue, philosophic moralist! has always palliation ready, proportioned to the amount of crime. Listen to the profundity of the following aphorism: 'When jealousy reaches the heart it listens to nothing,'—and so he proceeds with his history.

"Canning engaged Lord Portland to disembarass himself of Lord Castlereagh, whose obstinate head, he represented, was as incapable of conducting the war department as of directing or sustaining a debate in parliament. Canning wanted to rule the Tory party, and Castlereagh was an obstacle to his ambitious designs."

This story is, of course, a piece of stupid absurdity, not worth a moment's consideration: he who would, with a grave face, undertake its refutation seriously, would be laughed at as a simpleton. Capefigue hates Canning for no other reason that we can discover, than that Canning was a brilliant orator. Our historian has no bowels for such a monster in diplomacy as an eloquent statesman. He bundles such a being off in the same category with poets. Vagueness, as he tells us, is the great beauty of diplomatic writing: admit eloquence and warmth, with conviction and sincerity, and what would become of the noble diplomatic art?

Of the nine memoirs before us, there is none—not even the romantic Corsican subtlety and hatred of Pozzo di Borgo, perseveringly pursuing Napoleon, like his evil genius, until, as he figuratively declared, 'he threw the last clay upon his head'—that so interests us as that of Prince Hardenberg, and this not upon his own account, but for the glorious young Prussians of the Universities: those boys who conspired without a word passed, and whose combination, effected under the nose of their French oppressors, was unsuspected until the magnificent explosion awoke at once and overwhelmed them. The Prussian minister did his duty at the right moment; and then, says Capefigue, with warmth not usual,

"Then were seen the Universities rising, and, their professors themselves leading their young pupils to these battles of giants. The battles of Lutzen and Bautzen have never yet been examined under the point of view which would give them a melancholy interest. These glorious generations meet in presence. The conscripts of the empire from eighteen to twenty-one; the students of the Universities, who bore the funeral flag of Queen Louisa, and the oldest of whom was not, perhaps, twenty-two. In the midst of this noble young blood thundered 1500 pieces of cannon, tearing this rosy flesh, and maiming these limbs; and yet not one of these youths flinched, for they combated for their mother-country."

Terrible this may be, but after the cold-blooded, tortuous, hollow hypocrisy with which M. Capefigue commonly afflicts us, it at least healthily stirs the blood. Never had a country been so trampled upon, plundered, and degraded as was Prussia by France, after the battle of Jena. The contributions levied upon the peasantry threatened to convert the fields into a waste. The wantonness of the conqueror was exhibited in outrages the most revolting. The indignity offered by Napoleon to the beautiful, clever, and heart-broken queen, was imitated in grossness of a worse description. It is a fact known to many living officers that, at the occupation of Paris, Blücher held an order issued by the military governor of Berlin, to provide the French officers with female companions under a menace that may be imagined.

Why do we dwell on this here? Because M. Capefigue endeavours to confound English with Russians, as urged by one common desire to oppress and humiliate France after the victory of Waterloo. He does so for the purpose of exalting the clemency of the Emperor Alexander. The truth of the matter is, that it was the Duke of Wellington who saved the monuments of the French capital from the destruction to which they were doomed by Blücher; the authority of Alexander was interposed with the same object, but at the instigation of the Duke. Capefigue is an avowed advocate for an alliance between France and Russia, and it is in accordance with this view, that, treating of this bitter period of the occupation of Paris, he endeavours to conciliate his countrymen towards Russia by representing Alexander and his Russians as mediators and saviours against the wrath and cupidity of English and Prussians.

What credit is due to M. Capefigue as an historian may, therefore, be easily determined. The vagueness which in diplomatic writing is with him the perfection of skill, he himself carries into the apprecia-

tion of what is or ought to be positive. He can seldom get beyond a hint or an assertion, unless with some special feeling to gratify. No one is more positive or bold, when he would accuse Canning of an act as unknown as assassination to the British character; or when, depreciating Wellington, he would exalt the clemency of Alexander as the star of a Russo-Gallic alliance.

We turn to the Comte de la Garde. Pleasant as diplomacy is, and gay and brilliant as must have been the aspect of Vienna in 1814, and the early part of 1815, we suspect that, beneath the endless succession of *fêtes* prepared for the many crowned heads, wearing, at length, their crowns with some feeling of security, there lurked a dissatisfied feeling; something like that which affects ourselves in the perusal of the Comte de la Garde's gaudy book. While we are stunned with the music of monster concerts, and confounded with a tumult of military *fêtes*, varied with grotesque revivals of the customs of the middle age,—while troubadours, paladins and their dames, falconers and *tableaux vivans*, glitter past us,—while all is glare, noise, dancing, feeding, gambling, and enjoyment,—we cannot but bear in mind, that the map of Europe is spread out itself like a banquet, for each royal guest to take his share according to his might. At *this* feast there is no harmony; each eyes the other with distrust and suspicion; and while Alexander is laying his heavy hand upon Poland, and the whisper of partition of France is going round, Talleyrand and the English minister are signing a secret treaty with Austria, with the object of raising a barrier against the dangerous rise of Russian power.

The Comte de la Garde saw only the banquet and the salons; he was not admitted behind the scenes, and accordingly has no secrets to reveal. He saw kings in dominoes, and empresses in masks, and was warned not to mistake a queen for a *grisette*. He heard some dissertations, but they were upon the fine arts and conversations at the dinner-table of Lord S—; they turned upon Shakspeare and Corneille, the gobelin tapestry, and Sévres porcelain; in which discussion the Frenchman, of course, came off with flying colours. We doubt not that in the circumstances there was a polite agreement to allow French vanity the consolation of calling Shakspeare rude and uncultivated, and of exalting Racine above Milton. Anything might be said, so that diplomacy was not called upon to make premature revelations. We are told that the sovereigns themselves only talked politics one hour during the

twenty-four; and that the dullest, for it was the hour before dinner; and even then the subject was quickly despatched, for contemplation of the innocent slaughter of a *battue*.

Were we, in fact, to give the headings only of the chapters in the first volume, the reader might suppose he was reading a programme of a performance at Astley's Amphitheatre. But while the Neros were fiddling, Europe was parcelling out; and we can hardly repress a feeling of satisfaction when the arrival of Napoleon in France scatters for a moment the pageant to the winds. The sensation produced by that event is the only portion of the book of which we will attempt a translation.

"The news Koslowski told me was brought by a courier, despatched from Florence by Lord Borghese. The English consul at Livourne had sent it to the latter. Lord Stewart, the first to be informed, immediately communicated the intelligence to Prince Metternich and the sovereigns. The ministers of the great powers, too, were told the news. No one had heard what route Napoleon had taken. Is he in France? Has he fled to the United States?—all are lost in conjecture."

"Whether it was that the secret was well kept, or that the intoxication of pleasure still prevailed, Vienna wore its accustomed aspect. The ramparts of Leopoldstadt, leading to the Prater, were filled with people promenading as usual. Nothing announced that the thunderbolt had fallen: everywhere amusement and pleasure!"

"In the evening a company of amateur performers were to play at the palace the 'Barber of Seville;' to be followed by a vaudeville, then much in vogue, called 'La danse interrompue.' Having received an invitation, I resolved to go and study the appearance of the illustrious assembly. It was as numerous, and not less brilliant than usual. But it was no longer the easy indifference of the day; brows were slightly clouded. Groups, formed here and there, discussed with eagerness the probabilities of the departure from Elba."

"The Empress of Austria gave the order for raising the curtain. 'We shall see,' said I, 'how the illustrious assembly enjoy the comedy.' On which the Prince Koslowski observed, 'Be not deceived; it would require the enemies' cannon at the gates of Vienna to break this obstinate slumber.' This morning the news reached Talleyrand in bed. Madame de Perigord was conversing gaily with him, when a letter was brought in from Metternich. The beautiful countess mechanically opened the despatch, and cast her eyes on the mighty intelligence. She had been engaged to assist, in the course of the day, at a rehearsal of 'Le Sourd ou l'Auberge pleine,' and thinking only of her probable disappointment, exclaimed, 'Buona parte has quitted, uncle: and what, uncle, becomes of the rehearsal?'

"The rehearsal shall go on, madame," tran-

quilly replied the diplomatist. And the rehearsal took place. . . .

"It was at the ball given by Prince Metternich, that the landing at Cannes and the first successes of Napoleon were heard. The announcement operated like the stroke of an enchanter's wand, changing at once into a desert the garden of Almida. The thousands of wax-lights seemed at once to be extinguished. The waltz is interrupted—in vain the music continues—all stop, all look at each other—he is in France!

"The Emperor Alexander advances towards Prince Talleyrand: 'I told you it would not last long.'

"The French Plenipotentiary bows without replying. The King of Prussia makes a sign to the Duke of Wellington: they leave the ball-room together. Alexander, the Emperor of Austria, and Metternich follow them. The greater number of the guests disappear. There remain only some groups of frightened talkers."

A *bon mot*—supplied by the title of the vaudeville 'La danse interrompue,' crowns the whole—and the fêtes are at an end.

ART. XI.—1. F. L. Z. WERNER'S *Sämmtliche Werke*. (Werner's Collective Works.) 12 vols. Berlin. 1840.

2. FRANZ GRILLPARZER: DIETERICH CHRISTIAN GRABBE: *Dramatische Werke*. Frankfort and Vienna. 1820, 1840.

3. IMMERMANN'S *Dramatische Werke*. *Merlin*: *Das Trauerspiel in Tyrol* (The Tragedy in the Tyrol): *Alexis. Die Opfer der Schweigens*. (The Victims of Silence.) Hamburg. Hoffman and Campe. 1837, 1841.

4. E. RAUPACH'S *Dramatische Werke*: *Ernster Gattung*—*Dramatische Werke*: *Komischer Gattung*. Hamburg. Hoffman and Campe. 1829, 1842.

5. *Original-Beiträge zur deutschen Schaubühne*. (Original Contributions to the German Theatre. By the Princess AMELIA OF SAXE.) Dresden. Arnold. 1836, 1842.

7. *Griseldis*. (Griselda.) *Der Adept*. (The Alchymist.) *Camoens*. (The Death of Camoens.) *Ein milder Urtheil*. (A Mild Judgment.) *Inilda Lambertazzi. König und Bauer*. (King and Peasant.) *Der Sohn der Wildness*. (The Son of the Desert.) Plays by FRIEDRICH HALM. Vienna: Gérol. 1836, 1843.

7. FERDINAND RAIMUND'S *Sämmtliche Schriften*. 4 vols. Vienna: Rohrmann's. 1837.

A REVIEW of the Modern German Stage is not an easy, and very far from an agreeable

task. Since the silence or death of Lessing, Schiller, and Göthe—that is: to say, for the last forty or fifty years—no branch of German literature and art has fallen into such undeniable decay. Most others have made admitted progress: the drama alone, the youngest and the most feeble shoot of German genius, has been stunted and discouraged. Perhaps some of the causes lie upon the surface.

There is no central public in Germany: a want which has been of evil influence to many of the national interests, but to none more decidedly than to the proper cultivation and development of a national dramatic genius. The numerous German capitals—every one of them strongly indoctrinated with peculiar and distinguishable tastes; each in some sort playing rival to the other; all existing by their own special laws, manners, and customs; Vienna praising what they are laughing at in Berlin, Weimar not knowing what they admire in Frankfort—have offered little of that settled public guidance to the dramatic poet, without which the highest order of stage success can rarely be achieved. To this are to be added the operation of censorships, more especially fatal to the health of comedy, and the luckless influence of the German governments in every other point wherein they have meddled with the theatre. It was they who cumbered it with its absurdly restrictive laws; who disabled it of its few chances of control by popular influence; who effected that unhappy metamorphosis of the gay, lively, self-supporting actor, into the compelled servant of a manager, or the life-hired menial of a prince; and finally, when some daring dramatist had even braved these dangers, and with them the certainties of mutilation that awaited his work from public censor, from prince-fed actor, from ignorant critic, it was the wisdom of these governments which so ordered the system of his remuneration, as to starve him back, with as little delay as might be, into pursuits he had unwisely abandoned. 'Our pedantry is so great,' said Lessing, when he satirically deplored* this condition of things, 'that we consider boys as the only proper fabricators of theatrical wares. Men have more serious and worthy employments in the State and in the Church. What men write should beseeem the gravity of men: a compendium of law and philosophy; an erudite chronicle of this or that imperial city; an edifying sermon, and such like.'

But Lessing did not content himself with

lamenting or with satirizing; he applied a remedy. When, by his vigorous criticism, he had demolished the slavish following of the French school, and fixed the attention of his countrymen on the great dramatic poet of England, he may be said to have created the German stage. Göthe's influence was less favourable. His 'Goetz von Berlichingen' announced his early inclination to the theatre: but of the pieces he afterwards constructed in that form, 'Egmont' and 'Clavigo' alone continue to be acted; while the greater works of 'Tasso,' 'Iphigenia,' and the incomparable 'Faust,' introduced that dangerous distinction between acted and unacted drama, which was fated to mislead so many in their approaches to the stage. The third is the greatest name in the history of the German theatre. Schiller's influence, its character, and its enduring effects, are known to all; we have lately enlarged upon them.

Once established, and its native claims allowed, a schism broke out in the dramatic literature of Germany, and two 'schools' set themselves in marked opposition: the 'romantic,' and what we should call the domestic. The last-named had its founder in Lessing, who set it up in rivalry to the French classical manner; and whose 'Sara Samson,' 'Emilia Galotti,' and other plays of the same kind, turned Göthe and Schiller in that direction: the one in his 'Clavigo,' the other in his 'Cabal and Love' (*Kabale und Liebe*), and in such episodes of his greater works as the Max and Thekla of 'Wallenstein.' But while this example strengthened the more direct followers of Lessing in the domestic school (the Iflands and the Kotzebues), the same writers, particularly Göthe, were responsible for influences that tended strongly to what we have called the romantic school, of which the leaders were Tieck, the brothers Schlegel, Novalis, and Arnim. There is no very exact meaning in the term *romantic*, but it was the word in vogue.

The effects of this style of writing, in criticism perhaps more than in dramatic production, were adverse to the progress of the German theatre. The dramas of Tieck and Arnim were impossibilities. The thin, fantastic, cloudy world of elves and fairies, of spectres and of dreams, which had found itself so effective in the tale, the novel, or the song, showed pale and utterly out of place in the compact form of the drama. Tieck's 'Genoveva' and 'Blue Beard' were poems of imagination and a sharp original fancy, but their dramatic form was accidental: not bestowed upon them by

* Dramaturgie, 1st April, 1768.

qualities of their own, but by the voluntary afterthought of the poet. The same is to be said of Arnim's dramas, a new edition of which has been lately published by Wilhelm Grimm. The only one of this school, indeed, who actually found his way to the stage, was Henrich von Kleist (not to be confounded with the elder poet of the same name, Christian Ewald von Kleist), whose dramas of 'Kate from Heilbronn,' adapted for representation by Holbein, and 'The Prince of Hesse-Homburg,' are acted now and then even to this day, attracting such as have a touch of their own mysticism, but in themselves as weak and sickly as the poor poet had been, who in 1811 took to drowning out of melancholy and despair. But the critics of the school were a more formidable party than the dramatic producers. Friedrich and August Wilhelm von Schlegel, Tieck himself, Franz Horn, and others in connection with them, brought all their talents to bear against the existing German theatre, and proved a formidable impediment to its growth. Young and feeble as it was, they proposed nothing but the very strongest drink for its nurture. Shakspeare and Calderon: these were the only models they would offer for imitation; nothing short of these could be the salvation of the drama. And straightway on this Procrustes bed of criticism, modest and quiet German poets stretched themselves out, to the terrible injury of what limbs they had, and to no earthly production of any they had not. All this wrought but one result: the unnatural excess of effort introduced into the drama a deplorable affectation, a phrenetic, convulsive style, a kind of intoxication of the pathetic, which have to this day depressed and retarded it. And it is worthy of remark that at this very time, in opposition to the violent demands of Tieck, the Schlegels, and their followers, it was reserved for a writer of a more moderate genius and less exaggerated claims to prove with what far more useful results the foreign model might have been brought in aid of the native effort, if a modest, practical spirit had only guided and controlled its introduction. Schreijvogel's* pleasing translations from the Spanish drama are still acted. He was a man, we may add, of very great merit, though little known out of Germany. He was born in 1768, and was properly the creator of the first German theatre, the 'Burg-theater' at Vienna. He died in 1832: one of the first victims to the cholera. His best and most successful translations are 'Donna Diana,' from

the Spanish of Aretino Mureto; 'Don Gu-tierre,' after Calderon; and 'Life a Dream,' also after Calderon.

Meanwhile Iffland and Kotzebue had steadily and perseveringly cultivated what we have called the domestic school, the *bourgeois* drama (*das bürgerliche Schauspiel*). Both these writers are widely known; both are popular to this day with German audiences. Overflooding with his 'comédie larmoyante' every little theatre in the country, Kotzebue was too profuse and immoderate in production to care at any time for progress or elevation. Iffland, himself the best existing actor, and the head of a dramatic school, some members of which are yet living at Berlin, had a practical knowledge of the stage superior to any of his contemporaries: his motives were well marked and effective; his characters strongly individualized: but his plots were in every instance from commonplace life, and that in its most prosaic form. A bankrupt, a gambling loss, a theft if possible: these were the catastrophes of the plays of Iffland. A generous husband, who forgives his *femme perdue*; an illegitimate son, who reconciles his mother to his father; an uncle, who arrives in the nick of time from the Indies, West or East: these were the favourite heroes of Kotzebue, whom our German friends have the most loudly applauded for upwards of thirty years. Not 'classical' tragedy this, it must be confessed; no need of the cothurnus here, to mount up the actor to the poet's requirements; here are heroes much within standard height of the Prussian soldier, and passions other than those whereat Germany might have wept with Shakspeare, or shuddered with Calderon. It may be further admitted that there is often in these writers more sterility than simplicity, less clearness than insipidity in their intentions, and of the humble much less than of the vulgar in their general scope and aim. But there was some reality to go upon; something that made appeal to the honest German playgoer on the score of what he had felt himself; and all the idealisms on abstractions in the world went for nothing against it. The 'romantic' school was worsted; and the highest order of genius then existing in Germany was withdrawn from the service of the stage, and unluckily devoted to the misdirection of other talents on their way to it. Success vitiated the *bourgeois* style, of course; but though its fortunes were not without vicissitude, and other modified styles, influenced by the critical sway which the 'romanticists' maintained, be-

* He wrote under the name of West.

came grafted on it, we must admit that it has on the whole kept the victory it won. When we arrive at the most recent date—in the detailed review to which we now proceed—it will be seen that the plays of the two most successful stage writers of the day, the Princess Amelia of Saxe, and the Baron Münch-Bellinghausen* are but the revival, with modern additions, of the principles of Lessing and Iffland.

What the Germans call *das Schicksalsdrama*, the drama founded on the idea of fate (*Schicksal*), comes first in our review. It was a strange product of the conflicting theories and tendencies of the time: a sort of wild clashing together of the most inflated romantic pretensions, and the most ordinary domestic interests. Here was Calderon with a vengeance, his Christian inspiration, his wild catholicism, wedded to the old remorseless Fate of the Greeks: here was all-sufficient sympathy for the wonderful and mysterious in nature and in man, to please even the most exacting romanticists: and could Shakspeare have been fairly represented by supernatural passions and unearthly fancies, here was a laudable effort to imitate Shakspeare. Superstition, mysticism, or murder, had constant possession of the scene; fright and shudder were the fashion; pity was dethroned by terror, and this despot ruled alone. Conceptions so wild and irregular must have a special language too: and the passionate rhythm of the trochaic verse, modelled on Calderon, supplanted the steady flow of the iambic. The representatives of this extraordinary dramatic style (which, after all, would never have taken hold of the audiences as it did, but for its points of human interest studied in the school of Lessing) were Werner, Müllner, and Houwald: three men of very different talents, and the first by far the most remarkable. But for him, indeed, there had been little interest for us in *das Schicksalsdrama*. 'A gifted spirit,' as Mr. Carlyle has well described him,† 'struggling earnestly amid the new, complex, tumultuous influences of his time and country, but without force to body himself forth from amongst them; a keen, adventurous swimmer, aiming towards high and distant landmarks, but too weakly in so rough a sea; for the currents drive him far astray, and he sinks at last in the waves, attaining little for himself, and leaving little, save the memory of his failure, to others.'

Zacharias Werner was born at Königsberg in Prussia, 1768, and died at Vienna,

in 1823. Impassioned and ill-regulated in his life and in his poetry; without a solid foundation in character or in knowledge; three times married, and three times divorced; now selecting for his dramatic hero the great author of the Reformation, and then announcing himself a zealous convert to the Roman Catholic religion; at Berlin the ruling dramatic author, and at Vienna a preaching, proselytising fantastic priest: Werner, wandering on this earth like a restless shadow, proved, by so many changeful contrasts and vicissitudes, that the wild, irregular spirit in his poetical productions, was at least no affectation, but a truly-felt, remediless, sickness of his soul.

His first dramatic work* was 'The Sons of the Valley,' and, notwithstanding its vague, impracticable, rhapsodical character, it contained more of the chaotic nature and genius of the man than any of his later writings. It is in two parts: the first, 'The Templars in Cyprus' (*Die Templer auf Cypern*); and the second, 'The Brethren of the Cross' (*Die Kreuzesbrüder*). Each of these parts is, itself, a play of six acts, and the two fill two thick volumes. The subject is the persecution and destruction of the Order of the Templars: a rich and tragic subject as it stands in history, and presenting a worthy hero in the person of Jaques Molay. But mere history had no charms for Werner. It was the history entirely within himself to which he had resolved to give utterance, and a mighty strange business he made of it. He happened at this time to be a brother, and an exalted one, of the order of Freemasons; and so, behind the full and warlike form of the Templars, to which in the first part of his poem (where their condition before their fall is pictured) he now and then does striking dramatic justice, he places the shadowy power and control of a mystic institution: a new, never-heard-of rival Order, called The Sons of the Valley, half-spiritual, half-real, omnipotent, ubiquitous, and full

* We subjoin a list of the whole. *Die Söhne des Thaies* (The Sons of the Valley): 2 vols. Berlin, 1803. *Der Vier-und-Zwanzigste Februar* (The Twenty-fourth of February): Leipsic, 1815. *Das Kreuz an der Ostsee* (The Cross of the Baltic Sea): 2 vols. Berlin, 1806, and Vienna, 1820. *Martin Luther; oder, die Weihe der Kraft* (Martin Luther, or the Consecration of Strength). Berlin, 1817. *Attila*: Berlin, 1808. *Wanda* (Queen of Sarmatia): Tübingen, 1810. *Kunigunde* (St. Cunigunde): Leipsic, 1815. *Die Mutter der Makkabäer* (The Mother of the Maccabees): Vienna, 1815. The complete edition of his works was published in 1840, by his friends Grimma, and contains in addition to the dramas, the lyric poems and the sermons preached at Vienna. His friend and companion, Hitzig, published his biography at Berlin, in 1823.

* Frederick Halm is his adopted name.

† In Carlyle's Miscellanies a paper will be found on the Life of Werner.

of extraordinary schemes for the perfecting and regenerating of the soul of man. Amazing are the plans and structure of this society; but more amazing the expression it affords to the wild, unmanageable thoughts that made up the fever-fit we call Werner's life. It has projected a perfectly novel religion: a syncretistic, universal faith, combining Moses, Christ, and Mahomet, and uniting with Christian devotion the paganism of the ancient times, the mysteries of the oriental countries, and the worship of Isis and of Florus. And how connect it with the Templars? Why, by correcting history. It is not by the King of France, it is not by the Pope, that the Templars are destroyed: neither Clement nor Philippe le Beau had anything to do with it, for the great work was transacted by these Sons of the Valley, and even the good Jacques Molay himself becomes persuaded that the sacrifice is necessary, and is inaugurated into their secrets before he dies.

Such is the strange conception of a poem, which, it would be most unjust not to add, is rich in many characteristic beauties. Besides its gorgeous theatrical effects and show, it contains characters and figures in whose outline there is no lack of either strength or manliness; but the solid foundation in truth is absent, it is without organic connection, and is wholly deficient in progressive interest: matters somewhat needful to a drama. In 'Martin Luther,' Werner again indulged his unfathomable notions, metaphysical and religious. The lesson proposed to be worked out was that the Strength (of human belief) received its highest consecration from Love; wherefore ought both to be, as man and wife, inseparable. Not at all clear in itself, this idea is plunged into the obscurest depths of a mystic plot, in which, notwithstanding some passages of exquisite beauty, the noble and manly figure of the great reformer is certainly seen to disadvantage. Better, decidedly, is the tragedy of 'Wanda, Queen of Sarmatia,' adopted daughter to Libussa, the celebrated mythic heroine of Bohemian tradition. Wanda and Rudiger (Prince of Rugen) had been in love, and pledged to each other, before she was called to the throne of Sarmatia. Since then, she has vowed herself solemnly to her people, when suddenly Rudiger, whom she thought dead, appears and claims her hand. The dilemma is cut through by a battle between Rudiger and the Sarmatians, the latter defending Wanda: he loses the battle, and is himself slain by Wanda, who afterwards drowns herself in the Vistula. The two chief characters are here drawn with some strength

and substance of reality; the collisions of love and duty, and the situations of mutual despair, are painted with masterly success; and there is a unity about the work, wanting to the other dramas of Werner—even to the 'Cross on the Baltic Sea,' which Iffland, struck with the genius there was in it, in vain endeavoured to adapt for his theatre at Berlin. But from these we must pass at once to the work which sent the name of Werner like wildfire through Germany.

This, the most significant for him and for the 'school' it set up, was 'The Twenty-fourth of February,' which found at once incredible success and numberless imitations. It was the first of that long list of dramas, compounded of the mean and the terrible, which excited and degraded the taste of German playgoers. The plot and catastrophe of this piece, Werner took occasion to declare, were merely fictitious. He might, with the exercise of a little more candour, have recollected to add that for both he was greatly indebted to the 'Fatal Curiosity' of our English Lillo. Not that we would not gladly, but for the fact's sake, hand over to Germany the whole credit of the invention, for assuredly the whole is a most horrible and unwholesome nightmare. Briefly, thus the story runs. Kuntz Kuruth, once a soldier now a peasant, lives with his wife, Trude Kuruth, in a solitary valley of Switzerland. Well off in former days, they are grown poor and miserable. Many misfortunes have overtaken them, and now the cottage is to be sold, and prison stares them in the face. Such is the state of things, when Kuntz comes home in the stormy and dark night of the 24th of February, if the cold and empty room in which his wretched wife awaits him can be called a home. You then find by their talk that, apart from even their worst misfortunes, some terrible cloud is over them. Past and present times are alike dreadful to both, the future more dreadful still. The man thinks of killing himself; the wife proposes a theft; when a sudden knock at the door disturbs these domestic confidences. A foreigner is there, who has lost his way, and seeks a refuge in the storm of the night. He has the appearance of wealth; he has brought wine and food; he entreats the starved inmates to partake with him. At table, conversation begins: and such is the interest manifested by the rich stranger for these occupants of a hovel, that Kuntz is moved to tell his story. It runs to this effect. His father, choleric, passionate, and unjust, had never approved his marriage with Trude; and one miserable day—the 24th of February—the old man having grossly insulted and

ill-treated his daughter-in-law, Kuntz in ungovernable rage and fury flung a knife at him. He had not hit his father, but the latter, to Kuntz's horror and remorse, died almost on the instant, choked with the fright and anger. His last words were,

‘Fluch Euch und Eurer brut!
Auf sie und Euch comme Eurer väters blut!
Der Mörders Mörder seid—wie Ihr mich mor-
den thut!’ *

Years passed; Trude had borne two children, a boy and a girl; and it was the anniversary of the day of the old man's death. The boy was playing with the girl, and as he had seen, some hours before, a bird killed, it occurred to him, by way of a childish game, to kill his little sister. The father exiles and execrates the child, who went abroad and perished. The 24th of February never returned after this without some cruel misfortune. Everything that lowered them in their lives, had come upon that day; on that fatal day fell the last year's avalanches which made them utter beggars. And now, adds the wretched Kuruth, as he finishes his frightful story, this day is come again.

But it will bring better fortune at last, the stranger hopes. The reader need be hardly told the sequel, or that this day again brings back its crime. The wealthy foreigner is the son, whom his parents had supposed slain in the French revolution: he has come back from far beyond the seas, full of the man's repentance for the child's crime; full of anxious desire to be pardoned by his father; with means to make his age happy at last, and the strong sense that he shall succeed in what he purposes. Persuaded of this, and fearful of increasing to danger the excitement of his father's narrative, he defers his disclosure till the morning. But somewhat oddly, he has taken occasion to say meanwhile—to establish a sort of fellow-feeling with Kuruth, at supper—‘I too am a murderer!’ He falls asleep. Upon this, Kuntz, excited by the wine and irritated by the turn the conversation has taken, thinks of doing justice at once upon this unknown murderer, but his wife dissuades him. At last he resolves to leave him life, but to take his money while he sleeps. While thus engaged, however, Kurt, the son, awakes, and cries out; when the father, on the sudden impulse, stabs him with his knife. Dying, the son

says who he is, and pardons his father, who rushes from the scene to deliver himself up to justice! And so ends the ‘Twenty-fourth of February,’ which, with all its faults and its absurdities (for Werner continually walks on the narrow and dangerous line which is said to reach the verge of sublimity), has a deep tragic passion in it, worthy of a better theme.

Adolf Müllner, the first of the two chief followers of Werner to whom we shall here advert, was born in 1774, at Weissenfels, near Leipsic, and died in 1829. He was more of a critic than a dramatist, and became chiefly notorious in Germany by his endless and savage polemics with all the poets and all the booksellers of his age, who paid him back with a nickname that stuck to him, ‘The wild beast of Weissenfels.’ He had no fancy or imagination of his own; inspiration was a thing altogether unknown to him; but he constructed his scenes very well, and had, on emergency, a tolerably available stock of common sense. He had no special vocation to the drama: but when he took to it, he common-placed Werner, and so succeeded wonderfully. He had probably never taken to it at all, but for the Amateur Theatre he had established in Weissenfels, a very small and dull place, where it was no very vast merit to have turned out the best actor. His first play was ‘The Twenty-ninth of February:’ a copy, and a very bad one, of Werner's play. But he improved as he went on, and got out a piece at last which forced its way into all the German theatres. This was ‘The Guilt’ (*Die Schuld*), acted for the first time at Vienna, in 1816; and perhaps, since Schiller's time, no single drama had found a theatrical success at all equal to ‘The Guilt.’ Its simple, pleasing, moral idea, is that of a murder expiated by a suicide; but its horrors were very cleverly put together, and there was no higher aim beneath them, no metaphysical wanderings indulged, nothing that plain, sensible lovers of the horrible could not with comfort understand. After this followed ‘King Yngurd’ (*König Yngurd*), and ‘The Maid of Albania’ (*Die Albaneserin*): superior to the ‘Schuld’ in a kind of poetical value, certainly—this Müllner himself thought—but on that account, we suppose, not comparable to it in success. Upon which, in high dudgeon, Müllner left the theatre, and from 1820 occupied himself with the pleasing style of criticism before named. He became the terror of German writers and artists, and at his death a common breath of ease and comfort was drawn. His works were published at Brunswick, in

* Cursed be you and your race! Upon you and upon them your father's blood! They shall be murderers of the murderer—as you murder me.

1828, in seven volumes, with supplements. A biography, by Schüts, appeared at Meissen in 1830.

Of a softer complexion, very mild and very sentimental in his way, was Ernst Baron von Houwald: in his poetry, indeed, a true son of his country, the Lusatia (Lausitz), where he was born in 1778. He tried a still closer combination than Werner of the *Schicksalsdrama* with the *bourgeois*, and gently infusing Kotzebue into Werner, found many friends and enthusiastic applauders. The most successful of his dramas were, 'The going Home' (*Die Heimkehr*), Leipsic, 1821; 'The Pharos' (*Der Leuchthurm*), 'Curse and Blessing' (*Fluch und Segen*), 'The Portrait' (*Das Bild*). But all of them vanished from the German stage after a few years' triumph, and became but the occasional resource of strolling companies, or the recreation of the family circle.

We now come to a poet, nearly connected with the *Schicksalsdrama* by his first essay, but in aim and genius much superior to all that we have yet named; known too well by his first effort, and unknown for what he did later and better; isolated in his literary position, and almost forgotten by the critics; without contradiction the most original and the most powerful of living German dramatists, though neither the most successful nor the most productive; Franz Grillparzer, born in 1790, and still living at Vienna. He took possession of the theatre in 1816, by his first work 'The Woman Ancestor' (*Die Ahnfrau*)—a phantom which wandered over every stage in Germany, to the smallest and most remote. Grillparzer, a young man then, visibly formed on the models of Werner and Müllner, and excited by their success, took up the notion of fate in a more ghostly as well as ghastly sense than theirs, and gave the added horror of dreams and spectres to those of murder and physical suffering wherein the vulgar taste rejoiced. But this could not conceal a language of genuine poetry, and a faculty for the dramatic art such as no German had shown to a like extent since the death of Schiller. Hideous, therefore, as the invention was, this 'Ahnfrau' became a general favourite. The critics, indeed, protested energetically. Tieck, in his caustic way, called it a tragedy for the Caribbees; and great, for a time, were the sufferings of select taste. But alas! the greatest sufferer by his success was Grillparzer himself. He was self-degraded by it to a level, from which, the more he attempted to rise, the more his own example served to strike him down.

Thus the better and worthier the work he afterwards produced, the more his reputation declined.

'Sappho' (acted in 1818) was a somewhat strange combination of antique tragedy and modern intrigue; but the chief character, represented by Sophia Schröder, was drawn with exquisite beauty. The main defect was in the relation of young Phaon to the elderly Sappho; while the loves of her daughter Melitta and of Phaon touched the very verge of the ridiculous. His next work was a greater advance. 'The Golden Fleece' (*Das goldene Vlies*), a classic trilogy, containing in ten acts the murder of Phrixus, Jason's expedition, his affair with Medea, the rape of the fleece, the flight and the return of the two lovers, their misfortune, and Medea's infanticide, is perhaps, as to general dramatic conception, and a sustained force of composition, the masterpiece of Grillparzer's writings. 'Ottakar' (1825) was an historic drama, treating the rebellion and the unhappy end of Ottakar, King of Bohemia, and the victory of the German Emperor, Rudolf von Hapsburg. These two persons—the man of force and the man of right; the ambitious vassal and the great sovereign—were here discriminated with wonderful success; but the minor points of invention, the details of the plot, were done less happily, and some of the inferior and mere sketchy groupings of the piece disturb the great impression of its leading features. The later plays of Grillparzer—'A True Servant of his Master' (*Ein treuer Diener seiner Herren*), a tragedy; 'Woe to the Liar' (*Wehe dem der Lügt*), a serious comedy, full of satiric touch, but designedly unsuited to a great public; 'Dream a Life' (*Der Traum ein Leben*), a most tender and graceful play, in which the lyric element predominates; 'The Waves of Sea and of Love' (*Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen*)—all composed from 1830 to 1840, did not answer the expectations of German audiences, for no better reason than that they were greatly in advance of their means and powers of appreciation. Discouraged by this experience; oppressed by the intolerable obstructions and annoyances of the theatres of the day; the poet has at last given up his unthankful task, and retires into the solitary cell of the Austrian archives, of which the government made him a director. Germany loses in Grillparzer her greatest living talent for dramatic poetry. Future times will be judges between Grillparzer, Immermann, and Grabbe, the rejected of the German Theatre, and such as Raupach, Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, and the miserable

translators of French vaudevilles, who have been so long its idols.

Our next group, in this rapid survey, are of no special school or class: being now romantic, now historic or domestic in their tastes, and imitators in turns of French, Spanish, English, and Italian models: but as they kept up in Germany the type of Schiller's form, they may be considered properly as followers and disciples of him in respect at least to the exterior shape of the drama. Körner (1791—1813) is the foremost example of this school, too well known to be more than mentioned here. His heroic dramas, 'Zriny,' 'Rosamunde,' &c., mere exercises in Schiller's style, made sensation for a time, less by their merit than by the personal position of the author, and his heroic death. Zschokke (born in 1771), the famous novelist of Switzerland, produced with some success, 'Abellino,' a sort of bandit tragedy. Gotthilf August von Maltitz (1794—1837), an earnest, excited writer, but without art or study, was author of two successful plays, 'The Old Student' (*Der alte Student*), and 'Hans Kohlhas,' after the excellent novel of Heinrich von Kleist. Uhland (born in 1787, and still living at Tübingen) was too essentially a lyric poet to win success upon the stage, though his patriotic play 'Ernst von Schwaben,' was not without merit. Edward von Schenck (born in 1788, and who died at Munich in 1841, in the post of minister to the King of Bavaria) became popular by his tragedy of 'Belisarius.' But 'The Crown of Cyprus' (*Die Krone von Cypern*) and 'Albrecht Dürer in Venedig,' were not equal to this first success. Auffenberg (born in 1796, and still living at Carlsruhe) wrote several plays historical and romantic, and among them adapted one of the romances of Walter Scott under the title of 'The Lion of Curdistan' (*Der Löwe von Curdistan*). 'Pizarro,' 'Xerxes,' 'The Night of St. Bartholomew' (*Die Bartholomäusnacht*), 'Themistocles,' 'Ludwig XI,' and others, followed. 'Alhambra' is perhaps the best of his dramatic poems, but by its form (it is published in three volumes) unactable. Uchtritz (born in 1800, and still living at Dusseldorf), began by a clever effort, 'Alexander and Darius:' but, somewhat misled by Immermann, he wrote impracticable plays, which could hardly hope to pass beyond the closet. The best of them is 'Die Babylonier in Jerusalem,' a piece of some dignity and elevation of manner. Oehlenschläger, a Dane (born in 1779, and still living at Copenhagen), wrote his best dramatic works in German, and gave, by 'Correggio,' the first model of a special kind of

drama, *das Künstlerdrama*, so called because it celebrates the characters and fortune of great artists or poets. Schenck, in 'Albrecht Dürer'; Deinhardstein, in 'Hans Sachs'; Raupach and Zedlitz, with each a 'Tasso'; Halm, with 'Camœus'; Gutzkow, with 'Richard Savage,' afterwards cultivated this model with more or less success. Zedlitz, just named, wrote several dramas, comic and serious: the best of which are 'The Star of Seville' (*Der Stern von Sevilla*), after Calderon; and 'Prison and Crown' (*Kerker und Krone*), treating the death of Tasso.

This is a long list, but with little salt or savour. Not one of the authors enumerated, though all of them in their day very popular with German audiences, produced other than the momentary and false effect of the day. The only one who, with not the least title to original dramatic genius, with less power indeed than the mob we have just named, yet managed by a close and skilful imitation of Schiller, and by the nicest mechanical application of that style to all kinds and varieties of subjects, to keep an almost despotic possession of the stage from 1826 to 1836, is Ernst Raupach: not the least notable person in modern German literature.

This writer was born in 1784. He lived a few years in Russia, as professor at the college of St. Petersburg, and since his return, with the interval of some travels through Germany and Italy, has resided at Berlin. His prolific faculty, since Kotzebue and Lope de Vega, is quite without example. In 1836 the number of his plays had already mounted to sixty; and notwithstanding constant and most energetic critical protestings, Raupach kept absolute possession of every German theatre for upwards of ten years. Let those who talk of the common people of Germany as nothing less than a nation of critics and thinkers, explain how it is that the first German author who merely by the produce of his pen has made a considerable fortune, has become master of large estates in Silesia and a palace in Berlin, is our worthy Ernst Raupach. Alas for the real critics and thinkers! One by one, in an unflagging succession of reviews, have they assured this excellent German public most positively, that Raupach is not in the least a poet, but simply manufactures his plays as the cutler or other trafficker his wares. The good public found him good enough for them. Fine were the decorations of his scene, startling his effects, particularly plain and intelligible the language in which he echoed Schiller's sentiment and pathos, and undoubted the enthu-

siasm of every audience in Germany for this their favourite Raupach. His first extraordinary 'hit' was, as we have said, in 1826, when he produced 'Isidor and Olga.' The old notion of two brothers in love with one girl, was here renewed; the scene, Russia, the author thoroughly knew; but it was the serfdom on which it turned that gave particular interest to the play—one character of which, Ossip, an old bond-slave, with oppressed, revengeful soul, became a parade-horse for all the most celebrated actors. After this brilliant success, Raupach, at once, and with incredible activity, established universal empire over tragedy and comedy. To mention even the names of the pieces with which in a few years he inundated the theatres, would be here impossible.

Perhaps his most important work is a continued series of historic dramas (filling some eight or so of mortal volumes!) on the subject of the Hohenstaufen. A great subject, taken from the heroic age of Germany: a kind of colossal idea for prudent Raupach to have laid hold of. But Schlegel in his dramatic lectures had pointed out its dramatic excellence. We do not agree with him. Friedrich Barbarossa, Conradin, Enzo, and Manfred, are probably not bad heroes for the action of an epic, but certainly they are not good ones for the action of a drama. The historical play, even the utmost licence of the dramatic chronicle, must have a certain continuity, if not concentration of purpose. In the works of our own great master in this art, by the special circumstance of the time, often by the mere position of the scene, a continuous solid background to the action is unfailingly supplied. And the very character of French history saves a world of trouble in this respect. Even her old châteaux; her Versailles, her Fontainebleau, her castle of Peau; Eu, of old esteem and fresh with recent honour; the mere places which saw the tragedies or comedies of the French monarchy, supply at once to the dramatic author a scene for his persons, and a kind of solid centre for the interest of his work. In the chronicles of the Hohenstaufen there is nothing of this; everything is unsteady, dilacerate, torn a thousand ways. Their princes and heroes are now in Italy, now in Palestine, now in Germany: they fight with rebellious vassals, with proud citizens, with arrogant priests: a great, perturbed struggle is their lives, but made up of mere gallant ventures, single and detached: most picturesque it is true, and many ways inviting both pencil and pen, but in no respect harmonious, never with solid agreement in its interest, or with separate lines of action

converging to a great catastrophe. Nor need we add, that as good Raupach found these things he left them. Raumer's historical work had already arranged the materials (another reason that he should take the subject), and neatly cleansed them from the dust of the archives. All the popular dramatist had to do, was to arrange the number of his scenes, and put the facts into easy dialogue. We open the second part of Frederick I. (*Friedrich's abscheid*, 'Frederick's farewell') and find its argument to be simply the various motives and preparations towards his departure for the east. But then Raupach had a splendid decoration in reserve; and who, when the ship of the emperor with full sails set, hove in view as the curtain fell, could possibly feel the want of any other earthly catastrophe!

This is easy work, and in this Raupach, by long and skilful practice, became so far a master, that five acts of a new play (prologue included) were commonly written much faster than the actors could commit it to memory. The rapid dramatic growth found all encouragement in Raupach's connection with the Berlin royal theatre. Utterly inaccessible to the young and unknown writer, it was always open to him; who had made, indeed, a regular bargain that every one of his plays should be received, put into rehearsal, and paid by acts as they were handed in. It was an agreement not without advantages to both, the theatre thriving upon it as well as Raupach. Due is it, however, as well to this particular theatre as to the rest of Germany, to add, that here only did Raupach's Hohenstaufen ever grow really popular; inhabitants, and not mere guests. In the south of Germany, where altogether, perhaps, his name and talents are less recognized, his Hohenstaufen chiefs made but a very short stay, now hardly to be traced; and even from Berlin itself they have of late nearly vanished with the death of the famous actor Lemm, for whom Raupach was wont to take as careful measure as a first-rate tailor for a coat.

Among Raupach's other tragedies, 'The School of Life' (*Die Schule des Lebens*), 'Tasso,' 'Corona von Saluzzo,' are the most notable; and these are all full of fine phrases, faultless sentiments, and good effect; nay, they have even some happy characters, and here and there an invention worthy of the scene: but to speak of the best portions of them as approaching, by any happy chance, within a thousand leagues of the dramatic elevation of Schiller, or of the calm and solid grandeur of

Goethe, would be ridiculous folly. Certainly a field much better adapted to the second-rate order of his talents, is one he has tried occasionally with better success; a kind of mixed, sentimental play, of ordinary life and conventional manners. He wrote several of this kind, which we think the best of his works. 'A Hundred Years Ago' (*Vor hundert Jahren*), dramatizing an anecdote from the life of the general so popular in Germany, 'old Dessauer' (Frederick the Great's Duke of Dessau), was admirably acted, and exceedingly well received at Berlin, city of barracks and epaulettes. Of the same class were 'Brother and Sister' (*Die Geschwister*), in which a fire-insurance-office supplied the catastrophe; and 'The Secrets' (*Die Geheimnisse*); both of which poor Raupach, being at that time especially plagued by the criticism which dashed even his success with bitterness, published under the assumed name of Leutner. It was discovered, and increased the critical storm. But the public came again to the rescue, and when a new comedy with Raupach's name was announced, it received enthusiastic welcome. Comedy, tragedy, history, pastoral: nothing could come amiss from Raupach. He could be heavy as Seneca, light as Plautus.

Of his comedies, we mention the best. 'The Smugglers' (*Schleichhändler*); 'Criticism and Anti-Criticism' (*Kritik und Anti-Kritik*); 'The Fillip' (*Der Nasenstüber*); 'The Genius of our Age' (*Der Zeitgeist*); 'The Hostile Brothers, or Homöopathy and Allopathy' (*Die feindlichen Brüder*). These have been wonderfully popular, but, truth to say, their wit is of the driest—the remainder biscuit of wit. A kind of hard, ironical satire seems peculiar to the north of Germany, and Raupach's comic muse betrays his birthplace. The gay, good-humoured smile, the hearty laugh, never illuminate her visage. His favourite comic characters are two: the dupe and the quiz: barber Schelle, fool and poltroon, and Tille the mocker, dealer in what is meant for quintessence of persiflage. One would have thought that tender memories of the honest old *Jack Pudding*, whom learned Professor Gottsched had ruthlessly banished, would have interfered with the relish of the one; and that, possibly, some shadow of the great Mephistophiles might have served to obscure the other. But no, Raupach was fortune's favourite, and his friends, Gern and Rütbling, two excellent comic actors of Berlin, made golden harvest for him and for themselves out of the wit of Tille and Schelle. But the sun of even a Raupach popularity does not always

shine; within the last ten or twelve years it has had many dull days; and it has been a part of the man's really clever intellect, and always wonderful tact, to have been, during these years, by almost imperceptible degrees, withdrawing himself from the stage.

Before we speak of those to whom his mantle descended, the present most popular possessors of the German stage, two names occur to us of writers too bitterly neglected by their countrymen to be passed in silence here. Both were men of indisputable talents; neither of them could be claimed by any of the coteries or schools, who have done their best to make a faction fight of both life and literature; with both the stage was a passion, though an unprofitable and unsuccessful one; and in the midst of a hard struggle, both died young.

Dietrich Christian Grabbe was born in 1801 and died in 1836, at a small place—of course 'a residence'—near Hanover, called Detmold. His life had one unvarying colour, and ended as it began. His parents were miserably poor, and what education he had was self-seized, by fierce gulps and snatches, from the midst of sordid employments. The natural faculty he possessed was early shown, and with some assistance would have worked to a good result: there was genius in him, a wild ambition, and a youthful glowing strength, which with moderate encouragement might have made a really great man, and saved us the pain of speaking of the caricature of one. For alas! he became little more. The German *Philister* is a word, and a man, as untranslatable as the French *Epicier*; but including a cowardice as faint-hearted, and as mean and gross a tyranny. Grabbe could never master the squalid wretchedness in which he first saw life; at Berlin and Leipzig he tried to get footing in the law, and was driven back; at almost every theatre in the country he presented himself with a dramatic composition, and had the door slammed in his face. His 'Duke of Gothland' (*Der Herzog von Gothland*), begun when he was nineteen, is in itself, wild, irregular, and fantastic as it is, ample evidence of the wealth and abundance of his powers. 'You patronise foreigners,' he cried: 'why not do something for me? You idolize and talk nonsense about your Shakspeares; try to make a Shakspeare of me!' There was no notice taken; and he launched forth a treatise against the mania—noticed just as little, though full of lively and admirable writing. (*Über die Shakspearemanie*.)

Labour as he would, none would listen. The mere names of his heroes and subjects show what a profitless exaggeration of ambition then possessed the man. Even Hannibal, Hermann (Arminius, liberator of Germany), and Napoleon, show pale before his design of setting forth, in one character, Don Juan and Faust combined! Impracticability grew upon him with years and neglect, till poetic beauty as well as scenic possibility were alike disregarded in his plans. Everything must be exaggerated; everything gigantic, enormous, desperate; if a battle, all its details; if virtue, or vice, both in their most violent form; if history, a whole people, a whole period, a whole land, must be dragged within the circle of the poem; and since others wrote fluent verse, he must affect a dry, hard, stony inveteracy of phrase. If the man's life had been less sad, he might afford to laugh at the ludicrous violence which was also assumed in his complaints of this latter period. 'What a to-do about this Faust!' he cries in one of his letters. 'All miserable! GIVE ME three thousand thaler a year, and in three years I'll write you a Faust that shall strike you all like a pestilence!' He died at thirty-five, as we have said; the last few years spent in low scenes of drunkenness (his mother had been a notorious drunkard), and in quarrels with an unhappy wife that he had married. His reason fled before his life. Poor luckless Grabbe! He is not known out of Germany, but even the poor translation of which his rude strength admits, would deeply interest the English reader. *Ex ungue leonem.* The claws, unhappily, are what he chiefly shows. Had proper culture clipped them, we might have had more of the mane and of the majesty.

The name we mention with his, is a worthier and more honourable, and that of one who, though never popular while he lived, and by death removed suddenly from the scene of his exertions, yet did not sink in the struggle as Grabbe did, but mastered much before he died, and kept to the last a proud and noble purpose, a clear and broad understanding. Karl Immermann — of whose extraordinary romance of 'Münchhausen' we recently spoke in this review — was born at Magdeburg in 1796, and died in 1841 at Düsseldorf. His taste turned to the stage with almost his first effort: at sixteen he had written a 'Prometheus.' His passion received fresh impulse with his university career; for, being a student at Halle, he saw the last days of the golden age of Weimar, where the theatre flourished under Goëthe. The impression it made

upon him reappeared in after-life, when — having served in the war of liberation, practised as a lawyer, and received some small appointments — he found himself in 1827, counsellor of the provincial court at Düsseldorf, and, with high sanction, resolved to form a national theatre for the performance of the classic drama. He assumed its direction, in which he displayed the most consummate talent. He called to his side Uchtritz and Grabbe, to the latter of whom, if his great scheme had succeeded, he would have opened what had so long and bitterly been shut upon him. Nor were any legitimate means of success left unattempted. No other would Immermann have tried, and might be justified in thinking these most likely to meet reward in a town which boasted to be a metropolis of German art, and which was crowded with artists: the colony of painters, Schadow, Bendemann, and Lessing. He began his task by introducing to his public Shakspeare, with splendid scenic decorations and all fitting costume; Calderon, Lessing, Goëthe, and Schiller followed; his energy was unremitting; and he displayed, in every department of his noble task, the most masterly skill. But one year, and the dream was dreamt. Immermann awoke and never again thought of taking the management of a theatre. What he says himself of this period of his life is very striking and full of instructive matter; but so indeed is the whole of his 'Memorabilien.'* Though he gave up the career of manager, however, he did not wholly abandon the stage. He continued, without making any strong or lasting impression, to write for it. It was in truth, though he loved it most and thought it most loved him, not the strongest side of his genius: which did not fully assert itself till it burst forth in two of the most extraordinary prose fictions of modern German literature. We described his 'Merlin' on a former occasion: we shall now simply add the names of his best tragic productions. 'The Tragedy of the Tyrol' (*Das Trauerspiel in Tyrol*), the hero of which is Andreas Hofer; 'Alexis,' an episode taken from the history of Peter the Great; and 'The Victims of Silence' (*Die Opfer der Schweigens*), his last tragedy.

The exciting year of 1830 carried off the rising talent of the country into an opposite direction to the drama, and the interval between that and the five following years is perhaps the most flat and hopeless in the whole range of even the German stage. Mean and poor translations of not very ele-

* Hamburg: Hoffmann and Campe. 1841-1842. 2 vols., one of which was a posthumous publication!

vated or wise originals, taken wholly from the theatres of France and England, were its meager fare. Its brightest effort was the popular, vulgar 'effect piece,' wherein the Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffers reigned supreme. But there was afterwards a reaction, and within the last seven years original dramatic productivity has been again immense. We shall speak of it as briefly as possible, in its chronological order: since none of it can fairly claim a very marked pre-eminence.

The quiet domestic *bourgeois* style was cultivated with extraordinary success by the Princess Amelia of Saxony, sister of the king, who under the name of Amelia Heiter (Amelia Serene), tried her own Dresden Theatre in 1829 with a piece of the fantastic school, and in 1833 began her successful series of plays and dramas modelled on the style of Iffland. Born in 1794, while her uncle sat upon the throne, she passed her early years in extreme seclusion—"her foot not suffered to touch the ground"—and it was said of her, or of one of her sisters, that her first request when she had outgrown her childhood, was to be allowed to cross on foot the beautiful bridge over the Elbe, on which she had looked daily for all the years of her young life. The reaction of the French Revolution first came with a crash on this seclusion; and many were the royal feet that then touched the ground—trudging over bridges, ascending scaffolds! The princess shared of course, between her twelfth and twenty-third year, all her family's vicissitudes. She saw her uncle-king twice exiled, and twice restored: a prisoner, and again upon his throne. She returned to the palace of her ancestors amidst the triumphs of 1815, and having refused the hand of Ferdinand VII., was unknown save by her quiet attention to the duties, accomplishments, and pleasures of her high station, when her dramatic career began.

We have mentioned Iffland as her model. Her characters are all taken from common life. With one exception, she avoids the incidents of courts and palaces. The dwelling of the farmer, the counting-house of the merchant, the parlour of the physician, are her scenes. Simplicity and sentiment, which never ascend to passion; gentle and somewhat feeble characters; a plain and artless plot; the manners of good society, and a sound but commonplace moral; are the leading features of her dramatic muse. Her best points are a certain nicety of humour; some pathos, a strong sympathy in the common emotions of life, and an excellent heart. Her faults are on the negative side: her dramas want variety and relief,

and are constructed too much on Mr. Puff's drop-your-dagger style, some one important secret supplying the beef-eater's function. Iffland she is, but *en beau*: Iffland in the sphere of German tea-parties, and innocent, well-bred modern life. We mention a few of her best productions, and may refer the English reader to specimens lately translated by Mrs. Jameson. Her first was 'Falsehood and Truth' (*Lüge und Wahrheit*), and the most celebrated four that followed were 'The Uncle' (*Der Oheim*), 'The Bride from the Residence' (*Die Brant aus der Residenz*), 'The Farmer' (*Der Landwirth*), and 'The Pupil' (*Der Zögling*).

The princess found a successor, of equal rank and birth, in the Duke of Mecklenburg, Karl Friedrich August: a 'full-blood Mecklenburg,' and one of the fiercest opponents of German culture and modern progress, who died in 1837, in Berlin. At the close of his life, and under the name of Weisshaupt (*Whitehead*), he wrote a play called 'The Isolated Ones' (*Die Isolirten*), which has some excellent points of dialogue. Other authors hastily followed, as a matter of course, in the same direction. Edward Devrient, an actor of Berlin, produced 'The Favour of the Moment' (*Die Gunst des Augenblickes*), 'Aberrations' (*Verirrungen*), 'True Love' (*Treue Liebe*); and, after a novel of Emily Souvestre, 'The Manufacturer' (*Der Fabrikant*). Johann von Weissenthurm, formerly actress in Vienna, achieved similar success by many plays and comedies. Robert, in one of the most famous dramas of this modern period, 'The Power of Conditions' (*Die Macht der Verhältnisse*), and Gutzkow in 'Werner,' or 'Heart and World,' in 'The School of the Rich' (*Die Schule der Reichen*), and 'A White Page' (*Ein weisses Blatt*), also wrought with some effect on the same popular model.

Then came forth, in 1836, with a success quite enormous something between the romantic, the sentimental, and the *bourgeois* tragedy—another darling change for the playgoer—"Griseldis," by Friedrich Halm (so the Baron Münch-Bellinghausen, privy-councillor to the Austrian government, and nephew of the president of the German diet in Frankfort, chooses to designate himself.) The part of the heroine in this piece became, on the instant, as great a favourite with the German actresses as Raupach's *Ossip* had been with the actors; and the performance of clever Madame Rettich of Vienna, was ardently studied by all. No inconsiderable element in a vast popularity. It has been published in number

less editions; translated into the French, Dutch, and Swedish languages; is on the eve of appearance, we believe, in an English dress; and will speedily make acquaintance, we are told, with the Théâtre Français and Mlle. Rachel. It is ungracious to make detailed objections to the reasonableness of a success of this kind, and the task has been in some sort made needless by an able and well-informed contemporary journal.* We shall, therefore, be brief. The story is, of course, that of *Patient Griseldis*, with some striking change. Griseldis is wife to Percival, knight of king Arthur. The tortures and temptations are inflicted by her husband for a wager with Queen Ginevra; and her moral victory and virtue, contrasted with the pride and selfishness of Percival, is the bright and glowing theme of a series of pathetic scenes, constructed with immense effect, though in language more flowing and effeminate than powerful. She sacrifices her child, delivering the boy to the king's heralds; she goes into poverty and exile, repudiated by her husband; she saves his life, seeing him in danger, at her own and her father's risk; but, all these tortures borne, and the secret of them at last discovered, she does not, as in the old romance, consummate the lesson of patience and duty by returning to her husband, but (and there is a truth in this too!) utterly wretched, broken-hearted, incapable of further joy, and almost of life itself, she elects to return with her father to the poor cottage of her youth. And Percival? He remains upon the stage, covering his face with his hands, and as his gracious sovereign Arthur reads him a moral sermon, the curtain falls.

Since Müllner's *Schuld*, no such torrents of tears had been shed as these, which bore witness to the pathos of *Griseldis*. It was a success like that we formerly noted in Grillparzer, which could hardly have its fellow; and though, as his friend and countryman Grillparzer did, Halm has written better since, he has not kept pace with that first success. Particular scenes in all his plays have, notwithstanding, had surprising effect on his audiences. His exuberant flow of verse is at least extraordinary; and no one can cover a poor invention, even a cruel and unnatural catastrophe, with the perfume of such tender feelings, or beneath the flowers of such soft speech. Since 'Griseldis,' he has produced 'The Alchemist' (*Der Adept*); 'The Death of Camoens'; 'A mild Judg-

ment' (*Ein Milder Urtheil*); 'Imelda Lambertazzi' (this is a pale and faded copy of 'Romeo and Juliet'); 'The King and Peasant' (*König und Bauer*: a beautiful design after Lope de Vega); and, the latest and greatest favourite after 'Griseldis,' 'The Son of the Desert' (*Der Sohn der Wildness*). This latter piece is a kind of inverted picture to that of 'Griseldis,' and turns on the civilisation of Ingomar, chief of a wild horde of barbaric Gauls, by the Greek maid Parthenia, daughter of an old blacksmith at Massilia. It is the old story of the lion tamed by love, it being a kind of 'Griseldis' who figures in the bear's skin.

Simultaneously with these successes, the historic drama found a feeble representative in Julius Mosen, born in 1803, and still living at Dresden. A collection of his plays appeared in 1842, containing 'Oto III.' (the German emperor, poisoned at Rome); 'Cola Rienzi' (Bulwer's hero, and at this time also hero of a grand opera by Richard Wagner, at Dresden); 'The Bride of Florence' (*Die Bräute von Florenz*), a piece of action from the time of the Guelfs and Ghibellines; and 'Wendelin and Helene' (taken from the history of the peasant-war in Germany). But beside these, Mosen has written 'The Son of the King' (*Der Sohn der Fürsten*), founded on the history of Frederick the Great while he was prince hereditary under the strict power of his father, and embodying his friend Katte's tragic sacrifice for him. This was represented only a few weeks ago at Dresden. 'Bernhard von Sachsen-Weimar,' Gustavus Adolphus's great successor, is also another of his heroes: in choice of whom, it will be seen, Mosen shows great intentions. But he wants power and originality. More original is Karl Gutzkow, born in 1811, and now living at Frankfort; but his great strength has not lain in the drama. One of the leaders of young Germany, with all the faults of his school, as we recently showed, but with more than its ordinary merit; a man of energy, a sharp critic, and with a certain degree of power in all he writes; for a dramatist he is too cold, too much of a reasoner. In three years he produced the following plays, which excited attention, and indeed raised hopes that have not been fulfilled: 'Richard Savage,' on the tragic history of the English poet; 'Werner,' 'Die Schule der Reichen,' and 'Ein Weisses Blatt' (to which last we have already referred as bourgeois-dramas); and finally, his masterpiece we think, 'Patkul,' a sort of political tragedy; a work which

* 'The Athenæum.'

dared to offer liberal thoughts and opinions on the stage; a tragedy of actual modern feeling, modern in the highest sense of the word, because inculcating important truths of freedom and nationality. Gutzkow writes all his dramas in prose, after Lessing's manner; and his style is brief, strong, and of epigrammatic force, but seldom of high elevation, and not always unaffected. His friend and associate Heinrich Laube, now living at Leipsic, has also ventured on the stage. He made a lucky hit with 'Monaldeschi,' produced at Stuttgart in 1841; and followed it with a very unlucky one, in the comedy of 'Rococo.'

It was not an exception to the ordinary fate of all German attempts at comedy. Save in the case of Raupach, it has hardly occurred to us in the survey which is now coming to a close, to name a comic effort. It is the barren side of even the classic names of their theatre. But in accordance with the plan of our notice, which not only does homage to the famous, but attends to the neglected and remembers the forgotten, we will single out some names. Perhaps the easiest and most 'gracious' dialogue with any regular pretence to comedy, as well as the happiest observation of commonplace, every-day life, is in the writing of Edward von Bauernfeld, born in 1804, and still living in Vienna. We specify him; and, at Vienna also, Deinhardstein and Castelli; at Hamburg, Töpfer and Lebrün; and at Berlin, Albin, Cosmar, Blum, and Angely—without the least fear that our readers will dream of comparing them with Aristophanes, Goldoni, Gozzi, Vega, Molière, Congreve, Sheridan, or even Monsieur Scribe. Germany will probably have to wait for her comedy, till she gets in the nation social unity, and in the poets literary liberty and personal courage.

Meanwhile she has had, at least in Vienna, a very merry-making and much-loved substitute: what she calls her '*Volkslustspiel*, *Zauberposse*, *Localstück*, *Wienerstück*,' popular comedy, magic drollery, local farce, 'Vienna piece! How shall we describe it? Sense and nonsense, the false and true, the moral and the fanciful; a world of fairies, demons and devils, mixed in endless practical joke with a world of honest workmen and stupid servants; over all, a dazzling blaze of fireworks and scenic metamorphose and grand pantomime trickery;—how shall we describe what, to the fun-loving childish population of Vienna, more fond of shows and spectacle than any other of the Germans, has always been the source of inexpressible pleasure and delight? Hence came the famous 'Nymph of the Danube'

(*Donauweibchen*); hence 'Caspar Larifari' with his rude, plain joke, happier follower than 'Tille' of honest old Jack pudding; hence 'The Magic Windmill on the Hill,' and all that for fifty years and more has charmed in-dwellers of the merry 'Kaiserstadt.'

But hence, above all, for it is mainly this that has severed it in our thoughts from association with the low and vulgar tastes it has too often subserved—hence came one of the most original and poetical figures, small as it is, that ever Germany possessed: poor Ferdinand Raimund, who was born at Vienna in 1790, and killed himself in 1836, in a sad and sudden access of melancholy and madness. Before him the author-triad, *Gleich*, *Meizt*, and *Bauerle* (the last, creator of the famous comic 'Staberl'), had hovered as a steady constellation over the theatres in the Leopoldstadt, and other faubourgs of Vienna; when Raimund came and darkened it by his magic brightness. He was from 1825 to 1836 not only the favourite of his countrymen, but even, sharp and peculiar as was his local school, of all other audiences in Germany. Raimund was himself a most excellent actor, and the brief mention of one of his delightful little works will illustrate at once his genius and his heart. We take 'The King of the Alps and the Misanthrope.' Its argument runs thus. The Demon of the Alps hears of a rich man, who is unhappy, and makes others so, by his selfish misanthropy. He determines to cure him, and with this view takes his figure, his face, his dress, his sickness, his miserable faults, and appearing to him thus, shames him to a sense of his wickedness and folly. By the side of this there is another picture—the contrast of a poor digger in the mines, who with his family lives in the greatest external wretchedness, but in all peace and happiness within. The effect upon the rich man's lot is most charmingly wrought. And such is the moral of nearly all Raimund's plays; the lesson, most prettily and quaintly enforced, that human happiness does not consist in riches and splendour, but in innocence, peace, and love. He was in the best sense of the word a popular poet; plain and intelligible, simple and fanciful; and his couplets are to this day re-echoed, as for years and years they are sure to be, in the streets and inns and all jovial places of German towns. With the faith and truth of a child's pure and unmisgiving fancy, his poetry mingled the world of dreams, of wonders, and of spirits, with an earnest reality; and through all his works, the instructive contrasts and mutual lessons of

youth and old age, of love and envy, of peace and dispute, move in charming and simple allegories.

After poor Raimund's unhappy death, his imitators did their best to degrade his memory; and the style he made so fascinating is now represented at Vienna by a series of vulgar, mean, gross farces, in which Nestroy has the honour to excel. In the north, indeed, Karl von Holtei made an attempt to supply his loss by something analogous to the French vaudeville: little pieces with songs (*Liederspiel*), in which 'Leonore,' after Bürger's ballad, became tolerably popular:—while in Berlin the lowest and most abject descent was made by introduction of what were called the *Eckensteher Witze*, the jokes and farces of carriers and porters, the humour and enjoyment of thieves and drunkards. Beckmann, actor at the minor theatre, who made it his special study to copy such men after nature, was the first who brought them on the stage. His 'Nante' has been published in upwards of twenty editions, and has numberless imitators. Such is the direction taken now-a-days in Germany by dramatic 'poets for the people!' It has brought us as low as we can require or care to come; and with a few words upon the living actors, we shall bid the subject adieu.

The various interests of the stage are for the most part closely connected. Let the poet, the actor, or the public, fail of what the drama's full support exacts from each, and the failure is adverse to all. Some causes of the decline we have touched upon; but in proceeding to speak of the low condition of the mere scenic departments of the stage, the injustice from which authors suffer cannot be too strongly premised. The brighter side of the history of the German theatre, proves that only by active assistance and direction from men of letters, has success been at any time attained. Hamburg under Lessing and Schröder, Weimar under Schiller and Göthe, Berlin under Iffland, Vienna under Schreyvogel, Dresden under Tieck: these were the golden times. Their successors have, for the most part, been crown-dignitaries, counts, knights, generals, equerries, marshals. Men whose knowledge of the scenic or dramatic art has been confined to studies of the ballet made at the *coulisses*, have since had exclusive sway over establishments of national art and culture. Hence, among other results directly levelled against the proper influence of the higher order of literary men, the ridiculously low sums to which rates of payment for dramatic authorship have been almost universally reduced.

Even English writers may shudder at them, what would the French do? There are some fifty managements in all. Suppose a lucky dramatist, by some astonishing good fortune, to have mastered his approach to half of them, the other half are pretty sure to remain inaccessible; and his remuneration must depend on a small fee paid by each of these twenty-five theatres, or so many as consent to patronise him, amounting, for a full five-act play, to an average of six or eight louis d'or, which, once paid, gives the right of performance for an unlimited time! Such is the system even in the royal theatres of Munich, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and other distinguished 'residences.' The exceptions are the royal theatres of Vienna and Berlin, where, for the former, a hundred ducats will purchase a play, and, for the latter, twenty louis d'or. A play so purchased (we except, of course, such special engagements as those of Raupach), popular to an unexampled extent, and received at every theatre in the country, would hardly bring more than a thousand florins, and could not, in any juncture of circumstances, double that amount. Nor has the author any resource or help from publication. The German law is as disgraceful in this respect as the English was, some years ago. A drama committed to the press, is at once the property of every theatre that may think it worth the acting. Some slight modifications have been lately attempted, but almost universally this is still the law.

As authors have declined, and with them theatres, it was not to be expected that actors should improve. Their great time, as a mere matter of course, was from 1780 to 1820. Long ago had such names as those of Eckhof (Lessing's friend), Iffland, Schröder, and Beil, vanished from the scene: within even the last ten years the losses have been grievous, and in no case supplanted by younger men. Berlin has lost, by death, Ludwig Devrient, by far the greatest genius of his art; Göthe's pupil, P. A. Wolff; Lemm, a survivor of Iffland's time; more recently, the careful and learned artist, laborious and painstaking Seydelmann;* and, by madness, Krüger, whom Göthe was fond of calling the *German Orestes*. Vienna has within the same time lost Sophia Maller, the best actress of high comedy; and Raimund, Schuster, and

* His best dramatic pictures, all elaborated with infinite care and finish, were *Louis XI.*; *Cromwell*; *Shylock*; *Ossip*; *Ma-inelli* (in Lessing's 'Emilia Galotti'); *Carlos* (in Göthe's 'Clavigo'); and *Me-phistophiles*.

Madame Krönes, the three great supports of its popular drama. So Munich has lost Vespermann, Urban, Esslair (the last great *Wallenstein*); Dresden has lost Paerli; and Weimar is desolate, as well as Hamburg, since the death of Schmidt. Nor, as we say, does youth supply their places. Still, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Frankfort, in Dresden, the old generation is yet the only good one: though alas! lovers are stricken in years; heroes have lost their teeth; and intriguants are so deaf that they hear no one, not even the prompter. Is this a reasonable prospect for a stage? Sophia Schröder has a daughter, the noble singer Madame Schröder Devrient; and if the daughter is quite old enough for *her* performances, what should the mother be for characters younger still? Madame Crelinger, of Berlin, has in like manner, though often not out of her teens on the stage, presented the stage with two full-blown acting daughters. So with the two first of German lovers. The one is a happy grandfather; and the other an old customer, of many years' standing, to the best of Paris wig-makers. Korn, the best comic actor in Vienna, is similarly circumstanced. And Madame Linde in Frankfort, once the most lovely Gretchen in 'Faust,' is grown now so dreadfully fat, that she requires a larger entrance at the wing than is commonly used.

And as these stars set, we repeat, no new one rises. We pointed, at the opening of our paper, to one of the causes that leave the stage to be chiefly recruited now from young men that have nothing better to do, and young ladies who cannot get reasonably married. To such the art presents peculiar attractions, being distinguished from all other arts by advantageous absence of apprenticeship. People laugh at the notion of a school, or academy, or college for scenic studies. Saphir, one of the leading journalists of Vienna, and Edward Devrient, the dramatist and actor of Berlin, have made propositions for some such establishment more than once, but without the least success. It is thought much better and more natural that, as Minerva comes, full grown and appointed out of Jupiter's head, the actor should come finished and full-sized out of his own.

But it is time to close our sketch. We will take the theatres in succession, and mention, briefly and rapidly as we may, their chief histrionic ornaments. And first for the Imperial Theatre of Vienna. Its present conductor, Franz von Holbein, called lately from Hanover to assume the post, is certainly the best existing theatrical

manager. He has around him the first talent of Germany, and has already, in the face of all the disadvantages of the modern system, given promise of an apparently zealous wish to recall the days of Schreyvogel and Deinhardstein. His best gentleman-actor in comedy is Korn, who has never had a rival in the Iffland characters, and has lately increased his repute by a masterly performance of Bolingbroke in the translation of Scribe's 'Verre d'Eau.' Next may be named a celebrated stage-lover, M. Fichtner; his wife, as famous a stage coquette; and with these, Louisa Newmann, an excellent natural actress. In tragedy, Madame Rettich, the pupil of Tieck, is not only first in Vienna, but has admitted tragic supremacy through the whole of Germany. Her first performance was Gretchen, in Göthe's 'Faust.' Her great successes since have been Iphigenia, Mary Stuart, Joan of Arc, Juliet (Shakespeare's), and of late years more especially, Halm's Griseldis and Parthenia. She has a majestic figure and an admirable voice, and is a woman of unquestionable genius. In the serious, sentimental parts Madame Pêche (whom A. W. Schlegel found at Bonn on the Rhine in the caravan of a juggler, disguised as a wild girl and showing boa-constrictors) is now the best actress, and may occupy the step immediately beneath Madame Rettich. Of the tragic actors the first to be named is Ludwig Löwe, member of the famous family of artists who have made that name eminent in the history of the German theatre; himself son and brother of great actors, husband of a great actress, father to a most promising actress, and cousin to one of the most celebrated of Berlin singers. Löwe is, beyond question, the most versatile of all the living artists. He began his career with comic performances at Prague; at Cassel he played lovers and heroes; and since 1826 has taken first rank at Vienna. His most eminent performances here have been Hamlet, Romeo, the Fool in 'Lear,' Percival in 'Griseldis,' Ottokar (Grillparzer's), and Roderick in Calderon's 'Life a Dream.' He is supported by Anschütz, a pupil of Iffland, Wolff, and Esslair; in the old times himself a Lear and a Wallenstein whom Tieck pronounced incomparable; but now, on the score of great age, exclusively devoted to the performance of heroic fathers, and parts of venerable age. With this name we have summed up the strength of the Imperial Theatre. The lower houses are chiefly strong in Carl their director, in Nestroy their writer, and in Scholz their comic

person. It is at least impossible to see them, and keep your countenance!

The recent loss of Seydelmann to Berlin, is but feebly supplied by the enormous voice and amazing physical force of Rott. Since this death and those of Wolff, Lemm, and Devrient, the only support of the classic drama in Berlin has been Madame Crelinger. She is the Maid of Orleans; the Emilia Galotti; the Thekla of 'Wallenstein'; the Juliet and Ophelia. She is Mary Stuart; Sappho; Countess Terzka in 'Wallenstein'; and Olga. Lastly, she is the Lady Macbeth; the Lady Milford of Schiller's 'Kabale und Liebe'; and the Lady Macclesfield of Gutschow's 'Richard Savage.' Of the Berlin comedians, it seems only necessary to single out Charlotte Von Hagn: a Dejazet without the coarseness.

After Vienna and Berlin, for the merit of their actors, come the theatres of Dresden, Stuttgart, Munich, Carlsruhe, and Frankfort. In Dresden, Emil Devrient, the nephew of Louis, is the best sentimental actor; and Miss Bauer is supreme in comedy. In Stuttgart, Döring is one of the few who are masters of a genial and natural force of humour. He excels in characters of common life, and his Jews, in particular, have gone with a wonderful reputation throughout the whole of Germany. Here, too, is the excellent stage-manager, Moritz. Munich has a very fair imitator of Seydelmann. In Carlsruhe, Madame Haitzinger Neumann, wife of the celebrated tenor; in Frankfort, Miss Lindner, and Auguste Frahauf with her pretty French manner; have great merit. And with the deserving name of Julius Weidner, also at the latter theatre, we close this rapid survey, the most complete that has yet been given to an English reader, of the actual condition of the modern German stage.

ART. XII.—*Le Bananier*, par FREDERIC SOULIE. Paris. 1843.

It is hard to follow the progress of French novelists nowadays. Their fecundity is so prodigious, that it is almost impossible to take any count of the number of their progeny; and a review which professes to keep its readers *au courant* of French light literature, should be published, not once a quarter, but more than once a day. The parliamentary debates with us are said to be a great and growing evil; and a man

during the session, and with private business of his own, has no small difficulty in keeping up with his age, and in reading his newspaper from end to end. Public speakers in France are not so verbose generally; or, at any rate, French parliamentary reporters are not so desperately accurate. But, on the other hand, the French reader must undergo a course of study infinitely more various, and more severe too in the end, though in the easy department of fiction. Thus with us, when you are once at the conclusion of the debates in the 'Times,' you are not called upon to peruse the same orations in the 'Post' or the 'Advertiser;' which each, luckily, contains precisely the same matter. But since the invention of the *Feuilleton* in France, every journal has its six columns of particular and especial report. M. Eugene Sue is still guillotining and murdering and intriguing in the 'Débats' (for the 'Mystères de Paris,' of which we noticed five volumes six months since, have swollen into ten by this time); M. Dumas has his tale in the 'Siècle;' Madame Gay is pouring out her eloquence daily in the 'Presse;' M. Reybaud is endeavouring, with the adventures of Jean Mouton in the 'National,' to equal the popularity which he obtained with 'Jérôme Paturot;' in a word, every newspaper has its different tale, and besides, the libraries do not seem more slack than usual with their private ventures. M. de Balzac has happily subsided for the moment, and is at St. Petersburg; Madame Sand is, however, at her twelfth volume of 'Consuelo;' and the indefatigable M. Soulié is everywhere. He publishes circulating libraries at once.

A part of this astonishing luxury of composition on the part of the famous authors, is accounted for, however, in the following way. The public demand upon them is so immense, that the authors, great as their talents may be, are not able to supply it, and are compelled to take other less famous writers into their pay. And as the famous wine merchants at Frankfort who purchased the Johannisberg vintage of 1811, have been selling it ever since, by simply mixing a very little of the wine of that famous year with an immense quantity of more modern liquor; so do these great writers employ smaller scribes, whose works they amend and prepare for press. Soulié and Dumas can thus give the Soulié or Dumas flavour to any article of tolerable strength in itself; and so prepared, it is sent into the world with the Soulié or Dumas seal and signature, and eagerly bought and swallowed by the public as genuine. The re-

tailors are quite aware of the mixture, of which, indeed, the authors make no secret; but if the public must have Johannisberg of 1811 and no other, of course the dealers will supply it, and hence the vast quantity of the article in the market. Have we not seen in the same way how, to meet the demands of devotion, the relics of the saints have multiplied themselves; how Shakspeare's mulberry-tree has been cut down in whole forests, and planed and carved by regiments of turners and upholsterers; and how, in the plains of Waterloo, crosses, eagles, and grapeshot are still endlessly growing?

We are not sufficient connoisseurs in Soulié to say whether the novel before us is of the real original produce, or whether it has simply been flavoured, like the Johannisberger *achtzehnhundertelfer* before mentioned. 'The Bananier' may be entirely original; or, like many of Rubens' originals, a work of a pupil with a few touches of the master. The story is cleverly put together, the style is very like the real Soulié; and seeing the author's signature, of course we are bound to credit. The tale has been manufactured, we take it, not merely for a literary, but also for a political purpose. There is a colonial-slavery party in France; and the book before us is written to show the beauties of slavery in the French colonies, and the infernal intrigues of the English there and in the Spanish islands, in order to overthrow the present excellent state of things. The subjects are two fine themes for a romantic writer. To paint negro slavery as a happy condition of being; to invent fictions for the purpose of inculcating hatred and ill-will, are noble tasks for the man of genius. We heartily compliment Monsieur Soulié upon his appearance as a writer of political fictions.

The amiable plot of the piece is briefly this. A young Frenchman, with the most absurd romantic ideas of abolition and the horrors of slavery, goes to Guadaloupe, to see his father's correspondent, a planter there, and perhaps to marry his daughter. The planter has an English nephew who aspires to the hand of the lady, and likewise has a special mission from his government to procure abolition. For this end he has instruction to hesitate at no means. He has orders to poison the negroes, to burn the planters' houses, to murder the planters, and to foment a general insurrection and massacre. Let us not say a word of the author of repute who would condescend to write such a pretty fiction as this; but rather wonder at the admirable impartiality and good taste of a people to whom such a

tale could be supposed to be written. Unfortunately, the fictions of the romancers are not greater than the fictions of the grave politicians of the French public press. What a noble characteristic of a nation, is this savage credulity and hatred! What a calm sense of magnanimous superiority does this mad envy indicate! What a keen, creditable appreciation of character is this, which persists in seeing guile in the noblest actions, and cannot understand generosity but as a cover for some monstrous and base design! Well, well, we must hope that years will dissipate this little amiable and charitable error of the most civilized, and therefore the most humane and just, people of the world. It is in their compassionate interest for the entire human race, whom they were formed by nature to protect, that they dread us perfidious shopkeepers of England: an error of people whose love makes them only too perspicacious, *solliciti plena timoris amor*—an error of the heart, and on the right side. Some day or other the great nation will perhaps relent. She will say, 'I am the guardian of humanity, as all the world knows perfectly well. All the oppressed are looking up to me: night and day they have their eyes turned towards me, and are invoking, as that of a Providence, the sacred name of La France! I am the Good Principle of the Earth: you are the Evil. I say so. Victor Hugo says so. M. de Lamartine, and all the French newspapers, say so. I may have been wrong for once: it is just possible, and I give you the benefit of the doubt. You did not emancipate your negroes out of hatred to the French colonies. It was not in order to set Guadaloupe and Bourbon by the ears that you spent twenty millions—*cinq cents millions de francs*! You are a nation of shopkeepers, and know the value of money better. Go. You are forgiven this time. I am the Providence of the World!' Let us look forward in calm hope to that day of rehabilitation; and meanwhile, leaving the general question, return to Monsieur Soulié and his novel.

Our author lands his hero in Guadaloupe, and the day after his arrival he proceeds, in a kind of incognito, to visit his correspondent, the rich planter. On his journey to that gentleman's house (his faithful servant Jean accompanying him), they meet a negro, who, in an argument with Jean, shows the latter that the negro slave is a thousand times happier than a free Norman servant, who, after all, is only free to choose what master he likes. They proceed to the coffee-grounds and M. Sanson's estate, and there they find the negroes in

such a state of absurd happiness, indolence, and plenty, that Jean is determined he will black and sell himself at once, and resign the privileges of an illusory and most uncomfortable freedom. Luckily, this manly argument for slavery has been debated and settled in Europe some five hundred years, and it is not probable that M. Soulié would have his countrymen turn slaves again; but he means, we take it, to establish the point, that our compassion is greatly thrown away upon a set of idle, good-for-nothing blacks, who are quite unfit for liberty, and in fact, greatly happier than they deserve to be.

M. Clémenceau, the young Frenchman, will not believe in these signs of prosperity; he will have it that the blacks are wretched, that they are only ordered to be happy for that day under pain of flogging, and that there is some tremendous plot against him. He is, in fact, extremely peevish, and absurdly suspicious; and because he cannot, or will not, understand them, ready to calumniate all the world. Is it possible that a young French philanthropist should ever be in such a state? and if one, is it possible that a whole nation should have such prejudices? Perhaps. But we are getting again on the *general question*. The Frenchman is installed in the planter's house, where, received with kindness, he is ready to mistrust and to bully everybody (one cannot, do what one will, but think of the general question), and here at length we have him in presence of the Englishman. The scene is a dinner party, and the two rivals begin quarreling 'as to the manner born.'

"And what Parisian novelties have you brought us?" said Madame de Cambasse.

"My father has begged me to offer some little presents on his part to Mademoiselle Sanson, and as soon as my baggage is brought on shore, I hope M. Sanson will permit me to present them to Mademoiselle."

"I accept for her with a great deal of pleasure," said Monsieur Sanson.

"And I am sure that these presents will be in the best possible taste," said Monsieur Welmoth, 'if Monsieur Clémenceau has selected them.'

"The sneer was evident, but Ernest did not choose to take personal notice of it, and replied,

"There is no great merit in choosing in our country: for elegance, grace, and good taste, as Monsieur says, are to be found in everything which is done there."

"It is certain that you are the kings of the mode," said Welmoth, still sneering.

"As you are the kings of commerce," replied Ernest, with the most impertinent politeness.

"Jean at this made a grimace. He thought his master was not holding his own, as the

phrase is. Mr. Welmoth was of the same opinion, for he continued in a pompous tone,

"The kings of commerce! No frivolous empire that, I think."

"Certainly not; but it is an empire of circumstance which a thousand events may destroy; whereas that which is inherent in the talent, the tact, the good taste of a nation, to use your expression, sir, remains eternal. You may continue for a long time yet to be kings of the coal-mine and the rail-road: but we shall be always kings of the fine arts, of literature, of everything which elevates the soul and aggrandizes the dignity of humanity."

"You speak of literature, Monsieur Clémenceau: you have never read Sir Walter Scott."

"I know him by heart, sir. However ignorant Frenchmen may be, they have not that narrow spirit of nationality which prevents them from seeing the merit of their rivals. Almost all of you know French, gentlemen; but you don't know a word of our literature. In fact you have the same spirit in everything,—you know the mechanism, but you know not the work."

"And are they worth reading, your French books?" said Welmoth.

"You will be able to judge when you have read them."

"Ernest pronounces these words in such a calm tone of disdain that Monsieur Welmoth blushed red, and Madame de Cambasse turning to Clémenceau, said, 'Have you brought many new books?'

"A whole cargo," said Clémenceau, laughing.

"At this moment Jean, in waiting upon Clara, committed some little awkwardness.

"He!" said Edward, with an arrogant air. 'Monsieur le domestique Français, mademoiselle has her own people to wait upon her.'

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," said Ernest, 'but the French domestics are like their masters, and are in the habit of being polite to every one.'

"The two young men looked each other in the face, the two grooms exchanged hostile glances—war was declared, and the positions already taken up."

This little bit of comedy is curious and laughable, not on account of the two illustrious antagonists and their 'grooms,' whom M. Soulié has brought to wait at table, but on account of the worthy author himself, who exhibits here no unfair specimen of the scribes of his nation. From the 'National,' upwards or downwards, the animus is the same; in great public journals, and here as we see in humble little novels, directly L'Angleterre is brought into question La France begins to bristle up and look big, and prepare to *écraser* the enemy. They will have us enemies, for all we can do. Apropos of a public matter, a treaty of commerce, or a visit to dinner, war is declared. Honest Monsieur Soulié cannot in a novel bring a Frenchman and his servant in presence of an Englishman and his

groom (the latter, by the way, is described as being dressed in a livery of *yellow and crimson*, an extremely neat and becoming costume), but as soon as the two couples are together they begin to hate each other. Jean, the French servant, dresses himself in his most *ficelé* manner, in order to compete with his antagonist in the crimson and yellow; and similarly recommends his master to *put on his best clothes*, so as to overcome his British adversary. 'When Clémenceau was left alone,' our author says, 'he comprehended that the *gros bon sens* of John had advised him better than all his own personal reflections, and he took particular care *à faire ressortir tous les avantages de sa personne*.' The imagination can supply the particulars of that important toilet. Is it not a noble and magnanimous precaution?—a proof of conscious dignity and easy self-respect? The hero, to be sure, is an imaginary one: but who but a Frenchman would have thought of preparing a hero to overcome an enemy by the splendour of his clothes, the tightness of his waist, the manner in which his hair was curled, and the glossy varnish of his boots? Our author calls this uneasy vanity *gros bon sens*. Thus, before he has an interview with the Europeans, Quashimaboo's wives recommend him to put another ring in his nose, and another touch of ochre over his cheeks, in order that the chief may appear more majestic in the eyes of the white men. There is something simple, almost touching, in the nature of the precautions, and in the naiveté which speaks of them as *gros bon sens*.

When our author brings his personages together, the simple artifices with which he excites our respect or hatred for them are not less curious. He takes care even that the politeness of the 'groom' should be contrasted. Crimson and yellow remains behind his master's chair after the fashion of his insolent country, while the Frenchman is made to be polite to everybody as Frenchmen always are. What a touch that is of '*He! Monsieur le domestique Français*, Mademoiselle has her own people to wait upon her.' How like in all respects to the conduct of an English gentleman in a strange house, to attack other people's 'grooms' for bad behaviour at table, and to call them Messieurs les domestiques. The servants might make what mistakes they chose; the whole table might be upset; the sauce-boat might burst in shivers upon the lap of the Briton; and in a strange house: and such is the indomitable pride of those islanders, that *impavidum ferient ruina*.

As English reviewers we are not going to take a side with Mr. Welmoth against M. Clémenceau and the author, but would only point out humbly and good-naturedly such errors as we conceive the latter commits. Thus the speech put into the mouth of M. Clémenceau, that though Englishmen are almost all acquainted with the French language, they do not know a word about its literature; and the hint that the French, though they do not know our language, do know our literature, having no narrow spirit of nationality which prevents them from seeing the merit of their rivals—this speech may be considered as a general observation, applicable to the two countries, rather than to the story; and might have taken a place in the '*Memoirs of the Devil*,' or in the '*Four Sisters*,' or in the '*General Confession*,' or in the '*Château des Pyrénées*,' or in any work of M. Soulié. It is a proposition that may be asserted apropos of anything.

But is it a fair one and altogether unopen to cavil? It stands thus. 'The English do know French, but don't know French literature. The French don't know English, but do know English literature.' We are the mechanicians, we know the wheels but not the work: they are the great spirits, which know the work, but do not care for the petty details of the wheels. Victor Hugo has enunciated in his book upon the Rhine an opinion exactly similar to that of Soulié: viz., that France is the great intellect and light of the world, and that, in fact, all the nations in Europe would be fools without her.

Let us concede that pre-eminence. A nation which can understand a language without knowing it, has advantages that other European people do not possess. She is the intellectual queen of Europe, and deserves to be placed at its head. There is no coming up to her: we don't start with the same chances of winning. But surely it should not be argued that our knowing the French language operates against us as an actual disadvantage in becoming acquainted with French literature. We have no other way of getting at it. We are not master-spirits: we can no more read books without knowing the words, than make houses without setting up the bricks. Do not turn us away and discourage us in our study of the words. Some day or other we may get to comprehend the literature of this brilliant France, and read the '*Memoirs of the Devil*.'

This is all we humbly pray for. The superiority of France we take for granted.

But if in an *English* book we were to come across such an argument and dialogue as the above to a Frenchman, 'We in England do not know your language, but can perfectly appreciate your literature; whereas, though I admit you are acquainted with English, yet your natives are much too great fools to understand it'—we should say that the English author was a bigoted vain coxcomb, and would expose, as in duty bound, his dullness, monstrous arrogance, ignorance, and folly.

After giving the above satisfactory specimen of the *élégance*, the *grâce*, and *bongout* of his country, M. Soulié prepares to cure his hero of his generous error regarding slavery: and if the romancer's epilogues have any moral to them, as no doubt they are intended to have, we should argue from his story, not only that slavery is not an evil, but actually a blessing and a laudable institution. We will not say that this is the opinion in France, but we will say that in that sentimental and civilized country the slave-question has been always treated with the most marked indifference, the slave sufferings have been heard with scepticism. Is it that the French are not far enough advanced and educated to the feelings of freedom yet, to see the shame and the crime of slavery? or, rather, that they are inspired by such an insane jealousy of this country, as to hate every measure in which it takes the lead? When the younger Dupin said in the chamber that the abolition of slavery by England was 'an immense mystification,'—and spoke what was not unacceptable to the public, too—he satirized his own country far more severely than the nation he wished to abuse. A man who sees his neighbour generous, and instantly attributes a 'base' motive to his generosity, exposes his own manners more than his neighbour's. A people living by the side of ours, who can take no count of the spirit of Christian feeling in England, of the manly love of liberty which is part of our private and public morals, shows itself to be very ignorant and very mean too, and as poorly endowed with the spirit of Christianity, as with that of freedom. There was not a meeting-house in England where sober, quiet, and humble folk congregated, but the shame and crime of slavery was soberly felt and passionately denounced. It was not only the statesmen and the powerful that Wilberforce and Clarkson won over; but the women and children took a part, and a very great and noble one, too, in the abolition of that odious crime from our legislation. It was the noblest and greatest movement that ever a people

made—the purest, and the least selfish; and if we speak about it here, and upon such an occasion as this trumpery novel gives us, it is because this periodical, from its character, is likely to fall into some French and many foreign hands; and because, such is the persevering rage of falsehood with which this calumny is still advocated by a major part of the French press, that an English writer, however humble, should never allow the lie to pass without marking his castigation of it, and without exposing it wherever he meets it.

Our novelist, with the ardent imagination of those of his trade, goes, however, to prove a great deal more than is required of him: and gives such a delightful picture of the happiness of French negroes, that poor Jacques Bonhomme might cry out to be made a slave at once, if, by sacrificing his rights at present, he could be inducted into such a charming state of dependence. The hero of the story finds that the slaves only work *six hours in a week*, for which they are well fed and clothed; they have the rest of their time to themselves; they earn as much money as to satisfy their utmost avarice for indolence, their love of dress, or of liquor. They would not be free if they could; and one meritorious slave, who is introduced especially, a new importation from Africa, exhibits the greatest alarm lest he should be sent back to his native country. It was because led by such writers as these, that in the imperial times, the French fancied their domination was received as a welcome gift over Europe. The '*Moniteur*' contains a hundred such statements regarding Spain. As for the German Rhineland, we have seen how the French believe to this moment it is theirs in heart and soul. But let us give the secret of the English abolition as it is laid down here for French instruction. M. Soulié has the whole thread of the intrigue, and it was probably furnished to him by the statesman who ordered him to popularize their doctrines by means of this tale.

The hero makes the acquaintance of an Irish superintendent of the plantations, who by means of *des relations qu'il a conservées en Angleterre* has the secret unveiled to him. 'I am,' says Mr. Owen, 'an Englishman, if, that is to say, an Irishman has a right to that title—if, born in a part of Great Britain which is subject to the most insolent, the most ferocious, and the most contemptuous tyranny, I can recognize as my countrymen those who treat my compatriots with more rigour and more disdain than the most insolent master uses towards his black slaves.' And yet, in spite

of my just griefs against the English, I have some hesitation in accusing them before you.'

This is only a French novel to be sure, but it lies, as much as the gravest newspaper in the anti-English interest. The only point one would remark in the above statement is the hint that slave-masters *do* treat their slaves insolently and tyrannically—the admission takes off from the beauty of the picture of that paradise, a French colony. And now Mr. Owen unveils the secret of secrets.

"'You know, sir, at what price England purchased the emancipation of her colonies?'

"Ernest was about to break out into enthusiastic praises of this sublime act of philanthropy, but he had not the time, for Monsieur Owen continued as follows:

"'You are too well aware of the real interests of France not to be aware that England did not begin by completing with her own hands the imminent ruin of her colonies, except that she might arrive through these at the ruin of the French and Spanish colonies, the prosperity of which is injurious to her.

"'You are not, I suppose, about to give credit to the regular organizers of famines in India for such a magnificent love of the black race, as to induce them out of mere humanity to establish the abolition and apprentice system in Jamaica. They know better than we, and experience has proved the correctness of their calculations, that the abolition of slavery was the instant destruction of all prosperity and fortune.

"'What was their calculation? it was, no doubt, to the following effect: The first blow at the colonies was the slave-trade abolition—the last will be the abolition of slavery. We no doubt shall lose some possessions by it, but France and Spain will lose more than we; in fact they will lose every colony they possess, while the loss of a few islands will hardly count among us whose possessions are so vast.

"'France and Spain will no longer have means of supplying themselves, and India will still remain ours: the only granary from which the world will be obliged to furnish itself with produce, which has now become as necessary to Europe as its own indigenous produce.'

"'This argument might be correct,' said Ernest, 'if, as you say, ruin is the certain consequence of abolition.'

"'Can you doubt it?' said Mr. Owen, with the air of a man quite astonished that such a question could be put to him: 'I was at Jamaica at the commencement of this organized catastrophe, and never did ruin march with such rapidity.

"'But this question, for the present at least, it is not necessary to prove to you by facts. The plans of the society, of which Mr. Welmoth is here the secret agent, will prove to you up to what point the abolition is considered by the English a means of infallible ruin. His first orders, received from a society patronised by the East India Company, and perhaps by the Eng-

lish government itself, are to become at the cheapest price possible the proprietor of the most considerable estates in the country.

"'This done, Mr. Welmoth and others who, as you will see, will succeed him, will establish themselves at Guadaloupe; and once proprietors they will begin to labour according to the turns of their mission, and successively emancipate their slaves. In the name of philanthropy they will spread through the plantations ideas of revolt and enfranchisement.

"'Five hundred, six hundred, twelve hundred slaves so liberated by them, will thus form a centre of *mauvais sujets*, round which the disaffected of the other plantations may rally. It will be a fomentation of discord, a commencement of disorganization, which may be the cause of new massacres. These dark enemies will be overcome, no doubt; but it is to be feared that this spirit of insubordination will appear to the French chambers a symptom of the maturity of the slave for liberty.

"'Let this result be far off or near at hand, England will march with indefatigable perseverance, by means the most perfidious and the most obscure, as by the most splendid demonstrations of philanthropy. She will make every appeal to sentiments the most worthy as to those the most generous; but she has one single aim to be attained by one infallible means, the ruin of the French colonies by means of the abolition of the slave trade.

"'This I know. This I am sure of. This Monsieur Sanson does not suspect from the frankness and loyalty of his nature.'

He may well have 'some hesitation' in telling a story so damning to his country. But the secret is out now: and the perfidy of Albion unveiled. It is the East India Company, the rogues 'who organize periodical famines in India,' who have set the incendiaries to work in the French and Spanish colonies. Sir Welmoth has a mission from the Court of Directors (in the month of April, 1838), and in truth executes it with more than national perfidiousness. As he has a sincere love for his cousin, the daughter of the planter whose happy negroes have been described; and as the young lady is heiress to the paternal property of which her future husband may look one day to have possession; Sir Welmoth, in pursuit of his infernal schemes, begins by lending the father money, so as to harass the property, and by *poisoning the negroes on the estate*. One may ask why the young patriot, if bent upon executing this scheme of the East India Company, did not begin by poisoning *somebody else's* negroes: but this, it will be remarked, is of a piece with the policy of the country at large. Before ruining the French colonies, we begun by ruining our own. But surely there is some break in the chain of argument here, and the author

has here the subject for at least another chapter: for though a thief in a crowd, in order to avert suspicion, will often say he has been robbed, he will not really fling away his own purse, containing twice as much as his victim's, for the purpose of securing the latter.

This, then, we take to be a slight fault in the construction of the romance; though, to do the author justice, the plot, for the most part, is carried on with very considerable art. It is in pursuance of the instructions of the East India Company, that Sir Welmoth is ordered to poison his uncle's slaves, but the Court of Directors by no means wish that their agent should be discovered—so what does he do? He manages to lay the blame upon the poor young French gentleman, whose *negrophily* is well known; to *brouiller* him with his worthy correspondent; and finally, as his presence may be likely to *gêner* the plans of the Honourable East India Company, Sir Welmoth has him assassinated under the banyan-tree: whence the title of the novel.

The assassin wounds, but not kills, his victim, who recovers, as we need not say, to expose the infernal conspiracies of the atrocious emissary from Leadenhall street. And the discovery is brought about by a novel and ingenious method. *Jean*, the Frenchman's groom, has remarked that Sir Welmoth and his man John are in the habit of riding out of a night, no doubt to meet the negroes in conclave; and through the means of this John, *Jean* determines to overcome the perfidious son of Albion. He watches John with intense accuracy for many days, and learns to mimic him—*à s'y méprendre*. He purchases a scarlet and yellow livery, for all the world like John's, intoxicates that individual, and follows his master. But we must allow *Jean* to tell his own tale.

"So I set myself to gallop after the Englishman, and we went a quarter of a league across country. Then we came to a wood where we had not gone four steps when Monsieur Welmoth turned suddenly to the right, so suddenly that I, who was not used to the thing, was galloping by him, when he stopped and turned round and said to me in a most furious passion . . . What the rascal said to me I don't know, as I don't happen to understand his lingo—but I could make out that he accused me of being drunk, and thought it not a bad hint to act on, and so kept a dead silence and acted my part to a wonder.

"Monsieur Welmoth tied his horse to a tree; then he said something which seemed to me like a question. So I said, yes, sir: and then he took out a whistle and blew. Another whistle

answered it, as soft as the pipe of a frog on a rainy night, and that you may hear miles round. Then he said, 'John, my pistols.' I knew what he meant, and as I was getting the pistols from the holsters gave the horse a kick which made him plunge a bit, so that I had time to take the caps off the locks . . . He went on and I followed him: not so silently, but that the bits of dry stick would crackle under my feet now and then: when Monsieur Welmoth would stop, and you may be sure I would stop and hold my breath too. Presently we saw a red light glaring under the trees, and heard such a sound of voices as drowned the noise of his steps and mine too.

"At last, and by the light of their candles, I saw some thirty of the niggers, and amongst them that rascal Theodore, and that other rascal Idomenée. As for Monsieur Welmoth, if I had not been sure it was he, I never should have known him; for he was dressed in a green face and red eyes, and had on a great red cloak, just as in a play. It was not only to disguise himself but to frighten the negroes that he was dressed so; for as soon as they saw him, the poor black devils tumbled down on their knees; but I think they were less frightened than they pretended to be, for there was not one of them but when Monsieur Welmoth came up to him, he held out his hand bravely for a gold piece which the other gave him.

"After this, grace was said all round; the man in the mask began to speak in a hollow voice; and then it was that, without the slightest hesitation, he proposed to the niggers to set fire to the house of Madame de Cambasse. He said, saving your presence, ma'am, that you were a monster, that you had killed thousands of slaves at Jamaica, and had whole scores of them in prison here, ironed down with chains that had spikes inside 'em.

"Idomenée replied that master's orders should be obeyed: on which Welmoth said that if they did as he told them they should all be made free the next day, and pass their lives doing nothing for ever after. This touched them, and so did the rum which was handed round in plenty; during which time the mask and Idomenée began talking together in private, and precious rascality it was they talked, too, as you shall hear.

"You understand that when the fire breaks out, and Monsieur Sanson sees it, in spite of his coolness with Madame de Cambasse [the planter was to have married this widow, but for the arts of the Englishman who had managed to make a quarrel between them], he will be sure to come to her aid. I too, must, of course, accompany him; but when we are near Madame de Cambasse's house, I will fire off my pistols, and you will take that as a signal for you and your people to withdraw.' And with this he gave Idomenée a taste of some particular rum he kept in a bottle about him, and so this worthy couple parted."

The attack is made, the black villains are overpowered. The mulatto and his principal accomplices, cut down, seized, and in custody. As he expected, the per-

fidious Englishman is called upon to make his appearance in company with the rescuers of Madame de Cambasse, and the following is the concluding scene of this strange story :

"I have no reason to say that Monsieur Sanson, though he wished to go, stopped. What man in love would not, when hoping to hear a justification of her conduct from the woman to whom he was attached? Welmoth looked attentively at all the objects and countenances round about him; he saw traces of blood on the ground; and judging then that a struggle had taken place, determined to use the utmost prudence, as some of his accomplices were perhaps prisoners. He was, however, only personally known to Idomenée, and had nothing to fear if the latter was not captured.

" 'This fire,' said Madame de Cambasse, 'which has brought you hither to my rescue, is not an accident, as you suppose. It is the commencement of a plan which devotes this colony to ruin, and it is by the hands of the slaves that it is to be brought about.'

" 'I don't know whom you accuse,' said Monsieur Sanson: 'not me, certainly: the ruin of the colony would be my ruin, and the project therefore can only be attributed to persons who are strangers to the country, and who, excited by absurd philanthropy, or influenced by darker and more odious views, have vowed its destruction.'

" 'Sir!' said Clémenceau.

" 'These words of Monsieur Sanson,' continued Madame de Cambasse, 'apply no more to you than mine do to M. Welmoth, but I beg you to listen without interrupting me. This plot exists; and if, M. Sanson, I have been the first apparent victim of it, believe me that you have already suffered from it, although you were ignorant that your losses were but the commencement of the execution of the conspiracy. You have suffered by poison, as I was to suffer by fire; and with me the conspirators knew it was necessary to act quickly, as I had my suspicions, of which they were aware.'

" 'But,' said M. Sanson, 'pardon me for saying that I can see no reason why you should suspect a conspiracy.'

" 'One of the conspirators has been seized in my house,' said Madame de Cambasse, and in spite of all his firmness, Welmoth's countenance showed signs of alarm and emotion. 'This incendiary,' continued Madame de Cambasse (without appearing to remark the Englishman's concern), 'is one of your slaves—Theodore—who commenced in your own plantation by poisoning your best workmen.'

" 'Bring him before me,' said Monsieur Sanson; 'let us question him at once.'

" 'Presently. But before he comes, let me tell you what we have already gathered from him. You will then judge whether his second replies will correspond with his first. This man has sworn that he was present to-night in the wood of Balisiers, at a meeting of blacks, where the burning of my house was proposed to him by an individual in a green mask with red cir-

cles round his eyes. He says he should not be able to recognize this man from his voice or his figure, which were both disguised; but that the mulatto Idomenée knows him.'

" 'During Monsieur Clémenceau's illness, Idomenée was always making inquiries at his house. No doubt Monsieur Clémenceau is well acquainted with him, and could give us some information on this subject,' said Welmoth.

" 'Clémenceau was so astounded by this audacity of Welmoth's, that he was at a loss for a moment to find a word in reply: but Madame de Cambasse, who saw through Welmoth's project for shifting the accusation on another, said quietly, 'I don't know what Monsieur Clémenceau's relations with the mulatto may be, but with regard to the man in the mask, Monsieur Ernest can give us no information—he was here at the time of the meeting.'

" 'You seem to be very certain of the hour of this meeting,' said Welmoth, who could not help speaking as if he were accused.

" 'Sure of the hour, and of every circumstance belonging to it. This man in the mask, then told Idomenée (and I beg you, my dear Monsieur Sanson, to attend to this) that the fire could be seen from the house which the mask inhabited; that he would very probably be compelled, therefore, to come to my aid; but, in order to warn the incendiaries of his approach, he would fire off his pistols at a short distance from the house!'

" 'This last circumstance threw a terrible light upon Monsieur Sanson. 'Fire his pistols!' cried he, looking Sir Edward in the face. 'You attempted to fire yours at a short distance from this house.'

" 'Sir!' said Welmoth, 'after such a suspicion I cannot—'

" 'You could not fire your pistols,' said a man in full livery, who barred the passage, and spoke in a burlesque French, 'you could not fire the pistols, because I had taken the caps away.'

" 'Who's this?' said Sir Edward, starting back at the caricature of John before him.

" 'I mean to say,' continued Jean, still mimicking John, 'that I made the Goddam drunk, Monsieur Sanson, and that I mounted his pony and followed the other Goddam to the negro-meeting, where I heard and saw everything'

" 'The French are great comedians, I have always heard,' said Welmoth, 'but I never knew they were such accomplished mountebanks as this.'

" 'They wear no masks, sir,' said Ernest, 'and as you do, let me help you to one.' And he was about to strike Welmoth in the face, but Monsieur Sanson held him back, while the Englishman, in the height of fury, aimed his pistol at Clémenceau's breast.

" 'It can't go off,' said John, laughing; 'I prevented.' And Welmoth, in a rage, dashed the weapons to the ground.

" 'It is not with pistols this affair must be settled,' said Ernest; 'it is a matter for the judge and the jury.'

" 'What?' cried Welmoth—'on the accusation of a slave who owns he does not know me—on the accusation of a man's servant whom I publicly challenged, and who had the coward-

ice to refuse—you believe me guilty ! Uncle, have a care: this farce may turn to your shame.'

" 'We have other witnesses,' said Madame de Cambasse: 'bring in the prisoner.' At the sight of Idomenée, Welmoth's countenance fell.

" 'You know Monsieur Welmoth ?' said Monsieur Sanson.

" 'No.'

" 'He was not in the Wood des Balisiers tonight ?'

" 'Nobody was in the Wood des Balisiers tonight.'

" 'What !' cried Jean, 'you were not in the wood, and you did not talk with him, and, hearing me move, you did not fling a knife towards the bush where I was, and wound me here in the thigh ?'

" 'These are all lies,' said Idomenée.

" 'Bring in Theodore,' said Monsieur Sanson.

" 'Theodore is dead,' answered Idomenée.

" 'But, at any rate, the mask and mantle can't have disappeared,' cried John, 'and must be among this gentleman's effects.'

" 'Of course,' cried Welmoth, now quite himself, 'those who told the lie could easily have put a cloak and a mask in my baggage.'

" Monsieur Sanson held down his head and said, after a moment's silence, 'Pardon me, Edward, for having believed you guilty, but this comedy has been so cleverly arranged that I was deceived for a moment. As, however, it was one of my slaves who injured the property of Madame de Cambasse, and as I have no desire she should be injured by me or mine, I am quite ready to pay her an indemnity.'

" 'I wish for nothing but what the law awards,' said the lady. 'My only wish was to expose to you the infamous machinations of a villain.'

" 'She then sat down to write, while Edward preserved a perfectly unmoved countenance. Her note finished—' Mr. Owen,' said she, 'have the goodness to carry this immediately to the Procureur du Roi; if the principal criminal escape, here is one, at any rate, whom nothing can save. This mulatto forced an entry into my house with arms in his hands. He wounded me with his knife—this, at least, is no comedy.'

" Idomenée, in spite of himself, could not help giving a look at Sir Edward. He was perfectly unmoved.

" 'Let those who hired this villain save themselves as they can,' continued Madame de Cambasse. Welmoth showed not the least concern at this insinuation. 'Had we not better leave Madame to her part of Grand Justiciary,' said he to M. Sanson, laughing.

" 'I am at your orders, and was sure, Edward, you could never have lent yourself to this infamous conspiracy,' said M. Sanson. 'As for this unhappy man, the only chance remaining for him is to name his accomplices.'

" 'It is what he had best do,' said Welmoth, calmly; 'and I advise him to do so. But it is to his judges, and not to us that he must confess.' As he spoke thus, Welmoth looked with some agitation towards Idomenée. Monsieur Sanson seemed quite confounded by the latter's silence.

" 'Come,' cried Welmoth, anxiously, 'let us go,' and Sanson moved forward as if to leave the room.

" 'At this moment the mulatto staggered, and uttered a loud, horrible cry. 'Stop!' screamed he, 'stop, Monsieur Sanson;' and these words caused every one to pause.

" 'I remember, now,' said the mulatto, groaning and writhing in pain; 'it was the rum he gave me in the wood. It was—it was—'

" 'What ?' cried every one.

" 'It was poisoned—oh ! poisoned ! I was to go when I heard his pistol, and to die like a dog in the wood. That's the villain who made me fire upon M. Clémenceau.'

" 'I knew it !' cried Jean.

" 'That's—that's he who—the wretch could say no more, he staggered and fell—but as he fell he made a bound towards Sir Edward as if he would have killed him, and fell dead at his feet. The Englishman looked at his victim in silence, and with a ferocious joy.

" 'Monster !' cried Monsieur Sanson at length, and after a pause of horror, 'and will you still deny ?'

" 'What ! do you join them, too ?' said Sir Edward. 'Is this the way in which you pay me back the gold guineas I lent you ?'

" 'The money is ready, sir; and the cause of my interview with Madame de Cambasse, whose fair fame you have calumniated, was to arrange the payment of this very sum, and to rescue Monsieur Sanson from the ruin you had prepared for him.'

" 'Enough !' cried Sir Edward. 'I will answer no more questions of lackeys, knaves, and strumpets, and their silly dupes.'

" 'Monsieur l'Anglais !' said Jean, 'shall I make you a present before you go ? Here it is—the caps for your pistols; they'll serve you to blow your brains out with.'

" 'I take them,' said Sir Edward, grinding his teeth, 'in order to send into your master's head the bullet I owe him.'

" He was about to put them on, but ere he could do so, Jean rushed at him and felled him to the ground: those present rushed forward to rescue Sir Edward, thinking Jean was strangling him.

" 'Stop, stop,' shouted the domestic, 'I want to see this gentleman's flannel-waistcoat. John told me when I made him drunk, that his master carried some curious papers there. Ah ! here they are !' As he spoke, John seized the papers, and springing up, gave them to Monsieur Sanson.

" But Sanson had scarcely begun to read them, when Welmoth was up too; he had taken the pistols from the ground where he flung them, and had armed them with the caps, which he still held in his hand.

" 'Now it's my turn,' said he, turning on the astonished and unarmed group who were gathered round the papers; 'listen to me. Monsieur Sanson, I caused Clémenceau to be shot, because he interfered with the projects of which I am pursuing the execution, and which shall ruin you one day. France must lose her colonies. England has decided it, and our decision is like that of Heaven, implacable and inevitable. I own it all; I was sent to ruin you—to

ruin this woman's reputation; I organized the fire this night. There, you have my confession, and the proofs of my mission in the papers in your hand. What will be my fate?

"The scaffold, wretch!" said Monsieur Sanson.

"Well, then, if I die for one crime or for ten what matters? And now hark you: I have two more to commit, which two victims shall I choose here?"

"'Monster!' cried Monsieur Sanson.

"No, I will not hurt you; but this woman here, and this young dandy who would marry your daughter"—Madame de Cambasse turned pale, and Jean flung himself before her.

"Not a movement," said Welmoth, 'or she is dead! But I make one bargain with you. There is a candle near you, M. Sanson; burn in it, one after another, the papers you have been reading, and I withdraw.'

"Never—never," said M. Sanson.

"Be it as you will," said Welmoth; and aimed at Madame de Cambasse, who fell on her knees almost dead with terror.

"Yield, in the name of heaven," said Clémenceau.

"You are afraid for yourself," said Welmoth; on which Clémenceau was about to rush forward, but John held him back, saying, 'Stand back, sir, the rascal will do what he says, else.'

"Enough, enough," said M. Sanson; and put the papers to the flame. Welmoth saw him burn them, one after another; and when the last was consumed, he walked to the window, fired his two pistols in the air, and said, 'The honour of England is saved; now, gentlemen, I am at your disposition.'

"This act of ferocious heroism struck Clémenceau and M. Sanson with a strange admiration. 'Go,' said the latter; 'the day is before you.'

"Thank you," said Sir Edward; and left the room."

It is strange that the writer of the tale, a good man of business, no doubt, as the present literary system in France will cause most writers to be, has not turned the above invention to still further profit, and adapted it for stage representation. The perfidious Englishman is a character drawn as if expressly for the actor of the villains of the *Porte St. Martin Theatre*, and the imitations of Jean the Frenchman as John the Goddam would convulse audiences with laughter. Nor is it necessary, in order to amuse these merry folks, that the imitations should be like; it is only requisite that the imitations should be like what they are accustomed to hear; and were a real Englishman to be produced on the stage, they would give the palm to the sham one. They have an Englishman for their politics as well as for their theatre; an Englishman of their own dressing up, a monstrous compound of ridicule and crime, grotesque, vulgar, selfish, wicked; and they will allow their political writers to submit to them no other. There

is no better proof of the intense hatred with which the nation regards us: of the rankling humiliation which for ever and ever seems to keep possession of a clever, gallant, vain, domineering, defeated people.

The contrast to this spirit in England is quite curious. Say to the English—the French hate you; night and day they hate you; the government that should find a pretext of war with you would be hailed with such shouts of exultation from one end of the country to the other, as never were heard since the days when the *Patrie* was in danger; till they can meet you in war they pursue you with untiring calumny—say this, and an Englishman, yawning, answers, 'It is impossible,' and declares that the person who so speaks is actuated by a very bad spirit, and wishes to set the two countries quarrelling. If an English newspaper were to take the pains to collect and publish the lies against England which appeared in the Paris journals of any given month (the month of her Majesty's visit to France would hardly be a fair criterion, it was an extraordinary event, and afforded, therefore, scope for extraordinary lying)—there would be such a catalogue as would astonish readers here. Abuse of England is the daily bread of the French journalist. He writes to supply his market. If his customers were tired of the article, would he give it to them? No; he would abuse the Turks, or praise the English, or abuse or praise the Russians, or write in praise or abuse of any other country or subject, that his readers might have a fancy to admire or hate. All other fashions, however, seem to have their day in France but this, and this is of all days. They never tire of abusing this country. The Carlist turns on the government-man, and says, 'You truckle to the English.' The government-man retorts, 'Who ever truckled to the English so much as you did, who came into power with his bayonet, and thanked him, under God, for your restoration?' The republican reviles them both with all his might, and says that one courts the foreigner as much as the other.

If we speak in this manner, apropos of a mere novel of a few hundred pages, it is because we believe that Monsieur Soulié had his brief given to him, and was instructed to write in a particular vein. His facts, such as they are, have been supplied to him; for there are evidences that the writer has some sort of information upon the subjects on which he writes, and there are proofs of wilful perversions from some quarter or other. Take, for instance, the description of a treadmill. 'This punish-

ment of the treadmill consists in *hanging* slaves by the wrists, in such a manner that their feet are placed upon the wings of a wheel. The wheel always yields under their feet, and thus obliges the patient to seek a footing upon the upper wing. The wheel serves likewise to grind the prisoners' corn. An executioner (*bourreau*) armed with a hammer (*martinet*)—the whip appeared too mild to these worthy protectors of the negro race—an executioner, I say, placed by the side of the mill, is employed to excite the indolence of those who do not move quick enough on the wheel: *and a physician from time to time feels the pulse of the person under punishment, in order to see how long he can bear the torture.*' Now this is written with evident bad faith, very likely not on the writer's part, but on the part of some one who has seen this instrument of torture, a treadmill, and whose interest it is to maintain the slave trade in the French colonies, and who knows that, in order to enlist the mother-country in his favour, he has no surer means than to excite its prejudices by stories of the cruelties and conspiracies of England. Statements are proved in different modes, arguments are conducted in all sorts of ways; and this novel is an argument for the slave trade, proved by pure lying. Its proofs are lies, and its conclusion is a lie. It stands thus: 'The English have fomented a demoniacal conspiracy against the slave trade in the French colonies. The English are our wicked, false, dastardly, natural enemies, and we are bound to hate them. Therefore slavery is a praiseworthy institution, and ought to be maintained in the French colonies.' It is to this argument that Monsiur Soulié has devoted three volumes which are signed by his celebrated name.

A romancer is not called upon to be very careful in his logic, it is true; fiction is his calling; but surely not fictions of this nature. Let this sort of argumentation be left to the writers of the leading articles; it has an ill look in the feuilleton, which ought to be neutral ground, and where peaceable readers are in the habit of taking refuge from national quarrels and abuse; from the envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, that inflame the patriots of the *Premier Paris*. All the villains whom the romancer is called upon to slay, are those whom he has created first, and over whom he may exercise the utmost severities of his imagination. Let the count go mad, or the heroine swallow poison, or Don Alphonso run his rival through the body, or the French ship or army at the end of the tale blow up the English and obtain its victory;

these harmless cruelties and ultimate triumphs, are the undoubted property of the novelist, and we receive them as perfectly fair warfare. But let him not deal in specific calumnies, and inculcate, by means of lies, hatred of actual breathing flesh and blood. This task should be left to what are called *hommes graves* in France, the sages of the war newspapers.

As to these latter, which are daily exposing the deep-laid schemes and hypermachievellian craft of England, we wonder they have not noticed as yet another sordid and monstrous conspiracy of which this country is undoubtedly the centre. If this audacious plot be allowed to succeed, the nationalities of Europe will gradually, but certainly disappear; the glorious recollections of feats of arms, and the noble emulation to which they give rise, will be effaced by a gross, merchant despotism; the spirit of patriotism will infallibly die away, and, to meet the aggressions of the enemy, the frontier shall be lined with warriors, and the tribune resound with oratory no more. The public press, the guardian of liberty, the father of manly thought, shall be as it were dumb: the 'Siècle' may cry woe to perfidious Albion, and the public, stricken with a fatal indifference, shall be too stupid to tremble; the 'National' may shout murder and treason against England, and a degenerate nation only yawn in reply. 'A conspiracy tending to produce this state of things,' we can imagine one of those patriotic journals to say, 'exists, spreads daily, its progress may be calculated foot by foot all over Europe. The villains engaged in it are leagued against some of the most precious and ancient institutions of the world. What can be more patriotic than to protect a national industry? their aim is to abolish trade-protection, and to sweep custom-houses from the face of the earth. What can be more noble than love of country and national spirit? these conspirators would strike at the root of the civic virtues. What can be more heroic than the ardour which inspires our armies, and fills our youth with the generous desire of distinction in war? these conspirators, if they have their way, will not have an army standing; they will make a mockery and falsehood of glory, the noble aim of gallant spirits; they will smother, with the bales of their coarse commerce, the laurels of our former achievements; the swords of Marengo and Austerlitz will be left to rust on the walls of our children; and they will clap corks upon the bayonets with which we drove Europe before us.' The RAILROAD, we need not say, is the infernal Eng-

lish conspiracy to which we suppose the French prophet to allude. It has been carried over to France by Englishmen. It has crept from Rouen to the gates of Paris; from Rouen it is striding towards the sea at Southampton; from Paris it is rushing to the Belgian frontier and the channel. It is an English present. *Timeo Danaos*: there is danger in the gift.

For when the frontier is in a manner destroyed, how will the French youth be able to rush to it? Once have railroads all over Europe, and there is no more use for valour than for post-chaises now on the north road. Both will be exploded institutions. The one expires, because nobody will ride; the other dies, because nobody will fight; it is cheaper, easier, quicker, more comfortable to take the new method of travelling. And as a post-chaise keeper is ruined by a railroad, and as a smuggler is ruined by free trade; those concerned in the maintenance of numberless other ancient usages, interests, prejudices, must look to suffer by coming changes. Have London at twelve hours' journey from Paris, and even Frenchmen will begin to travel. The readers of the 'National' and the 'Commerce' will have an opportunity of judging for themselves of that monstrous artful island, which their newspapers describe to them as so odious. They will begin to see that hatred of the French nation is not the sole object of the Englishman's thoughts, as their present instructor would have them believe; that the grocer of Bond-street has no more wish to assassinate his neighbour of the Rue St. Honoré, than the latter has to murder his rival of the Rue St. Denis; that the ironmonger is not thinking about humiliating France, but only of the best means of selling his kettles and fenders. Seeing which peaceful and harmless disposition on our part, the wrath of Frenchmen will melt and give way: or rather let us say, as our island is but a small place, and France a great one—as we are but dull shopkeepers without ideas, and France the spring from which all the Light and Truth of the world issues—that when we are drawn so near to it, we shall sink into it and mingle with it as naturally as a drop of rain into the ocean (or into a pail), and at once and for ever be absorbed in the flood of French Civilisation.

ART. XIII.—*Biographie des Contemporains*:
ESPARTERO. Paris. 1843.

THE military and political events which terminated in the independence of the United States, may be criticised as dilatory, as fortuitous, and as not marked by the stamp of human genius. That revolution produced more good than great men. If the same may be said of the civil wars of Spain, and its parliamentary struggles after freedom, it should be more a subject of congratulation than of reproach. The greatness of revolutionary heroes may imply the smallness of the many; and, all things duly weighed, the supremacy of a Cromwell or a Napoleon is more a slur upon national capabilities than an honour to them. Let us then begin by setting aside the principal accusation of his French foes against General Espartero, that he is of mediocre talent and eminence. The same might have been alleged against Washington.

Moreover, there is no people so little inclined to allow, to form, or to idolize superiority, as the Spaniards. They have the jealous sentiment of universal equality, implanted into them as deeply as it is into the French. But to counteract it, the French have a national vanity, which is for ever comparing their own country with others. And hence every character of eminence is dear to them; for, though an infringement on individual equality, it exalts them above other nations. The Spaniard, on the contrary, does not deign to enter into the *minutiae* of comparison. His country was, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the first in Europe; its nobles the most wealthy, the most magnificent, the most punctilious, the most truly aristocratic; its citizens the most advanced in arts and manufactures, and comfort and municipal freedom; its soldiers were allowed the first rank, the sailors the same. The Spaniards taught the existence of this, their universal superiority, to their sons; and these again to their offspring, down to the present day. And the Spaniards implicitly believe the tradition of their forefathers, not merely as applied to the past, but as a judgment of the present. They believe themselves to be precisely what their fathers were three hundred years ago. They take not the least count of all that has happened in that period: the revolutions, the changes, the forward strides of other nations, the backward ones of their own. A great man, more or less, is consequently to them of little importance. They are too proud to be vain.

This part of the Spanish character ex-

plains not a few of the political events of the countries inhabited by the race. In all those countries, individual eminence is a thing not to be tolerated. It constitutes in itself a crime, and the least pretension to it remains unpardoned. Even Bolivar, notwithstanding his immense claims, and notwithstanding the general admission that nothing but a strong hand could keep the unadhesive materials of Spanish American republics together,—even he was the object of such hatred, suspicion, jealousy, and mistrust, that his life was a martyrdom to himself, and his salutary influence a tyranny to those whom he had liberated.

There did exist in Spain, up to the commencement of the present century, a grand exception to this universal love of equality, which is a characteristic of the Latin races. And that was the veneration for royalty, which partook of the oriental and fabulous extreme of respect. Nowhere is this more manifest than in the popular drama of the country: in which the Spanish monarch precisely resembles the Sultan of the Arabian Nights, as the vicegerent of Providence, the universal righter of wrongs, endowed with ubiquity, omnipotence, and all-wisdom. Two centuries' succession of the most imbecile monarchs greatly impaired, if not effaced, this sentiment. The conduct of Ferdinand to the men and the classes engaged in the war of independence, disgusted all that was spirited and enlightened in the nation. A few remote provinces and gentry thought, indeed, that the principle of legitimacy and loyalty was strong as ever, and they rose to invoke it in favour of Don Carlos. Their failure has taught them and all Spain, that loyalty, in its old, and extreme, and chevalier sense, is extinct; and that in the peninsula, as in other western countries, it has ceased to be fanaticism, and survives merely as a rational feeling.

Royalty is however the only superiority that the Spaniards will admit; and their jealousy of any other power which apes, or affects, or replaces royalty, is irrepressible. A president of a Spanish republic would not be tolerated for a month, nor would a regent. The great and unpardonable fault of Espartero was, that he bore this name.

Another Spanish characteristic, arising from the same principle or making part of it, is the utter want of any influence on the side of the aristocracy. For a Spanish aristocracy does survive: an aristocracy of historic name, great antiquity, monied wealth, and territorial possession. The dukedoms of Infantado, Ossune, Montilles,

&c., are not extinct; neither are the wearers of these titles exiled or proscribed; nor have their estates been confiscated or curtailed. But they have no influence; they have taken no part in political events; and are scarcely counted even as pawns on the chess-board of Spanish politics. The Spaniards respect superiority of birth, but their respect is empty. It is rather the respect of an antiquary for what is curious, than the worldly and sensible respect for whatever is truly valuable. The greatest efforts have been made by almost all Spanish legislators and politicians, to make use of the aristocracy as a weight in the political balance, and as a support of throne and constitution. But as Lord Eldon compared certain British peers to the pillars of the East London Theatre, which hung from the roof instead of supporting it, such has been the condition of all Spanish peers or procures in any and every constitution. They supported the government of the time being; were infallibly of the opinions diametrically opposite to those of the deputies; and increased the odium of the ministry, whether *moderado* or *exaltado*, without giving it the least support. The rendering the upper chamber elective, as was done by the constitution of 1837, has not remedied this. When Christina fell, the upper chamber was, to a man, in her favour; so did the whole upper chamber support Espartero, when he fell. In short, the attachment of the peers in Spain is ominous; it betokens downfall.

The crown and the clergy, in fact, had laboured in unison to destroy and humble the power of the aristocracy, as well as of the middle classes. They succeeded but too well; and in succeeding, they also strengthened that democratic principle of equality which is a monkish principle. But the crown and the monasteries, and the aristocracy, have all gone down together, whilst the middle classes survive, and have become regenerated with a second youth. It is only they who have any force in Spain. It is the cities which take the initiative in all changes and all revolutions. For any government to incur their displeasure, is at once to fall; none has been able to struggle against them. These juntas raised the war of independence, and performed the Spanish part of their self-liberation. They again it was who enabled Christina to establish at once her daughter's rights and the name of a constitution. They afterwards compelled her to give the reality, as well as the name. And it was they, too, who drove Don Carlos out of the country, in despite of the tenacity and courage of his

rustic supporters. He was driven from before Bilboa, and from every town of more respectability than a village. He was welcomed by the peasants and their lords, but every collection of citizens rejected him, and he and absolutism were obliged to fly the country.

There is one class, which at the close of revolutions is apt to turn them to its own profit, and becomes arbiter of all that survives in men and things. This is the army. In nations, however, which have no external wars, it is extremely difficult for the army or its chiefs to win and preserve that mastery over public opinions, which is needed to ensure acquiescence in military usurpations. The French revolution, as we all know, turned to a warlike struggle between France and Europe; in which France was represented by her generals and armies, and in which these but too naturally took the place of civilian statesmen and representative assemblies. In the more isolated countries of England and Spain, the activity and the glory of the military terminated with the civil war. The career of arms was closed; the officers lost their prestige; and Cromwell, though tolerated as a *de facto* ruler, was never looked up to, either as the founder of a military monarchy, or of a new dynasty. A Cromwell would have met with more resistance in Spain; civilian jealousy is there as strong as in England; and Cromwell there was none. The Duke of Victory's worst enemies could not seriously accuse him of such ambition.

Baldomero Espanero was born in the year 1792, at Granatula, a village of La Mancha, not far from the towns of Almagro and Ciudad Real. In his last rapid retreat from Albacete to Seville, the regent could not have passed far from the place of his nativity. His father is said to have been a respectable artisan, a wheelwright, and a maker of carts and agricultural implements.

This artisan's elder brother, Manuel, was a monk in one of the Franciscan convents of Ciudad Real, capital of the province of La Mancha. It is one of the advantages amongst the many disadvantages of monasticity, that it facilitates the education and the rise of such of the lower classes as give signs of superior intelligence. The friar Manuel took his young nephew, Baldomero, and had him educated in his convent. Had Spain remained in its state of wonted peace, the young disciple of the convent would in good time have become, in all probability, the ecclesiastic and the monk. But about the time when Espanero

attained the age of sixteen, the armies of Napoleon poured over the Pyrenees, and menaced Spanish independence. It was no time for monkery. So at least thought all the young ecclesiastical students; for these throughout every college in the peninsula almost unanimously threw off the black frock, girded on the sabre, and flung the musket over their shoulder. The battalions which they formed were called *sacred*. Nor was such volunteering confined to the young. The grizzle-bearded monk himself went forth, and, used to privation, made an excellent *guerilla*. The history of the Spanish wars of independence and of freedom tells frequently of monkish generals, the *insignia* of whose command were the cord and sandals of St. Francis.

Young Espanero took part in most of the first battles and skirmishes in the south of Spain, and made part of the Spanish force, we believe, which was shut up and besieged by the French in Cadiz. Here, through the interest of his uncle, was received into the military school of the Isla de Leon, where he was able to engraft a useful military education on his former ecclesiastical acquirements: for to be a soldier was his vocation, and his wish was not to be an ignorant one. The war of independence was drawing to a close when Espanero had completed his military studies, and could claim the grade of officer in a regular army. But at this same time, the royal government resolved on sending an experienced general with a corps of picked troops to the Spanish main, to endeavour to re-establish the authority of the mother-country. Morillo was the general chosen. Espanero was presented to him, appointed lieutenant, and soon after the sailing of the expedition was placed on the staff of the general.

The provinces of the Spanish main were then the scene of awful warfare. It is needless to inquire on which side cruelty began; the custom of both was almost invariably to sacrifice the lives, not only of captured foes, but of their relatives, young and aged. The war, too, seemed interminable. A rapid march of a general often subdued, and apparently reduced, a province in a few days, the defeated party flying over sea to the islands, or to the other settlements: but a week would bring them back, and the victors, in their turn, thought fit to fly, often without a struggle. Even an engagement was not decisive. A great deal of Indian force was employed, and, in many respects, the Spaniards or Spanish-born came to resemble them in

fighting. The chief feat of the action was one brilliant charge, which, if successful or unsuccessful, decided the day. For, once put to the rout, the soldiers never rallied, at least on that day, but fled beyond the range of immediate pursuit, and often with so little loss that the fugitives of yesterday formed an army as numerous and formidable as before their defeat. How long such a civil war would have lasted, is impossible to say, had not foreigners enlisted in the cause, and formed legions which not only stood the brunt of a first onset, but retreated or advanced regularly and determinedly. The foreign legion was the Macedonian phalanx among the Columbians. Owing to it, the Spaniards lost the fatal battle of Carabobo, and thenceforward made few effectual struggles against the independents, except in the high country of Peru.

Espartero had his share of most of these actions. As major, he fought in 1817 at Lupachin, where the insurgent chief, La Madrid, was routed. Next year he defeated the insurgents on the plains of Majocaigo, and in 1819 Espartero and Seoane reduced the province of Cochalamba. Soon after, the revolution that had for result the establishment of the constitution, broke out in Spain; and the political parties to which it gave rise began to agitate the Spanish army in Peru. Then the viceroy, who held out for the absolute power of Ferdinand, was deposed; and the other generals, La Serna, Valdez, and Canterac, declared for liberty abroad as well as at home, though they still fought for preserving the links that bound the South American colonies to the mother-country. Espartero was of this liberal military party, and served as colonel in the division which, under Canterac and Valdez, defeated the Peruvian independents at Torrata and Maquega, in January, 1823: actions which led to the evacuation of the Peruvian capital by the congress. The Peruvians then summoned Bolivar and the Columbians to their aid, whilst the two parties in the Spanish army, royalist and independent, divided and began to war with each other, on the news arriving of the restoration of Ferdinand. This afforded great advantage to Bolivar, and that chief pushed them with so much vigour, that the contending royalist parties ceased their strife, and united to overwhelm, as they thought, the Columbians under Paez, the lieutenant under Bolivar.

The Columbians had, however, learned to stand in action, and their cavalry even to return to the charge after being routed. Their obstinacy in this respect, here displayed for the first time, routed the old

Spanish cavalry, hitherto thought so superior; and won the battle of Ayacucho, which dismissed to Spain all upholders of Spanish supremacy. The officers and generals sent home under this capitulation have been since known under the epithet of *Ayacuchos*. Among them were Canterac, Valdez, Rodil, Seoane, Maroto, Narvaez, Carabate, Alaix, Araoz, Villaloboz. Espartero had been previously sent home with colours and the account of success in Peru; success so soon reversed.

When these generals returned, there were, of course, many prejudices against them. They had taken no part in the liberal movement at home, which had nevertheless begun in the ranks of the army. Their having taken previous part in the war of independence, ought to have pleaded for them; but most of them had been too young to have been then distinguished. Riego and Quiroga were the military heroes of the day. The soldiers of the constitution made, indeed, but a poor stand against the French invading army; still their efforts were not destined to be altogether vain, and the country preserved its gratitude towards them. On the other hand, Ferdinand and his ministers showed no inclination to favour or employ the *Ayacuchos*; the royalist volunteers and the monks were the only militants that the old court trusted; and thus the largest body of officers of experience were inclined to range themselves under the constitutional banner, whenever it should again be hoisted.

The years from 1825 to 1830 were spent by Espartero, as colonel of the regiment of Soria, which was quartered the most part of that time in the island of Majorca. Previous to going there he commanded the depôt of Logroño on the Ebro, where he became acquainted with his present duchess, Señora Jacinta de Santa Cruz. Her father, an old officer, brother of the late captain-general in the south of Spain, was one of the wealthiest proprietors of the banks of the Ebro, and Señora Jacinta was his only child. The father was not willing to give her to the soldier, however high his rank. But the marriage took place, as such marriages do, the determination of the young overcoming the scruples of the old. The present Duchess of Victory was renowned for her beauty and conjugal attachment.

The death of Ferdinand opened a new era for Spain. His will conferred the succession upon his daughter, and the regency upon her mother. As the only hope of preserving the crown to Isabella, and influence to herself, Christina summoned to her

counsels the liberals. They were of many shades; she chose the most monarchical; but was gradually obliged to accept the counsels and aid of those who frankly meditated a liberal constitution. The ousted prince, Carlos, appealed to the farmers and the priesthood of the northern provinces; the absolutist powers of the east supplied him with funds; and the war began.

With very few exceptions all the military men embraced the side of the queen and constitution. The army felt no inclination to undergo once more the yoke of the priesthood. And even old royalist generals, such as Quesada and Sarsfield, turned their arms willingly against the Carlists. The *Ayacu-chos*, or officers who had served in America, showed equal alacrity, especially those who, like Espartero, had, even on the other side of the Atlantic, been favourable to a constitution. Maroto was the only one of them, who, at a later period, took command under Don Carlos.

The first constitutional general, Sarsfield, was successful. He delivered Bilbao, the first seat of the insurrection, and ever afterwards the key of the war, from the insurgents. Espartero was appointed captain-general of the province. But the apparition of Don Carlos in person, the funds he commanded, and the promises he made, gave fresh importance and duration to the war.

The greatest and most effectual military achievements are often those least talked about or noticed. The general who can organize an army fitly, often does more than he who wins a battle; though indeed it is the organization that leads to the winning of the battle. The organization of the British army was the first and the greatest achievement of the Duke of Wellington; and it was for the Carlists the great act and merit of Zumalacarreguy. Espartero did the same for the Spanish constitutional army, and thereby enabled it to overcome, by degrees and in partial encounters, the formidable and spirited bands opposed to it. Valdez, who commanded after Quesada, and who had been the old commander in Peru, committed the great blunder of fighting a general action against mountaineers: whom if he beat he did not destroy, whereas their repulsing him was his ruin. Rodil, more cautious, ran about the hills to catch Carlos. Mina, with a regular army, waged a war of partisans with peasants, who were far better partisans than his troops. Cordova, who succeeded, kept his army together; and handled the Carlists so roughly in one action that they shrunk from attacking him. But he conceived the same

fears; declared that the war could only be carried on by blockading the insurgent provinces; and finally resigned.

Espartero had till then distinguished himself more as a brilliant cavalry officer, and a spirited general of division, than as a military leader of first-rate merit: but his honest, frank character, his abstinence from the heat of political party, and the opinion that he wanted political genius and ambition, led to his appointment by the more liberal government which then took the helm. The first care of the new commander was to restore discipline, by a severity till then unknown in the constitutional army. His execution of the *Chapelgorris* for plundering a church, is well remembered. His efforts to keep the army paid, often compromised his own private fortune; and placed him in many quarrels with Mendizabal and the finance ministers of the time. He certainly gained no pitched battles; but from Bilbao round to Pampeluna he kept the Carlists closely confined to their mountain region, punished them severely when they ventured forth, and never allowed himself to be beaten.

Nothing could be more advantageous than Zumalacarreguy's position; intrenched like a spider in an inaccessible and central spot, from whence he could run forth with all his force upon the enemy. Then, by threatening Bilbao, the Carlist general could at any time force the Christino general to take a most perilous march to its relief. Twice, indeed three times, were the Christinos forced to make this perilous march—the second time the most critical, for then Bilbao certainly could not have been saved but for the energy and aid of the British officers. To Lapidge, Wylde, and others, was due the deliverance of Bilbao. Espartero was then suffering under a cruel illness. No sooner however was the Luchana river crossed by British boats, than he sprang on horseback, forgot bodily pain in martial excitement, and led his troops through the Carlist cantonments and intrenchments, once more to the gates of Bilbao.

In despair, the Carlists then tried another mode of warfare. They left the northern provinces, and undertook expeditions through all the rest of Spain, to gain recruits and provisions, if possible, and to find another Biscay in the mountainous south. The indifference of the population caused this to fail, and Don Carlos returned to the north. The aim of his general was then turned to the possession of Bilbao and Santander, strong places, which if mastered, the Carlist

insurrection might repose there and act on the defensive. To secure these points, more formidable intrenchments were raised on the heights leading to these towns. Don Carlos hoped to form a Torres Vedras on the hills of Ramales and Guardanivi. The great exploit of Espartero was his series of successful attacks upon these intrenchments in May, 1839. He drove the Carlists from all of them with very great loss; and from that moment the war drew to an end. The spirit of insurrection was broken, and justice allotted to Espartero the title of **DUKE OF VICTORY**.

The military struggle over, and the open rebellion put down, the parliamentary but scarcely more peaceful struggle between two parties calling themselves constitutional, became prominent. When the emigration of the Spanish patriots took place in 1815 and 1823, in consequence of the absolutist reaction of Ferdinand, some of the emigrants betook themselves to England, some to France. Though paid little attention to by the governments of either country, the Spanish emigrants were cordially received by the liberal opposition in both countries: and each came to admire and adopt the ideas and principles with which he was placed in contact. If Arguelles admired the frank school of English liberty, which allows popular opinion its full expression; Toreno and Martinez de la Rosa adopted the more cautious tenets of the French doctrinaires, or moderate liberals, who were for giving freedom but by handfuls, and who maintained that domination and influence should be confined to the enlightened few, and sparingly communicated to the ignorant many. One can conceive the existence of such a conservative party as this in England, where such influence exists, and where the aristocratic and well-informed classes do possess this influence. But the necessity of creating and raising these classes, as was the case in Spain, and the impossibility of getting churchmen and old aristocrats to act moderate toryism when they had been steeped and bred in absolutism, rendered the policy of the moderados a vain dream. They had no upper classes, no clergy, no throne behind them: for that of Isabella required, rather than gave, support.

Conscious of this weakness, and seeing nothing Spanish around them on which they could lean, the moderados placed their reliance on France, and trusted to that alliance to keep peace in Spain, and win recognition from Europe. Louis Philippe had been enabled to do in France, something like what they laboured to effect in Spain: al-

though he had been obliged to abandon an hereditary peerage, and to base his conservatism on the fears and prejudices of the upper class of citizens and commercial men. Spain wanted this class, yet Count Toreno and his friends endeavoured, with less materials, to effect in Spain more than had been done in France.

In the conflict between moderado and exaltado, Espartero had remained completely neutral. His sole anxiety during the war was to have his army well supplied. He saw that the exaltado minister did not do this with due effect, and as his army approached the capital in pursuit of the pretender, he allowed it to remonstrate. This very unwarrantable act overthrew the exaltados, and brought back the moderados to power. It was generally believed, however, to have been the result of an intrigue of the staff, who imposed upon the easy nature of the general. Espartero was known, notwithstanding his anxiety to improve the supply of his army, to have regretted the unconstitutionality of the step which produced this ministerial revolution. The circumstance shows, at least, how little inclined was Espartero to pay court to the ultra-liberals, or to aim at assumptions of power through their influence.

After the convention of Bergara, which pacified the north, the war still continued in Aragon, and the army was kept actively employed under Espartero in that province and in Catalonia. There was no doubt, however, as to the issue. The moderados, in power, and delivered from the fear of Carlos and absolutism, entered at once on the fulfilment of their principles, and the establishment of more conservative bases of administration, than those which existed. For this purpose they took the most imprudent step that could have been devised. Had they attacked the press, and restrained its license; had they checked the turbulence of the lower classes, even by laws against association; had they passed the most severe penalties against conspiracy—the Spaniards would have borne all: but the moderados thought fit to attack the institution which is most truly Spanish, and that in which all classes of citizens, upper and lower, are most deeply interested. The moderados attempted to change the municipal institutions of the country, and to introduce a new and centralizing system in imitation of the French, and in lieu of the old Spanish system of *ayuntamientos*. Their elected municipal body and magistrates were certainly the key of the parliamentary elections, of the formation of the national guard, of local taxation, and in fact of all

power. But to attack them was the more dangerous; and the first mention of the plan raised a flame from one end of the peninsula to the other. The French court pressed the queen-regent to persevere, saying that no sovereign power could exist in unison with the present state of local and municipal independence: the queen-regent did persevere, and obtained a vote of the cortes.

The Duke of Victory had at that time peculiar opportunities for judging of the sentiments of the great towns of Aragon and Catalonia and Valencia: his army was quartered amongst them, and his supplies were drawn in a great measure from them. All these towns had made great sacrifices during the war, and their indignation was great at finding that the first result of that war should be a deprivation of their liberties. The Duke of Victory, how much soever he had hitherto kept aloof from politics, now wrote to the queen-regent, and remonstrated with the ministry on the danger of persisting in the contemplated measures. His counsels were received with secret derision; but as the towns could not be repressed without the aid of the army, the general was told that no important resolution should be taken without his concurrence. He in consequence quieted the apprehensions and agitation of the townsmen.

The ministry persisted not the less in carrying out the law: but fearing the resistance or neutrality of Espartero, they begged the queen-regent to go in person to Catalonia, under pretence of sea-bathing, in order to exercise her influence over what was considered the weak mind of the Duke of Victory. The French envoy, indeed, opposed this journey; and predicted with much truth, that if once the queen-regent trusted herself to the army, and to the population of the great and liberal towns of Saragossa, Barcelona, or Valencia, she would be forced to withdraw the obnoxious law.

Christina and her ministers both persisted. Both knew Espartero's devotion to the queens, and they reckoned on his chivalrous nature to fly in the face of danger, rather than shrink in prudence from it. She set forth, and the Duke of Victory hastened to meet her at Igualada. Christina recapitulated all the theoretic and doctrinaire reasons of her ministers for humbling the pride and independence of the great Spanish towns; the Duke of Victory replied that perhaps she was right, though it seemed ungrateful thus to repay the towns for their late sacrifices and devotion to the con-

stitutional cause. But right or wrong, another consideration dominated: and this was the impossibility of enforcing the law without producing an insurrection of the towns. 'They could be easily reduced by a few common shot and cavalry-charges.' The Duke of Victory replied, 'That they might be so reduced, but that *he* refused to be the instrument or the orderer of such measures. But he was ready to resign.'

The queen and ministers knew, however, that the resignation of Espartero then would have led to a military insurrection; for the soldiers and officers had already suspected that they were about to be dismissed, and without compensation. The end of the interview was, that the Duke of Victory must keep the command at all events; and that Christina would consult her ministry, and at least not promulgate the law with the royal sanction till after further consultation and agreement with the commander-in-chief. Christina hastened to Barcelona, met two of her ministers, and forgot in their exhortation the advice of the general and her promises to him. The consequence was the double insurrection, first of Barcelona and then of Valencia, which compelled her to abdicate.

Such were the events that produced the interregnum, and left the regency to be filled by the cortes. It was evident from the first that no one could fill that post to the exclusion of the Duke of Victory: and yet it must be owned there was great repugnance to elect him on the part of a great number of deputies. The honest patriots dreaded to see a soldier at the head of a constitutional government, and demanded that one or two civilians should be associated with him in a triple regency; but the greater number were of course the interested, the place and power-hunters; these saw in a triple regency many more chances of rising by favour, and obtaining office, than under a single regent, a military man, accustomed to order his aides-de-camp about, and utterly unskilled in appreciating address in intrigue and skill in courtiership; they, therefore, also demanded the triple regency, and at first there was a decided majority for this decision. It was then that the Duke of Victory declared, that the triple regency might be the best mode of rule during the minority of the queen, but that for himself he was determined to make no part of it. It would, he said, be a divided, a squabbling, and a powerless triumvirate. The true patriots then saw the danger of setting aside the general and the army, the instant after both had saved the municipal liberties of the country; they saw the prob-

able result of setting up three not very eminent persons to perform together the all-important office; and waving their objections to Espartero, they agreed to vote him sole regent.

Thus was the Duke of Victory appointed, and he ever after showed his gratitude to the thorough liberal and patriotic party who trusted him on this occasion. To them he delivered up the ministry: to them he promised never to interfere with the government, but to live as a constitutional ruler, above the strife and struggles of parties. In this the Duke of Victory was wrong: he should have opened his palace, lived in the throng, listened to the complaints, the desires, the feelings of all parties, and made himself adherents amongst all. The Spaniards tender eminence only on the condition of its being affable, and look upon kings, as we said before, with a kind of Arabic sentiment, as summary righters of wrongs, and controllers of all that is iniquitously done by their servants administering power. Espartero thought he acted the sovereign most fully by shutting himself in a small palace, by doing business regularly, and by eschewing all the pleasurable and representative part of his functions. He understood little of the minutæ of politics, and cared not to talk of them. He gave no dinners, no balls, no *tertullias*, no card-tables. In short, his salary was clean lost to the courtiers and placemen, and would-be placemen. The women declared him to be a very dull Regent, and their condemnation was fatal.

The most inveterate enemies of the Regent were, however, the new and bastard portion of the Liberals—those whom the French ministerial papers called *Young Spain*: men jealous of the old Liberals of 1809 and 1821, who looked upon Arguelles and Calatrava as out of date, and who considered themselves representatives of a new and practical school of liberalism, superior to any yet discovered. Caballero and Olozaga were the chiefs of the party: but these gentlemen, however able as orators and writers, had never succeeded in attaching to them more than an insignificant number of followers. Timid, tortuous, and time-serving, they were of that class of politicians which can harass a ministry, but are incapable themselves of forming an administration. The Regent was sorely puzzled how to deal with them. Their speeches in the Cortes were backed at times by a large number of votes; but when he summoned them to his presence, and bade them form a ministry, they always declined. They had a majority for opposition, they said,

but not for power. This might have puzzled a more experienced constitutional sovereign than Espartero. Soldier-like, he bade them go about their business. He was wrong. He ought on the contrary, like Louis Philippe in similar circumstances, to have facilitated their formation of a ministry; he ought to have smiled upon them; he ought to have lent them a helping hand; and then, after they had been fully discredited by a six months' hold of power, he might easily have turned them adrift, as the king of the French did M. Thiers.

Secure in the affection and support of the old stanch liberal party, the Regent never dreamed that these could be overcome by men affecting to be more liberal than they. But Spain was not left to itself. The French court became exceedingly jealous at the time of the Regent's intentions respecting the marriage of the young queen. They sent an envoy, who was called a family ambassador, and who as such pretended to immediate and uncontrolled access to the young queen. The Regent resisted, the envoy left, France was more irritated, and then determined on the Regent's downfall. Thirty journals were almost simultaneously established in Madrid and different parts of the peninsula, all of which set up the same cry of the Regent's being sold to England, and of Spain being about to be sacrificed in a treaty of commerce. Barcelona, most likely to be affected by this bugbear treaty, was of course the centre of opposition; and there, under the instigation and with the pay of French agents, open resistance was organized, and insurrection broke forth. The subsequent events are known: the bombardment, the reduction, the lenity of the Regent, the impunity of the Barcelonese, and their perseverance, even after defeat, in braving authority.

The army was then tampered with: at least some regiments. The Spanish officer though brave is unfortunately a gambler and an idler, with little prospect of making way in his profession by talent or by promotion in war; all chances of the latter are at present cut off; promotion is now to be had only by revolutions, since, if these are successful, the military abettors rise a step. Then there are court ways of rising in the army: a handsome fellow attracting the attention of the queen or of a lady in whom king or minister is interested: and all these chances were precluded by the dull, moral regency of Espartero, to whose self and family and ministers, such ways and intrigues were utterly unknown. The young officers longed for the reign of the queens,

young or old, and 'down with Espartero' was first their wish, and then their cry.

Indeed from the first the Spanish officers were disinclined to Espartero as general, and much preferred Cordova, a diplomatist and a courtier; but the soldiers on the other hand preferred the Regent. With this class, then, especially with the non-commissioned officers, the efforts of the conspirators were chiefly made. Calumnies were circulated, promises lavished, the soldiers attached to the service were promised grades, the rest were promised dismissal to their homes: in fine, the army was debauched, and when the Regent wanted to make use of it as a weapon of defence, it broke in his hands and pierced him.

The condemnation on which Espartero's enemies, the French, lay most stress, is his want of skill in maintaining himself in power. Success with them covers every virtue. The want of it exaggerates every defeat. There was a discussion at Prince Talleyrand's one evening, as to who was the greatest French statesman in modern times. Each named his political hero. Talleyrand decided that Villèle was the greatest man, on the ground that in a constitutional country he kept the longest hold of power: adding, that the best rope-dancer was he who kept longest on the cord. The great proof of political genius, according to Talleyrand, was to stick longest in place. The rule is a wretched one, and yet Espartero would not lose by being even in that way judged: for no Spaniard has kept such prolonged command and influence, none have attained more brilliant ends. The Treaty of Bergara, and the Regency, are two successes that might well content a life. And after all, Espartero was long enough regent to allow Spain to enjoy tranquillity under his rule, and to afford every one a taste and a prospect of what Spain might yet become, under a free, a peaceable, and a regular government.

A greater and more rare example offered to Spain by the Regent's government, was the honesty of its political and financial measures. There was no court nor court treasurer to absorb one-third or one-half of every loan and every anticipation, nor could the leasers or farmers of the public revenue obtain easy bargains by means of a bribe. Such things were disposed of by public competition; and Calatrava, in this respect, left behind him an example which will render a recurrence to the old habit of proceeding too scandalous and intolerable.

So, morality and simplicity of life, though a cause of dislike with courtiers, with place and money-hunters, was, on the contrary, a rare and highly-appreciated merit in the eyes of the citizens. No one cause occasioned more disgusts and revolts in Madrid than the scandals of the court of Madrid. Its removal was a great bond of peace, whatever people may say of the salutary influence of royalty!

The party attached to the regency of the Duke of Victory, as the best symbol and guard of the constitution, lay chiefly in the well-informed and industrious class of citizens, such as exist in great majority in Madrid, Saragossa, Cadiz. In Catalonia, the manufacturers and their workmen were against him, from a belief that he wished to admit English cotton. Seville is an old archiepiscopal seat, where the clergy have great influence; and the clergy there, as well as rivalry of Cadiz, occasioned its resistance. There is, one may say, no rustic population in the south. All the poor congregate in towns, or belong to them, and form a mass of ignorant, excitable, changeable opinion, that is not to be depended upon for twenty-four hours. There is throughout a strong vein of republicanism, and a contempt for all things and persons north of the Sierra Morena: so that nothing is more easy than to get up an *alboroto* against the government of the time being. The north of Spain, on the contrary, depends upon its rural population; and is slower to move, but much more formidable and steady when once made to embrace or declare an opinion. Throughout the north, neither citizens nor servants declared against the regent. It was merely the garrisons and troops of the line. Such being the force and support of the different parties, one is surprised to find that Espartero so easily succumbed, and we cannot but expect that his recall, either as regent or general, is sooner or later inevitable.

The career of the Duke of Victory being thus far from closed, it would be premature to carve out his full-length statue: to be too minute in personal anecdote, too severe or too laudatory in judging him. Our materials, too, are but meager; though the 'Galerie des Contemporains,' which heads our article, is a popular and meritorious little work. Our present task is, however, sufficiently discharged. Señor Flores promises at Madrid a life of Espartero in three volumes; and the Duke of Victoria and Spain are subjects that we shall have ample occasion and necessity to recur to.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Des Jésuites, par MM. MICHELET ET QUINET.
Paris. 1843.

MICHELET the historian, and Quinet the eloquent lecturer upon the literature of the South, have suspended their ordinary labours to ring an alarum upon the revival of the Jesuits in France. Let us glance at the cause of their provocation. For some time past the clergy have complained of the exclusive control exercised by the University over the education of the rising generation, the heads of which they accuse of corrupting the minds of youth by the dissemination of infidel principles. This charge pushed through all its consequences (and they are readily conceivable), is, as our readers will acknowledge, very grave, and such as the government itself, the direct patron and supporter of the university, could not allow to remain unanswered. M. Villemain, the minister of public instruction, himself a professor formerly, was the earliest to take the field: in the first instance, verbally in his place in the Chamber of Peers, and then as the author of an elaborate report, officially prepared, upon the state of education in France, in which he not only demonstrated the immense spread of education through the care of the university, but asserted its strict attention to the provision of religious instruction. M. Villemain's defence of the university rendered him perhaps the most popular of the present ministers: his vindication, complete as it was considered to be, limiting itself to the strict line of defence. Had it been more, it might have detracted from its own completeness as well as from the temperate dignity of a high government officer. But the university professors were not trammelled by considerations of etiquette and position; and they, attacked directly as corrupt teachers, have not felt bound to forego the exquisite pleasure of retaliation. Infidels as they were accused of being, they knew that there was a name more hateful still, *the name of Jesuit*, and this they have loudly shouted through the length and breadth of the land.

It was in the early part of the summer that M. Michelet turned, in a seemingly abrupt manner, from an historical course he was pursuing, to deal with the mechanical, material, lifeless, soulless form which he considered the literature of the present day to be taking; the same system which he conceived to have been once adopted by the enemies of all true knowledge. 'The Jesuits in the 16th century affected to be lovers of learning, and consented to feed the intellect with the husks and shells, the mere mechanical forms, that they might the more easily deprive the soul

of its true food.' But in Michelet's dealing with the subject of Jesuitism, there is more of the poet than of the keen controversialist. 'The machinery employed by the Jesuit,' he exclaims, 'has been active and powerful: but its productions have nothing of life: there has been wanting that which is in all society the most striking sign of life, a great man—not one man in three hundred years.' Even their skill as teachers, looked upon generally as their redeeming merit, he treats with contempt as merely mechanical, as rendering the pupils automaton, regulating the external conduct but leaving the heart untouched by any good influence. Michelet, in fine, writes as if he took for granted that mankind had so learned by heart the atrocities of Jesuitism, that no more was wanting than an organ for the full expression of the general indignation. Quinet, on the other hand, is more methodical in his attack, and does not assume any charge to be proved and known. He states his case with the clearness and conviction of proof of a skilled advocate, and waits until the reason be convinced before he fires the passions. We suppose it must be taken as a tribute to the eminence of the poet-historian, that the fragments of his lectures are printed first in order: they ought to have been the last: to feel their full force, M. Quinet's complete history should be first perused. Let us extract from the fifth lecture of the latter the following passage, for its unmistakable application to existing circumstances:

"Wherever a dynasty falls, I see standing erect behind, like an evil genius, as if it rose from the earth, one of those sombre Jesuit confessors, who leads it to death with a gentleness that might be called paternal: Father Nithard beside the last heir of the Austrian dynasty in Spain—Father Auger beside the last of the Valois—Father Peters beside the last of the Stuarts. I might speak of a much nearer period, one in fact within your own experience. (The professor alludes to Charles X.) Let us go back, however, to Louis XIV., and regard the face of Father Le Tellier, as depicted in the memoirs of Saint Simon. What a lugubrious air, what a presentiment of death that face casts over all society. An exchange of character seems as it were to take place between the monarch and his confessor, and I know nothing more appalling than such a contemplation: the king giving up, day by day, some portion of his moral existence, and receiving in return a portion of bitter leaven; the sustained ardour of intrigue invading and seizing as fast as conscience gives way; the triumph by degrees of all that is petty over all that was grand; until the soul of Father Tellier seems to take the place of that of Louis XIV., and to rule the conscience of the nation, no longer able to recognize its old king, whose death at last relieves it from the double load of absolute power and of politi-

cal religion. What a warning! notwithstanding a difference of time, it ought never to be forgotten.

This passage may suffice to show that religious controversy is not what is prominent in the mind of the speaker. Religion is indeed treated reverently throughout. A protest is raised in the name of the church itself against these modern templars—not half soldier, half priest, but worse still, half monk half police: and that in the worse sense of a continental *gendarmérie*: for the system is one of *espionage* upon the exercise of thought, so subtle and so treacherous that all are agents therein, and as much acted upon as actors.

Is it possible, let us ask, that such a revival is taking place, and in such a country as France? But when we see bastilles surrounding Paris, we may cease to wonder that chains are weaving within for the subjugation of the mind. The hint has not been lost, that those who helped to raise the one may easily submit to the other. The conclusion is logical. But Jesuitism is an evil to be apprehended equally by ruler and people. Look only at the history of its banishments, from Venice in 1606, from Bohemia in 1618, from Naples in 1622, and from the Low Countries in the same year; from India in the year following, from Russia in 1676, from Portugal in 1752, from Spain in 1767, from France in 1764, and at last from Rome herself in 1773! With such history before us, can it be possible that this society, in thirteen years after the fall and in the country of its last royal victim, threatens to nestle within the barbarous Gothic walls of the most civilized of continental nations? M. Michelet says yes. He declares, upon credible authority, that there are twice the number of Jesuits now that there were at the moment of the revolution of July. The number then was 423, it is now 960. The Jesuits, then confined to some houses, are now in every diocese. Be the apprehension exaggerated, however, or be it well founded, it has drawn forth some brilliant evidence of the spirit ready to meet any attempt upon the freedom of thought, enough to warn the most hardy of the order against persistence in so vast an enterprise.

Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr. (Comedy in Five Acts, followed by a Letter to Jules Janin.) By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Paris. 1843.

It is the critics' custom in France, to write their names on the trenchant blade with which they operate upon all subjects, good or bad. The custom is attended with inconvenience. The author rejects the critic's lessons, and retorts upon the man personally: the critic is apt to forget the author and his work, and to set up on his own account. M. Janin, for instance, who has drawn upon his head the anger of Alexander Dumas for his criticism of '*Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr*,' very seldom gives himself much trouble in the way of analysis. The play, with him, is *not* the thing. It is only the *motif* for

an interminable *bravura*, brilliant and rattling: the reader thinking all the time only of M. Janin, and M. Janin thinking only of himself. He writes with some such thought as this everlastingly in his head. 'You think that comedy amusing? Fools! I will show you something that is amusing.' And straightway he throws you a Somerset, makes you a succession of grimaces, stands on his head, puts his toe in his mouth, and having tickled and confounded you with the untiring capers and *étourderie* of boundless animal spirits, ends by a challenge to the now forgotten author, to match such exploits if he can.

But Janin is not without method in his madness. With all his tomfoolery he is no fool. He knows that in a city where everybody goes to the play, none will be prevented going by anything he can say. He therefore must maintain his critical supremacy by *amusing*; and much of the jealousy and dislike with which he is viewed by comic writers arises from the fact, that at their expense he makes *his* criticisms more amusing than *their* plays. '*Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr*,' for instance, are as uninteresting a pair of demoiselles as, to use Lord Byron's expressive, but not overnice phrase, 'ever smelled of bread and butter.' The plot is so improbable as to be utterly absurd. A Count Saint Harem enters by a false key into the celebrated establishment founded by Madame de Maintenon. His design is upon Miss Charlotte; but the knowing little friend, Miss Louisa, interposes, asking the gentleman the nature of his intentions. The latter finds that, to succeed with the one, he must get the other provided with an admirer; so putting his head out of the window, he calls to a friend who happens to be passing. This friend, although engaged to be married within two hours, agrees to give up one hour of the time, and while his bride is waiting to be conducted to the church, makes love to Miss Louisa, and is accepted. But at the moment the two gentlemen are about to take leave, they are arrested, carried off to the bastille, and obliged to marry the young ladies, lest the character of the establishment should be compromised. The hero and his friend depart for Madrid, and the wives, abandoned at the altar, follow them in disguise, and, according to an easily foreseen termination, in a rather clumsy way win back their affections.

Well, nobody could laugh at such stuff as this, so Janin, taking pity upon the public, gave them at the breakfast-table what they ought to have had for their money at the *Théâtre Français*. Now had Janin declaimed from behind the mysterious 'we,' Monsieur Dumas would have felt bound, if in the vein for remonstrating, to have eschewed personalities, and to have defended his play on its own merits. And this brings us to the question we touched upon at starting. It is argued that the signature of criticisms by authors would put an end to personality *as against authors*; but would the personal pronoun singular be equally efficacious in *protecting critics*? The letter of M. Dumas is in some sort an answer. Instead of entering upon the merits of his play, he attacks Janin, reminds him of a time when he lived in a garret, accuses him of having attempted to write a

play, in which attempt he failed; rummages Janin's writing for bad spelling of Italian words; and deals in insinuations of which it is presumed M. Janin's friends must feel the force. The end of the matter was, they say, that after challenges sent, and politely declined, the critic and the dramatist were seen, on the occasion of the sixteenth performance of the *Demoiselles*, amicably seated together in the same box of the Théâtre Français.

Histoire Philosophique et Littéraire du Théâtre Français depuis son Origine jusqu'à nos Jours. (Philosophical and Literary History of the French Theatre, from its Origin to our own Time.) Par M. HYPOLITE LUCAS. Paris: Gosselin. 1843.

M. LUCAS treats the early part of the history of the French stage as Robertson did the first portion of the history of Scotland, that is to say, he hardly deems it worthy of treatment at all. The thirty-fourth page of a volume extending to nearly four hundred, brings the reader to Corneille, who is treated as the founder of the French drama. High too as is the author's admiration for the works of this truly great writer, he is obliged to acknowledge that the school he created does not bear the impress of originality which marks the productions of the English stage.

"The English stage (he says at p. 296) possesses a truly original value. Thanks to Shakspeare, it blossoms upon a richer soil, one more stirred up and more fruitful than our own. Old England, with reform working in her bosom, and agitated by intestine wars, gave birth to more strongly marked features; and while, at the same time, her national character became more distinctly traced, the citizen had grown, and stood out better from the canvass. . . . But when Corneille, and Molière, and Racine wrote, instead of those hardy and vigorous characters which served as models for Shakspeare, there existed mere courtiers, whose sentiments took the tone from those of their masters, as their watch was set by the Château clock."

But fortunately for the character of the French stage, it began to feel the influence of the English drama even before the death of Voltaire; and in proportion as that influence infused itself into its languid veins, did it advance towards power and poetry. M. Lucas declares openly for the 'Romantic School:' being indeed an avowed disciple of Victor Hugo. Romanticism he thus defends:

"Ridicule in France very quickly attaches itself to words, but does not long retain its hold; in their course of circulation it is soon rubbed off, and they no longer pass current. It is thus that we now hardly dare to use the word *romantique*, once so famous; and yet in this word there is a just idea, an idea of progress as yet incomplete; few persons have comprehended its true acceptation. In the eyes of many it still represents some young enthusiasts, with long hair upon their shoulders and pointed beards, or certain literary eccentricities opposed to common sense; but those who have reflected upon works of art, know well that the mask must not be taken for the

face, and that allowance should be made for the exaggerations which necessarily accompany innovation. What is the meaning of that romantic school, whose place can no longer be disputed? Taking it in the serious sense given to it by the critic, romantic signifies simply that which, springing from the poetic fancy, is opposed to mere convention. Greek literature was in this sense romantic; Roman literature, on the contrary, was classic for the reason that it was a constant imitation. The Spaniards, the English, the Germans have been romantic; we cannot too often repeat it, their literature has sprung from their soil; while French literature from its very birth was imitative—impregnated with the spirit of antiquity."

It was at the period of the Restoration that French poets showed themselves sick of Mars and Cupid. But, remarks M. Lucas,

"By a reaction against the worn-out form of which they felt the absurdity, they at first adopted the language of Catholicism, making a display of religious and even monarchical sentiments, with which they were a little touched. Old cathedrals and old châteaux, revived by the taste for the middle age, gave to the new poets a colour of royalty and of devotion, which quickly disappeared. Such were the ideas which troubled Victor Hugo when he presented 'Hernani;' he gave battle to the stationary party, who disputed the ground inch by inch. M. Victor Hugo called to his aid the young, the ardent, the impetuous like himself; all who spurned conventional forms, prejudices, and abuses; all who demanded the liberty of art. Then flocked from the painters' ateliers, from the workshops, from the libraries, from the lecture-rooms, all this vigorous and bearded race, original and cavalier—this army, which it must be allowed sometimes demeaned itself a little too arrogantly—and which M. Hugo is blamed for having called together, as if he had opened a pandemonium."

We need not follow M. Lucas through his critical analysis of the dramas of Victor Hugo, and of those other writers of the Romantic School who have with more or less distinction followed in his wake. The reading public have already formed their opinions upon them. It is sufficient to say that M. Lucas has not a word of censure to offer against any writer, from Corneille to himself, except M. de Balzac, against whom he seems to entertain as much prejudice as a singularly kindly nature will allow. And even against him he does not discharge any acrid humour. It is a squeeze of a lemon, only disagreeable because limited to that one spot. We confess we could not only pardon, but relish a stronger infusion, mixed with a little more art. All the praise may be deserved, no doubt; but so much of it leaves a dull, languid sweetness upon the palate, as if the author had dipped his pen in treacle—as Balzac says he is apt to do.

In his concluding chapter the author asks what ought to be the comedy of our time, and gives the following ingenious answer:

"M. de Talleyrand, according to the idea entertained of his character, might be regarded as the model of this comedy. It consists chiefly in an hypocrisy of words transparent enough for men of sense to pierce through. Fools alone are deceived. Life with these amiable forms, which pretend to show regard, and fear to disoblige, wears a more agreeable aspect. It is not falsehood—but politeness; we like to be lulled with the sound of its eulo-

gistic music. We pass the censor from one to the other with grace and discretion. All being dissimulation, few marked features appear. The art of comedy consists now, perhaps, in the difference between thought and language, between life as it is, and the opinion that we wish others to entertain of us. It conceals itself in the train of little falsehoods that form the foundation of the greater part of the characters of the day. From the clashing of diverse interests and of wounded vanities, let truth be elicited: you will have the comedy of the age.ⁿ

This History of the French Theatre has, in a certain sort, supplied a desideratum in French literature. But we must protest against the high-sounding title of '*Histoire Philosophique*,' &c., it is the *Dip the wig in the Atlantic* of Sterne's Barber. Philosophy is a great word, raising great expectations. Whereas, those who sit down to read M. Lucas with great expectations, will certainly be disappointed. They will have a pleasant *resumé* of the plays which graced the *Théâtre Français* and the *Odeon* from their foundation, with notices of the most remarkable actors. And *voilà tout*. But even that is a great deal, for those who are not unwisely led to look for more.

Nizza und die Meeralpen, geschildert von einem SCHWEIZER. (Nice and the Maritime Alps, described by a Swiss.) Zürich: Meyer and Zeller.

NICE, now chiefly celebrated for its concourse of consumptive Englishmen, sent there under an erroneous notion of its fitness to cure pulmonary complaints, has been an important city in the history of Europe, and has come in for its fair share of all the broils that have agitated Italy, from the wars of the ancient Romans to the invasions of republican Frenchmen. The first eruption of barbarians was followed by the destruction of Nice; it was burned by the Lombards in 577; it was demolished by the Saracens in the time of Charlemagne. Most frequent has been its change of masters. Attached, together with Provence, to France by Charles Martel, it followed Provence when the kingdom of Arles was formed. A few years of republican independence were allowed it in the twelfth century by the indolence of its rulers; and during this short period, a constitution arose, the outlines of which exist at the present day. But it soon passed over into the house of Arragon, by honourable treaty, when Alphonso I. inherited the countship of Provence. A deficiency of male heirs caused a transfer of Provence and Nice to the house of Anjou, in consequence of a marriage, in 1246, of the Arragonian heiress with Charles, brother of the King of France. Then the new acquisitions of its Angerin monarch rendered Nice an appurtenance of the crown of Naples; and when the unfortunate Queen Giovanna fled, in consequence of the murder of her husband, about which there is so much difference of opinion, it was in this city she found the kindest reception. In the conten-

tions for the succession, which followed the death of Giovanna, Nice declared for the house of Durazzo; but it now found that it had a sovereign who was unable to assist it against the claims of the rival pretender, and was forced to seek a protector in the person of Amadeus II., Count of Savoy. The choice of this protector was made with the consent of Ladislaus of Sicily; and it was understood that the rights of the latter were in no manner compromised. This uncertain position of protector was, however, soon changed for a more substantial title; and in 1419, Nice formally passed from the house of Anjou to that of Savoy. The Counts of Savoy became dukes in 1416, and Kings of Sardinia at the beginning of last century; and therefore to the kingdom of Sardinia, the city of Nice is now attached.

The anonymous 'Swiss' who has written the account of Nice, has made a very small book, but a very complete one. In little more than a pamphlet, he has given a description of the city and the surrounding country; he has set forth the nature of its constitution; he has pointed out the moral peculiarities of the people; he has criticised the climate, pronouncing the belief that it is beneficial to consumptive subjects to be quite fallacious; he has shown the life which foreigners may expect to lead when they visit Nice; he has drawn up a succinct history of the town, from the time of the Romans to the present day; and he has exhibited the peculiarities of the provincial language in a chapter, which it would not be too much to call a grammar. This is, indeed, and in the best sense, *multum in parvo*!

We select for extract the chapter which is devoted to the 'foreigners at Nice.'

"The foreigners who come annually to Nice to pass the winter there form a distinct part of the population. They are mostly English, and their number is estimated at from 5000 to 6000, in addition to the French, Germans, Russians, Poles, &c. For their reception is the new quarter of Nice prepared; for them is the large suburb, Croix de Marbre, erected; for them are designed the beautiful villas which adorn the environs of the city, and the number of which is said to amount to 1000. Hence there is no want of lodgings for large or small families, or single individuals. These residences are completely furnished. The rent varies, according to the situation and quality, from 300 to 1000 francs for the winter half year. There are lodgings for the highest and genteel class, as well as for persons of the middle rank. In the summer months the rent is much lower. The proprietors consider winter as the only time when they can derive any profit from their houses, and therefore they make a point of then paying themselves for the whole year.

"Provisions are not dear at Nice. Throughout the winter there are peas and other pulse, cauliflowers, spinach, and artichokes, as well as apples and potatoes. The sea affords many kinds of fish. Meat, poultry, and butter come from Piedmont. The wine, which is grown in the country, is cheap, but seldom unmixd. Red wine is commonly drunk: the white is scarcer and dearer, and generally sweet, in consequence of the materials with which it is mixed. The water, without being bad, is not remarkably good, as it is generally drawn from cisterns. The milk too is not excellent, since there is a want of meadows, and the few cows that are kept do

not find proper nourishment. Fruits of all sorts are in abundance, especially pomegranates, which are exceedingly cheap. Ripe figs are seen after April, cherries and strawberries appear in May, grapes are to be procured in July. Wood and charcoal, which are chiefly used in cooking, are dear. A visitor can either keep his own establishment, or dine at a *restaurant*'s. There are also numerous hotels and *pensions* which will provide a dinner at home.

"The mode of life adopted by foreigners at Nice is as it generally is with such places as are visited by some for the sake of pleasure, and others for the sake of health or laborious indolence.

"The beauties of nature, the warm sun, the blue sky, invite to excursions which are made sometimes on foot, sometimes in carriages, and sometimes on horseback, or on asses, which is here just as common. The environs of Nice are inexhaustible in affording new and pleasant walks; and the city itself, the mound with its extensive prospect, the corso, with its shady trees and bustle of life, and the terrace by the seaside, offer much that is attractive.

"Those who seek the pleasures of social life and of the world, will be satisfied at Nice. Besides a theatre, at which there are performances in French and Italian, there is a society called the 'Philharmonic Circle,' to which foreigners may have admittance. In the well-ordered part of the city there are social *réunions*, balls, and concerts, and there is also a library, and a selection of the journals and periodical publications which are allowed in the country. Of these, indeed, there is no great number, and a zealous politician and reader of newspapers, here and through the whole of Sardinia, must imbibe a spirit of content, and be satisfied with tolerably bare and monotonous diet. Periodical literature is confined within very narrow bounds, and very few foreign journals are allowed to penetrate into the celestial kingdom of Sardinia. The legitimist journals of France, the 'Gazette de France,'* and its less important relations, the 'Gazette du Midi,' &c., enjoy the highest degree of favour. Journals of another complexion, even though moderate, as the 'Journal des Débats,' are excluded. Of German papers, the 'Wiener Zeitung,' and the 'Oesterreichische Beobachter,' and others of a similar character are admitted: The 'Augsberger Allgemeine Zeitung,' which is read all over the world, even in Austria, and especially at Milan, is among the prohibited wares, and, like other journals in the same condition, can only be procured by favoured persons with the especial permission of the minister for foreign affairs, which it is most difficult to obtain. Of Swiss papers, the 'Tessinerzeitung,' and the 'Constitutionnel Neuchâtelois,' are alone tolerated. In Sardinia itself, there is only one paper, the 'Gazette Piémontese,' and this contains extracts from the foreign journals which are not admitted.

* Since prohibited.

"Other branches of literature share the same fate as the periodical, when religion and politics are concerned. Nothing is allowed that is not in accordance with the spirit of the whole, with the idea of a patriarchal and priestly government. If a person takes with him but a few books, excessive rigour is not used; but if, contemplating a long stay, he wishes to bring a collection of favourite works, or to order them from home, that he may take his necessary intellectual food, and guard off the insipidity consequent on a *dolce far niente*, he will find his project attended with many difficulties. If the books, by observance of the necessary forms, happily cross the frontier, they will not pass the custom-house at Nice, without the consent both of the spiritual and temporal authorities. This is only given after a careful investigation: to further which, the owner must give

a threefold list, containing the exact titles of the books in question. If, unfortunately, any religious works, and above all, any of an anti-catholic or political character are found, the consent is very difficult to obtain, and then it is granted only under certain conditions. New difficulties arise when a person wishes to quit the country, and to proceed further with his books. For then they are examined anew at the first custom-house; a threefold list must again be prepared; and in spite of all entreaties, they are kept back, sealed with lead, and sent by a special conveyance to the frontier, where the owner, if he is in luck, will find them on payment of the carriage expenses.

"Under such circumstances, it is expedient to content oneself with such literature as the place affords; which is not of a very important character. There are to be seen at Nice several booksellers and reading-rooms, but these afford little to satisfy the higher demands of the mind, and the stock consists merely of English, French, and Italian *belles lettres* and romances. Other more important necessities, namely, those of a religious kind, part at least of the foreign residents find a difficulty in satisfying. The English indeed, consistently with their estimable mode of thought, have erected a place of worship even in Nice; but this is only of service to those who know the English language. A French clergyman who settled at Nice some time ago, and delivered very edifying discourses in his own language, was not tolerated by the bishop, and left the country to the regret of every one."

We think the above will show that Nice is not a place that will suit an Englishman for a length of time, especially when it is proved that it has wrongly obtained that character for curing pulmonary complaints, which has hitherto formed its chief attraction.

SCHELLING: *von Karl Rosenkranz*. Danzig. Gerhard, 1843.

If we give but a very brief notice of this highly interesting course of lectures, it is not because we have lightly skimmed over them, but because we shall, probably, on some future occasion, give a general review of the Schelling and Hegel controversy, in which event they would form one of our text-books. In the meanwhile, having carefully read them through, we state our opinion that Mr. Rosenkranz, who is a well-known Hegelian, has succeeded in putting Schelling in the worst possible position, by means the fairest that could be devised. The lectures are not essentially polemic: Rosenkranz scarcely in any instance opens a direct attack: but he gives an account of the whole of Schelling's philosophical career, taking him book by book, in the chronological order of publication, to the time of his accepting the professorship at Berlin. Then he leaves him: for Schelling has been cautious enough to print nothing since he took the chair he at present holds, and if any one else speaks for him he is ready at a moment's warning to declare that he has been misunderstood. Without intrenching on the lines of his new fortification, M. Rosenkranz has ample opportunity to lower the estimation

in which Schelling may be held, by directing his attention solely to works that bear Schelling's name, and pointing out the phases of his career. And a pretty figure does poor Schelling cut, when all the treatises that he wrote from about 1790 to 1834 are marshalled before him! We find a man, spoiled by over-success in his youth, committing a series of the most glaring inconsistencies; and still professing that he has but one system. We find him making promises of further developments that he never performed; we find him wantonly changing his phraseology at every step; we find him recklessly picking up all sorts of discoveries in science and archeology, and endeavouring to fit them to his own system, and then obliged to 'make a forget of it;' we find him loosely drawing large conclusions from the most insufficient premises; we find him mistaking fancy for reason; we find him ungenerous to his early friend Hegel:—in a word, if we would give a picture of a truly unphilosophical character we would say 'look at Schelling!' In his early days he had a great thought. He broke through the one-sided subjectivity of Fichte, and proclaimed an 'absolute' that should be indifferent to subject and object, and from which both should be developed. He gave the hint of the first truly logical beginning, but he never constructed a complete philosophical system, and he never will.

Ueber den Frieden unter der Kirche und der Staaten. (On Peace between the Church and the States.) By the Archbishop of Cologne. Münster. Theissing. 1843.

A BOOK belonging to the controversy between the Prussian government and the Roman church. The archbishop endeavours to define the true position of ecclesiastical establishments: asserting the right they have not only to existence, but to efficient means for extending their influence, and contending that a full maintenance of all their privileges must operate beneficially as well to the state as to the church, even though the governor of the state be a Protestant. Whether the treatise will convince any one who is on the opposite side of the question, we cannot say; but we can bear witness that the aged bishop defends his position with singular force and acumen.

Handbuch der Wasserbaukunst. (Manual of Hydraulic Architecture.) Von G. HAGEN. Königsberg: Bornträger. 1841.

THE title of this book sufficiently explains its

object, the execution of which is admirable. The first part, the only one already published, treats of the management of small bodies of water, or springs; and we are promised a second and third, respectively devoted to rivers and seas. The work is of the most elaborate description, and is accompanied by a large atlas of plates.

Geschichte Roms. (History of Rome.) Von W. DRUMMANN. Königsberg: Bornträger. 1841.

THE merits and peculiarities of Drummann's History of Rome in the time of its transition from the republic to the empire, are too well known to need a particular description. The reader who takes interest in such subjects, will recollect that this Roman history is treated quite on a new plan, being divided into the histories of the several great families. The fifth volume, which was published in 1841, is devoted to the Pomponii, the Porcii, and the Tullii.

Lehrbuch der Ungarischer Sprache. (Compendium of the Hungarian Language.) Von J. N. REMELE. Vienna: Tendler and Schaefer. 1843.

Analyse Ungarischer Classiker. (Analysis of Hungarian Classics.) Von J. N. REMELE. 1842.

Ungarischer Geschäftsstyl in Beispielen. (Hungarian Commercial style, in examples.) Von J. N. REMELE. 1843.

WILL the English readers, who have just sipped Magyar poetry from Dr. Bowring's translation, feel an inclination to plunge deeper into the literature, now such very inviting books as those of Professor Reméle are before them? We fear not: though indeed the plan upon which his 'Lehrbuch' is constructed is such as to render them extremely tempting. He does not begin with long, tedious rules, but at once introduces the reader to the Hungarian tongue by abundant examples, both of words and sentences, conveying such grammatical information as is not contained in the paradigms, by means of notes at the bottom of the page. The 'Analysis,' which was published before the 'Lehrbuch,' is not exactly on the same plan; as it is introduced by grammatical rules shortly stated. The substance of the work consists of selections from Magyar authors, with an interlinear translation.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

AUSTRIA.

LAST year Dr. Jeitteles made a journey in Italy with the intention of publishing his observations on various objects of art and antiquity; but unfortunately his sudden death frustrated that design.

Literature has sustained a loss by the death of Caroline Pichler, who has long maintained a distinguished rank among the novelists and poetesses of Germany. She was born on the 7th September, 1769. Her mother was one of the Empress Maria Theresa's ladies of the bed-chamber, and Caroline Pichler held an appointment in the service of the court of Austria, where her husband was a counsellor of state. She died at Vienna, the 9th of July, after an illness of considerable severity and duration. To the last, in conversation with her friends, she manifested a lively interest in literary subjects.

BELGIUM.

M. Fétis, the well-known musical historian and critic, has recently made some discoveries in the Royal Library at Brussels, which promise to furnish valuable contributions to the history of music. Among the books of plain chant in the library, he has found a volume of masses and motets by celebrated composers who lived about the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries. The most important pieces of this volume are three masses each for three voices by Guillaume Dufay; two masses for four voices by the same composer; a mass for three voices by Binchois; the mass 'Omnipotens Pater' for three voices, by a composer named Jean Plourmel; and the mass 'Deus creator omnium,' by an English composer named Rignardt (Richard) Cox. All these masters wrote during the interval between 1380 and 1420. These masses are followed by the motet 'Orbis terrarum' for four voices, by Busnois; a 'Magnificat' for three voices; the famous Christmas chant for four; another 'Magnificat' for four; the motets 'Ad cœnam ogni providi' for three; 'Anima mea liquefacta est' for three; 'Victimæ paschali laudes' for four; 'Regina cœli lætare' for four; another motet for four on the same text; a mass for three voices, 'Sine nomine.' All these compositions are by Busnois. The volume closes with a mass 'Ave Regina,' for three voices, by Leroy, commonly known by the name of Regis. By these compositions, a considerable chasm in the history of the musical art is filled up. Another discovery made by M. Fétis, though less valuable than that just described, is nevertheless very important. It consists of a superb manuscript, written on fine vellum, presenting a beautiful specimen of calligraphy, and adorned with curious ara-

besques, amidst which is traceable the portrait of the court fool of Maria of Burgundy. This manuscript belonged to a volume formerly kept among the Belgian archives, but which was cut up and destroyed.

In another volume, which has been mutilated by cutting out the miniatures and arabesques, M. Fétis found the following compositions un injured:

1. An admirable mass, by Josquin de Près, for six voices, 'ad fugam in diatessaron super totam missam.' This composition differs from that published in the third book of the same author's masses, by Petrucci di Fassombrone. The whole mass forms a triple canon in fourths, each part for two voices.

2. The mass 'De Assumptione Beatæ Mariæ Virginis,' for six voices, composed by Henry Isaak, Chapel Master to the Emperor Maximilian I., about the year 1450. Before the discovery made by M. Fétis, this composition was known only by name.

3. The mass of 'Sancta Cruce,' for five voices, by Pierre de la Rue, Chapel Master at Antwerp, about the close of the fifteenth century. This last composition is also found in another manuscript in the Royal Library of Brussels. M. Fétis has already scored the masses of Josquin de Près and Isaak; and he is now engaged in scoring the compositions contained in the other volume.

During the last few years Belgium has rendered a just tribute of honour to several of her illustrious sons, by erecting public monuments to their memory. Some time ago a statue of Gretry was erected in front of the University of Liege; and a statue of Van Eyke (better known by the name of John of Bruges), the inventor of oil-painting, was placed in one of the squares of his native city. The recently finished monument to Rubens has been erected on the Place Verte, at Antwerp. It consists of a finely executed bronze statue, larger than life, raised on a marble pedestal. The model from which the statue was cast is the work of Geefs, the sculptor. The statue and all its accessories were completed on the 13th of August, on which day its inauguration was celebrated by public rejoicings. The great master of the Flemish school of painting is represented standing, and his shoulders are draped by the ample folds of a long mantle. He wears a sword, and round his neck is a chain, from which a medallion is suspended. On one side of the figure is a stool, on which a palette is lying. The expression of the head is very fine, and the resemblance is striking.

EGYPT.

We have already made our readers acquaint-

ed with some important communications from the expedition sent by the King of Prussia to examine the architectural monuments and other remains of art in Egypt. We have now to call attention to the most important of the labours of the expedition, viz., the exploration of the Labyrinth of Mœris. We give the account of this great discovery from extracts of the learned professor's own letters, published under the authority of the Prussian government, the same authentic source whence our preceding articles relating to the expedition were derived.

"On the Ruins of the Labyrinth, June 20, 1843.

"For some weeks past we have had our camp pitched on the ruins of the Labyrinth. I write to Cairo, for the purpose of communicating to you by the packet which sails from Alexandria on the 27th, the first intelligence of the definite discovery and examination of the real Labyrinth of the Mœris Pyramid. It was impossible, even on the first superficial inspection, to doubt that we had the Labyrinth before us and beneath our feet, though early travellers have scarcely mentioned these structural remains. We at once discerned some hundreds of chambers rendered plainly perceptible by their walls. When you shall have an opportunity of seeing the plan drawn by Herr Erbkam, the architect, who has devoted great labour to his task, you will be astonished to perceive how much still remains of these remarkable edifices. Former descriptions, even those of Jomard and Courtelle, do not correspond with the localities as we found them on the spot; and my confidence in the representations of Perring, Colonel Vyse's able architect, is greatly diminished on account of his sketches of these ruins. All that is in best preservation, the part lying to the west of the chasm Bahr Sherkié, is omitted; neither has Mr. Perring given the original circumference of the whole. The chasm Bahr Sherkié seems to have been the principal stumblingblock to previous travellers; but we easily passed it by placing across it two poles, and so forming a sort of bridge.

"The principal results of our exploration is the monumental evidence of the name Mœris—the confirmation of the actual construction of the Labyrinth for a palace, and of the Pyramid for a tomb. We have here also the confirmation of the account of Manethon, who placed Mœris in the 12th dynasty, and not the 17th, as has been supposed. With this letter I send you a 'Treatise on the Structure of the Pyramids,' which I wrote at Cairo, when recovering from a severe attack of illness. I am also forming a collection of the stones found in the Labyrinth. They will interest you on account of the prevalence of black minerals, as you doubt the existence of basalts of the proper olive kind. I have likewise collected some specimens of the innumerable kinds of pottery, fragments of which have been employed in covering and facing the chambers of the Labyrinth. The same sort of facing with shell or thin pieces of stone or tile,—or what may be called ostracious structure,—we had previously observed in the ruins of Memphis. Our drawing of the ruins of Memphis, also the work of Erbkam, exhibits the ground plan of that splendid structure.

We live altogether here in the greatest harmony, enjoying excellent health. We submit to the various unavoidable plagues indigenous to this land of Egypt, and of which we have already had no slight experience, but we have passed through them with spirits undepressed, and tempers unruffled."

In another letter from Professor Lepsius, of the same date as the above, he writes as follows:

"Since the 23d. of May, our camp has been pitched near the southern foot of the Pyramid of Mœris. This said Mœris reigned from 2194 to 2151 before our era, and was the last king of the Egyptian empire before the conquest of the Hyksos. The Labyrinth, and more especially the Lake Mœris, are testimonies of his power, of his love of grandeur, and of his proneness to great undertakings for the general benefit of the country. Contemporaneous with our arrival at Fayoum, M. Linant, the French architect in the service of the pasha, who devotes himself chiefly to hydraulic works, made the highly interesting discovery (which he has described in a special treatise), that the ancient Lake Mœris, which has hitherto been an object of anxious research with the learned, no longer exists; the water having nearly all been carried off by some channel, whilst there remains only a portion of the gigantic dam by which it was kept back. Throughout the whole province no lake is to be found except Birket-el-Kerun, which lies to the north-west; therefore it would be a remarkable instance of injudicious criticism to refer to it the descriptions of the ancients; since it has neither been the work of human hands, nor did it ever water the principal town of Crocodilopolis and the Labyrinth. Neither is the existence of its fishery proved by the fact of the saline property of its waters. Besides, it does not lie in the specified direction, nor does it encircle two pyramids, and the great object which fame has recorded, could not have been adequately accomplished by it. That object was to intercept the water during the overflowing of the Nile, and to let it out again in the season of drought; thus supplying due moisture for the plains of Memphis and the adjoining provinces of the Delta. The dry lake discovered by Linant is bounded by dams of 160 feet in breadth, and is equal in extent and depth to the Birket-el-Kerun Lake. It perfectly fulfils all the required conditions, and this would be recognized by any impartial eye, for the ground which yet embraces the whole of that part of the province is apparently soil from the bed of the lake. We daily look out from the Labyrinth, not across the water as Herodotus looked, but over the black bottom of Lake Mœris towards the minarets of Fayoum, the present capital of the province of the same name, built partly on the ruins of the ancient Crocodilopolis. However if it was difficult to find the ancient Lake of Mœris in Birket-el-Kerun, it certainly was not more easy to overlook the Labyrinth, the ruins of which correspond with the descriptions of the ancients in all respects. The agreement as to distances is generally exact, as also are the relative positions of the real lake Croco-

dilopolis. The pyramid in which Mœris was interred lies to the south of the great plain of ruins, and to the south is the village mentioned by Strabo, now only ruins, and separated from the site of the Labyrinth by a later eruption of water. With respect to the ruins themselves, present observers must not rely entirely on their own eyes, whether in surveying the portions now existing, or comparing them with the accounts of more early travellers. Where those travellers saw only formless heaps of rubbish and a few walls, we found, even on the first rapid inspection, several hundreds of chambers and corridors, of different sizes, some with roofs, floors, and partitions; with pedestals for pillars and stone facings. In two of these structures, which had four flats, one above the other, we observed none of those hole-like windings described in early accounts. Though all the walls have their directions in conformity with the celestial rhumbs, yet we found so much irregularity in their structure, and so much variety in the forms of the rooms, that at first we could not thread our way through the mass of buildings without the help of a guide. Three thousand rooms below and above ground are mentioned by Herodotus, and from the remains which we have before us, this number seems by no means excessive. The forms of the more important parts of the palace are not now discernible. According to Herodotus, they consisted of twelve aulæ, that is to say, open courts, surrounded by covered colonnades. The site of the palace, which was surrounded on three of its sides with the mass of labyrinthine chambers, is now a large, deep square, spotted here and there with low hillocks of rubbish, and intersected by an oblique canal or ravine. In this hollow our colony is now encamped: and a number of little huts, built with the bricks of the pyramids, almost picture to the mind's eye the ancient village described by Strabo, which stood on the same level with the Labyrinth. Around us, on every side, lie scattered immense blocks, some of granite, others of a white and very hard kind of calcareous stone, resembling marble. Fragments of the ancient columns and architraves of the aulæ are likewise visible. These remains have acquired much interest by our expedition; for we have found in different fragments the name of the founder of the Labyrinth, Mœris, and of his sister who succeeded him. On the summit of the pyramid of Mœris, commanding a view of everything to a great distance, we have planted the Prussian eagle, as a symbolical evidence that northern science has had the gratifying task of describing these remains of antiquity so remote. We daily employ 100 labourers on the ruins, making excavations to facilitate the examination of the foundations of the structures and their ground-floors; cleaning out the apartments, and laying open the proper entrance to the pyramid. We are now on the north side, crowded into a large chamber formed in the rock, the floor of which is in part covered with thin plates, and the walls faced with other lamina. This chamber was entirely filled with rubbish, beneath which we found the often described and figured stones, having the name of Mœris and of his royal sister

inscribed on them. It is, however, still not quite evident that this was the sepulchral vault, which might, indeed, be expected to be found more in the centre of the pyramid. At any rate, the determination of the historical question of the founder is, by the discovery of the hieroglyphic names, the most important result that we could have been expected to reach; and we shall therefore leave this memorable place with more satisfaction than, from the descriptions of preceding travellers, we had reason to anticipate. This will be clearly seen as soon as our zealous and indefatigable architect, Erbkam, shall have finished his special plan of the Labyrinth, which will assuredly make one of the most remarkable plates of our collection. He will accompany me on a tour for the inspection of other interesting objects in this province. We shall then have completed our course over the first pyramid station or stadium. We shall probably pass rapidly through central Egypt, to take for ourselves in Thebes a proper position, before we commence our journey to Meroë. That journey we must be obliged to postpone until April in the ensuing year, in order that we may be inured to the ungenial climate which may then have spent its whole force upon us."

The above is all that has yet appeared of the last letters received in Berlin. To the official publication of the extracts by the Prussian government, the following note is added:

"From the introduction to the Treatise 'On the Construction of the Pyramids,' which Professor Lepsius has sent to the Academy, we perceive that in the expedition to the Pyramids of Giseh 106 tombs were explored, of which drawings of only three or four have been given by previous travellers. They are all exceedingly copious in hieroglyphic representations and inscriptions, which are of immense importance in throwing light on chronology and history, arts and manners, and for the explanation of the Egyptian character and language. We have already in deposit in Cairo a collection of original documents and memorials, which relate to twenty great monuments, and which would load more than thirty camels. There are already five hundred sheets of impressions on paper of the most interesting inscriptions, and we have above three hundred drawings in great folio. Nearly all the sepulchres are of the fourth and fifth Manethonian dynasties, or 3000 and 2500 years before our era. The *Camera lucida* has been of good service to us in making these copies and drawings. Our topographic plans embrace the whole coast of the desert as far as it is covered with pyramids. These monuments succeed each other along a margin of four and a half geographical miles (eighteen English) in a row almost entirely uninterrupted from Abu Roash, three leagues north of the Giseh Pyramids, to near Dahshar. Thence in a series towards the south are the pyramidal groups of Lisht, Meidom, and Fayoum, to the extent of about ten geographical miles (a German geographical mile is equal to four English). Dr. Lepsius is of opinion that the pyramids of Sak-hara are of more modern creation than those of Giseh. The two large stone pyramids of Dahshar, which are attributed to the third Manethonian

dynasty, are, in the opinion of Lepsius, the most ancient of any. Numerous drawings accompany the treatise, whereby it appears that the pyramids are of various construction. The greater number of them have a small one internally, as a nucleus. This may be seen in the stone pyramid of Sakhara and in those of Meidom, Abusir, and Illahun, which, mantle-like, encompassing the nucleus, are of necessity gradually elevated and enlarged."

FRANCE.

Ruggi's statue of Lapeyrouse, which has lately been exhibited at the Louvre, is to be erected in Alby, the native town of the celebrated navigator. The exhibition of the statue at the Louvre has excited a considerable share of public interest, whilst at the same time it has revived a painful recollection of the unfortunate fate of two great men, viz., Lapeyrouse and Dumont-Durville. Jean François Garaup de Lapeyrouse was born in 1741. On the 1st of August, 1785, he sailed from Brest, with the two frigates, *La Boussole* and *l'Astrolabe*, for the purpose of following up the discoveries of Captain Cook, in conformity with a series of geographical instructions drawn up by the hand of Louis XVI. For upwards of forty years his fate and that of his companions was enveloped in mystery, in spite of the most active endeavours to discover traces of them. The last letters received from him were dated from Botany Bay, in the month of March, 1788. At length, in the year 1827, the English Captain Dillon discovered what was presumed to be the place of the shipwreck of Lapeyrouse. It was a reef of rocks, near one of the Vanikoro islands, northward of New Hebrides. In the following year, February, 1828, Captain Dumont-Durville visited the little archipelago, ascertained the melancholy truth, and drew up from the bottom of the sea many portions of the wrecked vessels, together with guns, cannon-balls, anchors, and various other things, which were conveyed to Paris, and deposited in the Musée de la Marine. Captain Dumont-Durville erected on the shore a little monument, with the following inscription: "*A la mémoire de Lapeyrouse, et de ses compagnons, 14 Mars, 1828.*"

Professor Ranke has been in Paris actively engaged in his historical labours. He spends the greater part of every day in the Bibliothèque Royale, where he employs himself in exploring the archives. His company was eagerly sought for in the literary circles of the French capital.

The '*New York Courier*' has reprinted thirty thousand of Eugene Sue's '*Mystères de Paris*.' The feuilleton of the '*Journal des Débats*' has been almost as widely circulated in America as in France.

M. Gourdet, a French military officer, who has been for several years in Africa, has recently returned home, bringing with him several objects of curiosity which he collected during his stay in that part of the world. Among these curiosities is a Koran in Arabic manuscript. It is bound in morocco, once red, and in every respect presents the appearance of great antiquity. It is not divided into *surates* or chapters, which proves it to be one of the two primitive editions

produced at Medina. It is written on thick silk paper, and is adorned with coloured capitals. This Koran belonged to a Marabout of the tribe of Ben-Menasser, and was found in the habitation of the chief of that tribe, by M. Gourdet, after a battle which his battalion fought in that mountainous district of Africa.

Dr. Hahnemann, the celebrated founder of the Homœopathic system of medicine, died in Paris, on the 2d of July, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. Hahnemann was born at Meissen, in Saxony. He took his degree of Doctor in Medicine at Heidelberg, in the year 1781, and in 1790 he made some chemical discoveries which created a great sensation throughout Germany. Whilst engaged in translating the great Dr. Cullen's work ('*First Lines of the Practice of Physic*'), he was struck with the numerous hypotheses suggested respecting the febrifugal action of the Peruvian bark. Hahnemann resolved to try its effect upon himself, and for several days he took large doses of that medicine. He soon found himself in a state of intermittent fever, resembling that which the bark is employed to counteract. This was the starting-point of the medical system to which Hahnemann has attached his name, and which is summed up in the principle, *similia similibus curantur*.

The Paris journals have recently announced the decease of the celebrated sibyl, Mdlle. Lenormand, who died possessed of a large fortune. She had a splendid funeral, and the sale of her effects excited great interest, especially among the ladies of Paris. One of the most valuable articles disposed of at the sale was a miniature of the Empress Josephine, painted by Isabey, and set in a beautiful medallion encircled by pearls. This miniature, which was a present from the empress to the fortune-teller, was sold for 4750 francs. Among Mdlle. Lenormand's papers were a multitude of autograph letters, written by persons of rank and celebrity; but by her will she directed that all her correspondence should be burned, to avoid the risk of compromising the feelings of any one. This direction has been literally obeyed.

M. de Lamartine is said to be busily employed on a work for which he has been during many years collecting materials. It is a '*History of the most Remarkable Periods of the French Revolution*.'

M. de Castellane has at length succeeded in carrying into effect his long-cherished scheme of founding in Paris a female '*Académie Française*.' Among the objects proposed by the institution are—The distribution of medals to the authoresses of remarkable works; the encouragement of young females in their first literary essays, and the defrayal of the expenses of printing their works; affording pecuniary aid to literary women in straitened circumstances, and providing for the children of those who die in poverty. Among the ladies who are already chosen members of the new academy are, Mmes. Georges Sand, Emile de Girardin, de Bawr, Virginie Ancelot, Anna des Essarts, Clémence Robert, Charles Reybaud, Princesse de Craon, Eugénie Foa, Mélanie Waldor, Anais Ségalas, d'Helf, Comtesse Merlin, and several distinguished female painters and musicians.

GERMANY.

Strangers who visit Weimar have often been much annoyed at not being able to find the house in which Schiller resided; and to obviate this disappointment, it has sometimes been suggested, that the street in which this great man lived should bear the name of 'Schillerstrasse.' But though the street has not yet been honoured with that appellation, yet the present owner of the house, Frau Weiss, has with good taste distinguished Schiller's abode by placing over the street-door the simple inscription—'Hier wohnte Schiller' (Here Schiller dwelt).

Baron von Rumohr, a distinguished connoisseur of art, died lately at Dresden. He was a well-known contributor to several of the German periodicals, especially the 'Morgen Blatte.'

The plan of transferring the University of Leipsic to Dresden, which has often been suggested, seems now to be seriously entertained.

The Herculean labour of removing the books belonging to the Court and State Library of Bavaria to the new building erected for their reception in the Ludwig Strasse at Munich, was completed on the 25th of July. The removal occupied upwards of four months. The collection of books, exceeding 800,000 volumes, all closely heaped together in the five stories of the old library, have been cleaned and arranged in admirable order in the two stories of the new building. In spite of the unfavourable circumstances, and very bad weather which attended the removal of this valuable collection, yet not one of the books or manuscripts has been lost or injured.

Dr. Strauss, the celebrated author of the 'Leben Jesu,' and other philosophic works which have excited great interest in the learned circles of Europe, is said to be at present engaged in the composition of an opera. Strauss some time ago married a public singer, and this union appears to have animated the learned doctor with inspirations of a less serious character than those which heretofore prompted his labours.

'Göthe's Studentenjahre' (Göthe's Student Years), is the title of a novel recently published at Leipsic, where it has excited a considerable deal of interest. The author, who is understood to be a man of rank, has drawn an admirable portrait of Göthe during the years of his college life; and has introduced into the romance some hitherto unpublished correspondence between the great poet, and some other literary correspondents of his time.

The university of Heidelberg is likely to sustain a great loss by the removal of Bischoff, the professor of Physiology, who has been called to Giessen, where the government proposes to found a physiological institute. Bischoff is a pupil of Johann Müller; and his lectures, in which deep learning and research are combined with clearness of explanation, have long been the pride of the university of Heidelberg.

Friedrich Kind, a novel-writer and dramatist of considerable reputation in Germany, and the author of the *libretto* of Weber's 'Freischütz,' died at Dresden, on the evening of the 25th of June. It is mentioned as somewhat curious, that the 'Freischütz' was performed at the

Dresden theatre, on the night when its author breathed his last. In the year 1817, Kind founded the 'Abendzeitung,' conjointly with Theodore Hell. He was born at Leipsic, on the 4th of March, 1786.

A letter from Munich mentions that the superb frescoes which adorned the royal residence of that capital, have been scratched by some sharp pointed instrument in such a manner as to be totally destroyed. The active exertions of the police have not yet succeeded in discovering the perpetrator of this atrocious act, which has deprived Munich of a series of *chefs-d'œuvre* by Cornelius, Lessing, Overbeck, and other celebrated masters.

ITALY.

The letters of Dante, discovered by the German philologist, Theodore Heyse, and which have been described and commented on by professor Karl Witte, of Halle, have recently been published at Verona. The editor, Alessandro Torri, accompanies each letter with notes of his own, and with the commentaries of Witte and Fraticelli. At the close of the volume, the editor has inserted a dissertation on earth and water, written by Dante at Verona, in 1320, the year preceding his death. This remarkable treatise was first printed at Venice, in 1508, and reprinted at Naples, in 1576, but it had become so scarce, that a copy existing in the library of the Marquess Trevulzio, at Milan, was considered as precious as a manuscript. From that copy the reprint has been made.

Barsani, whose writings once made a considerable sensation in Italy, died in June last, at his retreat on the banks of the Lago di Garda. He rendered himself famous by his furious attacks upon Napoleon. At Malta, he published, under the protection of England, a periodical, entitled 'The Carthaginian,' which oftener than once disturbed the repose of the French emperor. At that time Barsani was on a footing of close friendship and daily intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French. Of that intimacy his writings betray obvious traces.

The King of Naples has appointed the celebrated composer Mercadante, director-general of all the theatres of that capital.

Some manuscripts of Galileo which were presumed to have been lost, or burned by order of the Inquisition, have been found among some old archives in the Palazza Pitti. This discovery has created a wonderful degree of interest in Florence. It proves that the Inquisition, which was accused, may be calumniated; a fact of which many persons entertained considerable doubt. Be that as it may, the manuscripts, besides being objects of curiosity, are likely to be useful to astronomical science, inasmuch as they contain information respecting the eclipses of former times, a course of the satellites of Jupiter, subjects to which Galileo directed great attention.

Amari's historical work, the suppression of which by the Neapolitan government excited so much interest [see 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' No. LXI.], is about to be published in Paris, with considerable additions by

the author. Amari has taken up his abode temporarily in Paris, where he enjoys the society of a few of his literary countrymen, who like himself have been driven by despotism to seek refuge in foreign lands.

Several splendid works on art, with illustrative copper-plate engravings, have recently been undertaken at Rome, at the expense of the papal government. No sooner were the plates of the Etruscan Museum completed, than the publication of the Egyptian Museum, the second gigantic creation of the reigning pope, was resolved upon. Cardinal Tosti has agreed to pay 8000 scudi for the execution of the plates, to Troiani, the eminent architectural engraver. The learned antiquarian, Father Ungarelli, has undertaken to write the text for this important work. Father Secchi has finished his elaborate treatise on the Mosaics found in the Thermæ of Caracalla. In the preface he expresses a hope that his Holiness will assign the Palace of St. Giovanni as a depository for these valuable mosaics.

PRUSSIA.

On the 7th of August the 'Medea' of Euripides was performed in the theatre attached to the Palace of Potsdam, in the presence of the king, the royal family, and the court. This is the second essay made by the King of Prussia for the dramatic representation of ancient Greek tragedy. The 'Antigone' of Sophocles was performed about a year ago, and the choruses of that piece were set to music by Mendelssohn. But the structure of the chorusses of 'Medea' appeared to Mendelssohn, as well as to Meyerbeer, less favourably adapted to musical composition than the chorusses of 'Antigone.' This opinion induced both those eminent composers to decline the task of arranging them, the more especially as their talents are employed on other musical subjects, in which the king takes a deep interest. His Majesty therefore gave the commission to the Music Director, Taubert, by whom it has been executed in a highly satisfactory style. Donner's translation of the tragedy was selected for the performance.

The Opera House at Berlin, which was destroyed by fire on the 18th of August, was built by Frederick the Great, who himself drew the plan for it when he was Prince Royal. The theatre was opened on the 7th of December, 1742, with Graun's opera of 'Cæsar and Cleopatra.' It was capable of containing 4000 spectators. This fire has destroyed property amounting in value to 500,000 thalers. The collection of music, which was fortunately saved, is supposed to be worth 60,000 thalers.

His Majesty the King of Prussia, animated by a desire that the musical portion of the church service in his dominions should share the improvement consequent on the advancement of art, last year commissioned Mendelssohn Bartholdy to reform the music of the Lutheran church. A few weeks ago service was performed in the Cathedral of Berlin, in celebration of the anniversary of the Treaty of Verdun. The king and the royal family were present, and

then, in the performance of Protestant worship, an application was for the first time made of the grand music of the modern school.

In the composition of the hymns and psalms, Mendelssohn Bartholdy has employed all the resources of art to impart to them a due solemnity and grandeur of character. These new compositions consisted of recitatives, solos, choruses, and concerted pieces for four, six, and eight voices, with accompaniments for an orchestra and two organs. They were executed by six hundred performers, partly professors and partly amateurs, under the direction of Mendelssohn. The effect was magnificent, and at the conclusion of the service, the king summoned the composer to the royal pew, and expressed his satisfaction in the most flattering terms.

A letter has recently been received from the celebrated Prussian missionary Gatzloff, who is at present in China. It contains the following curious observations:—"I have obtained uncontradictable evidence that the art of constructing buildings of cast iron was practised several centuries ago in the Celestial Empire. I found on the summit of a hill near the town of Tsing-Kiang-Foo, in the province of Kiang Nan, a pagoda entirely formed of cast iron, and covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions. The dates and the form of the characters belong to the period of the dynasty of the Tsangs, who occupied the throne as early as the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era. This monument, which may be presumed to be twelve hundred years old, is seven stories high, and each story contains curious historical pictures. The structure is singularly elegant in its form, and surpasses everything of the kind I have hitherto seen."

In a lecture recently delivered by von Raumer, at the University of Berlin, the learned professor made some just remarks on the absurd custom of introducing foreign words and phrases into the German language. "Our rich, pure, racy, flexible, and vastly comprehensive language," he observed, "is corrupted, not merely in the journals, but in literary and scientific writings, and even in the draughts for public laws. The German language is clothed in a motley garment of foreign words and phrases, which would have disgraced the worst period of the seventeenth century. In a late number of the 'State Gazette,' which is almost entirely filled with the reports of legislative acts, the following foreign words appear." (Here the lecturer quoted no less than 112 foreign terms, for which it would have been easy to have found German synonyms.) "Thus," continued Herr von Raumer, "we work the destruction of our noblest inheritance, our medium of thought and expression. We have among us too much of that arrogant conceit, which discards with contempt the rules of the vernacular tongue; too much of the indolence which will not be troubled to gather up the treasures that lie scattered around;—too much of the frivolity which loves to bedeck itself in foreign tinsel;—and too much of the affectation which lays claim to superior cultivation. In this respect, at least, the French have the advantage of us. They would never tolerate such a disfigurement of their comparatively poor language."

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THE

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. LXIV.

FOR JANUARY, 1844.

ART. I.—1. *The Poets and Poetry of America; with an Historical Introduction.* By RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. Philadelphia. 1842.

2. *Voices of the Night, and other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. London. 1843.

3. *Poems.* By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. London. 1842.

4. *Tecumseh; or, The West Thirty Years Since: a Poem.* By GEORGE H. COLTON. New York. 1842.

5. *Washington: a National Poem.* Part. I. Boston. 1843.

‘AMERICAN Poetry’ always reminds us of the advertisements in the newspapers, headed ‘The best Substitute for Silver:’—if it be not the genuine thing, it ‘looks just as handsome, and is miles out of sight cheaper.’

We are far from regarding it as a just ground of reproach to the Americans, that their poetry is little better than a far-off echo of the father-land; but we think it is a reproach to them that they should be eternally thrusting their pretensions to the poetical character in the face of educated nations. In this particular, as in most others, what they want in the integrity of their assumption, they make up in swagger and impudence. To believe themselves, they are the finest poets in the whole world; before we close this article we hope to satisfy the reader that, with two or three exceptions, there is not a poet of mark in the whole Union.

The circumstances of America, from the commencement of her history to the present

time, have been peculiarly unfavourable to the development of poetry, and if the people were wise they would be content to take credit for the things they have done, without challenging criticism upon the things they have failed in attempting. They have felled forests, drained marshes, cleared wildernesses, built cities, cut canals, laid down railroads (too much of this too with other people’s money), and worked out a great practical exemplification, in an amazingly short space of time, of the political immoralities and social vices of which a democracy may be rendered capable. This ought to be enough for their present ambition. They ought to wait patiently, and with a befitting modesty, for the time to come when all this frightful crush and conflict of wild energies shall in some measure have subsided, to afford repose for the fine arts to take root in their soil and ‘ripen in the sun.’ It is not enough that there are individuals in the tossing multitude afflicted with babbling desires for ease, and solitude, and books and green places; such dreamers are only in the way, and more likely to be trampled down in the blind commotion, than, like Orpheus, to still the crowd and get audience for their delicate music. There must be a national heart, and national sympathies, and an intellectual atmosphere for poetry. There must be the material to work upon as well as to work with. The ground must be prepared before the seed is cast into it, and tended and well-ordered, or it will become choked with weeds, as American literature, such as it is, is now choked in every one of its multifarious manifestations. As yet the Ameri-

can is horn-handed and pig-headed, hard, persevering, unscrupulous, carnivorous, ready for all weathers, with an incredible genius for lying, a vanity elastic beyond comprehension, the hide of a buffalo, and the shriek of a steam-engine; 'a real nine-foot breast of a fellow, steel twisted, and made of horse-shoe nails, the rest of him being cast iron with steel springs.' If anybody can imagine that literature could be nourished in a frame like this, we would refer him for final satisfaction to Dr. Channing, whose testimony is indisputable where the honour of his country is concerned. 'Do we possess,' he inquires, 'what may be called a national literature? Have we produced eminent writers in the various departments of intellectual effort? Are our chief sources of instruction and literary enjoyment furnished from ourselves? We regret that the reply to these questions is so obvious. The few standard works which we have produced, and which promise to live, can hardly, by any courtesy, be denominated a national literature.'

How can it be otherwise? All the 'quickening influences' are wanted. Peopled originally by adventurers of all classes and castes, America has been consistently replenished ever since by the dregs and outcasts of all other countries. Spaniards, Portuguese, French, and English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, have from time to time poured upon her coasts like wolves in search of the means of life, living from hand to mouth, and struggling outward upon the primitive haunts of the free Indians whom they hunted, cheated, demoralized, and extirpated in the sheer fury of hunger and fraudulent aggrandizement. Catholics, Unitarians, Calvinists and Infidels, were indiscriminately mixed up in this work of violent seizure and riotous colonisation, settling down at last into sectional democracies bound together by a common interest and a common distrust, and evolving an ultimate form of self-government and federal centralisation to keep the whole in check. This brigand confederation grew larger and larger every day, with a rapidity unexampled in the history of mankind,* by continual accessions from all parts of the habitable world. All it required to strengthen itself was human muscles; it lacked nothing but workmen, craftsmen, blood, bones, and sinews. Brains were little or nothing to the purpose—character, morality, still less. 'A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether,' was the

one thing needful. Every new hand was a help, no matter what brand was upon its palm. The needy and dissolute, tempted by the prospect of gain—the debased, glad to escape from the old society which had flung them off—the criminal, flying from the laws they had outraged—all flocked to America as an open haven of refuge for the Pariahs of the wide earth. Thus her population was augmented and is daily augmenting; thus her republics are armed; thus her polite assemblies and select circles are constantly enlivened by fresh draughts of kindred spirits and foreign celebrities—the Sheriff Parkinses, the General Holts, the town-treasurer Flinns, the Chartist secretary Campbells, and the numerous worthies who, having successfully swindled their own countrymen, seek an elegant retirement in the free states of the Union to enjoy the fruits of their plunder. The best blood America boasts of was injected into her at the time of the Irish rebellion, and she looks up with a justifiable pride, taking into consideration the peculiar quality of her other family and heraldic honours, to such names as those of Emmet and M'Nevin.

Can poetry spring out of an amalgam so monstrous and revolting? Can its pure spirit breathe in an air so fetid and stifling? You might as reasonably expect the vegetation of the tropics on the wintry heights of Lapland. The whole state of American society, from first to last, presents insuperable obstacles to the cultivation of letters, the expansion of intellect, the formation of great and original minds. There is an instinctive tendency in it to keep down the spiritual to the level of the material. The progress is not upwards but onwards. There must be no 'vulgar great' in America, lifted on wings of intellectual power above the level of the community. American greatness is only greater than all the rest of the world; at home, all individual distinctions are absorbed in the mass; and everything that is likely to interfere with that concrete idea, by exercising a disturbing mental influence on the surface, is cut down at once by a tyranny as certain in its stroke as the guillotine. The result is that whenever men of more than ordinary capacity have arisen in America, they have adapted themselves, forewarned of their fate, to the overruling exigencies in which they found themselves placed. Instead of venturing upon the dangerous experiment of endeavouring to elevate their countrymen to their own height, they have sunk into the arms of the mob. Hence America has never produced statesmen, but teems with politicians. Hence the judges on the bench constantly give way to popular clamour, and law itself is abrogated

* Although the progress of population in America has not quite borne out Mr. Malthus's theory (which is presumed to have been based upon it), it has advanced at an alarming ratio, doubling itself within thirty years, commencing with the first census of Congress in 1790.

by the law-makers, and openly violated by its functionaries. Hence the total abnegation of all dignity, earnestness, truth, consistency, and courage, in the administration of public affairs. Hence the ascendancy of Lynch-law over state-law; hence assassination in the daylight in the thronged streets; hence impunity to crime, backed by popular fury; hence the wild justice of revenge bearding the justice of the judicature in its own courts; hence the savage bowie-knife glittering in the hand of the murderer on the floor of Congress, where if decency, or self-respect, the subjugation of passion, or a deliberate sense of any sort of responsibility, existed anywhere in the country, we might hope to discover it; and hence that intimidation from without which makes legislation itself a farce, and which, trampling upon all known principles of human rights, has prohibited the discussion of slavery in the chambers, where discussion, to be of any value at all, ought to be free and above suspicion, exhibiting in the most comprehensive spirit a fearless representation of all classes, all interests, and all opinions. The ablest men in America have bowed down before these demoralizing necessities. They have preserved their own equivocal and insecure position by a servile obedience to the masses. No man in America stands clear of this rotten despotism. No man dare assert his own independence, apart from the aggregate independence of the people. He has no liberty but theirs, and the instant he asserts the right of private judgment he is disfranchised of every other. So thoroughly and universally is this acknowledged, so implicitly is it submitted to, that it has long ceased to excite observation. It is one of the fundamental conditions of society; a matter of tacit usage, universal and unavoidable. It ranges with equal force throughout all orders, from the highest to the lowest. It even governs questions of taste, as it coerces questions of policy. The orator is compelled to address himself to the low standard of the populace: he must strew his speech with flowers of Billingsgate, with hyperbolical expletives, and a garnish of falsehoods, to make it effective, and rescue it from the chance of being serious or refined. The preacher must preach down to the fashion of his congregation, or look elsewhere for bread and devotion. The newspaper editor must make his journal infamous and obscene if he would have it popular; for let it never be supposed that the degradation of the American press is the work of the writers in it, but of the frightful eagerness of the public appetite for grossness and indecency—as one of these very poets, of whom we are about to speak, says,

Not theirs the blame who furnish forth the treat;
But ours, who throng the board and grossly eat.

We shall not be suspected of even a mis-giving about the practical benefits of public liberty. But the case of America is no longer a safe example of the working of republican institutions, or of the experiment of universal franchise; something more is required in one direction, and a great deal less in another, to constitute her that which she claims to be, the 'model republic' of the world; and he who best appreciates the value of true liberty, will be the very last to applaud the condition of social anarchy into which America has fallen out of the very lap, as it were, of freedom. We must be careful to distinguish between use and abuse, the true and the counterfeit, the genuine and the spurious. The whole question is—what is liberty? A great authority, whose dictum will not be disputed at the other side of the water, tells us that liberty consists in the obedience of a people to laws of their own making. America presents the very converse of this proposition, and seems to have literally mistaken outrage and disorder and naked licentiousness for the assertion of personal and political rights. Her journalists, echoing back in frantic exultation this universal drunkenness of the people, openly glory in their profanities and perjuries, and in their having cast off every semblance of order, control, and moral responsibility. This is the crowning evidence of that depravity which rots like a canker at the core of American society. 'Every element of thought,' says the 'leading journal' of New York, in a passage we recently quoted from its scandalous columns, 'society, religion, politics, morals, literature, trade, currency, and philosophy, is in a state of agitation, transition, and change. Everything is in a state of effervescence! 50,000 persons have taken the benefit of the act, and wiped out debts to the amount of 60,000,000 of dollars. *In religion we have dozens of creeds, and fresh revelations starting every year, or oftener. In morals we have all sorts of ideas: and in literature everything in confusion. Sceptical philosophy and materialism seem, however, to be gaining ground and popularity at every step.*'

This is a portrait of American society, drawn by one who knows it well, and who is of all men the best qualified to describe it accurately. The literature that comes of it, and that is expressly addressed to it, must inevitably partake, more or less, of all these characteristics. It is essential to a national literature that it should have some standard of appeal in the settled tastes and habits of

the people. But where is this to be found in the state of convulsion so faithfully delineated above? That there are educated and highly intelligent men in America, who look with sorrow upon the condition of their country, we are glad to acknowledge; but they form no class, and are not even numerous enough to produce any sensible effect upon the tone of the community. They are scattered over the face of the land, are powerless for good by segregation and dispersion, and, giving them full credit for a grave desire to resist the malignant circumstances of their destiny,—are finally sucked into the whirlpool that surges and roars around them. A national literature craves the fosterage and protection of thoughtful minds, of cultivated leisure, of scholarship resident somewhere amongst the people, and constantly moulding and refining their usages, and raising gradually out of the mass an intellectual order of men to give a dignified and distinctive stamp to the national character. That such a result may yet be educed from the tangled and hideous democracy of America, we will not attempt to deny; although its accomplishment seems too remote for any useful speculation. But it is obvious that no such means exist in the United States for the production and sustentation of literature at present, and least of all for those forms of literature which make a direct appeal to the imagination. The one thing that goes down most successfully in America is money. This is the Real which has so effectually strangled the Ideal in its iron gripe. A bag of dollars is a surer introduction to the 'best society' in America than the highest literary reputation. A famous author will be stared at, and jostled about, and asked questions, and have his privacy scared and broken in upon by impertinent curiosity; but a rich man moves in an atmosphere of awe and servility, and commands everything that is to be had in the way of precedence, and pomp, and circle-worship. As there must be an aristocracy everywhere of some sort, of blood, or talent, or titles, so America has made her election, and set up her aristocracy of dollars—the basest of all. It would be the greatest of calamities were it not also the greatest of burlesques; and there is hope that its essential absurdity may at length bring it into general contempt. People are sometimes laughed out of their vices, who cannot by any means be induced to reason upon them; and so it will happen, doubtless, in the fulness of time, with the aristocracy of America. It cannot be endured for ever. A sense of the ridiculous must one day set in, and the whole fabric must be smelted, and such proportion of ore as it may really

contain will be separated from the dross with which it is now mixed up. Generals and colonels keeping whisky stores and boarding houses—titles of honour borrowed from the old world, and labelled upon the meanest of callings in the new, suggest such an irresistibly ludicrous association of ideas, that the Americans themselves, once they begin to see things in that aspect, must be glad to be relieved from a motley fool's costume which only excites the derision of other countries, making itself felt in shouts of laughter that may be said to come pealing upon them over the broad waters of the Atlantic. But in the meanwhile it interferes fatally with the culture of letters. The aforesaid bag of dollars, no matter how acquired—utter indifference to the honesty of the means of acquisition giving additional impetus to the naked passion for gain—is worth a dozen poets in America. The poets are keenly alive to their condition, and sometimes, in sheer self-defence, embrace the idol they despise, and through whose brazen ascendancy they are themselves despised. They adopt the creed and practice of the money-changers in the temple, and are ready at a moment's notice to take part in the sacrilege, to fall foul of the priests themselves, and slay them on their own altar.

We have collected all the publications containing American poetry we could procure. The titles of only a few of the most prominent will be found in the heading; for we have not thought it necessary to encumber the reader with an enumeration of books and ephemera which could not possibly interest him, and of which he is not likely ever to hear again. Through this mass we have laboured with diligence. We do not think a single versifier has escaped us; certainly not one who enjoys the least celebrity. We have drawn our materials from a variety of sources, occasionally from complete editions when such could be had, and, in lack of other means, from a huge anthology collected by a Mr. Griswold—the most conspicuous act of martyrdom yet committed in the service of the transatlantic muses.

The anthology is 'got up' in a style creditable to the American press. But we are loth to pay a compliment to the printers at the expense of the poets. The plan is something similar to the collections of English poetry by Southey, Campbell, and others. All the poetasters who could be scrambled together are crammed into the volume, which is very large, double-columned, and contains nearly five hundred pages. There is an 'historical introduction' (!) and a biographical notice prefixed to each name, and the specimens are, of course, the best that can

be selected. By dint of hunting up all manner of periodicals and newspapers and seizing upon every name that could be found attached to a scrap of verse in the obscurest holes and corners, Mr. Griswold has mustered upwards of a hundred 'poets.' The great bulk of these we have no doubt were never heard of before by the multifarious public of the Union, and many of them must have been thrown into hysterics on awaking in their beds and finding themselves suddenly famous. The book is curious in this respect, that it not only assists us to a complete *coup d'œil* of American poetry, but also to a running flavour of American criticism. But let us 'suspend our admiration for a while.'

The whole batch is spread over a period of about eighty years. Within the same period England has given birth to Burns, Bloomfield, Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, Crabbe, Wilson, Campbell, Rogers, Scott, Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, Leigh Hunt, Joanna Baillie, Tennyson, Talfourd, Knowles, Ingoldsby, and others who will live in the world's memory, and who were oppressed by a difficulty from which America as a nation, with manners and inspirations of her own, was exempt—that of having been preceded by an illustrious race of poets, who had already occupied so large a space, as to render it a work of genius in itself to strike into 'fresh fields and pastures new.' We do not refer to these names by way of instituting, or even suggesting, a comparison. On the contrary, we mention them to put them out of court altogether, for it would be too much of a good thing to place them side by side with the Trumbulls, Frisbies, Alsops, Clasons, Cranches, Leggetts, Pikes, and the rest of the euphonious brood of American jinglers. But suppose some enthusiastic Griswold on this side of the water were to scrape up out of magazines and annuals a book, or books (for he might easily manufacture fifty such volumes), of English verse, belonging to that class which, for convenience, is called minor poetry, embracing specimens of Mrs. Cornwall, Baron Wilson, Major Calder Campbell, Lord Gardner, Miss Eliza Cook, Miss Camilla Toulmin, Miss Skelton, Lady E. S. Wortley, the false Montgomery, the Hon. Julia Augusta Maynard, Swain, Bowles, Watts, Hervey, and a score or two more;—we can honestly assure the reader that hopeless as such a collection would be, it would immeasurably transcend in freshness and intellectual vigour this royal octavo from the United States. The Delphic Oracle of old did not more cruelly beguile its ques-

tioners, than brother Jonathan is beguiled by the poetry of the Philadelphic press.

One grand element is wanted for the nurture of the poetical character in America:—she has no traditions. She started at once into life, rude, rugged, savage, self-confident. She has nothing to fall back upon in her history—no age of gold—no fabulous antiquity—no fairy-land. If she had carved a National Poetry out of her peculiar circumstances, she would have solved a philosophical doubt which can never again be tested by an experiment so vast and perfect in its kind. By a National Poetry we mean a poetry moulded and modified by the national mind, reflecting the character and life of the people, and reposing upon a universal faith. This does not seem to be a thing to be grown in a season like maize or carrots, or to be knocked up on a sudden like a log-house. Yet it is in this way the Americans seek to supply the want. Having no national poetry of their own, they import the national poetry of England, and try to adapt it to their own use; but it is an indigenous product, and cannot be transplanted without degeneracy. The lack of a poetical machinery is felt so forcibly that the poets are obliged to borrow foreign agencies, and work at second-hand. But how the poor fairies and hamadryads lose themselves in the American woods!—How the elves and sprites mope about in the dismal solitudes! Their enforced presence only reminds us the more painfully of the prosaic desolation of the land, which is so miserably destitute of all poetical appliances. America has not even a poetical name to ring the changes upon, and, in the last extremity of distress, the poets sometimes call her the Western Star! One of them, in a sort of despair, expresses serious doubts whether she has properly any distinctive designation whatever; and considering that America is the name of the whole continent; that Columbia, never actually adopted, is now 'repudiated'; that North America includes Canada, Greenland, Mexico, Texas; that the term United States applies equally to the Southern Confederation; and that there is nothing left, native to the soil, except the ludicrous New England title of Yankee, it *does* seem as if the founders of the Republic forgot to give it a name.

The poetry of all other countries is distinguished by particular characteristics—by its forms, colouring, temperament. There is nothing of this kind in American poetry. It takes all forms and colours. It is national only in one sense—it never fails, opportunity serving, to hymn the praise of

The smartest nation
In all creation.

Upon this point all the poets are unanimous. The want of historical elements is supplied by the intensity of the glorification. The two great subjects are Liberty and the Indians. Upon these two subjects, the poetical genius of the country runs riot, from Nova Scotia to New Orleans, from the Alleghanies to the sea, with sundry significant exceptions in the south and west. Two more unfortunate topics could not have been hit upon. All men are born equal, says the declaration of independence; we are the freest of the free, says the poet; and so the slave-owner illustrates the proposition by trafficking in his own sons and daughters, and enlarging his seraglio to increase his live stock. He is his own lusty breeder of equal-born men. A curious instance of American liberty is cited by a traveller, who informs us that he knows a lady residing near Washington who is in the habit of letting out her own natural brother! As to the Indians, nothing can exceed the interest these writers take in their picturesque heads, and flowing limbs—except the interest they take in their lands. Nobody could ever suspect, while reading these fine effusions upon the dignity and beauty of the Indians, that they were written by people through whose cupidity, falsehood, and cruelty the Indians have been stripped of their possessions, and left to starve and rot; that while they were thus evincing the tenderest regard for the Indian nations in octo-syllabic verse, Congress was engaged, through its servants, in suborning Indian chiefs, and making them drunk to entrap them into deeds of sale of their hunting-grounds: and, as if these and similar atrocities were not enough to mark the difference between the poetry and the policy of the States, importing bloodhounds from Cuba to hunt the Indians of Florida! It is quite impossible to account for the incredible folly which tempts them to indulge in such themes, unless we refer it to the same infatuation which makes them boast of their morality in the face of their filthy newspaper press, and their honesty in the teeth of pocket-picking Pennsylvania.

It might be anticipated that the scenery of America would produce some corresponding effect upon her poetry, and that, if there were nothing else to stamp it with nationality, there would at least be found something like a reflection of the surrounding grandeur. But here the reader will be grievously disappointed. A spirit of dreary immensity settles down upon the descriptive verse, as if the mountains were too huge, the cataracts too awful, the forests too stupendous to be dealt with in the ordinary way; as if the

sense were stunned rather than inspired by their magnitude. The result is that three-piled hyperbole which gives you exaggeration without distinctness, the turgidity and the vagueness of the false sublime. This is merely want of imagination. But aggravated bombast is not the only evil arising from the want of imagination; it sometimes falls down on the other side. We could bear to have Niagara tumbling double its depths into bathos, and the springs of Saratoga splashing the stars; but it is not so endurable to have grand natural objects stript of all their poetical associations, and examined with the naked eye of utilitarian calculation. Lakes, rivers, prairies are viewed sometimes in reference to their capabilities, as if they were merely auxiliaries to the great business of draining, clearing, and building. Colonization, or settling down, occupies an important phase in American life. It is the remote alternative to which every man looks in the event of being driven to extremity—it is the ready resource of a people who exist in a state of perpetual fluctuation, who are never sure of to-morrow, who are afflicted with an irresistible love of change and movement, and who are accustomed to contemplate without emotion the vicissitudes of a semi-barbarous mode of society. The novelty and strangeness of the settler's position are abundantly suggestive; but the American poet takes the matter as it is, literally, and has no conception of anything beyond the most common and trivial circumstances. He goes to work like a backwoodsman, and hews away until the thunders of the axe drive every image from the mind except that of struggling toil and its precarious tenement. All this may answer well enough in the United States, where wood and water are regarded chiefly as sources of profit and convenience; but it is nothing better than daily labour put into verse. Such subjects are not necessarily unpoetical, but penury and baldness of treatment sink them below criticism.

The earliest specimens of American poetry are of this class. The art seems to have struck its roots amidst the drudgery of the woods and fields. The very first poet treats us to a succinct view of the life of the settler, recounts the severities of the winter and the calamities of the spring; how the worms destroy much of the corn before it is grown; how the birds and squirrels pluck it as it grows, and the racoons finally annihilate it in full ear; how, in lack of warm clothing, they are forced to put 'clout upon clout'; how they are obliged to substitute pumpkins and parsnips for puddings and custards; and how, there being no malt, they are compelled

to sweeten their lips
With pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree
chips;

with a sly fling at some who were not over-
satisfied with this style of living, and invit-
ing others to supply their place:

Now while some are going let others be coming,
*For while liquor's boiling it must have a scum-
ming;*

and winding up with this commodious ad-
vice to the new-comers—

To bring both a quiet and contented mind,
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

By way of extenuation for a heap of dog-
grel of this kind, Mr. Griswold reminds his
readers that the early age of American colo-
nization was not poetical—a piece of infor-
mation he might have spared himself the
trouble of communicating. 'Our fathers,'
he says, 'were like the labourers of an archi-
tect; they planted deep and strong in
religious virtue and useful science, the founda-
tions of an edifice, not dreaming how great
and magnificent it was to be. They did well
their part; it was not meet for them to fa-
shion the capitals and adorn the arches of
the temple.' If they 'planted deep and
strong,' they did something which was not
warranted by English grammar; but, setting
aside their manner of planting temples, this
little passage, although the writer is very
innocent of such an intention, puts the poet-
ical claims of America completely at rest.
By fashioning capitals and adorning arches
Mr. Griswold means the cultivation of poetry
—or, as he expresses it a little higher up,
'the poet's glowing utterance.' It was not
meet for 'our fathers' to trouble themselves
with the graces of literature; they were too
busy laying the foundations of the republic,
and they left poetry and 'such small deer'
for those who came after them. Now this
is exactly the experiment that has been tried
in America, and in America alone. *They
began at the wrong end.* They put the cart
before the horse, and expect the whole world
to wonder at the marvellous progress they
have made. In all other countries poetry
appeared first and utility afterwards, the slow
fruit of necessity and experience. Mr. Gris-
wold admits, that, in America, utility was
all in all at the beginning, and poetry no-
thing; but, in the stupidity of his candour,
cannot see how fatally, by that simple ad-
mission, he compromises the whole question
at issue.

It is not pretended that there was any-
thing approaching to poetry in America until

after she had achieved her independence.
'The poetry of the colonies,' says Mr. Gris-
wold, in large type, meant to make a pro-
found impression, 'was without originality,
energy, feeling, or correctness of diction.'
This is meant to convey a severe sarcasm
upon England, Mr. Griswold being again
unconscious that he is all the time cutting
the ground from under his own countrymen.
The criticism, however, unfortunately for
the argument it is meant to insinuate, ap-
plies with too much accuracy to nearly all
the poetry that has been produced in Amer-
ica ever since. The independent manu-
facture is scarcely a shade better than the
colonial article.

The earliest poet admitted into the recog-
nized literature of the States, is one Philip
Freneau. He died in 1832. We have no
need to travel very far back for the Augus-
tan age of America. The life and works of
Freneau were as varied as those of his all-
but namesake, Freney, the Irish rapparee.
Failing in an attempt to get up a paper in
New York, he was appointed to a place in
one of the public offices; but this was too
sedentary 'for a man of his ardent tempera-
ment,' and he threw it up to conduct a jour-
nal of Philadelphia. The journal failed, and
he went to sea in command of a merchant
vessel; qualification being as little required
in commanding American vessels as in writ-
ing American poetry. Like too many great
men of antiquity, nothing more is known of
Freneau, except that he lived in Philadel-
phia in 1810, and had a house burned in
New Jersey in 1815; but whether, in the
ardour of his temperament, he burned it him-
self, or somebody burned it for him, does not
appear. He wrote satires, songs, politics,
and naval ballads, and even contemplated an
epic; but some of these pieces, Mr. Gris-
wold says, were 'deserving of little praise
for their chasteness.' They enjoyed un-
bounded popularity for all that, and his songs
were sung everywhere with enthusiasm—a
practical commentary on the 'religious vir-
tue' in which the great edifice was planted.
We will not trouble the reader with any
specimens of this patriarchal poet, whose
principal merit consists in having been born
before those who came after him.

The declaration of independence threw
all the small wits into a state of efferves-
cence. The crudest talent for tagging verses
and scribbling songs *ad captandum* was hail-
ed as a miracle; and some estimate may be
formed of the taste of the people by a glance
at one or two of the ballads which stirred
their blood to battle, and 'like a trumpet
made their spirits dance.' The two empha-
tically national songs of America are those

entitled 'Hail, Columbia,' and 'The Star-spangled Banner.' These songs are still as popular as ever. Mr. Griswold assures us, that they are 'as well known throughout the United States as the Rhine Song in Germany, or the Marseilles [?] Hymn in France.' The former was written by no less a person than the 'late excellent Judge Hopkinson,' and opens like a cannonade.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valour won.

The poet has no sooner given them credit for their good sense in enjoying the blessings of peace when the war was over, than he recommends them to raise an altar to the skies, and rally round their liberty; and in the opening of the next stanza he calls upon them, rather unexpectedly, to go to war again:

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore.

This standing invitation to go to war, although there be no foe to fight withal, hits off with felicity the empty bluster of the national character. This call upon the 'immortal patriots' to 'rise once more' is sung at all hours in every corner of the Union by men, women, and children; and it is very likely that every day the 'heaven-born band' get up out of their beds they believe they are actually rising once more to defend their rights and their shore. This is the key to the popularity of 'Hail, Columbia.' It flatters the heroic qualities of the people, without making any further requisition upon their valour than that they shall implicitly believe in it themselves. 'The Star-spangled Banner' is constructed on the same principle, and blows the 'heaven-born' bubble with equal enthusiasm; closing with the vivacity of a cock that knows when to crow on the summit of its odoriferous hill.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved
us a nation.

These are genuine samples of the cock-a-doodle-doo style of warlike ballads. But the most remarkable writer of this class was Robert Paine, a heaven-born genius, who is said to have ruined himself by his love of the 'wine-cup'—which is American for

mint-julep and gin-sling. He was so depraved in his tastes, and so insensible to the elegant aspirations of his family as to marry an actress! It is amusing and instructive to learn from the American editor that this monstrous union between two professors of two kindred arts was regarded with such genteel horror in the republican circles as to lead to poor Paine's 'exclusion from fashionable society, and to a disagreement with his father, which lasted till his death!' The false nature of all this is as striking as its *pseudo* fine breeding; and it shows how much bigotry and intolerance may be packed under the surface of a large pretension to liberality and social justice. Certainly there is nothing so vulgar and base as American refinement—nothing so coarse as American delicacy—nothing so tyrannical as American freedom. The worthy woman in the comedy who cries out at every turn, 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' is the exact type of the *fashionable society* of America. It lives in constant terror of its dignity, and is as much afraid of catching any contagion in its polite manners as honest people would be of incurring a public shame. A marriage with an actress is punished by a sentence of ostracism; as if the actress might not be, and out of the very joyousness and spirituality of her life had not a fair chance of being, a hundred times more intellectual and loveable in mind and heart than the whole mob of her persecutors. In England, where we have a legitimate frame-work of society, and something at stake in the intermixture of orders, marriages of this kind, in spite of a little begging of the question between aristocracy and art, are frequent enough for the vindication of poor humanity. American exclusiveness would be abominably shocked at an enumeration of the people who have married from the stage into high life, and done honour to it in the end. Lady Herbert married Beard, the singer; Lady Bertie married Gallini, the dancer; Lady Susan Strangeways conferred her lustre on O'Brien, the comedian; Mrs. Robinson became Lady Peterborough; Lavinia Fenton became Duchess of Bolton; Miss Bolton was married to Lord Thurlow; Miss Brunton to the Earl Craven; Miss Farren to the Earl of Derby; Harriet Mellon to the Duke of St. Albans; Miss O'Neill to Sir Wrixon Beecher; a catalogue which might be advantageously enlarged by the introduction of the names of Miss Tree, Miss Searle, and twenty others. It is not worth while to ask why the actress, who may thus ascend to rank and prosperity in England, is not permitted by the Americans to pass 'between the wind and their *gentility*.'

But to return to Robert Paine. Notwithstanding his evil reputation, he was the most popular of all the poets. Perhaps, if the truth were known, his bad character helped him on by stimulating the morbid curiosity of those who affected in public to abhor his practices, while they read his verses with avidity in private. Certain it is that his poems had an enormous sale, since he was paid no less than fifteen hundred dollars for a single poem; which was at the rate of upwards of one pound English per line. For a song of half a dozen stanzas, called 'Adams and Liberty,' he received seven hundred and fifty dollars, equal to 150*l.* of our money. This song is regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*, and the following stanza is pronounced to be the best it contains. If payment and popularity go for anything, it ought to be the best in the whole range of the American Helicon.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;

For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,

And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!

His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,

And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!

If he had made Franklin turn his sword into a conductor, it would have been more to the purpose; although that prudent philosopher would scarcely have attempted the feat with the thunder, whatever experiments he might have tried with the lightning. The American editor observes that 'the absurd estimate of this gentleman's abilities shows the wretched condition of taste and criticism in his time.' This is frank at all events; but what shall be said for the taste and criticism of the present time, when the still more deplorable trash of Judge Hopkinson is regarded as an article of faith? Paine, with all his faults, had a certain fantastic wildness in his verse not ill calculated to fascinate the ignorant; but he married an actress, and was not to be forgiven. Decency demanded that he should be offered up as a victim to the outraged decorum of 'fashionable society.'

Ascending from the popular ballad-makers who, in America, occupy the lowest rank, let us turn to the poems of James Gates Percival. This gentleman is a very voluminous writer, and enjoys great credit in the States. If he have not the 'inspiration,' he has at least the 'melancholy madness' of poetry, for he is said to take no delight in any society but that of his books or the

fields. His critics describe him as being possessed in an eminent degree of the 'creative faculty' and a 'versatile genius;' which is true in this sense—he writes a great deal, on a variety of subjects; a description which seems to include his whole merit. He aims at realizing the greatest possible quantity of words with the fewest possible number of ideas; and sometimes without any ideas at all. He speaks of the 'poetic feeling' as sitting at a banquet with 'celestial forms' as lovely as ever haunted wood and wave when earth was peopled:

With nymph and naiad—mighty as the gods
Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds
That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow;
Who bore, upon their features, all that grand
And awful dignity of front, which bows
The eye that gazes on the marble Jove, &c.

This is a fair specimen. If it be asked which is 'mighty as the gods'—the 'poetic feeling,' 'the celestial forms,' or the 'nymph and naiad?'—whether the 'palace' is Olympus and the clouds, or Olympus only?—which bore that awful grandeur on his features, the 'gods' or the 'clouds?'—and what is meant by bowing the eye, unless it be gouging? we cannot answer. We have no notion what it all means; and we are in the same dilemma with the bulk of Mr. Percival's poetry. It is only fair, however, to mention that he candidly avows his opinion that poetry ought to 'foam up with the spirit of life, and glow with the rainbows of a glad inspiration.' Under such circumstances perhaps his verse is as good as can be expected.

John Pierpont, a barrister of reputation, is celebrated as the author of a work called the 'Airs of Palestine,' in which the influence of music is traced through a variety of illustrations. He has also produced numerous short pieces in a variety of metres, impressed for the most part with an earnest piety and cheerful benevolence, which entitle him to the full respect of his readers. A poet of this description rarely commits himself to absurdities, and he is accordingly tolerably free from the usual excesses of imagery and expression; but little more can be said for him. The grain of his poetry is irretrievably commonplace. Like all the rest, he has his songs of triumph and congratulation on the victories of the revolution. In one of these, having dismissed the subject of war, he makes a stirring apostrophe to the 'God of Peace.'

Now the storm is o'er—
Oh, let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones
Till there's war no more.

It is a curious tendency in the American mind to be thus eternally invoking the God of Peace to lead them on to battle. Mr. Pierpont will not be satisfied without another revolution and innumerable Washingtons, to establish on a lasting basis the belligerent tranquillity of America.

Amongst the didactic poets, Charles Sprague occupies a high position. He is cashier of the Globe Bank in Massachusetts, mixes very little in society, and never was thirty miles from his native city. The effect of this life-long monotony is palpable in his verse, which is evolved from a study of books with little fancy and less originality. His principal poem, 'Curiosity,' is a sample of what the American critics call an 'elegant mediocrity;' but the elegance is by no means so apparent as the mediocrity. The best passages are mechanically constructed on the model of Pope, and not always with success. The failure is most conspicuous where he attempts to imitate the polished irony of the English satirist; thus speaking of the corruption and dishonesty of the newspaper press:

As turn the party coppers, heads or tails,
And now this faction and now that prevails, &c.

Pope would hardly have made even Ned Ward toss coppers to determine which side of a question he should take. But the comparison has obviously a peculiar force and fitness in its application to the American writers; and if we were to select a satire in which the low state of the public taste and intelligence is fairly, fearlessly, and most appropriately depicted, we should certainly choose this poem of 'Curiosity.' It is honest, at all events, and bespeaks a just, although a very inferior mind.

Dana, the author of the 'Buccaneer,' and Drake, who has written a pretty little poem called the 'Culprit Fay,' may be dismissed as agreeable versifiers. Neither of them rises above the display of neat dexterity, and neither possesses any sustaining power. The 'Buccaneer' is a hobgoblin pirate story, not unskillfully related, but terminating with an abruptness fatal to its final impression. With the single exception of the 'Culprit Fay,' Drake has produced nothing worth remembering. Sometimes he wrote so ill that, in the end, he had the good sense to wish to be forgotten. In one of his odes, for instance, he favours us with the following comical account, intended to be highly poetical, of the origin of the stripes and stars in the American flag:

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurld her standard to the air,

She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light!

This word 'baldric' is in great request. The Americans make heavy demands on the vocabulary of chivalry, at the manifest risk of the most ludicrous associations of ideas.

One of the most formidable metrical productions of the union is the narrative romance of 'Tecumseh.' It occupies a whole volume to itself, and is intended as a record of the western tribes, now rapidly passing into oblivion. The measure is fitful and irregular, after the manner of Scott; but miserably deficient in that variety of melody which can alone carry the attention over so extended a surface. It is not easy to understand why Mr. Colton did not prefer prose as the medium of his Indian story. He writes very sensible prose and execrable verse. But teaching cannot make poets, and it would be idle to enter into details. In the same category may be included the author of a poem of tremendous pretensions, called 'Washington,' expressly designed by the author to be the National Epic. Dr. Channing's remarks on the deficiencies of the national literature made a deep impression on him, and he resolved to do something to relieve his country from the disgraceful imputation. 'I determined,' he exclaims, 'to write a national poem.' But he found he could not write the poem and carry on his business at the same time; what was he to do in such an awful 'fix?' Why, like a prudent man, carry on his business first and write his poem after to be sure. 'I made it a matter of conscience,' he says, 'not to spoil a good man of business in order to make a bad poet.' So he worked at his trade till he made money, then retired upon his imagination to make a poem. We believe the case is quite new in the history of epics. But then so is the epic itself. The subject is boldly announced, how

kingly recklessness had then 'gun rear
To trample the folks' rights.

But the folks were not to be reared or trampled upon. No—they had a soul above kings. Their course was clear,

Live upright,
Or die down-stricken; but to crawl or cringe
We cannot. No; that king mistook us much, &c.

Washington advises them to strike while the iron is hot, and undertakes, on his part, to raise the people in a single night.

Now while the iron is hot
Strike it; for me, as from this chair I rise,
So surely will I undertake this night
To raise the people.

He comes home in the evening, and finds
his wife at tea—

There by her *glistening* board, ready to pour
Forth the refreshment of her Chinese cups.

But it is no time for tea-drinking—he
begs to be excused—

Nay, dearest wife,
My time is not my own; and what I came
It was but to assure thee, &c.

This is quite enough for a taste of an American epic. The author says he is gathering the effect of its publication from 'the loophole of retreat.' We hope it is a 'retreat' provided for him by his friends; in which case, we advise them to stop up the 'loophole,' as communication with the outer world, in his present state, can only increase his excitement.

The poem of 'Washington' appears to have been composed under the impression that America had not hitherto produced a work of heroic dimensions. This is a mistake. She boasts of no less than two previous epics: the 'Conquest of Canaan,' by Dwight, in eleven books—a dismal load of very blank verse; and the 'Colombiad,' by Barlow, a work of twenty years' gestation, which we are relieved from noticing by Mr. Griswold, who declares that it has neither unity, strength, nor passion, that it is sometimes incorrect and often inelegant, yet that it has 'many bursts of eloquence and patriotism.' He does not inform us how many bursts go to an epic poem. If we may judge by the number of candidates for admission, the 'retreats' of the poets ought to be capacious. Mr. Gallagher ought to be provided for, who apostrophizes the west in this style—

Land of the west!—green forest land!
Cline of the fair and the immense!

Mr. Neal, who says that he loves to dream of 'shadowy hair and half-shut eyes,' and describes the head of a poet with large eyes,

*Brimful of water and light,
A profusion of hair
Flashing out on the air,
And a forehead alarmingly bright.*

betrays dangerous symptoms.

We find a pleasant relief from these distressing hallucinations in the poems of Alfred B. Street. He is a descriptive poet,

and at the head of his class. His pictures of American scenery are full of *gusto* and freshness; sometimes too wild and diffuse, but always true and healthful. The opening of a piece called the 'Settler,' is very striking.

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle, as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
*And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.*

His poems are very unequal, and none of them can be cited as being complete in its kind. He runs into a false luxuriance in the ardour of his love of nature, and in the wastefulness of a lively, but not large imagination; and like Browne, the author of the 'Pastorals,' he continually sacrifices general truth to particular details, making un-likenesses by the crowding and closeness of his touches. Yet with all his faults his poems cannot be read without pleasure.

There are several female poets in America; but only one who deserves to be especially distinguished—Mrs. Brooks, formerly known as *Maria del Occidente*. The poem of 'Zophiel,' originally published in London, is a work of singular merit; fantastic and passionate to a height, rarely, if ever before, reached by the genius of a woman. The conception is no less remarkable than the almost masculine vigour with which the author wrestles against the difficulties of the obstructive stanza which she has infelicitously chosen. But nobody reads 'Zophiel.' The tasteless splendour of the diction wears the ear; the passion is too fervid, the style too strained for enjoyment. She writes like a prodigal, and squanders her brilliant powers as if they were so much loose cash. The only wonder is, that she does not exhaust herself as well as her readers. Leisurely criticism alone will ever bestow patience enough on 'Zophiel,' to extricate its spiritual beauty from the mass of glittering phrases under which it is buried. The feeble verbosity of Mrs. Sigourney—who is usually advertised, as if it were something to boast of, as the American Hemans—is familiar to all readers of Annuals. For the lady-like inanity of her lines, we can imagine many excuses; but none for her habit of putting words to the torture—such as *superfices* for *superfices*—*calisthenics* for *calisthenics*, &c. Verse-making has latitude enough without taking liberties with language. Mrs. Osgood, who published a book here some years ago, aims at writing

tragedies, but succeeds best in stringing verses for children. Her juvenile rhymes are juvenile as they ought to be; the worst of it is, her tragedies are juvenile also. In the first eight lines of her dedicatory verses, she flings her book on the stream of time, in the same manner, she informs us, as the maiden 'in the Orient,' trims her lamp, and gives her 'fairy bark' to the 'doubtful waves.' There is no saying what may have happened to the bark, but it is certain the book has long since gone to the bottom.

Of the score, or so, of poets we have now run through—the previous picking of the multitude—it will be seen that we have not yet found one who rises above the level of the 'elegant mediocrity' already referred to. Mr. Griswold himself admits that there are very few who have written for posterity. We are happy at last to be in a fair way of coming to these few, having cleared the audience of the rabble. That the select circle of these choice spirits should be so small, is to us matter of great and sincere regret.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, although he has written very little in this way, comes accredited to us by unmistakable manifestations of an original and poetical mind. He is the author of a volume of profound Essays, recently re-published in England, under the editorship of Mr. Carlyle, who discovered in him a spiritual faculty congenial to his own. Mr. Emerson was formerly a Unitarian minister, but he embraced the Quaker interpretation of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and threw up his church. He is now the editor of a quarterly magazine in Boston. The same thoughtful spirit which pervades his prose writings is visible in his poetry, bathed in the 'purple light' of a rich fancy. Unfortunately he has written too little to ensure him a great reputation; but what he has written is quaint and peculiar, and native to his own genius. From a little poem addressed 'To the Humble Bee,' which, without being in the slightest degree an imitation, constantly reminds us of the gorgeous beauty of 'l'Allegro,' we extract two or three passages.

Fine humble-bee ! fine humble-bee !
Where thou art is clime for me,
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone ;

When the south-wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance,
And infusing subtle heats

Turns the sod to violets—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue,
And brier-roses dwelt among.
*All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he past.*

This is not merely beautiful, though 'beauty is its own excuse for being.' There is pleasant wisdom hived in the bag of the 'yellow breeched philosopher,' who sees only what is fair and sips only what is sweet. Mr. Emerson evidently cares little about any reputation to be gained by writing verses; his intellect seeks other vents, where it is untrammelled by forms and conditions. But he cannot help his inspiration. He is a poet in his prose.

Fitz-Greene Halleck has acquired a wider celebrity, and won it well. He is the author, amongst other things, of a noble lyric, 'Marco Bozzaris.' Had he written nothing more he must have earned a high popularity; but he has written much more, equally distinguished by a refined taste and cultivated judgment. But the 'Marco Bozzaris,' containing not more than a hundred lines, or thereabouts, is his master-piece. It is consecrated to the Greek chief of that name who fell in an attack on the Turkish camp at Laspi, and is, as a whole, one of the most perfect specimens of versification we are acquainted with in American literature. We will not detract from its intrinsic claims by inquiring to what extent Mr. Halleck is indebted to the study of well-known models; for, although in this piece we catch that 'stepping in music' of the rhythm which constitutes the secret charm of the 'Hohenlinden,' we are glad to recognize in all his productions, apart from incidental resemblances of this kind, a knowledge as complete, as it is rare among his contemporaries, of the musical mysteries of his art. It is in this Mr. Halleck excels, and it is for this melodiousness of structure that his lines are admired even where their real merit is least understood. We are too much pressed in space to afford room for the whole of this poem, and are unwilling to injure its effect by an isolated passage. The chrysolite must not be broken. But here is an extract from a poem called 'Red Jacket,' which will abundantly exhibit the freedom and airiness of Mr. Halleck's versification. Red Jacket was a famous Indian chief.

Is strength a monarch's merit? (like a whaler's)
 Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
 As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
 Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is eloquence? Her spell is thine that reaches
 The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
 And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,
 The secret of their mastery—they are short.

Is beauty? Thine has with thy youth departed,
 But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,
 And she who perished, young and broken-hearted,
 Are—but I rhyme for smiles and not for tears.

The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding,
 The god-like power, the art Napoleon,
 Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, band-
 ing,
 The hearts of millions till they move as one;

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded
 The road to death as to a festival;
 And minstrel minds, without a blush, have
 shrouded
 With banner-folds of glory their dark pall.

* * * *

And underneath that face like summer's oceans,
 Its lip as moveless and its cheek as clear,
 Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
 Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all gave fear.

Love, for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
 Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in wars;
 Hatred—for missionaries and cold water;
 Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit
 Remembered and revenged when thou art gone;
 Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit
 Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy
 throne.

The author of these stanzas, strange to say, is superintendent of the affairs of Mr. Astor, the capitalist, who built the great hotel in New York. We have been all along looking out for a purely American poet, who should be strictly national in the comprehensive sense of the term. The only man who approaches that character is William Cullen Bryant; but if Bryant were not a sound poet in all other aspects, his nationality would avail him nothing. Nature made him a poet, and the accident of birth has placed him amongst the forests of America. Out of this national inspiration he draws universal sympathies—not the less universal because their springs are ever close at hand, ever in view, and ever turned to with renewed affection. He does not thrust the American flag in our faces, and threaten the world with the terrors of a gory peace; he exults in the issues of freedom for nobler ends and larger interests. He is the only one of the American poets

who ascends to 'the height of this great argument,' and lifts his theme above the earthy taint of bigotry and prejudice. In him, by virtue of the poetry that is in his heart, such themes grow up into dignity. His genius makes all men participants in them, seeking and developing the universality that lies at their core. The woods, prairies, mountains, tempests, the seasons, the life and destiny of man, are the subjects in which he delights. He treats them with religious solemnity, and brings to the contemplation of nature, in her grandest revelations, a pure and serious spirit. His poetry is reflective, but not sad; grave in its depths, but brightened in its flow by the sunshine of the imagination. His poems addressed to rivers, woods, and winds, all of which he has separately apostrophized, have the solemn grandeur of anthems, voicing remote and trackless solitudes. Their beauty is affecting, because it is true and full of reverence. Faithful to his inspiration, he never interrupts the profound ideal that has entered into his spirit to propitiate the *genius loci*;—he is no middleman standing between his vernal glories and the enjoyment of the rest of mankind. He is wholly exempt from verbal prettiness, from flaunting imagery and New World conceits; he never paints on gauze; he is always in earnest, and always poetical. His manner is everywhere graceful and unaffected.

Two collections of Mr. Bryant's poems have been published in London, and the reader may be presumed to be already acquainted with nearly all he has written. The following passage, descriptive of the train of thoughts suggested by the shutting in of evening, has appeared only in the American editions:

The summer day was closed—the sun is set:
 Well have they done their office, those bright hours
 The latest of whose train goes softly out
 In the red west. The green blade of the ground
 Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young
 twig

Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
 Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown,
 And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
 From bursting cells, and in their graves await
 Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
 Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
 That now are still for ever; painted moths
 Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
 The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
 Their prison-shells, or shoved them from the nest,
 Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
 In woodland cottages with earthy walls,
 In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
 Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
 Graves, by the lonely forest, by the shore
 Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways

Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out,
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted
friends,

That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Hath wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which
late

Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! one glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who
twine

Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

When America shall have given birth to a
few such poets as Bryant, she may begin to
build up a national literature, to the recog-
nition of which all the world will subscribe.

Only one name now remains, that of the
most accomplished of the brotherhood,
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. But we
have some doubts whether he can be fairly
considered an indigenous specimen. His
mind was educated in Europe. At eighteen
years of age he left America, and spent four
years in travelling through Europe, linger-
ing to study for a part of the time at Göttin-
gen. On his return he was appointed pro-
fessor of modern languages in Bowdoin Col-
lege; but at the end of a few years he went
into Sweden and Denmark, to acquire a
knowledge of the literature and languages
of the Northern nations. When he again
returned, he accepted the professorship of
the French and Spanish languages in Har-
vard College, Cambridge, which he now
holds. We must not be surprised to find
his poetry deeply coloured by these expe-
riences, and cultivated to a height of refine-
ment far above the taste of his countrymen.
But America claims him, and is entitled to
him; and has much reason to be proud of
this ripe and elegant scholar. He is un-
questionably the first of her poets, the most
thoughtful and chaste; the most elaborate
and finished. Taking leave of the others,
with a just appreciation of the last men-
tioned two or three, and coming suddenly upon
Longfellow's lyrics, is like passing out of a
ragged country into a rich Eastern garden,
with the music of birds and falling waters
singing in our ears at every step. His
poems are distinguished by severe intellec-
tual beauty, by dulcet sweetness of expres-
sion, a wise and hopeful spirit, and complete
command over every variety of rhythm.
They are neither numerous nor long; but
of that compact texture which will last for

posterity. His translations from the conti-
nental languages are admirable; and in one
of them, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner,
he has successfully rendered into English,
the 'inexorable hexameters' of the original.

We believe nearly all Mr. Longfellow's
poems have been re-printed in England;
and we hope they may be extensively dif-
fused, and received with the honourable
welcome they deserve. From the 'Prelude
to the Voices of the Night,' we take a few
stanzas of exquisite grace and tenderness.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;

A slumberous sound—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
When the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng,
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The spring, clothed like a bird,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar.

Into the blithe and breathing air,
 Into the solemn wood,
 Solemn and silent everywhere!
 Nature with folded hands seemed there.
 Kneeling at her evening prayer!
 Like one in prayer I stood.

The artful modulation of these lines is not less worthy of critical notice than the pathos of the emotion which literally gushes like tears through them.

Having arrived at this point—beyond which there is nothing but the Future, and a very Chaos of a Future it seems—we leave the evidence on the whole case to the dispassionate judgment of others. Our survey has been necessarily rapid and desultory; but it is sufficient as a sort of outline map of general characteristics. We might have submitted the subject to a severer analysis, and accumulated a larger variety of illustrations; but it could have served no other end than that of showing still more elaborately the paucity of exceptions to the rule. We have made the exceptions clear, which is the chief thing. For the rest, we have no compunctious visitings. We are well aware that amidst such a heap of craving and unequal pretensions, individual vanities must be wounded—above all by total omission. But our business lay with the spirit, forms, and influence of the whole body of American poetry, which we have endeavoured to trace through the representatives of classes, as far as such a method was practicable with materials so crude and unmanageable. We have nothing to do with respective merits, which must be adjusted at home by the native scale: a scale so peculiar, that we should despair of being able to accommodate ourselves to its demands. In the obscurest recesses of the Union there are men of such renown, that it would be idle to talk of Socrates or Bacon in their neighbourhoods. Of what avail would it be to apply to these illustrious persons any standard of criticism, except that which they have themselves set up and pronounced final? You must take American fame at its word, or have nothing to do with it. Yet this American fame is not very easy to understand after all, since one hardly knows what relative value to place on it: and relative value it must have, if it have any; since, although all men are born equal, all men are not born to equal fame, even in America. When we are informed, for instance, that Mr. Willis is enjoying the laurels of a European reputation, 'at his beautiful estate on the Susquehanna,' we are sorely perplexed, and cast into a maze of wonder to know what it can possibly mean.

We observed at starting, that American

poetry was little better than a far-off echo of the Father-land. It is necessary to enter a little into this point, for the sake of exhibiting the nature, as well as the extent of the echo.

All poetry is imitative. True poetry imitates nature: that which imitates poetry ought to have some other name. Of this latter sort—the Spurious—there are several kinds; inasmuch as there are several kinds of models, good models and bad, old models and new. The old models are better than the new, because they are nearer to the source, and fresher, and are less artificial, and less conventional. The tendency of America is strenuously towards the new. She is new herself, and being afflicted with perpetual restlessness and curiosity, she is always looking round her, and forward; but she never looks back. The past is, to her, oblivion. There are no modes in it to be revived: no grandmother's hoops, no voluminous wigs, no buckles, no ruffs. She is always on the watch for the last fashion, with the eagerness of a citizen's wife, who thinks the world at an end if she does not dress in the taste of the day. Even in this, America is unfortunate, for by the time the fashions reach her, they are pretty well cast off in the old countries. Her newest shapes are out of date. Stepping out of the literature of England into that of America, is like going back twenty years into a sort of high-life-below-stairs resuscitation of the style of that period.

We find constantly-recurring examples of this *fade* spirit scattered through their poetry; which is everywhere patched up with phrases long since worn threadbare—such as 'realms yet unborn,' 'a magic and a marvel in the name,' the eagle's 'quenchless eye,' 'the beautiful and brave,' 'the land of the storm,' &c. All this looks trifling enough separated from the context, but pettiness and trashiness are the crying sins of this description of verse. If there were nothing to complain of but that drowsy familiarity of *tournure*, which sends vague fragments of reminiscences flitting through one's memory, it would be hardly worth noting; but unfortunately this petty larceny forms a prominent and ostentatious feature in these productions. It is almost the first peculiarity you detect in an American poem. It is common to nearly all the poets. The majority of them are distinctly modelled upon some particular author, whose manner and subject they strive to copy with the exactitude of a fac-simile. These models are all selected from our modern writers. The old ones are never imitated. The Spenserian stanza is occasionally attempted—but

the original kept in view, is not the 'Fairy Queen,' but the 'Castle of Indolence,' itself an avowed imitation.

Mrs. Sigourney alone seems to be proud of her position as the shadow of a poet. But there are others who are not less entitled to that distinction. Sprague, whom we have already spoken of as a close follower of Pope, is glad to follow any one else when it helps out his purpose. Thus, in an ode on Shakspeare, he has no objection to avail himself of Collins, with a distant line burlesqued from Shakspeare himself :

Madness, with his frightful scream,
Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
Avarice, with his blade and beam,
Hatred blasting with a glance;
Remorse that weeps, and rage that roars,
And jealousy that dotes, yet dooms, and murders, yet adores.

This is nothing to the description of Shakspeare :

Across the trembling strings
His daring hand he flings.

Having undertaken to write about Shakspeare, who had depicted all the passions, Mr. Sprague naturally had recourse to Collins, who wrote an ode on them. In another poem he gives us a glimpse of 'the bower she planted,' speaking of a departed friend :

This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided—
This book was thine, &c.

It would be a pity not to treat the reader to a *souper* of this gentleman's felicitous manner of taking the plums out of Pope's tragedy and putting them into his own comedy.

In the pleased infant see the power expand,
When first the coral fills his little hand—
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum !

Mr. Wilcox has written two poems called 'The Age of Benevolence,' and 'The Religion of Taste,' in which Thomson is imitated, at incredible length, with a perseverance quite unexampled. Not content with dogging the poet through the Seasons, he hunts him into the Castle of Indolence, and gets up a rival establishment which he calls the Castle of Imagination. Mr. Trumbull, in like manner, has devoted himself to the service of 'Hudibras,' of which he obliges us with an elaborate imitation, entitled

'M'Fingal.' The Trumbull-Hudibras is by no means the worst of the large family of the Hudibrases, notwithstanding that we occasionally stumble upon such lines as the following :

Whence Gage extols, from general hearsay,
The great activity of Lord Percy.

Timothy Dwight makes an experiment on the 'Rape of the Lock,' in a poem called 'Greenfield Hill.' The attempt to adapt its fine sarcastic spirit to the habits of American society is eminently ludicrous, and not much mended by rhymes of this kind—

To inhale from proud Nanking a sip of tea,
And wave a courtesy trim and flirt away.

We are in entire ignorance of the nature of the operation described by waving a courtesy trim. The 'sip of tay' from 'proud Nanking' seems to fall within the same system of orthoepy which celebrated the activity of Lord *Peersay*.

Paine is esteemed by his countrymen as a copier of Dryden's ; but he copies him so badly that we are inclined to let him off as a worse original. He resembles Dryden in nothing but his turgid bombast (the vice chiefly of Dryden's plays), and here he outdoes him.

Pierpont, of whom we have already spoken, is crowded with *coincidences* which look very like *plagiarisms*. Take one :

By the patriot's hallow'd rest,
By the warrior's gory breast,—
Never let our graves be press'd
By a despot's throne :
By the pilgrims' toils, &c.

And so on to the end. Burns is frequently complimented in this way. Poe is a capital artist after the manner of Tennyson ; and approaches the spirit of his original more closely than any of them. His life has been as wild and Tennysonian as his verse. He was adopted in infancy by a rich old gentleman, who helped him to a good education and a visit to England for improvement, and intended to make him his heir : but incurring some debts of honour, which the old gentleman very properly refused to discharge, Poe discharged his patron in a fit of poetry, and went off to join the Greeks. Stopping by the way at St. Petersburg he got into debt again. From this trouble he was extricated by the consul ; and upon his return to America he found the old gentleman married to a young wife. The lady was looked upon as an interloper, and Poe quarrelled with her, for which the old gentleman, very properly again, quarrelled with

him, and so they parted, Poe to get married on his own account, and the old gentleman to go to heaven, leaving an infant son behind to inherit his wealth. All this has a strong Tennysonian tinge—we mean of course poetically; for there is none of this unhinging and rebellion in the blood or actions of the true Tennyson. Here is a specimen of the metrical imitation:

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Snow-white palace) rear'd its head.

Again—

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace-door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes—

In another place an 'opiate vapour'—

Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave,
The lily lolls upon the wave.

And this is even still more like—a strain under an 'open lattice'—

The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through the chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain-canopy
So fitfully, so fearfully,
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumbering soul lies hid,
That o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts, the shadows rise and fall.

These passages have a spirituality in them, usually denied to imitators; who rarely possess the property recently discovered in the mocking-birds—a solitary note of their own. A Mr. Hill toils hopelessly after the bounding lyrics of Barry Cornwall: *ex. gr.*

A glorious tree is the old grey oak:
He has stood for a thousand years,
Has stood and frowned
On the trees around,
Like a king among his peers, &c.

Barry Cornwall is not very likely to be imitated with success; although the freedom and beauty of his style are peculiarly calculated to fascinate imitators. Picked words and a dancing measure are not enough; there must be a luxuriant imagination, earnestness, and high enthusiasm. With such qualifications, however, a man might set up for himself.

A Mr. Fairfield has a song, or ode, the first stanza of which opens with—

Ave Maria! 'tis the midnight hour—

The second with,

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love—

The third,

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer—

And thus to the close—the body of the verse being constructed on the same honest principle. Another writer has a song,

I think of thee when morning springs,

and 'I think of thee' in every verse, refrain, and all stolen, gipsy-fashion, and disguised. But these are venial offences. It is reserved for Charles Fenno Hoffman to distance all plagiarists of ancient and modern times in the enormity and openness of his thefts. "No American," says Mr. Griswold, "is comparable to him as a song-writer." We are not surprised at the fact, considering the magnitude of his obligations to Moore. Hoffman is Moore hocused for the American market. His songs are *rifacimientos*. The turns of the melody, the flooding of the images, the scintillating conceits—are all Moore. Sometimes he steals his very words. One song begins, 'Blame not the bowl'—a hint taken from 'Blame not the bard'; another 'One bumper yet, gallants, at parting.' Hoffman is like a hand-organ—a single touch sets him off—he wants only the key note, and he plays away as long as his wind lasts. The resemblance, when it runs into whole lines and verses, is more like a parody than a simple plagiarism. One specimen will be ample.

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
Like the music that's said from the ocean
To rise in the gathering storm,
That her image around us should hover,
Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
We may breathe through the foam of a bumper,
As we drink to the myrtle and steel.

He had Moore's measure ringing in his ear, and demanding a simile in the middle of the first quatrain—hence the music from the ocean. The third and fourth lines are an echo of a sound without the smallest particle of meaning or application in them. They constitute the means, nevertheless, by which Hoffman hocuses the Americans. Drop them out altogether, and, so far as the sense is concerned, the song would be materially improved. But enough, and more than enough, of these monkeyana.

The result upon the whole examination may be thus briefly summed up:—that American poetry is deficient in originality;

that it is not even based upon the best examples; that it is wanting in strength of thought, in grace and refinement; and errs largely on the side of false taste and frothy exuberance. The classical acquirements of the American poets are loudly insisted upon by their critics; but no such influence is visible in their works—Longfellow and three or four more excepted. It might rather be predicated that they are utterly ignorant of the principles of art, or that they hold all principles in contempt. The qualifications of the poet are lowered in them to the meanest and scantiest elements. They are on a level with the versifiers who fill up the corners of our provincial journals, into which all sorts of platitudes are admitted by the indiscriminate courtesy of the printer. Their poetry is emphatically *provincial*, even to its diction, which often stands in as much need of a glossary as one of our dialects. They not only employ words obsolete long ago in England, but use current words in new senses, frequently converting substantives into verbs, adjectives into adverbs, and shuffling and cutting all the parts of speech to suit their purposes. You ever and anon meet such phrases as ‘unshadow,’ ‘tireless,’ ‘environment,’ ‘flushful,’ ‘fadeless,’ ‘unway,’ ‘unbrokenly,’ ‘medlied,’ ‘incessancy,’ ‘delightless.’ Rapidity of execution is another peculiarity by which these writers are distinguished. Numerous anecdotes are related, even by themselves, of their velocity in composition. We can readily believe them. But they will find out in the long run, that the go-ahead system is as fallacious in literature as they have already, to their cost, found it to be in more substantial affairs.

We repeat, however, that it is matter of regret, and not of censure, that America should be destitute of a national literature. The circumstances through which she has hitherto struggled, and to which she continues to be exposed, are fatal to its cultivation. With the literature of England pouring in upon her, relieved of the charges of copyright and taxation, it is impossible there can be any effectual encouragement for native talent. Literature is, consequently, the least tempting of all conceivable pursuits; and men must float with the stream, and live as they can with the society in which they have been educated. Even were the moral materials by which this vast deposit of human dregs is supplied, other than they are—purer, wiser, and more refined,—still America could not originate or support a literature of her own, so long as English productions can be imported free of cost, and circulated through the Union at a cheaper rate than

the best productions of the country. The remedy for this is obvious, and its necessity has long been felt on both sides of the water,—a law for the protection of international copyright. Such a law would be valuable to us, simply in a commercial point of view—but to America its advantages would be of incalculably greater importance. It would lay the foundation of a comprehensive intellectual movement which never can be accomplished without its help; and by which alone, she can ever hope to consolidate and dignify her institutions. We trust the day is not far distant when the unanimous demand of the enlightened of both countries will achieve a consummation so devoutly to be wished for.

ART. II.—1. *Introduction à la Science de l'Histoire, ou Science du Développement de l'Humanité.* Par P. J. B. BUCHEZ. Second Edition. 2 vols. Paris. 1843.

2. *Cours d'Etudes Historiques.* Par P. C. F. DAUNOU. 3 vols. Paris. 1842.

THE endeavour to reduce the facts of history to a science is in England pretty generally regarded as chimerical; while in Germany and France there is scarcely a doubt of its possibility; the only difference there being as to how it is to be accomplished. Although we cannot altogether share the continental enthusiasm, neither can we regard the English scepticism as philosophic. The science of history seems to us more enlarged, complicated, and difficult than our neighbours generally believe; and more definite, positive, and possible, than our own countrymen generally admit.

To the latter we may put a few brief questions. You doubt whether it be possible to create a science of history; and on what grounds do you doubt this? Its difficulty? That is no reason. You are bound to show that there is something inherent in the very nature of the subject which defies scientific appreciation. The difficulty of a science of history is a reason why it should be slow in being formed, not why it should not be formed at all. The impossibility of a science of Ontology lies not in its difficulty, but in the fact of the subject itself being beyond the means and limits of human appreciation. Does the subject of History lie beyond these limits? Clearly not. History is the record of human actions, and the evolution of humanity. These actions, these transformations were produced in conformity with

certain laws; these laws are appreciable by human intelligence; and what is science but the co-ordination of various laws?

We ask again upon what is scepticism on this matter founded? Surely no thinking man in this nineteenth century can believe that the events of history were fortuitous. The apple does not fall by chance; by chance no single phenomenon, no single act can be produced. Chance is but a word to express our ignorance; and it is less and less employed as we become more and more instructed. Chance is an unascertained law. If the smallest event is the consequence of some determining cause, it requires no great logical force to see that great events must also have their causes. To detect these causes is difficult; but we have not heard that any of the sciences were formed with ease; and we have yet to learn on what grounds the detection of the causes of historical events is impossible. Let us be understood. We by no means aver with many French authors that the great evolutions of humanity are to be readily appreciated. Far from it. Yet once for all we contend that difficulty is no ground of scepticism.

History must be a science before it becomes an art; it must be understood before it can be narrated. This is a truism; yet, like many truisms, overlooked by those who contend that the historian should be a mere narrator. Granted, he should be a narrator; but how can he truly narrate that which he does not understand? and how is he to understand the past, which differs so minutely from the present? Not by reading chronicles; not by reading former historians; this is only a quarter of his task. He must address himself to the philosopher, and from him receive solutions of the various problems presented by difference of race, state of ideas at the time, condition of humanity, connection of the period with its predecessor and successor, with many other circumstances. All these problems belong to the science of history; and all of them are at present without complete solutions. To narrate without having solved them is to draw up a more or less instructive catalogue, fully justifying D'Alembert's idea of history being 'a conventional necessity, and one of the ordinary resources of conversation.'^{*}

The question which next presents itself is: how are the causes, the laws of history to be discovered? We answer: there is but one method by which science is possible: observation, classification, and induction.

This Baconian method, as it is called, is as necessary in history as in chemistry, and will lead to similar certitude. There have been various attempts to construct sciences, but this one alone has been found successful. It is one demanding great patience and great fortitude of mind; but its rewards are sure and lasting. Let historical students courageously accept it, and they may win immortal honour; without it they can win but transitory praise. It may not be at all clear at present how the laws of human evolution are to be discovered; but only conceive the labours of our predecessors in the physical sciences to have been fruitless, and then try to imagine how the laws of chemistry could have been discovered, and then imagine the difficulty of their discovery! To hope greatly, to believe slowly, and to labour patiently, are the qualities of the philosophic mind.

The two works placed at the commencement of this paper may be regarded as the types of two opposing schools. M. Buchez is one of those to whom we alluded as believing the philosophy of history to be a very easy matter. We should call his book the metaphysics of history. M. Daunou, on the other hand, believes in a science of history; but unfortunately seems to think a science is the knowledge of facts, whereas it is the knowledge of laws. We should call his book the criticism of history. Its merits are great and solid; its faults are more negative than positive: as far as he goes M. Daunou is a valuable guide, but he leaves you halfway.

M. Duchez is a physician who has gained some celebrity by his '*Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution Française*' as also by this '*Introduction à la Science de l'Histoire*,' as we judge by its arriving at the dignity of a second edition.

He is to us an insupportable writer; and one we believe whose works throw more discredit on the continental belief in the possibility of a science of history, than all the attacks of sceptics. We are not denying M. Buchez's talent, which is not inconsiderable; it is his method that we reprobate. He deals with science as if it were a subject for rhetoric. His pompous formulas as often turn out to be old truisms as new falsisms. He talks a great deal about 'humanity being the function of the universe,' more about faith, progression, and *mathématique sociale*; not a little about egoism, eating the heart of society and 'formulas of life.' M. Buchez is one of the fatiguing class called *humanitaires*, of whom it has been said, that in Paris they 'beset you on all sides.' They have novelists, feuilletonistes, critics, and artists, perpetually occupied in illustration

* D'Alembert, '*Réflexions sur l'Histoire*.'

of the grand dogma of *Phumanité*. Their modes of *propagande* are various, energetic, and effective. They do not content themselves with the slow process of conviction; they range under their banner young and old, philosophers and poets, artists and lovely women. Boys of twenty swell the ranks and demand of you your formula of life. In vain you reply that a formula of life and of the universal life is not so ready an attainment, and that for your part you have still to seek it. They wonder at you, declare that every man must necessarily have such a formula, and present you with their own. We can believe that people read such works as this of M. Buchez with considerable pleasure; but we are certain, without profit. There is something attractive in the facility with which the vital problems of our existence are to be solved; there is something which carries away the reader's imagination in this confident talk about so vast a subject, rendering it so simple. But for the most part, it is as barren as the east wind. There is no conviction to be gained from such a book; scarcely a hint as to where one may be obtained. He has begun his science at the wrong end. Had he even begun legitimately, had he really elaborated for himself some scientific notions, they would have been lost to the reader by his abstract method of presenting them. It is the vice of metaphysical writers not only to deal with generalities but to avoid special illustrations. This, while it prevents criticism, renders instruction impossible. Of what use is it to go on stringing principles to principles, axioms to axioms, formulas to formulas, when the reader is in doubt as to your meaning, and without the power of confronting you with facts? If a man has discovered one of the laws of human evolution, let him by all means give it its abstract definition, and then proceed to explain with it the series of facts subordinate thereto. So little does M. Buchez attempt this that we are still dubious as to his meaning on almost every point. A meaning can generally be affixed to what he writes, since he does not write positive galimatias; but we are never sure that the meaning we affix is the meaning he wishes us to accept. For example he defines humanity to be the 'function of the universe.' It is a somewhat pompous definition; vague and extremely unscientific; still one sees a meaning in it; viz., that the whole universe is subordinate to man, as the theatre of his development. Now, when a writer aspiring to a scientific character proposes a definition the reader has a right to expect this de-

finition will be subsequently adhered to. M. Buchez on the contrary has no settled use of the word humanity; nay, in one place he says that during the time of Arianism, 'l'humanité fut sauvée par le Pape, évêque de Rome, et par la France.' How the pope with the aid of France could have saved 'the function of the universe' we cannot yet conceive.

Another vice in this 'Introduction à la Science de l'Histoire,' is the prevalence of rhetoric; which, though an excellent quality when well-timed, is otherwise extremely tiresome, and in a work of science it must generally be out of place. It is a fatal gift, that of rhetoric, to those whose philosophic habits are not sufficiently strong to regulate its use. And by rhetoric we do not here designate declamation; we mean that tendency to *persuade* rather than *convince*, to rouse the feelings rather than satisfy the reason, to reason by metaphors and logical deductions from *petitiones principiorum*, instead of deductions from authenticated facts and ascertained laws. The greater portion of M. Buchez's work is written in that style. We will select one instance. Deploring the present condition of both men and women, he proceeds to investigate the cause of the evil. Woman he finds divided into two classes, those who have a dowry, and those who have none. Having expressed his contempt for the mercenary spirit presiding over the *mariages de convenance*, he asks why those women who have fortunes, and could live in freedom and idleness, should seek for husbands, and consent to be bought and sold as they now are? The reason, he says, is because they are incapable of self-guidance, taught as they are to fill only one vocation, that of maternity; because, beyond marriage and maternity they have been taught nothing good and useful; because woman is nothing, or fit only for a cloister life, without friendship, without joys, without consolation. We will occupy no reader's time with a refutation of such absurdity as this; we quoted it as an example of the author's vicious rhetoric, not as a dangerous error to be refuted. Nevertheless, although the book has many serious faults, it is not without its merits. It is difficult and wearisome reading, yet contains some views which will doubtless be new to many of our readers, and some hints which may perhaps fructify in a meditative mind. He has distinctly seen the necessity of founding the philosophy of history upon the ascertained laws of human physiology; a conception due we believe to Auguste Comte, and which seems so obvious that it

is almost incredible any one should have overlooked it. The following observations are not unworthy of attention.

The aim of scientific investigation is to discover the order of succession of phenomena, and to ascertain their reciprocal relations of dependence, so that on any phenomenal state being given, one could calculate the phenomenal states which preceded and succeeded it. It is evident that we are determined on such researches only in as far as we admit the existence of a constant,* or invariable principle in the order of production of the phenomena; it is also evident that we must admit certain *variations*, otherwise there would be no possibility of prevision, since there would not be many phenomena, but one only and of an indefinite duration. Thus, therefore, every attempt at the discovery of causes supposes the admission of two simultaneous conditions: a *constant* or invariable principle of order in the production of phenomena, and a certain variation in the manifestation.

The existence of certain *constants* in the life of humanity (*la vie de l'humanité*) has been generally admitted; nay, more, most authors have seen but this one fact, and have only differed in their designation of it; some believing it to be owing to individual organisation; others placing it in human reason; others in the religious feelings; others in the necessities of commerce; and others in climate, &c.

On regarding the conditions of existence of the individual or of nations in an abstract point, we cannot perceive the variations; but on descending to the concrete, it is no longer thus. We then find this *constant*, this abstract principle never resolves itself in absolutely the same manner, and that it is susceptible of a great variety of realisations. This is the origin of the variations which constitute the progressive movement of humanity.

Thus the aptitudes of men are always similar in number. Zoologists will prove that the addition of a single faculty would change human nature. But in the long series of generations the aptitudes themselves have varied, inasmuch as they have become more powerful and more extensive. The medium in which these aptitudes exercise themselves is of two sorts—human, and foreign to man. Now, as to the human world, the wants of social life have always been the strongest of all interests. But social life offers a multitude of possibilities or

different practices, and consequently affords a multitude of experiences: it is a series of essays to find the best régime. Hence a continual incitation to change, in the hope of finding something better. The inanimate world also, though remaining the same with respect to its aptitudes, changes with respect to relative intensity. Our faculties have always acted on the inanimate world, and been in turn reacted on by them: that is the 'constant.' But, inasmuch as our faculties have increased in energy, and the inanimate world has been more and more modified thereby, there has resulted a series of regular variations. The origin of the 'constants' is in human spontaneity, and all the active elements subordinate to it. The variations are the expression of all the difficulties of realization, that is to say, of the diverse struggles which man has had to contend with, either against the inanimate world or against mankind itself.*

To discover then the laws of humanity, we must take the various 'constantes sociales' with which history makes us acquainted: make each of these a speciality; and underneath each special head range in their order of historical succession all the variations which belong to them. What is a 'constante sociale?' It is one of the problems of which the solution is one of the constitutive elements of society, one of its conditions of existence, such as the definitions of good and evil, the aim of activity, the system of social functions, the system of politics and morals.

What are the variations? Nothing but the various solutions offered of the fundamental problems of social existence; they are the results of progressive impulsions which change imperfect institutions, or which modify the formulas that imperfectly represent the popular wants.

In spite of the metaphysical mode of exposition, there is a notion in the foregoing paragraphs which is not without its value. We may say the same of his subsequent attempts to lay down the basis of a 'physiologie sociale.' But the reader will have already seen enough of M. Buchez's method to judge of its futility; he must read for himself to appreciate its wearisomeness. On the whole we can by no means recommend the work to any but a believer in 'Les Humanitaires,' and in Pierre Leroux.

* This is but a diffuse form of the fundamental position of Michelet's 'Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle.' "With the world began a struggle that will end only with the world—that of man against nature, mind against matter, liberty against fatality. History is nothing but the narrative of this interminable struggle."

* We are forced to use the author's own nomenclature, though with great reluctance. The word is as great a barbarism in French as in English, but it is intelligible.

The 'Cours d'Etudes Historiques' of M. Daunou, is a book as wise as that of M. Buchez is absurd. It is a book eminently calculated for English students; indeed for all students. While many will with us regret that the author did not see that his subject was a hundred-fold as great as he believed it; every one must, we think, pay tribute to the sober but solid talent and acquirements which it displays. It is never metaphysical, pompous, vague, aspiring, or flippant: dull, indeed, sometimes; but with a sort of academic dulness, on the whole respectable. One passes over a few pages of rather obvious remark, and others of measured commonplace, not because these are merits, but because they seem suited as it were to the occasion. A professor expounding the moral of history to his young audience, may fitly deal with commonplaces, provided he do not at other times ornament his discourse with the tinsel of rhetoric and sentiment. A lecturer whose aim is to be useful rather than brilliant, must necessarily sometimes be dull.

As with the book, so with the man. M. Daunou was greater than his reputation, because his talents wanted brilliancy. Few Frenchmen with so much solid worth have had less éclat. He is known as one of those men of patient industry and prodigious erudition, who sufficiently refute the popular notion in England respecting the frivolity of the French. He is also known as one of those upright citizens who for half a century have sustained unblemished reputations, whilst others around them have been bought and sold, have wavered and fallen, unable to withstand the temptations of ambition. There is something peculiarly attractive in the contemplation of a life like that of M. Daunou, affording as it does such a lesson to the politician and the man of letters.

PIERRE CLAUDE FRANÇOIS DAUNOU was born on the 18th of August, 1761, at Boulogne-sur-mer. His father was a surgeon, and destined him for the same profession; but he manifested an invincible repugnance to it, and wished to follow the law. The means of his family not permitting this, he became monk of the order of Les Oratoriens. The customs and manners of this learned and peaceful order well suited his inclinations. To rise with the dawn, to have his life comfortably regulated, to learn much, to live more with ideas than with men, exactly fitted the young solitary, who spent thus fifteen years of pleasant labour. He became professor, and successively taught Latin in the College des Oratoriens at Troyes, logic at Soissons, philosophy at

Boulogne, and theology in the celebrated house of Montmorency. During this period he was ordained priest, in 1787. The love of letters only increased with years. The academy of Nismes having in 1785 proposed a prize for the best 'Éloge de Boileau,' M. Daunou succeeded in obtaining it. He subsequently showed by his learned edition of that poet that he fully appreciated the astonishing good sense and refined taste which reign throughout his works.

The revolution burst forth. M. Daunou loudly applauded it; and the taking of the bastille called from him a solemn yet triumphant discourse on the approach of liberty and its connection with Christianity. His writings produced strong effect. The church was divided: its leading members refused to obey the new laws, which, however, obtained numerous adherents. Several of the elected bishops sought the co-operation of M. Daunou, whose reputation was now considerable. He consented at first to become diocesan vicar of the Bishop of Arras, and afterwards metropolitan vicar of the bishop of Paris who confided to his care the direction of the seminary of St. Magloire.

After the 10th of August he was called to take a more direct part in the events of the day. The citizens of his native town addressed this letter to him: 'Daunou, free men know everywhere how to recognize the generous defenders of liberty and equality. You have long had the esteem of your fellow-citizens: they have now found means of proving their confidence in you which you will never betray, in unanimously naming you Deputy of the National Convention for the district of Boulogne.' Daunou accepted the offer, and quitted the church for ever.

During the storms which agitated the Convention, M. Daunou preserved his firmness and his wisdom. He sat among the Girondists and displayed great courage in resisting the passionate eloquence which demanded the death of the king. He was not to be terrified into voting for that of which his soul so loudly disapproved. He fought against terrible enemies. Robespierre with his inflexible principles, St. Just with his fanaticism, the sneers and suspicions which assailed him on all sides could not shake his mild but courageous spirit. In vain the struggle. The king ascended the scaffold, and the king's defenders became 'suspectes.' The Girondists fell. On the 31st of May the founders of the republic were all proscribed. Daunou, in concert with seventy-two colleges, protested against such a violation of national representation. The result may be foreseen. The republicans demanded

that a hundred and thirty-five of the most illustrious members of the Convention should be arrested. M. Daunou was one of the number. Placed in La Force, and successively dragged through five prisons, where he had often no bed to sleep on, not even a bundle of straw, his courage did not fail him. In study he found a refuge; in Cicero and Tacitus he found consolation. Thus passed the year.

He was released from prison some months after, and re-entered the Convention, where he played a considerable part. By turns secretary and president of the assembly, member of the 'Comité de l'Instruction Publique,' and of the 'Comité de Salut Public,' he exercised extensive authority. He also assisted in the important endeavour to give the Republic a constitution. His labours both in this department, in the establishment of the Institut, and in the plan of national education, have been well appreciated by M. Mignet, in his '*Mémoires Historiques*,' from which we have drawn this sketch.

Without participating in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which his friends effected in concert with General Bonaparte, M. Daunou assisted in the establishment of the consulate of the year VIII. Named member of the commission charged with preparing the basis of this consulate, he had little influence on that constitution which was conceived by the metaphysical *Sièges*, and shaped by the ambition of Bonaparte, who out of a theory managed to erect a government.

M. Daunou had once before been opposed to Bonaparte. In 1792 the monk of l'Oratoire, who was to become one of the legislators of France, and the artillery officer who was to become its master for fourteen years, disputed the prize offered by the Academy of Lyons on a moral subject. M. Daunou conquered as a writer, but was more easily conquered in the political arena. He endeavoured to introduce some of the ancient public guarantees into the new constitution, but Napoleon had his own way. Nevertheless, when the constitution was established, Napoleon is said to have entertained the idea of associating Daunou with him as Third Consul, and on renouncing the plan, he offered him the place of *Conseiller d'Etat*; this was refused. Daunou preferred forming one of the Tribunal, of which he was chosen President. He here defended the liberty which he saw menaced. Opposed to the tendencies of the consular government, he combated most of its projects with great ability. Liberty was so dear to him that he constantly found himself in op-

position to Napoleon, who was endeavouring to destroy it. The First Consul feared him, invited him to dinner at the Tuileries, and again offered him the place of *Conseiller d'Etat*, which was a second time refused. Napoleon then eagerly pressed him to become Director-General of Public Instruction, but with no better success. Piqued at these refusals, unaccustomed as he was to have his imperious will resisted, Napoleon grew angry, and after a sharp quarrel they separated in mutual defiance.

Towards the commencement of 1802, the senate wanting to replace one of its members, designated M. Daunou. The First Consul angrily declared that he should consider such a choice as a personal insult. The senate therefore named one of his generals. A few days afterwards, Napoleon commanded the elimination of twenty of the members of the tribunate who were opposed to his projects. M. Daunou was of the number, together with his friends Chénier, Ginguené, Benjamin Constant.

Napoleon did not approve of contradiction, but he was too great himself not to honour the talents of others; and accordingly the place of Director of the Archives becoming vacant, he offered it himself to Daunou, who accepted a place which, without alarming his scruples, left him his independence. At the restoration this was taken from him, in spite of his moderation and learning; but in 1819 his countrymen again sent him to the *Chambre des Députés*, and a third time in 1827. There, as throughout his political career, he fulfilled his duties with honesty and ability, though without éclat. In 1839 he was made a peer; having a little while before been chosen secretary to the *Académie des Inscriptions*, in the place of M. de Sacy. And thus in 1840, in the eightieth year of his age, he closed his long, eventful, and honourable career. He was not a brilliant politician. He was neither an original thinker nor a powerful orator; he brought forward few new ideas; he had no rhetorical talent for popularizing the ideas of others. He was an eminently useful man. A man of large and varied knowledge; of sane and temperate views; neither given to paradox or quibbling, nor to rash but effective improvisation. A clear, strong, active consistency distinguished him through life. Slow to adopt principles, he had a rare courage in sustaining them. He was certainly not a great man, yet as certainly was he a rare one.

The same characteristics distinguish his literary career. To the patient labour of one of the Benedictine monks he joined an elegant and somewhat fastidious taste. His

works are far too numerous to mention ; and all of them highly esteemed. Author of nearly two hundred literary and biographical notices, some of which are works, he was also the historian of St. Bernard, Philippe Auguste, of St. Louis, of Albert the Great, of Alexander de Hales, of Vincent de Beauvais, of St. Thomas Aquinas, and of Roger Bacon. He wrote for the 'Biographie Universelle.' He edited Boileau, Rulhière, and La Harpe. He wrote pamphlets without number ; and left inedited a history of Greek literature, essays on Latin literature, and a vast 'Bibliographie Générale,' in which he passes in review an encyclopedia of ideas à-propos of books. 'Fascinated by the disinterested pleasure of labour,' says M. Mignet, 'M. Daunou loved production more than publication, loved learning more than applause.' This is rare praise. He seems to have realized his own charming description of certain men who 'seek in solitude repose, and take more sweet delight in observing than in being observed ; circumspect and enlightened spirits, always measuring their own deficiencies, and not their superiority over others. They teach as little as possible ; they are always learning.*' M. Mignet says of him with as much pith as justice, 'He carried with him into the world the habits of a solitary, and the opinions of a philosopher. At once timid and inflexible, courageous in grave conjunctures, embarrassed in his ordinary relations, obstinately attached to his ideas, a stranger to all ambition, he preferred the rights of men to commerce with them, and he sought more to enlighten than to lead them.'

Any work from such a man is worthy of attention ; peculiarly so a work on history. He who had joined a practical experience of several conditions of society to a vast knowledge of the past, is above all to be listened to with respect. He had been a monk, a priest, a professor, a politician, a prisoner, a senator, a peer, and a literary man ; he had survived two revolutions and two restorations ; he had been actively, laboriously employed in every phasis of his career, and he, if any one, had a right to pronounce on historical subjects.

In truth, the 'Cours d'Etudes Historiques' will amply repay attention. They are the lectures which for twelve years he delivered at the college of France, and he himself prepared for the press. Three more solid sensible volumes we have not often met with. The style is extremely elegant, though deficient in vigour and animation ; the matter peculiarly acceptable to all historical stu-

dents. To this matter we now address ourselves.

At the outset let us state that the 'Cours d'Etudes' is a work which will be equally valuable to students, whichever side they take on the great question of the science of history ; whether they espouse the wildest flights of the metaphysical school, or the timid scepticism of the English. M. Daunou teaches us how to study and how to write history ; not what history is to prove. His book is a critical introduction to the study ; and may be placed on the shelf beside the admirable 'Lectures on Modern History,' by the late Dr. Arnold, to which indeed it bears many points of close resemblance. It is a review of the various sources of historical testimony, with the canons of criticism to which they are to be subjected. It is divided into three parts. The first is entitled, 'Examination and Choice of Facts,' which is subdivided into two books : the first is 'Historical Criticism ;' the second is the 'Uses of History.' The second part of the course is the 'Classification of Facts,' embracing geography and chronology. The third part is the 'Exposition of Facts,' in which the art of writing history is treated. From this brief outline of its objects the reader will observe that the work is what its title proclaims, a course of historical study, and not three volumes of speculation.

The greatest fault we have to find with the book is the want of a just conception of the means, conditions, and aim of science ; the notion M. Daunou has of a science, is that of a man solely occupied with literature : he fancies that nothing more than authenticated facts is necessary ; and that if the facts of history can be ascertained with the same certitude as those of astronomy or chemistry, the science of history will be complete. 'Historical science,' he says, 'has no other source than that of testimonies, and no other instrument than that of criticism applied to the recognition of the authenticity, the precise sense, and the truth of these testimonies ;' and further on— 'Thus the first question which we have to treat is to see whether there are certain historical facts so well established by positive testimony that their falsehood is impossible.' And so, throughout the work, facts, and the criticism of the testimony on which those facts repose, are the only conditions deemed necessary. Yet it requires little reflection to perceive that there may be facts in abundance, and authenticated beyond a doubt, without one step being made towards a science. The observations of the Chaldeans did not suffice for astronomy ; gases combined incessantly before our eyes, without

* 'Cours d'Etudes Historiques,' t. ii., p. 57.

our detecting their laws, without a science of chemistry; the fall of stones from the sky was authenticated, but pronounced supernatural; the facts of botany and physiology were all satisfactorily established before these sciences were formed. Science is not the knowledge of *facts*, but of *laws*; not a catalogue of phenomena, but the explanation of them. M. Daunou's error consists in overlooking this point.

At the moment we are writing this, the 'Courrier Français' publishes the result of a conversation between an academician and a statesman, which is very characteristic of the unscientific nature of the historical opinions now generally entertained. It is observed that some great social crisis has occurred in Europe in the middle of each century for the last 500 years. In 1440 it was the invention of printing which created a revolution. In 1550 it was Luther who shook the foundation of Catholicism. In 1650 it was Bacon and Descartes who demolished the infallibility of Aristotle. In 1750 it was philosophy which triumphed, and prepared the way for the revolution of 1789. We approach the year 1850, and it is evident society is preparing to undergo a fundamental revolution. This is the academician's philosophy. Now without cavilling at the very questionable nature of the facts, amongst which the *Novum Organum* is ranked as a 'great social crisis,' let us only insist on the astonishing misconception of the nature of science which the prediction for 1850 implies. Suppose the facts true and important, they would only prove a coincidence of date, not a law of evolution. To be able to say that because some centuries have seen a social crisis, therefore will ours see one, it must be shown that all centuries have manifested this phenomenon; and if this could be shown, it would only make the recurrence a *probability*, not a certainty; to make it a certainty the speculator must show that it is in strict conformity with certain ascertained laws of human nature, whereby, in every hundred years, all the elements of social life are worn out and need renewal. Without this there can be no accurate prevision.

But leaving this high ground of science, and descending into the useful sphere to which M. Daunou has restricted himself, we cannot but applaud his general views. It was peculiarly important that he should have established, as he has, the certitude of historical knowledge. Coming after the reckless and exaggerated Pyrrhonism of the eighteenth century, which occupied itself with endeavouring to prove all historical tes-

timony doubtful, it was imperative on him to refute this error, by separating that which was certain from that which was questionable and that which was obviously false. This he has successfully done. He attacks the notion of D'Alembert respecting the three degrees of certitude, mathematical, physical, and historical or moral, as altogether erroneous. Certitude, he well says, is the impossibility of doubting, and it exists entire or not at all. That which is extremely probable admits of more or less incertitude; and it is too lax a mode of expression to call that certain which may turn out to be false. Certitude begins at the point at which there is no chance of error; but at that point it is already perfect. The existence of Paris, Naples, or Madrid, is neither mathematically nor physically demonstrated to those who have never seen those cities, nevertheless all well-informed men are incapable of doubting it; because the testimonies are so numerous, so various, and so irrefragable, that it would be madness to doubt their affirmation. The truths of geometry are otherwise certain, but not more so.

The error that M. Daunou combats arose from the sceptics seeing that much of what historians believed was obviously false, and much only probable, and thence concluding that none was certain. It is his especial merit to have carefully and sagely distinguished these, and to have afforded the student canons of criticism, to which every testimony must be subjected. The whole of his first volume is occupied thus, and forms by far the most valuable portion of the work. That there is much recorded in history which is indubitably certain, can now no more be questioned, than that there is much only probable, and much altogether false. The historian's duty is to distinguish these. Many a fact is indubitable, and yet surrounded with error. The assassination of Cæsar is unquestionable: the motives which led to it, the means whereby it was accomplished, are not so. The testimony of contemporaries is unanimous as to the fact; various as to the circumstances. Similar problems are perpetually presenting themselves to the writer of history. He must be as cautious in accepting the truth of some relations, as in rejecting those of others. He must remember also that there is little which can be altogether rejected. If an event be surrounded by improbable or impossible circumstances, he must not, in rejecting them as actual occurrences, forget that they are very important as indications of the spirit of the times. It may not be true that 'direful portents,' dreams and au-

guries foretold the death of Cæsar; but it is very true that the people *believed* in such portents; and this fact is of more importance to the historian than even Cæsar's death. M. Daunou has well said, that the very fables of antiquity should be preserved, 'because the belief which they obtained and the influence they exercised, are facts it is not allowable to omit.' Clearly not; they are among the most important facts in the history of the human race; they are facts concerning mankind, not merely concerning individuals. Of what importance is it to the present generation whether Cadmus or Theseus existed—of how much importance that the belief in these men existed for many years! The one is a question of an individual, the other of the state of humanity. Without understanding the errors, prejudices, superstitions, and creeds of various nations, we should not only be unable rightly to understand their history, but also our own intellectual physiology. A comparative mythology might be written, rich in instruction. Indeed it must be written, before the first letters of the great historical problem can be deciphered. It will form one of the specialties of universal history, to which the biographical portion will necessarily be vastly inferior, both in interest and precision. Indeed, the biography of history must always be the least important portion, if only because the least susceptible of precision. The testimonies of contemporaries may give us the outward and visible acts of a man's life; no one can give us the inward motive. All biography can be but approximative. It may be interesting; it never can be precise. The other portion of history which concerns the progress of mankind in general, is otherwise important, otherwise accurate; it may indeed be reduced to extreme accuracy when once undertaken on the proper scientific method. There can be no doubt of its facts. It needs no recondite information. The materials are abundant, sufficing. Hence the futility of 'secret anecdotes,' on which so much stress is laid. Nothing but what is common can have affected or interested mankind; nothing that affected them can have remained secret. We gain a closer insight into the condition of humanity, by the appreciation of certain common facts, than by whole archives of secret anecdotes. The Greeks, with all their magnificent and unrivalled architecture, had no bridge; the Italians, who could boast of a Benvenuto Cellini, had not a decent lock. From simple facts like these what deductions are to be made!

M. Daunou has combated the opinions of Laplace and others respecting tradition,

but has not, we believe, seen the source of the fallacy. It was certainly very characteristic of mathematicians to apply their calculations to human affairs as if men were abstract constant quantities. John Craig, an Englishman, was one of the first to attempt this. In his '*Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*' (1699), he declares that as moral and political facts are by nature subject to modification during transmission from generation to generation, their credibility of course declines in the same ratio; he fancies that certain events which occurred in the beginning of our era will cease to be credible in the year 3153; And this year will therefore be the end of the world. Laplace in his '*Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités*,' in declaring Craig's analysis *bizarre*, nevertheless accords great influence to the action of time on the probability of facts transmitted from one generation to another by a chain of tradition. 'It is clear,' he says, 'that this probability must diminish in proportion as the chain is prolonged.' M. Daunou opposes various reasons to this mathematical fallacy; but he has not seen that the origin of it lurks in mistaking the metaphor of a 'chain of tradition' for a fact. Tradition is not a chain, as above implied. Some traditions are indeed transmitted from generation to generation with no other testimony than that of constant transmission; such are the stories of the Greek heroes, of Romulus and others. But this only applies to oral tradition; the written has no such decreasing probability: its certitude is as perfect to us as it was to our ancestors. The various testimonies which made our forefathers credit the invasion of Rome by barbarians have the same force now as then; the belief of our ancestors has little to do with our belief, and no way affects the certitude of the facts; we have the same testimonies to judge by, and we believe; so also will our children believe. That Cæsar lived and conquered Britain will be facts no time can throw a doubt upon.

We must quote M. Daunou's excellent observations respecting the multiplicity of witnesses being no sort of proof on certain points. Somebody satirically said that people were never so much to be doubted as when relating what they had heard or seen: the following remarks are a good commentary on the sarcasm.

"When an entire nation testifies to the truth of some extraordinary fact, does the probability increase in proportion to the number of witnesses? I believe it will generally be in an inverse ratio; for there are facts, which, from their nature, could have been seen but by few persons; the greater

the number of those who declare themselves to have been present at scenes which must have been secret, and to have heard words which must have been uttered in confidence, the less would be my confidence. Even with respect to public events, I should not be convinced by the mere multiplicity of witnesses; to be present does not suffice, it is necessary to *observe well*. It has never been found difficult to persuade an assembly of men that they see or have seen that which none of them had looked at closely. In such a case every one fears lest he should pass for less attentive or less clear-sighted than another, and would rather see more than see less. What is said is repeated, and very many add a little of their own: thus what seems a testimony is but the reception and propagation of a tradition. [No one acquainted with criminal trials can have failed to remark this in the testimonies of witnesses, who have no intention to deceive, but are so pre-occupied with the prisoner's guilt, that they make up from their own imaginations the little connecting links which their facts are wanting in, or are persuaded they saw symptoms which they never did see.] I would rather trust in the testimony of four or five astronomers who had witnessed the circumstances attendant on a comet or an eclipse, than that of the voice of the whole people who had only regarded the celestial bodies, terrified by absurd superstitions. Beyond the necessary number to guarantee the exactitude and fidelity of the depositions, the multitude of witnesses generally does nothing but multiply the chances of deception. Let us add, that in general this crowd of witnesses only confirms the recital by a tacit consent easily obtained or supposed, or else by vague rumours which have no constant result. Imposition often invokes the testimony of a nation, which replies only by silence; or else claims the rumours which it has taken care to circulate."

There is a great deal of this wholesome scepticism in the work. Indeed, all that is true in the attacks of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, against the credibility of history, will be found in these pages; together with many points they did not see, and above all with the truths they denied. A more healthy course of historical scepticism than this '*Cours d'Etudes*' we do not know; especially as the principles of belief are placed beside those of doubt. Every source of testimony is examined, and rules for its criticism laid down. We shall give these rules presently; meanwhile the following passage is worth citing as a lesson to the daring scholars of modern times.

"For nearly four centuries, engraving and printing have multiplied the means of representing with precision all the forms of our public institutions, the productions of our industry, the customs of our private life. There is now hardly the least information of this kind which cannot immediately be obtained from our dictionaries, manuals, statistics, newspapers, almanacs, the narratives of our travellers, and our immense collection of prints. If all this lumber, or at least a large por-

tion of these collections, descends, as it appears to me it must do, to our most distant posterity, it will not be in their power to be ignorant of any of our customs, of the proceedings of our industry, of the details of our civil and domestic usages. But if they possess only our books of poetry, speeches, novels, histories, treatises on philosophy; if slight remains of our edifices and furniture alone remained, they would need in turn learned men, sufficiently expert to discover in Boileau, Voltaire, and Montesquieu, the materials, forms, and varieties of our habitations, our clothes, and utensils. Such is very nearly our position with regard to the Latins and Greeks. On the one hand, a few ancient passages—on the other, a few material remains of antiquity—these are the grounds on which we must base a knowledge of the customs of the Romans and Athenians. These grounds are small, but art is boundless. Monuments are rare, misshapen, defective; what does that matter: before they are hardly dug up, they are described, restored, and so much is done to them that they are explained. Passages are obscure, mutilated, of double meaning; they are commented on, corrected, re-established, or, to employ the artistic word, *restored*; until at last information, whether desirable or not, respecting the least details, not of customs, but of the uses and utensils of antiquity, is obtained from them. It is true that to obtain a knowledge like this, a peculiar logic is required, more expeditious and less inconvenient than that of geometricians and timid philosophers; for if before concluding it was always requisite to complete the enumerations, appreciate the value, and determine the meaning of proofs, to be assured of the constant signification of words, and the identity of those which are admitted as middle terms in reasoning, it would be difficult to carry archæological science so far. But by exacting a result from every passage; by deducing from several compared passages, what neither of them expresses in part or as a whole; by imagining analogies and allusions; by collecting homonyms and synonyms; by coining etymologies; by always taking the possible for the probable and the probable for certainty, one may compose a thousand treatises on the history of inscriptions, on numismatics, on paleography, on mythography, &c., and science will increase daily; and if, by chance, it throws some ray of light on certain points of the civil annals, this accidental good fortune will be used as authority to recommend a less useful erudition; viz., that which introduces into historical studies, methods little useful in directing the human mind to real knowledge. By this all history will appear transformed into a conjectural art degenerating into divination; and so many hypotheses, born of the pretension of ignoring nothing, of the habit of doubting nothing, will end by spreading apparent uncertainty and unjust discredit on the results with which they have been mixed up."

We are led to notice one very general error alluded to in the foregoing passage; viz., that literature being the expression of the spirit of the times, we can best understand those times by studying their literature. It is true, that without a knowledge of its literature, we can never perfectly un-

derstand an epoch ; it is also true, that the knowledge of its literature alone will never enable us to understand it. Suppose we had nothing but Greek literature whereby to understand Greek history, what should we be able to make of Homer, the dramatists, Pindar, Anacreon, Theocritus, or the orators ? These now puissant aids would then be almost useless. They express the age, but they give it an idealized expression ; when we can confront this ideal state with the reality, we are enabled to draw therefrom valuable instruction : we can separate, as it were, the matter from its form ; we can learn some of the various processes of art. The history of art is one important branch of the history of mankind ; and in this sense literature must always be a rich source of historical instruction ; but the student must not confound a part with the whole, must not fancy that the past can be understood by merely understanding its literature.

One good result of the modern conception of history is the conviction that not only are politics and biography, archæology and chronology, necessary to its existence, but that it is a vast science intimately connected with every other science, and with everything interesting to man. Instead of being a detail of diplomatic intrigues or military exploits, it is the *resumé* of all the elements of social life. Everything is capable of throwing light upon it, since everything must have had influence on the progress of mankind. Men like Mr. Kemble, profoundly imbued with the historical feeling (if the expression may be allowed), will in the course of an hour's ramble demonstrate the importance of apparently trivial facts ; showing how a certain law will imply a certain commercial condition, and how the simplest geographical position will have influenced the destinies of nations, so that living on one or the other side of a river is a matter of consequence ; how a man building a wall or a ditch in a certain place may have been of more service to his nation than a warlike chief. So far from the intrigues of diplomatists, the ambitions of favourites, or the lives and exploits of sovereigns being the important subjects, as formerly imagined, they form but the meanest, smallest parts. The modern conception of history requires for its fulfilment that these special subsidiary histories be completed :

1. A History of Religion and Morals, including Mythologies and Superstitions. 2. A History of Law : judicial and administrative. 3. A History of Art. 4. A History of Commerce. 5. A History of Agriculture. 6. A History of Philosophy. 7. A History of Manners, Customs, Sports, &c. 8. A His-

tory of the Fusion of Races. 9. A History of Domestic Relations : parental and conjugal, with those of master and slave, employer and workmen, &c. 10. A Comparative History of Language.

These ten special histories, many of them founded on special sciences, together with the sciences of Physiology and Ethology, are all indispensable to a perfect Universal History. From the above enumeration it will be seen, that we have no such enthusiastic hopes as to the speedy completion of the science, as many French and German writers entertain. Our conviction, however, is, that the progress towards completion will be certain, though slow. We may point, indeed, to the fact of the very great progress which has already been made. Whoever is acquainted with the chroniclers and early writers, down to the Humes and Gibbons, and from them to the Guizots, Thierrys, Michelets, Niebuhrs, and Rankses, will admit the very great progress in the criticism of testimonies and in largeness of conception. The 'Pictorial History of England' has many and serious faults ; but it has one prodigious merit : that of making people understand the historical significance of literature, art, law, religion, customs and manners, and commerce. As such, it is a work worthy of national encouragement : written as it is, in general, in a popular and engaging manner.

To return to M. Daunou, we shall best give an exact idea of his principles of criticism, by reducing them here to their abstract expression, referring to his pages for special illustrations, of which there are many and excellent. The first volume contains the exposition of these rules.

I. Every fact, not derived from revelation, which is irreconcilable with the constant laws of nature, is to be rejected as fabulous : it would be superfluous to weigh testimonies in its favour. It is necessarily erroneous or fictitious.

II. Nevertheless, before rejecting any fact as supernatural or chimerical, we must examine whether the narrator may not have attributed that character to it from having been deceived by appearances ; whether he may not have mistaken for a prodigy that which was but the effect of some ill-known law. In this case it would suffice, to render the narrative credible, to remove all the circumstances with which it is surcharged, and the miraculous colour which credulity has given to it.

III. Reason also refuses confidence in narratives which disagree with those that precede and those that follow, or which present a tissue of romantic adventures little

compatible with the ordinary course of things. Such are possible, but their improbability excludes them from history, which admits only the probable and the certain.

IV. The only case which warrants the admission of a fact improbable in itself, is when the testimonies on which it reposes are at once so numerous, positive, uniform, and grave, that their falsehood would be more strange than the fact itself.

V. If an historical tradition, which, on the above principles, would be inadmissible, has obtained belief for a long period, and has exercised an influence over the people, it will merit a place in history, but the writer should carefully distinguish it as fabulous.

VI. Any tradition which is of a miraculous character is to be rejected.

VII. Traditions are admissible only when they are in themselves extremely probable; and in this case, which is rare, they can only have the attribute of probability bestowed on them.

VIII. A traditional narrative should only be considered certain when, besides being intrinsically probable, it has been handed down through many centuries, and always received implicit credence.

IX. Before drawing any conclusion from an historical monument, the first care should be, to ascertain whether it be authentic; that is, whether it belongs to the time, place, and persons to whom it is ascribed.

X. The loss of a monument is only in part recompensed by the detailed descriptions of it which may exist; and these descriptions must have been made by attentive and veridical authors, who had seen it themselves and closely examined it.

XI. No historical consequence can be drawn from enigmatical monuments; and we must consider those enigmatical which are not immediately intelligible, the object and sense of which can only be explained by conjectures, dissertations, and analogies.

XII. Medals and inscriptions, when clear and authentic, furnish names and dates generally worthy of confidence.

XIII. But medals and inscriptions do not alone suffice to establish facts or memorable actions; because adulation and policy introduce errors and falsehoods. In a bulletin a small victory is always exaggerated, a defeat attenuated. But such authorities serve to confirm narratives which may be found related elsewhere in similar terms.

XIV. Many charts (*chartes*) which assume to be anterior to the year 1000 are false; up to that period this sort of testimony is to be employed with extreme caution.

XV. From the year 1000, and above all from that of 1200, there exist certain means

of proving the authenticity of archives which become in consequence the most fruitful source of historical instruction.

XVI. Trials, reports, bulletins, &c., when drawn up in presence of the facts, generally present the names, dates, and material circumstances with exactitude.

XVII. They have sometimes been altered by political interests; and they must, therefore, when possible, be confronted with particular narratives published at the same time, and on the same matters.

XVIII. The most faithful reports of trials never give a perfect knowledge of the moral and political character of the events or persons.

XIX. The confidence due to private memoirs written day by day is proportionate to that which the honesty and intelligence of the writer inspire.

XX. From the commencement of the seventeenth century, public journals and gazettes furnish with tolerable exactitude the dates and material circumstances of public events.

XXI. Such details as are recorded equally in various periodicals edited with freedom, and published in different interests and opinions, are to be credited.

XXII. The journals expressly avowed by governments are in general exact in what concerns external circumstances and visible results.

XXIII. No sort of confidence is due to gazettes which a government directs without avowal; and the recitals they contain are to be held as worthless unless confirmed by those written with perfect freedom.

XXIV. The memoirs of a man respecting his own actions and affairs merit attention as those of one who knows his subject; but they merit scepticism as those of an interested party.

XXV. The memoirs of writers of every century upon the events which occurred during their lifetime, or a few years before their birth, compose one of the principal sources of history. The first care of the historian should be to ascertain whether these memoirs be authentic both as to time and person. The real author having been ascertained, it is then necessary to learn what value is to be attached to his testimony.

XXVI. His testimony would be valueless if it was discovered that he did not possess the means of verifying the facts he relates.

XXVII. Of little value if it was found that his narrative was dictated by personal interests; or to flatter his patrons and party.

XXVIII. It is prudent to examine, not reject, the accounts of one who manifests a disposition towards satire.

XXIX. Such authors as accumulate miraculous recitals, and find in most facts some extraordinary circumstances, are to be ranked amongst romancers.

XXX. In suspecting the veracity of him who shows devotion to his sect or party, the other extreme must be avoided; nor must any more confidence be reposed in those chroniclers who enregister with apathetic indifference the enterprises and revolutions which they pretend to have witnessed.

XXXI. When there is a contradiction or diversity between original narratives, criticism must decide between them by the confronting of testimonies; but in this case the result can hardly ever be pronounced certain: it has only more or less probability.

XXXII. A negative argument is that founded on the silence of a contemporary, and it acquires great force when the author who remains silent is intelligent, judicious, and exact, and when he could not have been ignorant of the fact nor interested in concealing it.

XXXIII. In default of contemporary narratives, those written one or two centuries afterwards must be accepted; but subject to all the preceding criticism; and in general they can only furnish probable results.

Such are the principal rules laid down and illustrated in the course of the first volume, where the reader will find any further fuller information he may desire, as well as the answers to any objections which the abstract statement of these rules may excite. The second volume is, perhaps, less interesting. The several chapters on the usages of history were very needful for his audience; perhaps to juvenile students entertaining; but those who read for something more than reading's sake we would advise to skim gently over these chapters, alighting only upon such passages as attract them. The second half of the volume is of importance; it is a review of all the geographical notions which from the earliest to the latest times have been entertained by writers and travellers. It may be called the history of geography. The third volume treats of chronology, and the art of writing history: the latter the author illustrates with abundant examples from the ancient writers.

In taking our leave of this excellent work we must again express our opinion that it has few rivals: temperate and erudite rather than novel or profound; not so much offering new ideas or new methods as classifying what before was known; written with elegance and gravity rather than with animation and éclat, it remains, after all deductions, an admirable course of historical study.

ART. III.—*Fêtes et Souvenirs du Congrès de Vienne; Tableaux des Salons, Scènes, Anecdotes, et Portraits*; 1814, 1815. (Festivities, &c., of the Congress of Vienna.) Par le COMTE A. DE LA GARDE. Paris: A. Appert Libraire Editeur. 2 Tomes. 1843.

THERE were previous to the present year three Histories of the Congress of Vienna. 1st, the book of De Pradt; 2d, the History of M. de Flassan; and 3d, the Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna, published anonymously in London. The book of the Abbé, and former Bishop of Mechlin, is lively, startling and showy. In order to prove his honesty and originality—like our own Cobbett—he makes it a point with himself to differ from all the rest of the world, and it is therefore no marvel that he discovers that there is, after all, nothing so very wrong in the partitioning of Poland; that the aggrandizement of Prussia is necessary to the general equilibrium of Europe; and that the annexation of Belgium to Holland is the very perfection of wisdom.

The book of M. de Flassan, entitled '*Histoire du Congrès de Vienne*,' and which first saw the light in 1829, is still more voluminous, though infinitely less readable, than the production of his apostolic and diplomatic predecessor. M. de Flassan had no doubt the most favourable opportunities of writing a correct and authentic work. He had long previously been employed at the *Ministère des Affaires Étrangères*. He had been advantageously known as the author of a larger work in six vols., commenced in 1809, and finished in 1811, the '*Histoire Générale et Raisonnée de la Diplomatie Française*,' so that his previous studies and researches had eminently qualified him for the task which his government had imposed. But although he was clothed in an official capacity, enjoyed the confidence of the actors in this great drama of the Congress of the Nations, and had moreover access to all the protocols and archives, there is not perhaps a more arid and colourless production in modern French literature than the '*Histoire du Congrès de Vienne*.' Somewhat of this is owing, no doubt, to the dry, dogmatic, and formal style of the publication, a little perhaps to the nature of the subject, but most of all to the diplomatic drill which it was necessary the author's opinions should undergo before they were permitted to be given to the reading world of Europe and America. We have been told on good authority that M. de Flassan was forced to strike out all the really curious and interesting portions of

his MS. The work as printed is but a dull and unanimated record of facts; an enforced and laboured panegyric on the five powers and their plenipotentiaries, whom the author complacently and complimentarily describes as 'si supérieures aux jugemens humains' !*

The 'Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna' may or may not be apocryphal; but in any event it is a work which could have been written by any valet or gentleman's gentleman; by the lacquy of Prince Metternich, or the page of the late Emily Marchioness of Londonderry.

The Congress of Vienna, like every other congress in modern times, presents two distinct aspects. The one public and patent to all the world—the other latent and unrevealed, unless to the kings and cabinets initiated. The secret letters and confidential communications of Lord Castlereagh to the Prince Regent, and to Lord Bathurst, from the beginning of October, 1814, to the commencement of January, 1815, and of the Duke of Wellington, who supplied the place of his brother plenipotentiary and friend at the congress, from February, 1815, to the moment of its close, would, no doubt, afford some of the rarest materials for anecdote, history, and memoirs; but it is not likely that any of these familiar and confidential letters will ever be made public; certainly not in our own day. There was yet another hand from which much might have been expected. It is well known that during the congress the most unreserved communication existed between Louis XVIII. and his adroit and pliant plenipotentiary. A scholar, a man of taste and erudition, Louis XVIII. was not only possessed with the mania and weakness of corresponding on all subjects, literary, political, and scientific, but his most Christian majesty was also desirous of learning, like all the branches of the elder Bourbons, the little tittle-tattle, the small gossip, and the secret scandal, of the rout of kings and rabble of ministers assembled in the capital of the soi-disant descendant of all the Cæsars.

Talleyrand was too good a courtier not to gratify this royal yet paltry propensity. There was not an intriguing adventure, not a royal and imperial amour, not a masked ball, not a dinner or supper, or *Tanz Musique* at the *Redouten Saal*, which the ex-bishop did not most unctuously describe for the pleasure and instruction of his royal master. If Alexander, in a fit of half-religious mysticism, or something still more mundane, flung himself at the feet of Madame de Krudener; if Metternich dallied till the dawn of day in

a secluded alcove with some pretty *gräfinn*;—if Castlereagh danced with imperturbable and relentless energy all night long, disclosing his thin and shapeless calves in tight pantaloons;—if Maximilian of Bavaria cracked a coarse joke;—or that Daniel Lambert of kings, the Colossus of Wurtemberg, surfeited himself with a Brobdnagian allowance of sturgeon and *sauer kraut*;—if the sly and insinuating Duchess of Oldenburg flirted in the guise of a grisette, for some politic and fraudulent purpose; or the exuberant humour of his Majesty of Denmark exuded in lively quips and cranks, savouring more of the *cabaret* than the cabinet;—if the brisk and insatiable vanity of Lord Stewart, his inevitable want of tact, and unmistakable want of temper, led him into scrape after scrape—all were noted down by the imperturbable and inexorable ex-bishop with point and precision. Nor did the other sex escape unscathed. The fan of this princess, the sable pelisse of that, the diamond stomacher of this duchess, the beautiful bracelet of that other, were all described and chronicled with the special science of a Storr and Mortimer; or, better still, with the glowing eloquence of a Laure (of the house of Maradan Carson); or, to speak synchronously, of a real Bourbonite bodice-maker and legitimate milliner, such as Victorine herself. It was after having received one of these pleasant missives, in which the dresses and costumes of emperors and empresses, archdukes and archduchesses, magnates and starosts, were graphically described, that the gouty and caustic monarch is reported to have exclaimed, 'M. de Talleyrand n'a oublié qu'une seule chose, c'est de nous faire savoir quel était son costume à lui, car il en a de rechange.'

But where, it may be asked, are all these confidential letters now? This alone is certain, that they are not among the archives of the *affaires étrangères*; for one fine morning, a quarter of a century ago, the Prince of Beneventum took the slight and superfluous precaution of removing the secret and anecdotal portion of the letters to his private hotel in the Rue St. Florentin. There remain, then, in the archives of France but the political and official correspondence, which is in every sense public property. The author of this portion of these materials for future history is the worthy and excellent M. La Bernardière, previously to the first revolution a member of the congregation of the Oratoire, but who subsequently, on the suppression of his order, embraced the career of politics, and was ultimately employed as *Chef de Division* in the *affaires étrangères*. It is curious as well as instruc-

* Congrès de Vienne, par De Flassan, tome i., p. 219.

tive, at this distance of time, to reflect how many ecclesiastics were flung into the stormy career of politics by the revolution. Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign affairs, Baron Louis, Minister of Finance, Fouché, Minister of Police, De Pradt, Ambassador to Warsaw, Sièyes, of Pigeon House memory, immortalized by the greatest of orators and the first of philosophic statesmen (Burke), and La Bernardière, Chef de Division, *cum multis aliis*. The only instance of such a signal deviation from an original vocation that occurs to us under the government preceding the revolution, was that in every way most remarkable one, of M. Turgot.*

To return to the matter more immediately in hand. If the publication of the private papers of Castlereagh and Wellington be dim and distant, we fear that there is still less chance of the correspondence of Talleyrand being disclosed to a wondering and expectant public, in all the permanency of pica and long primer. What then are we to do? There is a morbid craving, a 'Morning Post' anxiety for minute and petty details, and private anecdote; and if the primary evidence be wanting—if the original deed be lost or destroyed, we must have recourse to secondary evidence. In this emergency of the reading public, forth comes the Count A. de la Garde, professing to give his recollections and portraits of the dinners, dresses, and dances, of the balls and masquerades, the masks and festivals, the punning pick-nickery and *pallardise* of the congress and its complement; and though there be great parvity in the idea, and albeit it plainly discloses a wonderful littleness of mind, still we are bound to confess that the Count has executed his self-appointed task with all the zeal of a literary Introduceur des Ambassadeurs, and all the gaudy pride of a provincial postur-master. What manner of man is this, however, and where does he come from, who so obligingly ushers us into the best of company? The Count A. de la Garde was we believe (though he does not tell us so) born in France, somewhere about the year 1782 or '83, and must now therefore be in the 60th or 61st year of his age. His father (if we are not misinformed, for on this point also he is silent) was employed in the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. During the progress of the French revolution he had constantly refused to emigrate. Proscribed because of his attachment to his legitimate king, he saved his head from the scaffold by secreting himself in the house of a friend.

When the first paroxysms of the fever of blood were over, the old Count thought he might again show himself in a country which he had never abandoned. But his name was still written in ensanguined letters on the fatal list, and proscribed anew after the 18th Fructidor (4th September, 1797), he was obliged to emigrate to escape a more lingering death in the pestilential deserts of Sinnamary. He fled to Hamburg. His son, the author of the work at present under review, was his only companion. They experienced all the miseries of an involuntary and sudden banishment. Invited by the Count de Fersen to repair to Sweden, they left Hamburg, and travelling the arid and sandy plains of Holstein, gained Copenhagen on foot. They were received with the greatest kindness by the Count de Lowendall, whom the elderly La Garde had formerly known in Paris. By this worthy man, father and son were presented to the prince royal, at whose grotesque dress the young emigrant had heartily laughed the day previously in the park of Copenhagen. The poor young man when presented would have sunk down from mingled emotions of fear and shame when he found who had really been the subject of his mirth, had he not been encouraged by the angelic countenance of a young woman by the prince's side. This was his charming sister the Princess of Augustenburg, who, with an imploring look, besought her brother to read the petition of the forlorn exile.

The prince read the document attentively, questioned the unfortunate young man more at length, and having learned the history of his miserable pilgrimage, exclaimed to his sister, "Alas! another victim of the revolution."

"But surely you know German?" said the prince.

"Not a word," said the young De la Garde.

"Poor boy!" said the princess, "so young, and withal so much of suffering. How sad and wearisome, indeed, must your journey have appeared over these dreary sands of ours; an exile in a strange land." And the tears started into her beautiful eyes, and coursed each other down her cheeks.

But succour was at hand. An order on the royal treasury was soon given and paid, and the passage of the young exile was taken on board a merchant ship for Stockholm, somewhere in the month of March, 1801; but the vessel being detained by baffling winds, he was present at the passage of the Sound by Parker and Nelson on the night of the 2d of April, 1801, and did good ser-

* See 'Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet,' tome i., p. 12.

vice to the prince, by whose bounty he had profited a few days before.

At length, however, after the signature of the armistice which destroyed the armed neutrality of the Northern Powers, he sets sail for Stockholm, and from thence proceeds to Amsterdam to join his father. In that city he remains till Napoleon had completely triumphed over all the opponents of a consulate for life. The First Consul, strong enough at this juncture—we suppose the 6th Floreal (26th April, 1802), for no dates are given—to be clement, interposes no obstacle to the return of those unfortunate emigrants who had fled to escape the scaffold. The old Count de la Garde, having at this moment urgent need of those pecuniary resources without which it is impossible to live in a land of exile, despatched his son to Paris under the care of a M. Clement. They take up their quarters at the Hotel de Calais, Rue Coquillière. But M. Clement is instantly called off on a family business to Dijon, and recommending young De la Garde to M. Chaudeau, a pastrycook and master of the hotel, the stripling is forthwith installed in a modest bedroom on the fifth story at the moderate rent of twelve francs a month. The repasts of the young emigrant are proportioned to the exiguity of his purse. Cold and famine soon stare him in the face, but he nevertheless feels all the inebriating transport of a return to his native land, and like a shipwrecked mariner, seems to clutch the soil on which he is cast. The poor serving girl at the hotel tells him of a handsome young man, the tenant of the bedroom before his occupancy, who had been turned half-naked into the streets in an inclement night by his unfeeling landlord, because he was in arrear of rent. He dreams of this remorseless tapster. He sees the horrid spectre with an unpaid bill in one hand, and a padlock in the other to seal the door for ever against him. Now he no longer sleeps for dread of duns; hardly does he eat. The canker in his mind is corroding away his feeble body. He cannot remain still an instant. Out he goes into the heart of that busy, bustling, stinking, sensual Paris. It is to him a cold yet crowded wilderness. He passes the blood-spotted Boulevards, traverses the Rue Grange Batelière, and thinks to come right on the Hotel Choiseul, which had anciently been the happy home of his family. Alas! the hotel exists no longer. It is transformed into an auction-room. The venerable house-porter, too, is gone, and nothing remains of the past but the old house-dog Castor, who seems to recognize the child who had so

often pulled both ears and tail in the days of other years and other dynasties.

Whilst our hero was yet a child living at the Hotel Choiseul, another family inhabited a portion of the house. There was a younger daughter of this family, the playmate of De la Garde's infantine years, who subsequently became the reigning beauty of the day, and afterwards the wife of one of the richest bankers of Paris, M. Recamier. As the pockets of the unfortunate young man collapsed from mere emptiness, as he could not even raise a trifle on the portrait of Louis XVI., presented by the unfortunate monarch to his father, he bethought him of this early friend of his youth. But Madame Recamier is living at Clichy. To Clichy he hies him, dressed out in a three-cornered chapeau, which his father had never permitted him to change for a round hat, the one being in the old man's estimate the type of noblesse, the other of sans-culottism. His coat was the identical upper-vestment, and a motley one it was, which he had worn on the day of his first communion. It was a black cloth, striped with silk of the same colour. His trousers of nankeen, were buckled at the knees with pre-Adamite buckles, his doublet was lapelled and embroidered with flowers, while his laced buskins disclosed to the eye in all their radiant colours a pair of gaudy silk stockings which had belonged to Gustavus III. of Sweden, and of which the monarch's valet de chambre had made the young emigrant a present at Stockholm. 'Will she receive me, will she recognize me?' thought he, as he approached the porter's lodge at Clichy. He sent in his name, and was met with the freezing answer, 'Madame regrets she cannot receive you to-day. Not having the honour of being personally acquainted with you, she begs that you will be so good as to inform her in writing of the object of your visit.' Years had certainly rolled by, yet it was hard to be thus forgotten. The exile was about to wander silently and sadly away, when he bethought him of the name of 'Lolo,' the very sobriquet of his infancy, and by which he had often been called by the owner of the château of Clichy; when, presto! the magic of that little word opens to him the house and table of Madame Recamier, by whom he is received with hospitality and succoured in the manner most grateful to his wants and feelings.

But it will not do to spunge for ever on the bounty of any one, much less of a noble-hearted woman, and the young La Garde again travels back to Sweden, from whence, at the invitation of Count Felix Potocki, so

well known by his colossal fortune, his immense popularity, and the important part he took in the affairs of his country, he proceeds to Poland. At Tulczim, the château of the count, and where hospitality was practised on a scale absolutely regal, we conjecture (for nothing is positively stated) De la Garde remained some years. This must have been one of the happiest periods of his life. The house was always filled with company. Sometimes visits were made of three years' length. A gay and gorgeous hospitality was the order of the day. Horses, equipages, and servants, were at the disposal of the visiter. There were plays, and hunting-parties, and operas, and the Polish poet Trembecky, then in the zenith of his fame, was an intimate of the castle, whose fair mistress, the Countess Potocka, was one of the most fascinating and accomplished women in Europe. The history of this lady, born a Greek of the Fanal, is in itself a romance. It was for her that the garden of Sophiowka, one of the rarest in Europe, was created, on the site of that spot famed as the place where Ovid was exiled. There, in the midst of the Steppes of Yedissen, was created a garden rivalling that far-famed garden of Armida. From Poland young De la Garde proceeds to Russia. Many of the best years of his life are spent between Petersburg and Moscow. He visits the Crimea too, and Kioff. From his intimacy with Tettenborn, De Witt, Ouvaroff, and others of the Russian army, we incline to think he must have entered the military service of the Czar; but it is plain that if he had ever worn a Russian epaulette, he had cast it off before the autumn of 1814.

He arrived in Vienna in the last days of September, 1814. The fêtes had already commenced. There were, he says, nearly 100,000 strangers already arrived. But surely here must be some gross mistake. Even in 1839 Vienna contained only 8200 houses, and a quarter of a century previous the number could not have exceeded 7000. The population of Vienna in 1814 did not amount to 300,000, and any one who knows anything of the city, containing as it does only 127 streets, or its faubourgs (like the P.S. to a lady's letter), more important and considerable than the city itself, will at once presume that it was quite impossible that accommodation could have been found for an additional third, suddenly and *uno flatu* added to the ordinary population. It has been our good or ill fortune to have three times visited this celebrated capital, and we never on any occasion heard the number of strangers estimated at above 5000. Nor did they amount to anything like that number,

as we happen to know, in the year 1831, the period of the marriage of the present Emperor. There is evidently, therefore, great exaggeration in this estimate. We are as little disposed to credit that Lord Castlereagh paid for his apartment, during his sejour in that capital, 500*l.* a month, or at the rate of 6000*l.* a year, as even now, thirty years later, when prices and population have greatly increased, one of the finest hotels in the city might be obtained at a rent of 200*l.* a month, or 2400*l.* a year. One of the first visits of De la Garde was to the renowned and witty Prince de Ligne, then in his 80th year. As fully one-third of these volumes is filled with the sayings and doings of the prince, we may be pardoned for giving a slight sketch of a man but little known to the present generation, and of whom no biography is attempted in these columns.

Charles Joseph Prince de Ligne, born in 1735, was descended from one of the most illustrious families of Belgium, of which the House of d'Arenberg is but a younger branch. He was the son and grandson of field-marshal, a dignity which he himself attained late in life. There was no man of his day who attained greater perfection in what the French call the '*art de vivre*' than the Prince de Ligne. The tone and polish of his manners, the charm and grace of his conversation, the readiness and piquancy of his wit, always subservient to good taste and good feeling, were not less remarkable than the manly beauty of his person. He entered the Austrian service in 1751. His advancement was rapid and deserved, for every step was the price of some glorious and daring deed of valour. During the seven years' war and the campaigns of the Austrian and Russians against the Turks, he particularly distinguished himself. But his literary, civil, and social triumphs were equally remarkable. The twenty-nine volumes of his published works are but little known in England. Fourteen volumes of these are devoted to military affairs, and though nearly half a century has elapsed since they were published, it is impossible even in our day to read them without being struck by the profoundness, originality, and singular power of minute observation disclosed in the '*Fantaisies et Préjugés Militaires*,' a copy of which, printed at what he called his '*refuge*,' at Leopoldberg near Vienna, we have now before us. It is, however, on his letters, memoirs, and detached thoughts, that the fame of De Ligne, as an author, must chiefly rest. We find in these depth without pretension, originality without egotism, and that indescribable *lais-*

ser aller manner, that 'beau desordre,' that negligent grace often beyond the reach of the most practised art. We can well conceive in reading the playful and agreeable letters of the old marshal, models of a 'style parlé' how he must have amused the Empress Catherine in that famous journey into the Crimea in 1787, when the Semiramis of the north was accompanied by the playful historian of the journey, by Potemkin, M. de Segur, and our own agreeable Fitzherbert, afterward Lord St. Helens. One of the remarkable things we shall ever remember, was a description more than twenty years ago of that same journey by that old English diplomatist, who once observing his pretty mistress gazing at the silver glory of the moon on a fine summer evening, gracefully and gallantly exclaimed, 'Ne la regardez pas trop, ma chère, car je ne puis pas vous la donner.*'

Under the wings of this Nestor the favourite of Catherine, of Marie Antoinette, and Joseph II., was De la Garde introduced to the gay scenes of that gormandizing capital, whose inhabitants think that man was destined by a superior and superintending power to eat much and long.

Ober wohnt ein Geist der nicht
Menschlich zürnt und schmälet,
Noch mit Wolkem im Gesicht
Küss und Flaschen zählet:
Nein; Er lächelt mild herab,
Wenn sich zwischen Weig und Grab
Seine Kinder freuen.

'You are come in the nick of time,' said the old warrior, as De la Garde entered his antechamber. 'All Europe is at Vienna. But the web of politics is embroidered with fêtes. The Congress does not march, but it dances, Heaven knows, enough. There is a rabble of kings here, and you cannot turn the corner of a street without jostling a majesty. But dine with me to-morrow at four, and we will afterwards go to the Redouten ball.' And to the ball they did go. There the old marshal does the honours to his young friend, and points out all the remarkable characters. That graceful, martial-looking man is the Emperor Alexander. He gives his arm to Prince Eugene Beauharnais, for whom he has a real liking. When Eugene first arrived here with the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law, the court of Austria long hesitated as to the rank that he should have, but the emperor of Russia gave 'so decided an opinion that he is now treated with the honours due to his station.

That grave-looking person dancing with the handsome Neapolitan with the grace-

fully rounded arms, and the elegant figure, is the King of Prussia. The open-countenanced, honest-looking fellow opposite, is the King of Bavaria, and the pale person near him with the aquiline nose, and the white hairs, the King of Denmark. The lively humour and happy repartees of the Dane have made him the delight of the royal and imperial circles. He is called here '*le loustic de la Brigade Souveraine*.' That 'tun of a man' is the King of Wurtemberg; near him is his son, who is in love with the Duchess of Oldenburg. And now having pointed out the principal figures, the old man allowed his *protégé* to shift for himself. There he saw in wandering round the room, Zibin, whom he had known at Moscow in 1812, and with whom he had visited the Crimea, the Ukraine, and Turkey, and Achille, Rouen, and Bulgari, and Cariati, and Tettenborn, and many others *quos nunc perscribere longum est*.

The next day there was a grand military festival, at which all the sovereigns, to use a French phrase, assisted, and at which they took there places (to avoid all quarrels about precedence) according to age, the King of Wurtemberg, as the oldest king, being allowed the *pas*. The arrangement was found so convenient that it was not afterwards departed from. The sovereigns next exchanged orders, crosses, and decorations, and then gave each other regiments in their different armies. No sooner was this done than all the ten digits of all the thousands of tailors in Vienna were put into motion, that his majesty the Emperor of Austria might instantly appear in the uniform of the Imperial Guards of his majesty the Emperor of all the Russias. Malvolio's going cross-gartered was a faint type of this huge and heinous piece of Imperial and Royal tomfoolery. Then there was such a lavish giving of presents. The Calmuc-visaged Czar presented a fur dressing-gown to his elderly brother of Austria, while the starch and stiff King of Prussia, not to be outdone, offered to the *Kaiser Franz* a silver basin and ewer, that he might be enabled to keep a clean pair of hands if not a clear conscience. Nor were these the only civilities. One day Franz was driving in the Prater, and wishing to get out and walk, he tried to catch the eye of some of his lacqueys; but in vain. Alexander, who is on horseback, quick as lightning divines his intention, jumps from his steed, and with all the agility of a running footman, and all the cunning of a Cossack, offers his arm to his less nimble brother. At this spectacle of apt graciousness, says simple Count La Garde, the welkin rang with acclamations.

* 'Memoirs de Marmontel.'

Meanwhile the deliberations of the Great Council were enveloped in mystery, but a thousand conjectures were hazarded at the salons of the Countess de Fuchs, then one of the most fashionable of the Viennese ladies. The countess was ten years later, as we know from experience, one of the most agreeable women in the high society of Vienna, but at the epoch of the Congress she must have been in the zenith of her fame. Her circle was, in 1815, composed of the Countess of Pletemberg, of the Duchesses of Sagan and Exerenza, and their sister Madame Edmund de Perigord (better known in London as Madame de Dino), niece by marriage of Talleyrand, and born Duchess of Courlande, of the Chanoinesse Kinski, the Duke of Dalberg, Marshal Waldmoden, the three Counts Pahlen, the Prince Philip of Hesse Homburg, the Prince Paul Esterhazy, afterwards ambassador in England; the Prince Eugene Beauharnais, the Russian General De Witt, M. de Gentz, General Nostitz, Varnhagen, the poet Carpani, and Ompteda, ex-minister of Westphalia, only ex-minister, because there was no longer a kingdom of Westphalia to serve; and last, though not least, George Sinclair, lately M. P. for Perthshire, or Caithness, we forget which, and son of old mangel-wurzel Sir John. Madame Fuchs had retained the old Viennese habit of eating supper, and at her hotel La Garde became a regular *habitué*.

On the third day of his arrival, our young friend (for he was young thirty years ago), paid a visit to Talleyrand, whom he had not seen since 1806, and received an invitation to dinner. Few persons had been invited. There were present, of course, the different members of the French embassy, and Madame Edmund de Perigord, but besides these the only guests were Count Razumowski, Pozzo di Porgo, the Duke de Richelieu, and De la Garde, who had now seen Pozzo di Borgo for the first time. Pozzo appeared to have all the Corsican *finesse*, vivacity, and imagination. 'La France,' said he, 'est une marmite bouillante; il faut y rejeter tout ce qui en sort.' But though the conversation of the Corsican was piquant and pointed, yet it was easy to see, says De la Garde, that the scholarship of which he made a parade was neither ripe nor profound. He had a perfect mania for quotation, but his citations wanted variety. In an after-dinner argument he supported his opinion by a passage from Dante, a phrase of Tacitus, and some shreds and patches from English orators. La Bernardière, who sat next to De la Garde, told him he had heard the very same quotations two

days before at a dinner at Prince Hardenberg's. But this conversational legerdemain is practised not only by the gay *tirailleurs* of the dinner-table, but by the heavy humdrum brigade of the House of Commons; and demagogues resort to the trick as well as diplomatists. An evening party followed, of which the Countess Perigord did the honours with enchanting grace. Our author is delighted with his dinner and his host. Though there was something cold and indifferent in the demeanour and manners of Talleyrand, yet when he desired to please, every word, every look, every gesture told. Flexible, graceful, easy, and profound, he was equally at home in a congress as in a drawing-room, mastering the most knotty and important questions in the one, by the elevated comprehensiveness of a mind devoid of prejudice and passion, and charming the domestic circle in the other, by happy sallies, or that sly and quiet humour, that sure and exquisite tact, in which he was so wonderful a proficient. Happy the man, says our author, who is placed in the morning next the Prince de Ligne, and in the evening next Prince Talleyrand.

The next visit which La Garde made in company with the Prince de Ligne, was to Isabey, the painter. 'A congress is about to be held at Vienna, go there,' said Talleyrand, and straightway Isabey went. 'I have come to Vienna, M. le Maréchal,' said the painter, 'in the hope of reproducing the features of all the remarkable persons, and I ought undoubtedly to commence with you, my good prince.'

'Assurément en ma qualité de doyen d'âge,' was the old man's reply. Every one has seen either the original or engravings of Isabey's celebrated *chef-d'œuvre* of the Congress of Vienna. The picture is supposed to represent the congress at the moment when Prince Metternich introduces the Duke of Wellington. Lord Castlereagh is in the middle of the mass of ministers. Near him is Talleyrand, distinguished by his immovable imperturbability, whilst round him are grouped Nesselrode, Humboldt, Hardenberg, Stakelberg, and the other plenipotentiaries. It was not originally intended that the Duke of Wellington should figure in the picture, for he did not come to Vienna till the month of February, when the design had been already sketched, but his arrival, even thus late, necessitated the introduction of so important a personage; and Isabey, to whom but a corner of canvass remained, with the quick felicity of a man of real genius made a merit of what to an ordinary artist would have been a misadventure, and by a happy hit, brought forward the Great

Duke as being introduced by Metternich when the Congress was in full sitting. Thus were the exigencies of chronology, and the exiguity of the canvass, by a happy combination, at once reconciled.

For a long while Humboldt refused to sit for his portrait, excusing himself on the ground that he would not on principle pay for so plain a face. At length he consented, unnecessarily stipulating, that he should not pay a *doit*. The portrait, when finished, was a striking likeness. 'Ah! ah!' said the great naturalist, 'I have, indeed, paid nothing for my portrait, but Isabey has had his revenge.' The face is a perfect resemblance of the original.

The next day our author was present at the fête of the people, and on the following day he rode to the Prater. There was Lord Stewart driving his four-in-hand, and the Emperor Alexander in a curricule, with his sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg.—On one side of the vehicle rode Prince Eugene Beauharnais; on the other, the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg. Further on in the drive, our hero fell in with Alexander Ypsilanti, son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, his old acquaintance at Petersburg, that jabbering sinuous Slavonian Koslowski, minister of Russia at the court of Turin, and spruce young Luccheseni (*El muchacho tiene talento*), who was what the Spaniards call *Privado*, and plenipotentiary to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, better known as the profuse and profligate Eliza Bacciochi, the eldest sister of Napoleon Bonaparte. The four friends adjourned to the *Kaiserinn von Oesterreich*, where they enjoyed an excellent dinner, seasoned with some of the over coarse stories of Koslowski, who romanced with more than the usual readiness and recklessness of a Russian.

Thence they adjourned to the little theatre of Leopoldstadt, where they saw Caroline, the pretty check-taker of the Diana baths, transformed into a great lady, sitting in her private box. The fancy of the king of — had caused this metamorphosis, and when the business of the Congress was over, and this faded Covent Garden flower palled on the taste of her princely paramour, he directed the great Israelite banker of Vienna, to count out yearly 12,000 florins to his abandoned Ariadne.

Each nation had her especial queen of the drawing-room, during the season of the congress. France was represented by Madame Edmund de Perigord, Prussia by the Princess of Tour and Taxis, Denmark by the Countess Bernstorff, England by Lady Castlereagh, afterwards Emily Marchioness of Londonderry, and Russia by the Princess

Bagration. The Princess Bagration was then in all the lustre of her beauty. Young, fair as alabaster, with the slightest tinge of rose, with small, delicately chiselled features, a soft and expressive countenance, full of sensibility, an uncertain and timid air, a figure petite, yet perfectly proportioned; she united the Oriental languor to the Andalusian grace. It is not, therefore, to be wondered that her *salons* were thronged. Russians, of course, were there in crowds, including the Emperor, Nesselrode, di Borgo, Razumowski, Volkonski, and Nariskin, the inevitable Koslowski, and the Count and Countess Tolstoy; but there too were all the sovereigns, and their ambassadors, the beautiful Princess of Tour and Taxis, sister to the still more beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, and the chronicler of the assembly, our unerring informant, De la Garde. It was at a lottery drawn at this hotel on the evening in question, that the monster in inhuman shape (for he had neither the look, form, nor gait of humanity), the Grand Duke Constantine, gained a pair of beautiful porcelain vases, which had been sent for from the manufactory at Berlin, by the King of Prussia. He at once presented them to the charming hostess. Honest old Max, of Bavaria, won a box of mosaic, which he gave to Mary Esterhazy, and Capo d'Istria, a steel ornament, which he gallantly transferred to Katherine Volkonski. Alexander gained two bronze candlesticks, which he *did not leave with the hostess*, but carried off, like a crafty Cossack as he was, to a Mademoiselle L——, with whom he occupied his leisure hours. An avaricious autocrat was this same Alexander Romanzoff, pitifully parsimonious as one of those canny children of the Cannongate, who come to penny-a-line away their thrifty genius in London smoke, living on the luxury of a ha'p'orth of wheaten bread, until in the fulness of time and of fasting they become editors and proprietors of journals, East India directors, sergeants-at-law and queen's counsel, or peradventure attorneys-general or lords chancellors of England or Ireland. All the linen which the emperor wore, says La Garde, was *confectionné*—(the word is sublimely transcendental, and untranslatable)—*confectionné*, mark you, by the pretty hands of Mademoiselle Nariskin. He might have accepted the work, saith our moralising cicerone; nothing more simple than that, but then he should have paid like a gentleman for Coulson's best Belfast linen, or Horrocks's superior long cloth. But no; Nariskin's fingers were worked to the stumps. She was worse treated than Moses' or Myer's women. They receive 6*d.* a shirt, saith

our tender-hearted 'Times,' and find their own thread and rushlight; but the sewing woman of this cruel Czar, found her own lights and linen, the stuff and stitching were all her own, too, and she had but her labour for her pains. No wonder that Nariskin told the tale of shabbiness to all the little great who would listen to it in town and suburb—on the Bastei, in the Graben, or the more crowded Kohl Markt.

Early the following morning there was a breakfast at a country-box of the Prince de Ligne, at the Kahlenberg, and after that a rendezvous at Ypsilanti's Hotel. Behold, says the Greek, to the wondering, yet believing Gaul, the six *billets doux* I have received since yesterday, and in different languages too, in Italian, in French, ay, even in Greek.

A *billet-doux* written in Greek,

The thought puts me quite in passion;
Could Longinus teach Gräfinns to speak
Soft nonsense to Hospodars of fashion.

There, however, the *billets* lay in black and white, each of these amorous missives proposing an assignation at a different parish church. But instead of going to any of the churches, the hungry young Hospodar galloped off to the Princess Helene Sowaroff's, to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, where it may be that he swallowed cutlets of Archangel salmon, some slices of raw ham, a pot of anchovies, and a dish of fresh caviar, washed down with either a bottle of Beaune, or a quart of quass, or a full measure of Crimean champagne, or an honest bottle of Barclay's brown stout, all of which we have seen produced at breakfast *tempo fa* both at Moscow and Petersburg. At this breakfast Ypsilanti is insidiously encouraged by the hostess to labour in the regeneration of his country, Greece; not that any Russian under the sun cared then, or cares now, a rush for the independence of Greece; but that in the confusion and scramble and *mêlée*, the Muscovite always cherishes the latent hope, that his kith, kin, or country may profit. Too well did the young Hospodar learn the lesson taught him by female lips; and, after placing himself at the head of a fruitless and bootless insurrection, he was in the hour of his adversity abandoned and disowned by Russia. Capo d'Istria, who, for his own selfish and sinister purposes, had urged the young man to take the fatal step, was the first to counsel his dismissal from the Russian service. Arrested by the Austrian authorities, he remained seven long years a prisoner, and died at Vienna, on the 31st of January, 1828, in the thirty-sixth year of

his age. His death arose from disease superinduced by his long imprisonment.

We cannot follow our author to a heron shooting-party, but we must give him rendezvous after the interval of a day at the Prince de Ligne's country-box, where he met old Nowosiltzoff, in his youth a page of Catherine, then a councillor of state of the Emperor Alexander. Nowosiltzoff, whom we remember as afterwards the terror and scourge of Warsaw, in 1828 and 1829, but who was nevertheless known to us as an agreeable and well-informed man in private life, was then engaged in the preparation of the constitution for Poland. There was a long discussion between the Prince and the Russian councillor on the subject of Polish independence; but although De Ligne took the popular and generous view, still we are bound fairly to admit, with Nowosiltzoff, that without frontiers and without fortresses, Poland must either be an armed camp in the heart of peaceful Europe, presenting living ramparts in the shape of her own warlike poplote, or she must become the appendage of some first-rate power, possessing those natural frontiers or fortresses wanting to unhappy Sarmatia. That evening there was a grand carnival, followed by romances sung by the Princess Paul Esterhazy, the Countess Zichy, and the Duchess of Sagan. But it would require another Ariosto to go over this ground. Intrigues of all kinds, however, lie hidden under these fêtes. It is an *imbroglio*, said De Ligne, where the *Almavivas* and the *Figaros* are plentiful as blackberries. As to the Basils, they are thick enough strown everywhere: but heaven forbid that we may not at the end be tempted to exclaim with the gay barber—

“Mais enfin qui trompe t'on ici.”

Now they are arrived at the *porte cochère* of the Prince's hotel. On the door was engraved his motto:

Quo res cumque cadunt semper stat Linea recta.

On the other side of the mansion, facing the Danube, were these lines:

Sans remords, sans regrets, sans crainte, sans envie.

Pleasure must at length give way to sleep, and to sleep they go at last. Next day there is a comedy at court; the *Pères Nobles* fall to the lot of elderly princes; an empress may be seen doing the *grandes utilités*, and an Imperial Duke barbers, gardeners, and *tutti quanti*. We cannot run down such small deer as this, nor stop to witness the first tableau, even though it be Louis XIV. aux pieds de Madame de la

Vallière. In one of the tableaux there was a Jupiter wanting. The part fell fortuitously, like the crown of Belgium fifteen years afterwards, to Leopold of Saxe Coburg, then a remarkably handsome man, in the prime of life. When the Apollo came to dress for his part he was found to have a fierce pair of moustaches. These were sacrificed to the inexorable scissors, and the full-grown fools of quality were in ecstasies as the stubble was shaved away. Venus was represented by Sir Sidney Smith's daughter, the old blue jacket having come to the Congress to incense the kings against far honester and heartier fellows, the Barbary pirates. But in the end gallant Sir Sidney took nothing by his motion, either in reference to the pirates or to the legitimate descendant of inflexible old *Tête de Fer*, the Colonel Gustafson, for whose divine-right pretensions the admiral stickled with impetuous pertinacity. During the representation of the last tableau, Baron Thierry, a young Frenchman attached to the legation of Portugal, executed with great taste a solo on the harp. An imperial lady fell in love with him, but it was a *mariage manqué* after all, and Thierry has since in revenge set up for himself in the kingly or imperial line, at some unpronounceable isle in the Pacific ocean. Lord Stewart is all this while running about with noisy mobility, chattering 'chough's language.' He is all fine feathers and fustian, and therefore goes by the nickname of *Paon Doré*.

What a different man, however, is that pale-faced biped in the corner from this thing manufactured of gold lace and pipe clay. That quiet, modest person is De Gentz, to whom all the state secrets of Europe are open, and from whom nothing is hid. He it is that oils the springs of the state machine which Metternich moves with such seeming ease. He holds the pen of a ready writer, and his grey goose quill is really the Austrian government, Aulic Council and all. His are the leading articles of the 'Wiener Beobachter,' his the manifestoes, his the proclamations and paper pellets, which play as much havoc with the grey-coated man of Destiny as the snows of Russia. But he is heinously avaricious. He wants not gewgaws and orders and decorations, but solid gold, true *Conventions Munz*, and not mere *Wiener Währung*.* And the sovereigns wisely gratify his stanchless avarice and put heaps of money into both his pockets. He is fond of solid animal pleasures too as honest Jack, and has sometimes but a ha'p'orth of bread

like the fat knight to a gallon of sack. Wise, long-headed Gentz, peace to thy manes, for thou art gone to thy account, and must at length answer for thy crapulousness, and hot carousings, and almost pardonable passion for Fanny Elssler.

Now are evoked the glories of the tournaments of the middle ages. There is another imperial carrousel at the palace of the Kaiser, with twenty-four paladins and their lofty dames. Decidedly this fête has been plagiarised without acknowledgment by Lord Eglintoun, at Eglintoun Castle, with the help of the *paon doré*, erst Stewart, now Londonderry of Wynyard. After the carrousel there is a supper diversified by the red stockings of Cardinal Gonsalvi, the turban of the Pacha of Widin, the caftan of Maurogeny and the calpack of Prince Manuf bey of Mirza. 'Motley's your only wear' indeed. Lady Castlereagh is at this supper, and displays round her forehead her husband's order of the Garter. The venom of the Frenchman and the hyper-venom of the French emigrant break out at this piece of awkwardness. The story may or may not be true, but true or false we dare be sworn there was not a finer looking pair at the imperial supper of that gay night, nor a more lofty and dignified in air, gait, and manner, than Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, and the fair and full-blown Emily, one of the finest specimens of an English gentlewoman.

The sovereigns feed in public on the following day. They eat right royally, but so monstrous is the King of Wurtemberg about the midriff, that cabinetmakers are previously called in to scoop and hollow out a place in the table to suit the amplitude of his vast abdomen.

Dulness and dyspepsia are now beginning to seize on these diners-out of the first magnitude, when Alexander, in order to give a fillip to the follies of the hour, determines on having a ball at his ambassador's, Count Razumowski's, to celebrate his sister's birthday. The ball is given, but the palace, which had been twenty years in course of building and decorating, and which contained the rarest and most precious works of art, suddenly takes fire, and is burnt to the ground. The conflagration produced a startling sensation on all, but excited mournful remembrances in the old Prince de Ligne. There wants but one thing more to 'cap the climax' of the congress, said he, 'and that is the funeral of an old field-marshal—but the potentates shall not be gratified—I am not sufficient of a courtisan to die to please them.'

A day or two afterwards the old man was

* *Conventions Munz* may be rendered as gold of full tale, and *Wiener Währung* as a depreciated paper currency.

seized with a violent erysipelas, which after a few days of great pain and suffering, put a period to his existence.

His dying bed was surrounded with his family and friends, and the Emperor of Austria came on foot and alone to bid a last adieu to the oldest of his servants. His eyes were closed by his daughter, the Princess Palfi, on the 13th of December, 1814. His funeral was, after all, one of the spectacles of the congress. Alas! what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Here is his epitaph, by Bonnay, at which he was the first to laugh:

Ci gît le Prince de Ligne:
Il est tout de son long couché:
Jadis il a beaucoup péché;
Mais ce n'était pas à la ligne.

For a while De la Garde is inconsolable, but one Julius Griffiths, an Englishman—(quære Welsh), one of the most accomplished men in Europe, a scholar, a great traveller, and a philosopher—tells him, that as nature resigns herself to these calamities, so ought the heart of man to learn resignation too. Alas! my dear Julius, says the Gaul, flinging himself into the arms of the Cambrian, when one loses such a friend as this, one mourns him long—one regrets him for evermore. "Evermore" was the scriptural word used, not sempiternally, which is more sounding, though less Saxon.

The old year of 1814 had now rung out its knell too, and by the first day of 1815, De la Garde had taken of Griffiths consolation. He commenced the memorable 1815 in attending the pic-nic of Sir Sidney Smith in the Augarten. The price of this dinner was fixed at three Dutch ducats a-head, the produce to be applied to the release of the Christians in captivity in Parbary. Every crowned head, every minister of the congress was present. They all ate enormously. Some of them drank deep, and became, saving your presence, right royal; which means, in other words (though you do not know it), like Davy's sow. But eating and drinking have their limits, and there must be a *carte payante* at last.

Now comes the reckoning, and the banquet o'er—The dreadful reckoning—and men smile no more.

The waiter handed the plate to Alexander. Romanzoff paid his way like a man. What he gave to the serving man is not stated. Then came the Dane, and he was down with his ducats too. The *Kellner* intrepidly marches on to excellent Max of Bavaria. Max fumbles in one pocket of his waistcoat—and in the other—then tries his coat—finally his fob—then the waistcoat again, and

the coat and the fob in turn; but his majesty is decidedly not worth a doit. He looks wistfully down the table to his chamberlain, a man of taste and letters, and an author too; but the chamberlain is talking of a book of his own writing (we know with the fondness of a parent how he may be excused), to Humboldt, and does not catch the monarch's eye. Max then looks demurely and imploringly into the face of the waiter; but there stands Yann's head man, with white waistcoat and new pumps, worn for the first time, determined not to be bilked by any beer-bibbing Bavarian king whatever. A tapster's arithmetic, as we practically know, is stronger than a stone wall, and will not be beaten down, unless by a charge of what Frederick of Prussia called 'Yellow Dragons.' Discountenanced and abashed, the old monarch rolls his eye round the room, in a floating and furtive fashion, when the guests, aware of the circumstances, explode into loud laughter. But the imperturbable waiter stands stock still; and at length Alexander and Eugene Beauharnais rush to the rescue, and pay the scot of their Bavarian brother. It is well this scene did not occur at any Mansion-house dinner, for had Sir Peter Laurie been present, he had doubtless, on the view, committed Max as a rogue and a vagabond. How well do we know, that every man in London is a rogue and a vagabond who has not a ducat in his doublet. This is not merely justice's justice; it is the inevitable inference of the money-making public, of the harsh and hard-hearted and muddy-headed aristocracy of the breeches-pocket.

Aquien falta el dinero
Crédito falta;
Y sobre el sonrojo
No la esperanza.

There were some droll fellows at this congress as well as diplomatists. There was, *imprimis*, Aidé, the Greek of Smyrna, in an oriental costume, wishing to pass himself off as the Prince of Liban. This cosmopolitan adventurer was a good deal patronized by Castlereagh. His mania was, to be presented to all the notabilities of Europe. The Prince de Ligne had presented him to scores of diplomatists and attachés. He came to the charge a six-and-twentieth time, as some big-wig entered the room, with his eternal 'do me the favour, Prince, to present me.' The quick-witted old man, a little nettled, accorded his request, exclaiming, 'Je vous présente M. Aidé, un homme très présenté, et très peu présentable.' The fate of Aidé was curious. He married a rich wife at Cheltenham, and took her to Paris. At a ball at Mr. Hope's the

Marquis de Bourbel (of *Bogle v. Lawson* unenviable notoriety) was waltzing round the room, when he accidentally trod on Aidé's toe. 'Je vous demande mille fois pardon, Monsieur,' said Bourbel, who could be very plausible and gentlemanlike when he pleased.—'Monsieur,' said Aidé rudely, 'quand on est si maladroit, on ne doit pas valzer, du moins en public.'—'Alors, Monsieur,' rejoined Bourbel, 'je retracte mes excuses.' This was the ostensible cause of quarrel; but bad blood, mixed up with some jealousy, had previously rankled between the parties. A cartel, on the part of Aidé, was the consequence. De Bourbel, whose aim was unerring, came up to the mark, and shot the Greek through the heart at break of day on the following morning. Apropos of De Bourbel, we could wish he would take to his old tricks again of imitating the 'Billets Circulaires.' We had a pleasant trip enough and a heavy 'honorary' in that same affair, and should like a repetition of both doses in the coming spring—the one as good for our health, the other for our pocket.

Another of the English originals was Fonneron, formerly a banker at Leghorn, a humped-backed man with a humped-back wife, as rich as Croesus, and whose only ambition was the harmless one of giving good dinners. We regret to think that the breed of Fonnerons is nearly extinct. We say it with mournful consciousness of the melancholy truth, there are few men who give good dinners now, and those few are humble, honest-hearted fellows like ourselves. It is literally the poor feeding the poor—the hungry giving to the famishing. Not one of the many rich rogues we have so often asked, has ever given us a basin of Spartan broth in return. As gentleman Jack Palmer said in the play, whose title we at present forget, 'There is, however, another, and a better world' where it is to be hoped that we shall be looked after, and these varlets shall go 'Impransi.'

The only Englishman who contested the Amphytrionic palm with Fonneron, was one *Railly*. We suppose that our friend De la Garde means Reilly, or O'Reilly. "The first time I ever saw him," says Cambrian Griffiths (scholar, traveller, and philosopher), "was at Lord Cornwallis's table in Calcutta. I afterward met him at Hamburg, in Sweden, in Moscow, and in Paris after the peace of Amiens, when he told me he had just arrived from Madrid." 'Rarement,' as has been often said to our wandering selves,

Rarement à courir le monde
On devient plus homme de bien.

There is something mysterious and singular about this man *Railly*. He rivals Cagliostro, and the Count of St. Germain, who lived like princes, without having any revenues or honest means of making a livelihood. Here, in Vienna, he outdoes the most opulent. He lives in the magnificent hotel of the Count of Rosenberg; his dinners are of the most exquisite, his wines of the most *recherché*, his furniture and equipages of the first style of finish, his servants are in the richest liveries.—But then he is a vulgar-minded fellow at bottom, for he talks too much of all these things, and like all low people, has eternally a Duke or a Marquis's name oozing out at the corner of his ugly mouth. De la Garde is dying to see this fellow. They go and call on him. He pours on them the slaver of his fulsome flattery, and lets flow the sluices of his vulgarity. He prays the Cambrian and the Gaul—Griffiths—*Julius Griffiths*, and A. de la Garde, to do him the honour to dine that very day. The notice is short—wonderfully short—but there they will meet his very good friends, the hereditary princes of Bavaria—the Grand Duke of Baden, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, K.C.B. K.H. K.T.S., &c. &c., several ambassadors and *chargés d'affaires*, and other persons of distinction of their acquaintance. Julius, the philosopher, and Adolphus, the epicurean, accept with alacrity: the repast is sumptuous, the wines exquisite, the coffee perfectly aromatic; but then, immediately after the liqueurs, whist and *ecarté* are introduced, and the guests crowd round a dry-looking mummy of an old man, tall and straight as a poplar, with a lively, fraudulent, beggar-my-neighbour sort of eye. This is *Misther* O'Bearn (quære, O'Beirne), the most ancient and inveterate gambler in Europe, who tells them many queer stories of play, but not a man among them all is pigeoned or plucked, though Reilly and O'Beirne are plainly confederated for plunder. Reilly is, in fact, a regular leg, a Bath-born knight of the green cloth, who has shaken the dice box, and chicken-hazarded his way through every nook and cranny of this wicked world, when there was a shilling to stake, or a sixpence to gain. We have ourselves met a fellow of the name at Paris, as ignorant, as vain, and as vulgar, and who was under the strange hallucination that he could speak and write English. We thought him a leg or a spy. It may have been the same man. His vicissitudes were indeed strange. Three years after this, in 1821, he was in the capital of France, a beggar and an outcast. His money, diamonds, carriages—horses—all are gone. He calls on De la Garde.

'I have exhausted everything,' said he, 'but this bracelet; which contains my poor wife's hair. The bracelet would have followed everything else to the pawnbroker's shop, if I could have raised a five-franc piece on it, but I cannot.'—'Good Mr. Reilly,' exclaims De la Garde, 'why not address those illustrious persons you regaled so magnificently at Vienna.—'I have addressed them,' rejoins the gambler, 'but have received no reply.' Such, alas! is human life. Three years later, Reilly died of hunger in the public streets!

What are the great ones of the Earth, 'who play for the higher stakes of empires and kingdoms,' doing all this while—

They eat, they drink, they sleep—what then?
Why drink, and sleep, and eat again.

The Imperial table costs 50,000 florins a day, and the ordinary expenses amount to forty millions of francs. No wonder that Austria was obliged to tamper with her currency. There are 700 *envoyés*, from all parts of the world, now at Vienna, and they consume so much daily that the price of wood and provisions is raised, and there is an extra allowance given to the *employés*, who, like the jolly Irishman, had been spending half-a-crown out of their sixpence a day!

Our author's last interview with Talleyrand is at breakfast on his birth-day. De la Garde arrives before the prince is up. At length the man of many changes emerges through the thick and closely-drawn bed-curtains. Enveloped in a muslin *peignoir* he submits his long head of hair to two *coiffeurs*, who succeed in giving it that flowing curl which we all remember, and which his well-known English imitator emulated in vain. Next comes the barber, who gallantly shaves away like smooth-chinned France of the olden time, and unlike hirsute stubble-bearded France of the present day, then comes the powder puff, then the washing of the hands and nails. Finally, there is the ablution of the feet, infinitely less agreeable to the olfactory nerves, as the lame leg of the prince requires to be dashed over with Bareges water, and that specific stinks in the nostrils of all human kind, being a distinctly compounded recognizable stench of burnt sulphur and rotten eggs. Perfumed and washed, the prince's cravat must now be tied; the first valet de chambre advances and arranges a most graceful knot. The remaining adjustment of habiliment is soon finished, and behold the halting diplomatist at his ease, with the modish air of a grand seigneur, and that

perfect *à plomb* and *usage*, the result partly of early education, and chiefly of that long commerce with the celebrated men of all countries which he enjoyed alike from his birth, his social position, his talents, and the high offices which he filled in all the varying mutations of dynasties and governments.

Meanwhile, the man of destiny with the grey frock-coat had been showing some signs of life. The congress were about to remove him from Elba to St. Helena, when all of a sudden he appeared at Cannes. From Cannes he hastens to Paris. His progress is an ovation. But Talleyrand is unabashed as undismayed. On the 13th of March he caused the adoption of the declaration, in virtue of which the great disturber of the peace of nations was put under the ban of Europe. On the 25th of March the alliance against France was renewed. The sittings of the congress lasted till the 10th of June, but the idle, the frivolous, and fashionable crowd hastened quickly away. The balls and concerts are now over—the *bona robas* are taking French leave—the fiddles are packed in their cases—the clogged dice are stowed carefully away—the casseroles and stewpans are laid up in ordinary—the *mâitres d'hôtel* are in movement, and the cooks secure their places in the *Eilwagen*, lest the broth at home should be spoiled. At such a season De la Garde's occupation is gone. He is the historian of dinners and dances and plays, not of treaties and protocols, but there is a time for all things and Horace tells him—

*Edisti satis, lusisti, atque bibisti;
Tempus tibi abire est.*

We have said the subject is a trifling, perhaps an ignoble, one; it is after all but whipped cream; but if there needs must be a chronicler of the trivialities of the congress, commend us to M. De la Gard, in whose volumes there may be found some amusement if not much instruction.

It may be asked, do we rise from the perusal of these volumes impressed with the wisdom, gravity, and ability of the statesmen and ministers. Not a bit of it. With the exception of Talleyrand, Metternich, Castlereagh, Wellington, Humboldt, Hardenberg, and Gentz, there was not one among the crowd congregated at Vienna who could have made 1000*l.* a year at the bar (a sum we have never earned ourselves, though duller fellows triple the money), or 300*l.* a year in scribbling for newspapers or reviews. But then it may be asked if their social position and manner of life was not abundantly enviable and enjoyable? To this in-

quiry we briefly reply, in the words of an old French author, when speaking of the life of courts and congresses—

“Manger toujours fort tard, changer la nuit en jour,
N'avoir pas un ami bien que chacun on baise,
Etre toujours debout et jamais à son aise,
Fait voir en abrégé comme on vit à la cour.”

There is a compensating truth in the couplets which atones for their ruggedness, and as the grapes are sour to us—as we are neither ambassador (not even ambassador at Madrid, though we at once possess and lack the *Spanish*), nor envoy, nor chargé d'affaires, nor simple attaché, we will hold to the comfortable and independent doctrine, that it is better to be our own master than any man's slave.

ART. IV.—1. *Dr. C. G. Steinbeck's Aufrichtiger Kalendermann, neu bearbeitet und vermehrt von CARL FRIEDRICH HEMPEL.* In drei Theilen. Leipzig. Svo.

2. *Volks-Kalender der Deutschen, herausgegeben von F. W. GUBITZ.* Berlin. Svo.

3. *Annuaire Historique pour l'Année 1843, publié par la Société de l'Histoire de France.* Paris. 18mo.

4. *Medii Ævi Kalendarium; or, Dates, Charters and Customs of the Middle Ages, with Calendars from the Tenth to the Fifteenth Centuries; and an alphabetical Digest of obsolete Names of Days, forming a Glossary of the Dates of the Middle Ages, with Tables and other aids for ascertaining Dates.* By R. T. HAMPSON. 2 vols. London. Svo.

‘WASTE not time, it is the stuff of which life is made,’ was the saying of a great philosopher who has concentrated the wisdom of volumes in these few brief but most expressive words.

All ages, all nations, have felt the truth of this definition of time; and as if with a presentiment of this all-wise injunction, not to waste the precious stuff of which life is made, have ever busied themselves with an endeavour to discover the best method of accurately measuring it.

It forms no part of our present intention to record these different attempts; to trace the various changes and corrections which increasing knowledge has introduced into the Calendar; or to show wherein consisted the superior accuracy of the Julian over the Alban or Latin Calendar; or how Gregory XIII., upon finding that by the introduction of the Bissextile days a difference of ten days had arisen between the Calendar and the actual

time, caused them to be abated in the year 1582, by having the 11th of March called the 21st, thereby making it for that year to consist of twenty-one days only. As little need we dwell upon the fact that this new, or Gregorian style, as it was called out of respect to the Pope by whom it was introduced, was immediately adopted by all those countries of Europe which recognized the papal authority; while on the other hand, those who then held the opinion, so prevalent even in our own days, that no good thing could come out of Rome, agreed in rejecting it—so that it was only recognized by the Protestants of Germany in the year 1700, and by our own country in 1752.

Sir Harris Nicolas, in that most useful little book, his ‘Chronology of History,’ has pointed out the fact, which is very little known, that an effort was made to reform the Calendar in this country as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth—by the introduction of a bill, entitled—‘An act, giving Her Majesty authority to alter and new make a Calendar, according to the Calendar used in other countries,’ which was read a first time in the House of Lords, on the 16th of March, (27 Eliz.) 1584-5. This measure having however failed, for reasons which do not appear, Lord Chesterfield is entitled to the credit of having overcome, in this matter, John Bull's deep-rooted prejudice against novelty, and the following passage from one of his letters furnishes a very characteristic picture of the difficulties he had to contend with, and of the manner in which he surmounted them.

After stating why he had determined to attempt the reformation of the Calendar, he proceeds, “I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skilful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began: I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both of which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think I knew something of the matter; and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Slavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well, so I resolved to do better than to speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of Calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to

my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them, and many of them said I had made the whole very clear to them, when God knows I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is a *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob; their passions, their sentiments, their senses and their seeming interests are alone to be applied to. Understanding they have collectively none; but they have ears and eyes, which must be flattered and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory."

As the noble reformer could bring these 'various parts of oratory' to bear upon the mob within the house, he succeeded in carrying his measure; but as *these* persuasive means had no influence beyond the walls of parliament, the mob without clamoured against the change, and the 'ears polite' of my Lord Chesterfield were not unfrequently assailed with cries of 'Give us back the ten days you have robbed us of!'

Absurd and disgraceful as was this opposition to an alteration in the Calendar, called for as much by a regard for public convenience as the dictates of common sense, it was, if possible, exceeded by that which attended the attempt made by Frederick the Great to reform the Almanac published in Prussia: and here, lest any of our readers should labour under the same error as the 'moral-mouthed Pecksniff,' who, speaking of the Calendar in the 'Arabian Nights,' as a 'one-eyed almanac,' justified himself in doing so because an almanac and a calendar are much the same, let us point out the distinction between them—namely, that a calendar is a perpetual almanac, and an almanac an annual calendar.

But to return. Frederick being disgusted, as doubtless he had good cause to be, with the absurdities with which the almanac most in vogue amongst his subjects was filled, directed the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin to prepare a new one, with the omission of the astrological and other objectionable passages, the place of which was to be supplied by matter calculated to in-

struct, amuse, and, at the same time, increase the real knowledge of his people. This was accordingly done, and a reformed almanac was published in 1779, to the great satisfaction of the king and some few of the well-educated classes of his subjects; but to the generality of the nation its appearance gave the greatest offence. It was looked upon as an attempt to rob them of their ancient faith, and introduce a new religion: one woman in Berlin was nearly beaten to death by her husband for having dared to bring a copy of it into his house: in short, so great was the opposition made to this reform, that Frederick thought it advisable to permit the almanac of the following year, 1780, to appear after its ancient and approved fashion.

We know not precisely which was the almanac which thus unequivocally established its character as a popular favourite. Possibly it was the one entitled '*Bauern Practica*,' and which, despite of the march of intellect, and the labours of the schoolmaster, is, we believe still printed, purchased, and read in Germany as the '*Vox Stellarum*,' of Francis Moore, physician, with its awful hieroglyphic, and 'chiaro-oscuro' explanations of it, is with us. Goerres, in his '*Teutschen Volksbücher*,' speaks of the '*Bauern Practica*' as copied from a much older book, similar in title and contents, which appeared at Frankfort-on-the-Maine as early as 1570, when it had probably had many predecessors. That Goerres is right in this conjecture we can testify; for an edition of it, bearing date in 1567, is now before us.

If the author of this extraordinary production cannot claim the credit awarded to the respected father of the well-known *Caleb Quotem*, who is declared to have had

———A happy knack
At cooking up an Almanac,

he has at all events availed himself, to the fullest, of the Privileges conferred upon the members of his profession, by the '*Penniless Parliament of threadbare Poets*,' who, among other enactments (well worth the reading, in the Percy Society's reprint of this satirical tract), declared it 'lawful for almanac-makers to tell more lies than true tales;' and he has consequently succeeded in producing a volume which, however worthless with reference to the especial object for which he compiled it, is invaluable for the striking and extraordinary pictures which it exhibits of the age in which it originated. Its little wood-cut representations of the employments peculiar to each of the months and seasons are admirable illustrations of German life in the latter half of

the sixteenth century, while its numerous rhyming rules and astrological and medical jingles, are equally descriptive of what were then the popular feelings and beliefs. The author of the 'Bauern Practica,' may indeed be regarded as the 'Murphy' of the age in which he lived. His book is essentially a weather almanac; for though it contains many medical directions, numerous rhyming calculations for finding the days on which the feasts of the church would fall, it is principally occupied with rules by which the husbandman and the vine-dresser might calculate the nature of the seasons, and signs of changes of weather.

How ancient many of these rules are; how long many of these signs have been observed, is shown in the rebuke which the Pharisees and Sadducees received when they desired to be shown a sign from heaven. 'When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather for the sky is red; and in the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and louring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the sign of the times.'

Coming nearer to our times, we find the manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxons abounding in tables of prognostications of the weather, and of the good and bad influence of the lunar and solar changes. A manuscript in the Cottonian Library, in the British Museum, may be cited as an instance: since it contains among numerous tracts of a purely theological character, a great variety of short treatises, some containing rules for judging of meteorological changes, others showing the influence of the planets upon the health and fortunes of individuals, and others again treating of the interpretation of dreams. Thus we find a prognostication of the seasons of the year, drawn from a consideration of the day on which the kalends of January may chance to fall: *Gif biþ Kl. Januarius on dæg drihtenlicum, winter god bið and winsum and wearm.* 'If the kalends of January fall on the Lord's day, the winter is good, pleasant and warm.' While another tells us: *'Kl. Januarius gif he biþ on monan dæg, thome bið grimme and gemenced winter und god lencten,* i.e. 'If the kalends of January fall on a Monday, the winter will be severe and stormy, and the spring good.' We have also considerations as to what is foretold by thunder—one tract treating of it with regard to the time of the day or night when it is heard, another according to the day of the week. These, and several similar treatises on the interpretation of dreams, fortunate and unlucky days, predictions connected with the hour and time of birth, form altogether a body of materials sufficient for the stock in

trade of any Philomath, William Lilly, or Partridge of those days, and who might well apply to its compiler the words of Gay:

—We learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the Heifer's tail to view,
When struck aloft, that showers would straight
 ensue.
He first that useful secret did explain,
Why pricking corns foretold the gathering rain;
When Swallows fleet soar high, and sport in air,
He told us that the Welkin would be clear.

The weather-wisdom of our ancestors, like every other species of knowledge they possessed, was handed down from generation to generation in short proverbial sentences, whose antiquity is shown by their rhythmic, or alliterative construction, even when they do not, as is generally the case, consist of rhyming couplets. In many of these popular rhymes, we have doubtless the result of years of observation and experience, a fact which accounts not only for the general accuracy of some of the predictions contained in them, but also for their coexistence in so many languages.

We have made one allusion to the belief embodied in the English Proverb,

The evening red and morning grey
Are certain signs of a fine day.
The evening grey, the morning red,
Makes the shepherd hang his head.

The Germans have a similar saying,

Abend roth gut Wetter bot;
Morgen roth mit Regen droht.

Evening red and weather fine;
Morning red, of rain's a sign.

In England we say,

February fill dike, be it black or be it white;
But if it be white, it's the better to like.

The Norman peasant expresses a like wish for snow in February, but in terser language.

Février qui donne neige,
Bel été nous plege.

When February gives snows,
It fine summer foreshows.

The intense cold which generally prevails about Candlemas-day, is the subject both of French and German sayings. 'Lichtmiss, Winter gewiss.' 'A la Chandeléur, La grande douleur;' and Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, tells us, 'There is a general tradition in most parts of Europe, that inferreth the coldness of succeeding winter from the shining of the sun on 'Candlemas Day,' according to the proverbial distich,

Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante ;

which is Englished in the proverbial saying,

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight :

while the old saw that tells us,

As the day lengthens
The cold strengthens,

is repeated in the German,

Wenn die Tage beginnen zu langen
Dann komm erst der Winter gegangen.

A cold May and a windy,
Makes a fat barn and a findy,

says the English proverb. The German tells us,

Trockner März, nasser April, kuhler Mai,
Füllt Scheunen, Keller, bringt viel Heu.

A dry March, wet April, and a cool May,
Fill cellars and barns, and give plenty of Hay.

Again,

Maimonat kuhl und Brachmonat nass,
Fulle beide Boden und Fass.

May cool and June wet,
Fill both floor and vat.

The peasant of Normandy, again, uses this saying, but, as the Heralds say, 'with a difference.'

Froid Mai, chaud Juin,
Donnent pain et vin.

Cold May, June fine,
Give both bread and wine.

The importance of a dry spring is declared by the English proverb—'A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom,' while the Germans, in like manner, declare 'Marzstaub ist dem Golde gleich,' March dust is like gold.

These examples, which might be multiplied to an extraordinary extent, will suffice to convince the reader how great is the uniformity which exists in the popular belief among natives of totally different countries, as to the probability of coming seasons coinciding with the prognostications embodied in these semi-prophetic proverbs: several of which, it may here be remarked, have been tested by modern observers who have borne evidence as to their general accuracy. A collection of the weather adages of different countries would be extremely curious, even as mere illustrations of national peculiarities, observances, and in some cases perhaps of national superstitions—but they would moreover be of considerable value, as affording materials to the philosopher for investigating the changes which are believed to have taken place in the climates of such

countries, since the very remote period in which the majority of these sayings had their origin.

But while our ancestors calculated the nature of the coming year in the manner already referred to, they, like the naturalists of our own days, drew many important prognostications of atmospheric changes from the peculiarities evinced by various natural objects—plants, insects, birds, and animals—on the approach of a coming storm, or other change of weather or temperature. Instead, however, of citing instances of these, or seeking to prove the general accuracy of calculations founded upon such data, we will substitute the following remarkable historical anecdote, which bears very strongly upon this point, but which, we believe, has never before been brought under the notice of the English reader. The spiders which cheered King Robert the Bruce, and encouraged him to resist the English monarch, have scarcely a higher claim to be numbered among the trifling causes, which have led to mighty conquests, than those which figure in the following narrative.

Quatremer Disjonval, a Frenchman by birth, was adjutant-general in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots, when they revolted against the Stadtholder. On the arrival of the Prussian army under the Duke of Brunswick, he was immediately taken, tried, and having been condemned to twenty-five years' imprisonment, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht, where he remained eight years.

Spiders, which are the constant, and frequently the sole companions of the unhappy inmates of such places, were almost the only living objects which Disjonval saw in the prison of Utrecht. Partly to beguile the tedious monotony of his life, and partly from a taste which he had imbibed for natural history, he began to seek employment, and eventually found amusement, in watching the habits and movements of his tiny fellow-prisoners. He soon remarked that certain actions of the spiders were intimately connected with the approaching changes in the weather. A violent pain on one side of his head, to which he was subject at such times, had first drawn his attention to the connection between such changes and corresponding movements among the spiders. For instance, he remarked that those spiders which spun a large web in a wheel-like form, invariably withdrew from his cell when he had his bad headach; and that these two signs, namely, the pain in his head and the disappearance of the spiders, were as invariably followed by very severe weather. So often as his headach attacked

him, so regularly did the spiders disappear, and then rain and north-east winds prevailed for several days. As the spiders began to show themselves again in their webs, and display their usual activity, so did his pains gradually leave him until he got well, and the fine weather returned.

Further observations confirmed him in believing these spiders to be in the highest degree sensitive of approaching changes in the atmosphere, and that their retirement and reappearance, their weaving, and general habits, were so intimately connected with changes in the weather,—that he concluded they were of all things best fitted to give accurate intimation when severe weather might be expected. In short, Disjonval pursued these inquiries and observations with so much industry and intelligence, that by remarking the habits of his spiders, he was at length enabled to prognosticate the approach of severe weather, from ten to fourteen days before it set in, which is proved by the following fact, which led to his release.

When the troops of the French republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw in the early part of the month of December threatened the destruction of the whole army unless it was instantly withdrawn. The French generals were thinking seriously of accepting a sum offered by the Dutch, and withdrawing their troops, when Disjonval, who hoped that the success of the republican army might lead to his release, used every exertion and at length succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general in January, 1795, in which he pledged himself, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, of whose movements he was now enabled to judge with perfect accuracy, that within fourteen days there would commence a most severe frost, which would make the French masters of all the rivers, and afford them sufficient time to complete and make sure of the conquest they had commenced, before it should be followed by a thaw.

The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication and persevered. The cold weather, which Disjonval had announced, made its appearance in twelve days, and with such intensity that the ice over the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery. On the 28th January, 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph; and Quatremere Disjonval, who had watched the habits of his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from prison.

And now, before we conclude these desultory remarks upon Calendars and Almanacs, and the alterations and reformations which they have from time to time undergone, we cannot omit all mention of one proposed change which was advanced with so much reason and common sense as ought to have secured its universal adoption. We allude to the endeavour made by the Emperor Charlemagne, to substitute for the Roman names of the months, of which the signification must have been unintelligible to a great proportion of his subjects, the far more expressive names of German origin; in which case we might in this country have retained the apt and significant designations used by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers; which, to our mind, are as suggestive and picturesque as the miniated illuminations, rich in gold and purple, which ornament our very early Calendars, and afford us a far better insight into the manners and customs of the olden times, than we can obtain from the annals of the historian or the disquisition of the antiquary.

At the present moment, when greater attention to the history and literature of the Anglo-Saxons is manifesting itself among us,* a few illustrations of the manner in which the year was divided, in the days of Bede, Alfred, and Ælfrie, may, perhaps, be read with some little interest.

The year, which was divided into two parts, commenced with the so called *moder* or *medre niht*—(mother night), with the night which gave birth to the year; the second division commencing with the summer solstice on *mid sumor niht*. These divisions were again equally subdivided by the Vernal and Autumnal equinox. Throughout all the Teutonic nations the winter and

* As shown not only by the publications of individuals—as Mr. Thorpe's *Anglo-Saxon Version of the New Testament*, and Mr. Kemble's admirable edition of *Beowulf*, but by others which have emanated from societies and associations. Among these must be named Mr. Thorpe's masterly editions of *Cædmon*, and the *Codex Exoniensis*, published by the Anglo-Saxon committee of the Society of Antiquaries: Mr. Kemble's valuable collection of *Anglo-Saxon Charters*, published by the English Historical Society: Mr. Wright's interesting volume, illustrative of Anglo-Saxon Biography and Literature, undertaken at the expense of the Royal Society of Literature; and lastly the exertions of the newly established Ælfrie Society for the Illustration of Anglo-Saxon and Early English History and Philology, which is extensively patronised by the most distinguished individuals in the country, and has commenced its labours by publishing the *Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, under the editorship of Mr. Thorpe; and which Society deserves to be still more extensively supported, for its proposed publication of *The Complete Works of King Alfred*, the editorship of which is to be intrusted to Mr. Kemble.

summer solstice were seasons of festivity and rejoicing. By the Anglo-Saxons the winter festival was called *Geol* or *Gehol*, the season of rejoicing—a name which is still preserved in Yule—the common designation of Christmas in the north of England. The summer festival on the other hand was called *Lid*, or the feast of drinking, and some of the names of the months were partly derived from these festivals. Thus December, the month which concluded the year, and preceded the feast of *Geol*, was called *Arra Geola*, or before Yule; while January, which followed it, was called *Aftera Geola*, or after Yule. June and July were in like manner designated *Arra Lida* and *Aftera Lida*, with reference to their preceding and following the great summer festival.

But these were not the only designations for these months; the twelve months of the Anglo-Saxons being distinguished by the following characteristic epithets.

January, as we have already observed, was entitled *Aftera Geola*, from its falling after Yule or Christmas.

February was called *Sol monad*, or soil month, because at this season the tiller of the soil began to busy himself with the labours of the field, over which, as we see by illuminations in the old MSS., he now laid 'of dung (or soil) full many a fodder.' This name, we learn from Mr. Akerman's interesting little 'Glossary of Wiltshire Words,' was long preserved in that county in a saying commemorative of the proverbial coolness of February. 'Sowlegrove sil lew,' February is seldom warm.

March was designated *Hlyd monad* (loud month), and *Hred monad* (rough month), from the boisterous winds which then prevailed; and we again learn from Mr. Akerman that March continued to be called *Lide* in Wiltshire, as late as the time of Aubrey, who has preserved the following proverbial rhyme in which this name occurs:

Eat leeks in Lide, and Ramsins in May
And all the year after physicians may play.

April was entitled *Easter monad* (Easter month), and May *Thry Mylke* (three milk month), from the abundance of that essential article of food to the Anglo-Saxons, at this season, when, owing to the richness of the pasture, they were enabled to milk their kine and goats three times a day.

June, in addition to its name of *Arra Lid* (before Lide), was also called *Sear monad*, or dry month, because at this time the wood required for use during the following winter was hewn and dried.

July, which, as we have already observed, was called *Aftera Lide* (after Lide), was

also known by name of *Med monad* (mead or meadow month), because now the hay harvest being concluded, the cattle were turned to feed in the meadows.

August was called *Weod monad* (weed or grass month), because as soon as the grain was cut and carried, the shepherds went into the fields to collect the weeds and grass growing among the stubble as fodder for their cattle.

September was called *Harvest monad*, because in it the harvest was brought to an end, and the harvest feast celebrated. This, which had in the times of Paganism been regarded as a sacred festival, gave rise to a second name by which this month was distinguished, namely, *Haleg monad*, or holy month.

October was called *Wynter fylled* (winter filleth or beginneth), because the full moon in this month was the commencement of winter among the Saxons; and November was called *Blot monad*, blood month, or the month of slaughter or sacrifice, because before their conversion to Christianity, the Saxons were at this season accustomed to celebrate their great festival in honour of Wudan, when many of the animals, which they then killed as provisions for the winter, were offered as sacrifices to that Deity.

December, called *Arra Geola* (before Yule), and *Midwinter monad* (midwinter month), concludes the list; in which we have not inserted the names *Wolfmonad*, *Sproutkele*, and others cited by Verstegan, because, although in use among the Saxons of the continent, they do not appear to have been introduced into this country, or adopted by our more immediate ancestors.

But it is now time to direct the attention of our readers to the valuable work of Mr. Hampson; the explanatory title of which we have transcribed in full at the commencement of this article. The original intention of that gentleman, when he commenced the work before us, was to have cast into the form of a glossary, as many of the terms employed in mediæval chronology as he could meet with in the course of his researches, or of which he could satisfactorily determine the signification. But, as in the prosecution of this plan, it became obvious that the utility of such a glossary would be greatly increased, by determining, as far as possible, the age of such terms, while the attempt to effect this object necessarily introduced a multitude of questions connected with legal and ecclesiastical antiquities, not included in the original design, Mr. Hampson determined to embody these, as far as practicable, in a separate department. The work is therefore divided into four books.

The first, which is devoted to the subject of 'Charters and Dates,' contains a succinct sketch of the confusion in mediæval chronology, and much curious illustrative information on the subject of Charters, their forms, ages, dates, and genuineness, with general and particular rules for testing their authenticity.

The second book is divided into five sections, one introductory, and the remaining four appropriated to historical and critical notices of the various remarkable days and popular observances which occur in the Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn quarters, respectively. Unlike the majority of modern writers, who, when treating upon the subject of the year, and its history, and the various branches of popular antiquities, so intimately interwoven with that widely extended topic, are content to furnish their readers with a *riffaccimento*, borrowed from the materials collected by Brande, Ellis, &c., Mr. Hampson has given fresh interest to this oft-told tale, by the industry with which he has collected new facts and illustrations from the writings of many foreign antiquaries, more particularly those of France; and from various works, which being illustrative of local customs, or provincial districts, are but little known to the general reader; while from the manner in which these various materials are combined and narrated, this portion of the volume becomes as full of pleasant reading as of valuable information. As an instance of this, we will quote Mr. Hampson's observations on a popular superstition connected with Christmas Eve.

"The 'Eve or Vigil of the Nativity,' December 24, which closed the whole year, was long marked by a superstition, of which the memory, preserved by the favourite dramatist of England, will live when all the other popular rites, ceremonies, and opinions of this period shall be buried in oblivion. Shakspeare, Mr. Hunt beautifully remarks, 'has touched upon Christmas Eve with a reverential tenderness, sweet as if he had spoken it hushingly.'

'Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no sprite dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

"Prudentius, early in the fourth century, noticed the terror with which the voice of the cock inspired the wandering spirits of the night:

'Ferunt vagantes dæmonas
Lætos tenebris noctium
Gallo canente, exterritos
Sparsim timere et credere.'

'It has been supposed that the song of the cock is heard on Christmas Eve in celebration of the divine ascent from hell, which the Christians in the time of Prudentius believed to have taken place during the tranquillity of the night, when no sound was heard but that of the rejoicing bird:

—'Quod omnes credimus
Illo quietis tempore,
Quo gallus exsultans canit,
Christum rediisse ex inferis.'

"The Ghost of Helgi Hundingsbana (the slayer of Hunding), in the Scandinavian Edda, collected in the eleventh century, assigns the crowing of the cock as the reason for his return to the hall of Odin, or the sun:

'Tis time now to ride
To the reddening road,
To let my pale steed
Tread the air path.
O'er the bridges of heaven,
The sky must I reach
Ere the cock of the hall
Wake the heroes up.'

"And Burger's demon horseman, in correspondence with this notion, appropriately finds that he and his infernal steed must, like 'the buried majesty of Denmark,' speedily depart because the cock is heard to crow:

'Rapp'! Rapp'! Mich dunkt der Hahn schon
ruft.
Bald wird der Sand verrinnen.'

"This widely-spread superstition is in all probability, a misunderstood tradition of some Sabæan fable. The cock, which seems by its early voice to call forth the sun, was esteemed a sacred solar bird; hence it was also sacred to Mercury, one of the personifications of the sun. Nergal, the idol of the Cuthites, considered by Selden to be a symbol of the sun, was worshipped under the form of a cock. The anecdote of Socrates, which the elder Racine has so well explained, has rendered it sufficiently notorious that the cock was sacred to Esculapius, whom we have shown to be a solar incarnation; and the story of the metamorphosis of Alectryon, by Lucian, equally proves its intimate connection with this luminary in mythology."

In a future edition, Mr. Hampson may point out to his readers, that the author of the well-known ballad of 'Sweet William's Ghost,' printed in 'Percy's Reliques,' has, in the following stanza, anticipated Burger in availing himself for the purposes of poetry of that article of popular belief, which attributes to the voice of 'the bird of dawning' the miraculous and salutary power of dispelling evil spirits:

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the grey:
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margret,
That I were gone away.

And it might be added, that the demonologists of the middle ages supposed the cock to have been endowed with this power, from the moment when its voice was lifted up to rebuke St. Peter for his denial of his Master.

And here also we would observe, that in the foregoing verses from the 'Icelandic,' which our author quotes from Mr. Knightley (and the manner in which Mr. Hampson cites his authorities forms a striking contrast to the practice now so prevalent among writers of concealing the sources from which they derive their information), there is no allusion to this supernatural influence attributed to the crowing of the cock. For though the Ghost of Helgi vanishes before daybreak, it is not from any power to recall wandering spirits being attributed by the songs of the Edda to the bird of morning. He is Gullinkambi (gold combed), one of the three cocks mentioned in the Icelandic songs; and his duty is merely to awake the gods, which is clearly shown by the following stanza from the 'Vaulu-spá' (as it is entitled by Ettmüller, whose edition we quote):

Gól um Ausom Gullinkambi.
Sa vekr haulda at Heriafaudrs.

There sings by Aser Gullinkambi.
He waketh the heroes at Heriafadir.

We had proposed extracting Mr. Hampson's remarks on the funeral entertainments given in the northern countries, entitled 'Arvil,' or, more correctly, 'Arval Suppers,' together with his corrections of the erroneous etymological interpretation of the name furnished by Whittaker and the editor of the 'Encyclopædia Perthensis.' We must, however, content ourselves with acknowledging the general correctness of his interpretation, that the name is derived from Ar-fol, the feast, which, among the northern nations, was given by the heir at the funeral on his succeeding to the paternal possession, and with referring Mr. Hampson for much corroborative evidence, both of his facts and his etymology of the name, to the chapter on 'Inheritance,' in Dr. Jacob Grimm's profoundly learned work, 'Deutsche Rechtsalterthümer.'

Mr. Hampson's observations on Whitsun Ales—Church Ales, and all other 'Festivals and Holy Ales,' confirmatory as they are of the observations of that excellent antiquary, the late Francis Douce, deserve also to be extracted, but we must devote the space such extract would occupy to a notice of the remaining portion of these volumes.

The third book, which concludes the first

volume, is devoted to the subject of ancient calendars—and contains a reprint of no less than six of them; which, as they range from the middle of the tenth to the end of the fourteenth century, may reasonably be supposed to contain all the information which can be expected from works of their description. One of them is believed to have been the property of King Athelstan, and although perhaps the matter which it contains may not have entitled it to the distinction of being reprinted, it well deserves attention as a literary curiosity.

The fourth book, which occupies the whole of the second volume, is devoted to a glossary of all the terms or dates now obsolete, but formerly employed in mediæval chronology, and constitutes, if not the most amusing, certainly by far the most useful portion of Mr. Hampson's work. It is difficult to give a specimen, on account of the length to which some of the most interesting of his explanations extend: but we will extract the concluding passage of his notice of the term 'Undern,' a Chaucerian word, which has not only worried the commentators, but, as Tom Hearne tells us, given rise to great discussions among kings and nobles.

"Verstegan and the old glossiographers of Chaucer seem to be at a total loss to explain this word, which they take to be afternoon, as noticed by Somner, whose authority, however, mentions it only as one of the three times a day proper for drinking—undern, midday, and noon. The following passage, confirmatory of Hearne and the antiquaries in the reign of Edward IV. will set all controversy at rest. 'On them thrym dagum (viz. gang dagum) christene men sceolan aletan heora woroldlican weorck on tha thriddan dit dages, that is on undern, and forthgongan mid thane haligra reliquium oth tha nigethan tid, and is thonne non.—(Cott. MS. Julius A. X.) That is—On these three days, gang days, Christian men shall leave their worldly labour on the third hour of the day, which is 'undern,' and go in procession with the holy relics till the ninth hour, which is none or noon."

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Notes upon Chaucer, has probably stated the facts which account for the difficulty there has been in settling the exact meaning of this word. He tells us that in one place the word underne is explained 'hora tertia,' in another 'hora prandii,' 'from whence we may collect that in Chaucer's time the third hour, or underne, was the usual hour of dinner:' but Tyrwhitt not being aware that 'undorn,' dinner time, is universally used at the present day in Jutland Funen and Swedish Norway, it did not occur to him that when the hour of dining advanced to noon, that hour came to be designated by a name formerly given to

the third hour of the day, because such name had come to signify not so much the precise hour of the day, as the precise hour of dinner.

The following short account of St. Urban's day affords a good specimen of this glossary.

"Urban, Pope and Martyr, May 25. The sixteenth Bishop of Rome, who, having converted many persons, was put to death under Alexander. He sate from 223 to 230, and was martyred on this day, which is called a 'Dies Criticus,' or critical day, because its serenity portends abundance. Rain on this day equally threatens. In Alsace, which is fertile in vines, if the sky be serene on this day, they lead the wooden image of Urban with great pomp through the streets and villages; but if it should rain, they exhibit their indignation at the negligent saint by dragging him through the mire. Molanus Pontificus ('de Picturis') very bitterly reprobates this irreverent custom."

With the following appropriate observations on this day—from the Earl of Northampton's 'Defensive against the Poison of Supposed Prophecies,' we take our leave of Mr. Hampson's interesting volumes, and trust we have shown how fully they deserve attention, and how useful they must be to the divine, the lawyer, the antiquary, and the historian.

"The countrymen are wont to give a likely guess about the dayes of St. Urban and Medard how the vines will beare and thrive that year: not because the day gives any vertue to the grape, nor the saints (whose lives and constant suffering for Christ are solemnly recorded and solemnized upon this day) give life and influence to vines above the rest, but because the very time and season is a marke and measure of their forwardness."

ART. V.—*Notices et Mémoires Historiques*.

PAR M. MIGNET. 2 vols. Paris. 1843.

Is it a symptom of intellectual dearth that at present so few new books are written by men of ability, and so many old ones reproduced? There seems to be 'a rage' for republication, almost rivalling that for 'illustrated' editions. Carlyle, Col. Thompson, Macaulay, Sidney Smith, and Jeffrey amongst ourselves; and in France everybody who has written enough to make a volume, from Mignet to Chaudes-Aigues, reproduce their scattered effusions. Very many of these effusions had better have remained undisturbed; things written for the day and unworthy of the morrow. This censure is, however, little applicable to the

present republication of M. Mignet's essays, which, though fragmentary in form, have the unity of purpose requisite for an enduring work. We remark, however, that each volume has a purpose of its own, to which all the separate essays are subordinate. The first volume is devoted to biographical sketches of MM. Siéyes, Rœderer, Livingstone, Talleyrand, Proussais, Merlin, Tracy, Daunou, Raynouard, and Frayssinous, all actors in the Revolution of '89. In narrating these lives M. Mignet has passed in review the Revolution and its crises, the Empire and its establishments, the Restoration and its struggles, by connecting public events with biographical particulars, and by showing the general movement of ideas exhibited in the works of these men in the various branches of politics, science, metaphysics, and belles-lettres. This volume may be said to partly supply one great deficiency of Mignet's 'History of the Revolution:' it introduces us to the men of the epoch, as well as to its ideas or events. The second volume has a more historical character. It is composed of four essays on very different subjects, but all, as it were, leading into each other, and forming a series. The first, and best, is entitled 'Germany during the Eighth and Ninth Centuries; its Conversion to Christianity, and its Introduction into the Civilisation of Europe.' The second, also very interesting, is an 'Essay on the Territorial and Political Formation of France from the End of the Eleventh to the End of the Fifteenth Century.' The third, weak and below the subject, is, 'Establishment of Religious Reformation and the Constitution of Calvinism at Geneva.' The fourth is 'An Introduction to the History of the Succession in Spain, and Picture of the Negotiations relative to that Succession during the Reign of Louis XIV.'

Without perhaps positively lessening M. Mignet's reputation, we doubt whether this book will increase it. The merits of his history were very striking—its deficiencies no less so; its success immense. In the present work he has exhibited a greater range of knowledge than we had given him the credit of; but he has brought no evidence of greater talent, philosophical or artistic. The only improvement we have to record, is in the absence of that fatalist philosophy which was so obtruded in the history. His style retains its stiffness and want of colouring. It is as sententious and antithetical as usual; but seldom striking or descriptive. In his biographies we see no biographical talent. He fails in bringing the persons distinctly before the eye; because describing them in general terms, and una-

ble to seize upon the peculiarities which stamp the individual. Broussais he has best succeeded in delineating, because Broussais was one who 'wore his heart upon his sleeve,' his peculiarities were thrown into strong relief by the vehemence of his disposition. Talleyrand is a complete failure. It is perhaps the worst portrait ever drawn of a celebrated man by one of ability. The same want of sympathy with men, the same want of artistic conception and pictorial power, is manifested in his essay on the reformation of Geneva: a more stirring, passionate, dramatic theme than any in his volumes, yet by him treated in the same heavy, lifeless, sententious manner. By M. Mignet and his followers men are sacrificed to ideas, humanity to its events. Men are not regarded as beings compounded of majestic hopes and grovelling desires, of heroic instincts, of prejudices, of interests, of enthusiasm, and of complex passions; but as abstract quantities, as simple numerals in the great sum of destiny. What is the consequence? Whenever he is placed before a man, he fails to understand him; whenever he is placed before an epoch, he is sure to misinterpret it, for men are not simple numerals to be reckoned on slate; they are *men*, and epochs are their work.

In spite of this censure, the book does partly supply the deficiency we mentioned in his history: it introduces us to the men and their acts, if it does not make us familiar with them. So that with all its drawbacks we think the publication worthy of attention. The men were all more or less interesting; and he has brought forward some novel information about them. We will select three of them, the three philosophers, for the reader's amusement. Sièyes, Broussais, and Destutt de Tracy, are of themselves sufficiently celebrated to rouse curiosity as to their memoirs: and by selecting them we shall best typify the philosophy of that epoch as manifested in politics, medicine, and ideology. It will be understood that we avail ourselves here of M. Mignet's notices, which we do little more than modify and abridge.

EMANUEL JOSEPH SIÈYES was born at Frejus, the 3d of May, 1748. He was destined for the church, finished his studies in the University of Paris, and took his licence in the Sorbonne. Like most of his contemporaries he became possessed with the spirit of analysis and scepticism, which then was the creator of such new and daring schemes of social reform. He was enchanted with Locke and Condillac, and studied them deeply. He soon became attracted by the speculations of political economy. Appointed

by the Bishop of Chartres to the place of chanoine and then of vicaire-générale and chancellor* of his church, he had made himself so respected that the clergy of Brittany elected him their député. The diocese of Chartres subsequently appointed him conseiller-commissaire at the Chambre Supérieure of the Clergy of France. He here learned the practical part of politics, to which his metaphysical talents had introduced him. His studies continued; his name acquired more respect. The revolution was rapidly advancing. The reforms so passionately demanded by the people, so obstinately refused by the government, were daily become more urgent, more inevitable. The disordered state of the finances, which had already necessitated two assemblies of the Notables without success, now became so dangerous that government was forced to appeal to the *états-généraux*.

But how were these *états-généraux* to be convoked? Were they to be assembled as in 1614, by making them vote in classes, or were they to vote by individuals? If each individual was to vote, were the deputies of the tiers-état to be doubled, or were the ancient number only to be named? In a word, was the law of the majority to be substituted for the suffrages of classes, public welfare to private interest; such were the questions put by the government itself.

Sièyes replied. He had never before appeared as an author. Hitherto his life had been passed in studying both theoretically and practically the great questions of philosophy and politics. He had had no time to write. His first appearance as an author was crowned with a success so brilliant that it must have startled himself. He replied to government in three pamphlets, which he published one immediately after the other. These were, 1st. 'Essai sur les Privilèges;' 2d. his world-famous 'Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-état?' 3d. 'Moyens d'Exécution dont les Représentants de la France pourront disposer en 1789.' The prodigious success which that on the 'Tiers-état' obtained can only be understood by reflecting how completely it expressed the state of popular opinion; it was the distinct utterance of what the nation had been stammering so long; it was the political consequence of all the prevalent philosophical dogmas, and it received instantaneous acceptance and applause. It may be resumed in three questions and their answers.

What is the tiers-état?—The nation.

* We preserve the French names, as translations always, more or less, convey false notions. Nothing can be more unlike abbé than our abbot.

What has it been till now in the political world?—Nothing.

What does it demand?—Political recognition. It wishes to be something. M. Sièyes attempted to show that the tiers-état was the entire nation, and that it could very well dispense with the two other classes, which could not dispense with it. 'If nobility comes from conquest, the tiers-état will become noble by conquering in its turn.' He contended that the tiers-état, composed of 25,000,000, ought to have at least an equal number of deputies with the other two classes, which were composed of 80,000 clergy, and 100,000 nobles; that it ought to choose its deputies from its own class, and not, as heretofore, from the clergy or military.

He called upon the tiers-état, which was not a class, but the nation, to constitute itself a national assembly: in this shape it could deliberate for the entire nation. Bold as these ideas were, they met with universal assent. What he advised was accomplished; his hardy speculations became hardy acts. The états-généraux were convoked. Sièyes was elected one of the deputies of Paris; and when the privileged orders refused during a whole month to unite with the tiers-état and verify their powers in common, he boldly decreed the verification with or without the presence of the privileged deputies. He forced the commons to constitute themselves a national assembly. This assembly having been deprived of its place of meeting, reunited at the Jeu de Paume, where Sièyes drew up the decisive and celebrated oath sworn by all the members, 'Never to separate, to assemble everywhere that circumstances required, until the constitution was fixed.'

He had made a national assembly; he had bound each individual member by his honour to stand by him. In the solemn meeting of the 23d of June, when the king, having revoked all their previous orders, had commanded the members to disperse themselves, after the hall had vibrated with the tremendous and impetuous eloquence of Mirabeau, Sièyes rose. He felt that everything in the shape of rhetoric would fall tamely after what had just been uttered, but his speech was no less sublime in a different way, 'Nous sommes aujourd'hui ce que nous étions hier. Délibérons!' They did deliberate: and the revolution was the result.

Sièyes was also the author of the plan subsequently realized of destroying the ancient provinces, and forming them into their present departments. He continued to assist in the deliberations of the assembly, but

as soon as he encountered opposition from those whom he had been accustomed to govern, his ardour cooled. Impetuous and imperious in his theories, he was incapable of supporting contradiction. The discussion with respect to the wealth of the clergy first occasioned this coolness. He regarded tithes as unjust and pernicious; he desired, therefore, that they should be abolished. But, inasmuch as they represented a revenue of 70,000,000 francs, he contended that this was not a present to make to the landed proprietors; that they ought to purchase it; that the purchase money should go towards defraying the public debt, and thus diminish the duties. His opinion not being listened to, and tithes being suppressed, he uttered his famous epigram, 'ils veulent être libres et ne savent pas être justes.'

Attacked on account of this epigram, he got angry and maintained an obstinate silence at the assembly. In vain Mirabeau endeavoured to excite his ambition; Sièyes continued silent. He refused to be named bishop of Paris. Elected member of the départementale administration, he gave up the Assemblée Constituante and retired into the country. He thus took no part in the second epoch of the revolution. One of his friends subsequently asked him, 'What he had done during the reign of terror?' 'What have I done?' he replied, 'I have lived.' He had in fact solved the most difficult problem of the epoch, that of not perishing. After the 9th Thermidor he became one of the chiefs of the legal moderate party of the convention, where he proposed and obtained the re-entrance of his friends the proscribed Girondists. Nominated president of the convention and member of the new 'Comité du salut public,' he co-operated in those measures which were then adopted, and in the negotiations of France with the other European states. He went himself to Holland to conclude a treaty of alliance. He took a large part in the treaties of Basle. He exerted himself to the utmost to establish peace and the grandeur of his country. Called upon to prepare the constitution of the Directory in the year VIII., he refused his assistance. Named one of the five directors, he declined the dangerous honour, and retired into inactivity.

It was at this period that the Abbé Poulle presented himself in Sièyes' room and fired a pistol at him at arm's length. One ball shattered his hand; the other grazed his chest. Sièyes conducted himself with astonishing coolness. Called upon to give his testimony, and observing that the judges inclined towards the assassin, he returned

home, and said to his concierge, 'If M. Poulle should return, you will tell him I am not at home.'

Some time afterwards the occasion presenting itself for consolidating his plans of peace at which he had laboured during the convention, Sièyes, who had refused to become a director, accepted the office of plenipotentiary at Berlin. He was not successful in forming an alliance with Prussia, but he saw at once that state was bent on preserving neutrality, and he announced this to the directory. On his return to Paris he found affairs discouraging: the directory drew near its end. 'Il me faut une épée' said he, and in Joubert he hoped to have found it. But Joubert was killed shortly after at Novi. Napoleon returned from Egypt.

From Provence to Paris General Bonaparte saw himself the object of universal curiosity and expectation. The glorious conqueror in so many fields filled the imaginations of the susceptible and warlike nation. But without Sièyes the general could do little; without the general Sièyes could not act. These two extraordinary men, types of speculation and action, were equally necessary to each other. But the glory of the abbé was soon to be swallowed up in that of the soldier. Sièyes somewhat feared Bonaparte, and not without reason. They were, however, brought together, and concerted in the accomplishment of the 18th Brumaire. There is something singularly interesting in contemplating this celebrated meeting, which, properly speaking, terminated the historical career of the abbé. With his keen penetration Sièyes at once saw that he had met his master. He preserved, however, greater coolness and resolution than Bonaparte; but he said the next day 'We have our master: he knows everything, he wills everything: he can do everything.' Theory had given up the reins to Action; convinced that his province was to counsel not to guide, Sièyes resigned to more vigorous hands the rudder of the state. He would not consent to be second consul. With him the reign of theories passed away.

Bonaparte, however, knew the value of the abbé's ideas and in a great measure accepted them. Indeed from 1800 to 1814 all the constitutions were modelled on the plans of Sièyes, whose philosophy thus furnished the revolution with its fundamental ideas, and the empire with its legislative forms. For himself he refused participation in power. Nevertheless the senate chose him as their president, and the emperor made him a count. But he resigned the presidency and took no share either in the counsels or

acts of the empire. He lived retired amongst a few friends who shared his ideas. The empire had overturned his plans, the restoration troubled his existence. He was exiled for fifteen years. He returned in 1830, and saw the revolution of Three Days complete that of '89. And in the eighty-eighth year of his age he expired in tranquillity and obscurity.

Sièyes was a remarkable man, but of limited capacity. He had prodigious influence upon his times. He furnished the formulas of most of the political doctrines then current. He saw many of his ideas become institutions. But this led him to suppose that ideas alone were of importance. He believed that everything which could be admitted in philosophy could also be translated into act. Hence his imperious dogmatism, which made him in every emergency insist on his views being accepted, or else proffering his resignation. Like most of his contemporaries he exaggerated the power of ideas; and would accept of no other means than those furnished by his own philosophy. Although unquestionably the greatest political thinker of his day, he has written nothing that will descend to posterity.

The subject of our next memoir is a type of some of the best phases of French character. His career was full of incident and interest; the influence he exercised in his profession scarcely less beneficial in its degree than that by Sièyes; and his character more loveable.

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH VICTOR BROUSSAIS was born at St. Malo, 17th of December, 1772. His father was a physician of repute, whose occupations allowed him little time to devote to the education of his son. To the care of an amiable and enlightened mother whom he tenderly loved, and the feeble instructions of his curate, Broussais was alone indebted for the education of his first twelve years. But it is a mistake to suppose that time is lost, when instruction is retarded. It may be so, perhaps, with inferior organizations; but men of superior abilities are the better for becoming late learners; while the intellect is apparently uncultivated, the character is being formed. Hence the youth of men of genius has usually been unpromising.

Young Broussais was left to grow like a wild colt. He learnt many things not to be taught in schools. Above all he learnt fearlessness. His father often sent him during the night across the country to carry medicines to his patients. Many a time he was ignorant of the route, and let his horse carry him to the cottage where his father had been during the day. The intrepid boy

thus traversed without hesitation, without fear, the dark lanes and deserted fields, and many ill-famed roads, hardening himself against the vague fears of the night, by accustoming himself to face real dangers. Even in his infancy he gave abundant proofs of that energetic audacity which signalized his manhood.

At the age of twelve, he was sent to the college of Dinan. He there went through the classical studies with success. The idle neglected boy showed when he set himself to work that his intelligence was more uncultivated than weak; and its vigour soon enabled it to surpass in cultivation those men who had always been learning. He had not only a more tenacious memory, but a more precocious reflection.

He had not quite finished his studies when the revolution burst out. His family embraced the cause of liberty. His ardent and impetuous imagination was inflamed by it. The time arrived for participation. The Prussians, in 1792, had advanced to Verdun, and the alarm had roused the patriotism of all France. Broussais, then twenty years of age, enrolled himself in a company of volunteers, of which he was named sergeant. In one of the frequent encounters with les Chouans he signalized his force, his generosity, and his courage. The company of volunteers had been surprised and beaten. In retreating, one of his comrades was shot, and fell at his side. The war was without quarter, and the enemy were but a few paces in arrear. Yet Broussais, at the peril of being taken himself, stopped, lifted his wounded companion upon his shoulders, and continued his retreat, his pace somewhat slackened by the burden. Les Chouans fired upon him. One ball passed through his hat. But he escaped. Arrived at a place of safety, he deposited his comrade on the ground; and to his horror found him *dead*. He had run that risk to save a corpse!

He could not long animate the company with his example. Seriously ill, he was obliged to return to his family; and on his recovery he embraced the paternal profession. His progress in study was rapid; and having attended the hospitals of St. Malo and Brest, he was appointed surgeon to the frigate *La Renommée*. On the eve of departure he received a letter from the mayor of St. Malo, which commenced in these terrible words: 'Tremble in receiving this letter!' . . . It announced that the house of his aged parents had been attacked by les Chouans, who had murdered them both and mutilated their bodies. The grief and indignation felt by Broussais cannot be de-

scribed. Forty years afterwards, says Mignet, he became pale as he spoke of it.

Broussais served in the war against England, in the frigates *L'Hirondelle* and *Le Bougainville*. But he could not always remain a mere naval surgeon, and resolved on completing his medical studies in Paris and taking the doctor's degree. He arrived there in 1799. He there became the friend of the illustrious Bichat, whose works subsequently influenced his own theories. After vainly endeavouring to secure a practice, Broussais turned his views towards the army, and was appointed *Médecin aide-major*. In 1805, he joined the camp, and followed the army to Ulm, Austerlitz, and through its victorious course over Europe. He was eminently fitted for an army physician; robust, indefatigable, brave, decided, and sympathizing: he was prodigal of his attention to the soldiers in spite of the most imminent perils: and carried his spirit of observation into every camp. Transported now to Holland, now to Austria, now to Italy; passing from the mists and fogs of the north to the warmth of the south, he had many opportunities of observing the various effects of climate on men of various constitutions; and thus guided he followed the history of each malady from its commencement to its end, describing the symptoms and variations with their causes. Consumption especially attracted his attention. He collected and compared the results of many observations; and in 1808, having obtained congé, returned to Paris and published his '*Histoire des Phlegmasies*.' In this work he declared that the majority of chronic maladies were the results of an acute inflammation ill cured. Inflammation was the starting point, he said, of disease. He described the march of this excessive stimulation, which drew the blood in too great quantities to the inflamed organs, changing there the condition of life, and after introducing disorder in the functions, disorganized the tissue, and produced death. His researches on inflammation of the lungs were very remarkable; but were eclipsed by those on inflammation of the intestinal canal. He drew attention to the fact, that this was the seat of various diseases hitherto supposed to have their origin elsewhere.

His work did not at the time obtain the success it merited. Books at that epoch made little noise. The sound of Napoleon's exploits drowned every other. Nevertheless, Broussais was flattered by the appreciation of several eminent men, among them Pinel and Chaussier. Appointed principal physician to a regiment of the army in Spain, he set off gaily on foot for the Penin-

sula, filled with the conviction of his power, and determined on producing a complete and striking system.

After the peace of 1814, appointed second professor at the military hospital of Val-de-Grace, he commenced his long contemplated reform, by the promulgation of his doctrine of physiological medicine, towards the formation of which a personal accident had contributed. The anecdote is characteristic. Seized with a violent fever at Nimègue, Broussais was attended by two of his friends, who each prescribed opposite remedies. Embarrassed by such contradictory opinions he would follow neither. Believing himself in danger, he got out of bed in the midst of this raging fever, and, almost naked, sat down to his *escritoire* and arranged his papers. This was in the month of January, and the streets were covered with snow. While he was thus arranging his affairs, the fever abated, and a sensation of freshness and comfort suffused itself throughout his frame. Struck with this unforeseen result, Broussais, to whom everything was an object of reflection, converted his imprudence into an experience. Becoming bold by observation, he opened the window, and inspired for some time the cold air from without. Finding himself better, he concluded that a cool drink would be as refreshing to his stomach as the cold air had been to his body. He drank quantities of lemonade, and in less than forty-eight hours was cured.

Broussais' doctrine was chiefly this: Haller had discovered the irritability and contractility of the muscular fibre; but this discovery had hitherto been sterile. Broussais made it his point of departure. It was according to him the fundamental phenomenon of all the organic functions. He said there was a vital force which presided at the formation of the tissues. Once formed, these tissues were kept alive by a living chemistry ('*chimie vivante*'). This acted by means of the irritability which was induced by air, light, caloric, aliments, &c, and provoked the organs to the fulfilment of their functions. Everywhere the same in nature, but unequally distributed among the diverse animal tissues, this irritability consisted in a contractile movement, which called all the fluids towards the point excited, where nutrition and the functions of the organ were effected. So long as the regular distribution and exercise were preserved, the vital phenomena were performed with the requisite harmony. But when the stimulating action of the natural agents became excessive or deficient; when the lungs were too excited by the air, the stomach by aliment, the brain

by impressions and its own impulsions; when the quantity of caloric necessary for the body was exceeded, or not obtained, or was badly distributed, the afflux of fluids was superabundant towards the excited organs, their tissues became choked and inflamed, their nutrition was imperfectly effected, their functions were troubled, and disease succeeded. This excitation differs from the regular and healthy excitation only in quantity, and by no means in quality. It was either excessive or deficient. The excess and duration of the irritation produced a progressive alteration in the tissue of the organ, and, by a prolonged alteration, death. Every disease arising in one organ would sympathetically affect every other organ. When this sympathy affected the heart and multiplied its contractions, it accelerated the circulation of the blood, and produced fever, which was not the cause but the effect of a disease. The organ the most exposed by nature to numerous and serious disorders was the intestinal canal, which Broussais considered the principal seat of irritations.

According to this system disease being either the want or the excess of irritability in an organ, the method of cure consisted in diminishing this irritability where it was too great, and increasing it when too feeble. Debilitants and stimulants were the sole means. Such was the doctrine; and although subsequent writers and experience have shown that it was only a rash hypothesis which mistook the part for the whole, yet with all its faults it is impossible not to be struck with its eminently philosophical nature; the hypothesis may have been rash, but it was a happy rashness: one of those magnanimous errors by which science is propelled: an error leading to the truth. Broussais first exposed his system in the lecture-room of the Rue du Foin, which Bichat had made illustrious. A numerous crowd attended him; his system made a noise; his reputation grew daily. The doctrine he taught was new and easy of comprehension; he taught it with an eloquence as rare as it was fascinating. The room became too small for the audience. He went to the larger theatre in the Rue des Grès, and was soon enabled to lecture in the Hospital of Val-de-Grace. He revived the marvellous success of the professors during the middle ages. The powerful eloquence of the master drew along with it the exaltation of disciples. The doctrine of *irritation* became an article of medical faith, having its fanatics, and, if needed, its martyrs. Most characteristic is it of the French youth that this doctrine frequently provoked duels amongst the students.

Broussais did not content himself with oral exposition. He published his celebrated '*Examen des Doctrines Medicales*:' a code of rules dogmatically stated, and a critical history of the various systems from Hippocrates to Pinel. The success of this work completed the struggles of its author, and procured him the undisputed throne of medical science.

But practice is the touchstone of theories; above all in medicine. It is not enough for a theory to satisfy the intelligence, it must also cure diseases. The system of Broussais wanted this last proof to consolidate its success. Unhappily people continued to die as often as before. The system excited suspicion; opposition contrived its overthrow. It was contended that irritation was not the origin of *all* organic troubles; the diseased state had other causes than the phenomena of a healthy state, differing not alone in quantity but in quality. Broussais had been too exclusive, too rash in generalizing. Nevertheless his merits were great, incontestable. He had discovered inflammation to be one great general cause of disease; he had followed the course of its progress in the various tissues; he had shown that chronic maladies were the results of acute ones ill cured; and had pointed out the organs which were their seat. His localization of disease was the most eminently scientific part of his theory; it enabled the physician to practise a more regular treatment, and to obtain a more certain diagnosis. Moreover he called attention to the intestinal canal as the seat of many disorders, hitherto unsuspected.

The next step in his career was marked by his work, '*De l'Irritation et de la Folie*,' his object in which was to make psychology dependant upon physiology. The idea had before been worked out by Cabanas. Broussais brought his new medical doctrines to bear upon it. He pushed the materialism of the day to its extremes. He recognized nothing in man but organization and its functions. Man feels by his nerves; in the viscera are formed his instincts and passions; in the brain his thoughts; in his entire organization resides his personality. The development of the brain, and the different degrees of its excitation, cause the differences of intellectual phenomena. The weakest produce instincts, which are the débuts of intelligence. The strongest produce genius, which is the maximum of normal excitement. If this limit be passed, delirium ensues; if the excess continues, madness is the consequence. Imbecility is nothing more than the want of cerebral action; madness is the diseased state of excitation in

the organ. We have only to notice the effect of stimulants or soporifics on the brain to perceive the truth of this theory. The vigour of manhood and the decline of old age is equally convincing. Men of genius have always been men of excitable nerves; their genius indeed has been nothing but this excitability. A cup of coffee or a glass of wine will change the languid, perhaps exhausted, orator or student, into an animated speaker or thinker, with full command over his intelligence. How so? Simply because the coffee and wine are stimulants: they send the blood in increased quantities to the brain, there provoking increased irritation, and consequently increased functional action.

'*L'Irritation et la Folie*' excited a fierce war amongst the opposite schools of physiologists and psychologists: its greatest adversaries were the disciples of the school then forming from the Scotch and German doctrines amalgamated into a pompous and empty system of eclecticism: perhaps the most unscientific system ever promulgated.

Broussais, who had been hitherto adverse to phrenology, was now led by his own theories to espouse its cause. It had two very considerable attractions for him: it was new and it was contested; these exactly suited one of his ardent, inquiring, and polemical disposition. He taught it with his accustomed energy, recklessness, and dogmatism.

But his end was now approaching. He had been long subject to a slow and cruel disease. He was aware of his danger, and followed the progress of the malady with the same scrutinizing coolness that he would have observed with another. He kept a journal in which he registered every symptom, every pain, all accidents and their influence, all operations, and all the consequences which he foretold. Thus did the philosopher rise above the man. The last three days of his life he passed in the country. In spite of his extreme weakness and his approaching end he did not cease working. He dictated an essay a few hours before expiring. Shortly afterwards he was seized with the violent agonies of death. An organization so powerful could not easily be dissolved; death was difficult. At length he suddenly raised himself in his bed, uttered a piercing shriek, sank back again, and with an almost lifeless hand closed the lids upon his eyes, and breathed his last.

The philosopher we are next to write the memoir of, though not so great a man as Broussais, has perhaps a more European reputation. Destutt de Tracy did not bring

new and valuable discoveries to advance the science he taught ; but he systematized the discoveries of his predecessors, and his writings may be regarded as the logical development of Condillac and the eighteenth century.

ANTOINE LOUIS CLAUDE DESTUTT DE TRACY was born the 20th of July, 1754. He was descended from an ancient Scotch family of the De Stutt clan, who fought in the Scotch guard of Charles VII. and Louis XI. His ancestors continued to follow a military life. His father commanded the king's gendarmerie at the battle of Minden, and was left for dead on the field. He was discovered almost buried beneath a heap of bodies by one of his followers, who carried him away on his back. He lingered for two years, but finally expired of his wounds. Just before his death he addressed his son, then only eight years old, in the following martial manner : ' Antoine, this does not frighten you, eh ? this will not disgust you with your father's profession ? ' The child cried, and promised to be worthy of his race.

This promise he fulfilled. The young de Tracy became an accomplished cavalier. Few could compete with him *à l'escrime*, or in the *manège*; few swam so well, or danced so gracefully. The future ideologist, indeed, once invented a quadrille which retains to this day his name. He was enrolled among the mousquetaires du roi ; was soon provided with a regiment of the Dauphin's cavalry ; and at two-and-twenty became colonel in the second regiment of the royal cavalry. He was not, however, what is significantly called a *sabreur*, his accomplishments were not purely military. The philosophy of the epoch had fascinated him as well as so many of his contemporaries. He paid Voltaire a visit at Ferney.

In 1776 he became Compt de Tracy by the death of his grandfather, from whom he inherited a large fortune. He soon after married Madlle. de Dufort-Civrac, a near relative of the Duc de Penthièvre, who gave him the command of his own regiment. De Tracy was five-and-thirty when the revolution commenced. Attached to the interests of his province, devoted to the political principles which animated France, he took an active share in the provincial affairs, and was named by the Bourbonnais nobility one of the three deputies to the états-généraux, in 1789. Bound by his position, De Tracy could not join the commons till the 28th of June, when he did so with the majority of the nobility. As soon as he was enabled to follow his convictions, he sat in the Assemblée Constituante, on

the same side as the Duc de Rochefoucauld and General Lafayette.

After having assisted in accomplishing the revolution it was necessary to defend it. De Tracy was named *maréchal du camp* by M. de Narbonne, then minister of war ; and commanded all the cavalry of the army of the north under Lafayette.

Disgusted with the course the revolution had pursued, De Tracy resigned his commission and retired to Auteuil, where he found a choice society : Condorcet, Cabanis, Maine de Birau, Madame Helvetius, and others. It was in this studious retreat that his philosophical career began. Unsettled in his object, he successively studied chemistry, physics, and psychology : at the last he stopped, convinced that it was the most important and the most fitting his disposition. He was snatched from these studies by the miscreants of *le terreur*. The 2d November, 1793, his house was surrounded, searched, and himself arrested and conducted to Paris, where he was imprisoned in L'Abbaye. Removed to the prison Des carmes, he there spent the silent dreary hours in meditation ; and laid the ground work of his philosophy. He patiently studied all the writings of Condillac, and afterwards Locke. Finding them incomplete, he determined on a more exact analysis of thought. During his study he was daily expecting to hear his own name pronounced in the corridor, and to see the door of his cell open, and to be led forth to execution. The day on which he was to be tried (and to be tried was to be condemned) was fixed for the 11th Thermidor. The eventful 9th saved him by immolating in their turn those who had sacrificed so many. In the peaceful retreat of Auteuil, De Tracy elaborated the system which he had conceived in prison. This system was an ideological reduction of all thought to sensation. *Penser c'est sentir*. Perception, memory, judgment, and will, are but the sensations of objects, sensations of recollections, sensations of relations, and sensations of desires.

This rests upon a quibble which we need not expose, but it met with great success.

Elected member of and secretary to the ' Comité de l'Instruction Publique,' he zealously assisted in the reorganization of national education. After the 18th Brumaire he was appointed one of the first thirty senators. A year afterwards he married his eldest daughter to the son of his old friend Lafayette. With his friends at Auteuil he maintained the well-known opposition to Napoleon, who in return covered the *ideologues* with expressions of contempt. In his com-

mentary on the 'Esprit des Lois,' M. de Tracy put forth all his political opinions, which met with general approval. It remains to this day his most admired work.

While thus in the vigour of his age, and with a reputation daily increasing, his philosophical career was suddenly cut short. In the year 1808 he lost his wife, and Cabanis his dearest friend. These blows were too much for him. He ceased from that time forward to study or to write: he lived only in his recollections. This silence continued for thirty years.

The Académie Française, wishing to pay De Tracy a delicate compliment, chose him as the successor to his friend Cabanis. He was a long time before he could summon the necessary courage to pronounce the customary éloge of his deceased friend. When he did appear it was with evident signs of affliction. 'Do not be astonished,' he said, 'at the grief which is here mingled with my gratitude. The choice you have made to replace Cabanis is one of the most honourable and flattering circumstances of my life; the most flattering distinction I ever received. But I have not the less experienced a terrible sorrow in this distinction, which is owing to the deplorable loss I have sustained in the friend I best loved.'

In becoming old he grew melancholy. Almost all his old friends had died, and most of his opinions had been combated and replaced by newer ones. To crown all he had lost his eye-sight. The only solace he enjoyed was in having Voltaire read aloud to him. This first preceptor of his youth was now the only author he could delight in. And thus surrounded by his children, he expired in the eighty-second year of his age.

With him perished the last systematic teacher of the materialism of the eighteenth century. The merits and errors of this philosophy have been too often discussed for us to trouble the reader with any disquisitions in the present place; suffice it that the works of De Tracy were but the logical developments of its principles.

ART. VI.—*Beschreibung von Kordofan und einigen angränzenden Ländern.* (Description of Kordofan and of some of the adjoining Countries; with a Review of the Commerce, Habits, and Manners of the Inhabitants, and of the Slave Hunts carried on under Mehemet Ali's Government.)
VON IGNAZ PALLME. 1843.

holding a prominent position in the world's eye, to be painted in such opposite colours by contemporary writers, as has been the present *de facto* sovereign of Egypt, and of almost all the various regions watered by the Nile. The aristocratic traveller, delighted with the comparative security with which he has been able to traverse the Desert, or visit the Pyramids, and pleased, if not flattered, by the personal civilities of the viceroy and his principal officers, has rarely failed to return to Europe full of enthusiasm for the Egyptian reformer. The military traveller has been equally disposed to eulogy, by the appearance of a tolerably disciplined army, and an imposing marine, while, at the same time, many Europeans appointed to lucrative offices under the viceroy's government, and naturally inclined to look favourably on one from whom they have themselves received favours, have not failed through the medium of the press, in England as well as on the continent, to avail themselves of every opportunity to sing the praises of their patron.

How different has been the character drawn of Mehemet Ali by travellers of a less elevated rank! The foreign merchants resident in Egypt have, with few exceptions, joined in unreserved condemnation of his government, as one characterized throughout by hideous tyranny, the vices of which cannot be said to be redeemed by an improved system of police, by a more courteous treatment of strangers, or by the adoption of military discipline, and the maintenance of a powerful navy, not required for the protection either of distant colonies or a foreign trade. The hostility of the mercantile classes, however, Mehemet Ali has drawn upon himself, not so much by any political crime, as by what the witty French diplomatist declared to be worse than a crime,—namely, a blunder. By monopolizing all the most profitable branches of commerce, he has made the foreign merchants, one and all, his enemies, and it is to them, we believe, that the anonymous attacks upon him that so frequently find their way into the European newspapers, may, with perfect confidence, be attributed.

The travellers, however, whose narratives are calculated to do most injury to the viceroy's fame, are those who, like the author of the work before us, have mingled frequently with the humbler classes of the people, and have witnessed the workings of the reformed system of government on the agricultural population. In noticing the appearance of 'Russegger's Travels,'* a few numbers back, we described, in general terms, the sweeping

changes made by the viceroy in the law regulating the tenure of land. Under the Mamelukes, the fellah or peasant of Egypt was generally the owner of the land he tilled. He was often pillaged by his masters, often treated by them with cruelty and caprice, still his land remained to him, and as long as he felt himself the owner of the soil he dwelt on, he might hope, from its teeming abundance, to replace the losses inflicted on him by occasional rapine. Under Mehemet Ali the Egyptian fellah stands not in fear of being plundered, for he has too little of his own left to tempt the cupidity of the oppressor. The viceroy has appropriated to himself the whole landed property of Egypt; agriculture is conducted, perhaps on a better system than before, under the superintendence of inspectors appointed by the government; but the former owners have been reduced to mere labourers, often scantily remunerated for their toil, and hopeless of ever raising themselves to their former condition of landed proprietors.

If such is the picture drawn by Russegger of the peasantry, even in the heart of the viceroy's dominions, in the country around the great capital of Cairo, we need not be surprised to find the subordinate authorities, in the remote provinces of the interior, indulging in the most extravagant caprices of despotism. Of one of these remote provinces we have an interesting picture in the book before us. In no page do we find an expression of severity applied to Mehemet Ali. A plain and unpretending tale is told of what the author saw during a nineteen months' residence in a country, in which no former traveller had spent as many days, and this simple tale, which carries with it the evidence of its own truth, lets us into the details of a provincial administration replete with horrors, the existence of which cannot be unknown to the viceroy, since more than once he has had an account of them laid before him by European travellers, and more than once he has solemnly promised to provide a remedy for the evils complained of.

The province of Kordofan, the most southerly, and consequently the most remote, of all Mehemet Ali's dominions, was conquered by one of his sons-in-law in the year 1821, but continued for a long time unknown to Europeans. Even on maps of a very recent date, our readers will look in vain for the country, and in some of the latest and best reputed geographical works we have not been able to meet with any information respecting it. The few Europeans who of late years have visited Kordofan have seldom prolonged their stay beyond a few days, in a country, the climate of which is deadly

even to the Egyptians. Our author is the first who has braved this fatal climate, without falling a victim to its influence, and his description of Kordofan may be considered the first authentic account that has ever been offered to a European public.

Ignaz Pallme is a young Bohemian, who went early in life to Alexandria, where a situation had been procured for him as clerk in a mercantile house. The partners of the house in question, believing that a profitable commerce might be established with the interior of Africa, determined to send one of their clerks as far as possible up the country, with a view to the collection of information. Pallme was thought particularly well qualified for this mission. He had already been sent on several expeditions into the interior, had made himself acquainted with the manners of the people, and had acquired a perfect knowledge of the Arabic language. He accepted the office with alacrity, though fully aware of most of the dangers and hardships to which he was about to be exposed. He traversed the country in every direction, attended by one servant, and sometimes entirely alone; was one day the guest of a Turkish governor, and the next perhaps shared the frugal meal of a camel driver in the desert, mingling now in the busy throng of a bazaar, and lying down on the morrow under a straw shed, to struggle with a fever from which neither he nor his kind Moorish nurses ever expected him to recover. He did, however, recover, and returned to Alexandria, where he soon became a sort of lion, a man to be visited by all travellers about to penetrate into the interior. Several detached papers, written by him in Egypt, even found their way to England, and were read before some of our scientific societies. It was the French traveller Abbadie, however, who eventually induced Pallme to put the results of his experience in Kordofan upon paper in a complete form, and in compliance with the urgent advice of Abbadie the volume now before us makes its appearance, about three years after the young Bohemian's return from the scenes which he describes in a style graphic, lively, and entertaining.

Kordofan, as we have already remarked, is laid down only in a few of the maps of Africa. It lies between Sennaar and Darfour, between the 12th and 15th degrees of N. latitude, and its capital, Lobeid, which is situated nearly in the centre of the country, is crossed by the 30th degree of eastern longitude. To the north the province is bounded by the desert of Dongola; to the west by Darfour, a country that still maintains its independence, in defiance of Mehemet Ali's

power; to the south the limits are undefined, varying almost every year, according as a greater or less number of nomadic tribes can be induced to pay tribute, and recognize the authority of the Egyptian viceroy. The Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile, cuts off a part of Eastern Kordofan; but in point of fact the pasture grounds on the banks of that river are occupied by the flocks and herds of Sennaar, and the people of Kordofan make no attempt to establish a claim to those rich meadows. With the exception, however, of the White Nile, Kordofan has neither river nor brook in its whole extent. The country, in fact, is a cluster of oases covered with a vegetation of inconceivable luxuriance during the rainy season, but presenting an appearance of parched-up desolation during eight months of heat and drought, when the thermometer, in the shade, often rises to 40 degrees of Réaumur, and neither man nor beast dares expose himself to the scorching rays of the midday sun.

During the rainy season the climate is pernicious, not merely to strangers, but even to the natives, for not a house is then free from fever. As the dry season sets in, the fevers vanish, but the extreme heat of the day, and the coldness of the night, are often the cause of severe colds, and these are frequently followed by almost immediate death.

Pallme gives us a brief history of Kordofan during the last sixty or seventy years. It is sufficient to say that the country was first tributary to Sennaar, was afterwards conquered by the Sultan of Darfour, and that under both these foreign dominations the people appear to have been prosperous and happy, carrying on a profitable trade with their neighbours, and enjoying a tolerable share of freedom, their foreign masters seldom interfering with them, if the stipulated tribute was punctually paid. Since the Egyptian conquest, however, all the outward signs of prosperity have disappeared, and entire towns and villages have been left untenanted, in consequence of the flight of their inhabitants over the borders of Darfour.

The first governor of Kordofan, after the conquest, was the Defterdar, the son-in-law of Mehemet Ali. 'I would have treated the accounts I heard of the atrocities of this man,' says Pallme, 'as mere fables, had not the tales that were told me by the natives been confirmed by respectable witnesses in Sennaar, and even by Turkish officers whom I questioned on the subject in Egypt, many of whom had been present at the scenes they described.' He then proceeds to relate a few anecdotes of this ruthless tyrant;

but as the Defterdar was eventually deposed, on the ground of his oppressive government, Mehemet Ali can only be held partially responsible for this man's crimes. Yet a few specimens of his administration of criminal justice may not be misplaced here. A peasant who complained of having been robbed of a sheep by a soldier was blown from the mouth of a cannon for troubling the Defterdar with so insignificant a complaint; a servant who had stolen a pinch out of the Defterdar's snuff-box was flogged to death; a man who had boxed his neighbour's ear was punished by having the flesh cut away from the palm of his hands; and a negro, who having bought some milk refused to pay for it, and denied having drunk it, had his stomach ripped open, to ascertain whether the accusation was well founded. In his garden the Defterdar had a tame lion generally confined in a cage, but sometimes allowed to follow his master about in his walks. This animal had been taught to fly with the utmost apparent ferocity at every stranger who appeared, and the favourite amusement of the Defterdar was to look on and enjoy the terror of his visitors when suddenly attacked by the lion. On one occasion eighteen of his domestic servants, in paying their customary compliments on the festival of the Baëram, intimated that they were all sadly in want of shoes. He told them their wants should be supplied, and on the following day actually ordered eighteen pair of iron horseshoes to be nailed to the feet of his poor dependants, who, in this condition, were ordered to repair to their several avocations. Mortification ensued almost immediately with nine of them, who died amid frightful tortures, and then only did the ruffian allow the survivors to be unshod, and consigned to the care of a surgeon.

"Several volumes," says Pallme, "would be filled if I were to tell all the well-authenticated acts of atrocity committed by this human tiger in Kordofan and Sennaar. Not a day passed on which some poor wretch or other did not fall a victim to the tyrant's thirst for blood. He was quite a genius in the invention of new tortures, and seldom failed to impart a character of novelty to each succeeding execution. I myself saw many whose noses, ears and tongues had been cut off by his orders, or whose eyes had been torn out, and who wandered about as living evidences of the cruelty of their oppressor. To be known to be possessed of wealth was certain death, for a pretext was never wanting for accusing the unhappy owner of some imaginary crime. By proceedings such as these the Defterdar was supposed to have amassed immense treasures, when Mehemet Ali, wearied at length by the incessant complaints raised against his son-in-law, found means to depose him from

his governorship by causing to be administered to him a dose of poison. Since then the government has become somewhat milder, and some check has been placed on the arbitrary conduct of the public officers; still, their distance from the seat of government makes it impossible for the inhabitants to complain of the numberless acts of oppression to which they continue to be subjected."

One of Mehemet Ali's negro infantry regiments is generally stationed in Kordofan, and in the colonel of the regiment is now vested the civil and military government of the province. The colonel does not, however, exercise an independent command, being liable to receive orders from the Pasha of Khartoom, whose authority extends over the whole of Belled Soodan and Dongola, and who, in all questions of importance, must confirm the decisions of the inferior officer. This, however, our author assures us is little more than a matter of form.

When we are told that the government has become milder since the removal of the Defterdar, we suppose we are merely to understand that it has become less sanguinary, for the governors who have succeeded him, appear to have all been equally anxious to enrich themselves by the plunder of the natives. Nor is this all. The province is divided into five circles, and over each circle, the colonel appoints one of the officers of his regiment to act as Kasheff, or chief magistrate. Now each Kasheff thinks that he owes it to himself and his family, to make as much as he can by his civil appointment, and they have constant opportunities to annoy those villages that have not been prudent enough to conciliate the good will of their Kasheff by a well-timed gift. Each Kasheff has a corporal or two with him, and these also must be kept in constant good humour by the heads of the villages. Nay, the very Copt who acts as clerk to the Kasheff, expects to share in the plunder. All other public appointments are sold by the governor to the best bidder, and the purchaser looks to recover his capital with abundant interest in two or three years, for beyond that time he must not expect to hold office, as his place will be wanted for some other speculator, willing to pay a high price for the privilege of oppressing and plundering his countrymen. Now and then some flagrant act of rapacity draws down upon its author the vengeance of the viceroy, and the offender is either put to death or removed to some other province, after the whole of his ill-gotten wealth has been confiscated; not, however, for the benefit of those who have been plundered, but to enrich the viceregal treasury at Cairo.

An eastern proverb says, 'Where a Turk

sets his foot the grass withers,' and withering indeed seems to have been the influence of Turkish authority upon the ill-starred province of Kordofan, where penury and apathy have succeeded to industry and abundance, till a general insurrection seems to be the only event from which relief can be anticipated. Such an event Pallme looks upon as likely to occur at no very remote period, and if the attempt should be attended by success, it is not probable that the country will be reconquered. At the time of the first conquest, the people of Kordofan were totally unacquainted with the use of fire-arms. They are now better informed on this subject, and in case of a sudden rising, they would find in the government arsenals the means of arming a large force for the defence of the country.

The government taxes are levied upon each village in ready money, and the stipulated sum must be paid, even should the year's harvest have been utterly destroyed by the locusts. If no money is forthcoming, the cattle of a village is seized, and if this should not suffice to make up the amount, a number of the inhabitants are taken, and either enrolled in a regiment or sold as slaves for the account of government. Mehemet Ali has very complacently received the congratulations of English philanthropists for the abolition of the slave trade in his southern dominions, but we believe with Pallme, that the crafty old fellow has never ceased for a moment to be the greatest slave merchant, and the most extensive kidnapper throughout the whole of his dominions, and probably in the whole world. The great slave hunts which are annually made from Kordofan into the mountainous countries inhabited by the independent negroes, are a regular source of revenue to the viceroy, and furnish him with recruits for his army, and funds for the payment of his troops on the Upper Nile.

While these detestable means are had recourse to for the collection of a revenue,—and it is only a few of the abuses enumerated by Pallme, of which we have made mention,—we need not be surprised to learn that the great natural resources of the country are entirely neglected.

"The sugar-cane," says Pallme, "grows wild, and is even then of a superior quality; for indigo the soil is, in many places, admirably suited, and various other valuable articles of commerce might be grown with ease. No less than 20,000 head of cattle might with ease be sent to Egypt every year, but their conveyance must be entrusted to more rational drivers than has been the case hitherto with the cattle seized in the country. No attempt has yet been made to derive any profit from

the great gum forests of Nuba, from which alone a revenue might be drawn, far greater than is derived from the atrocious slave hunts. From ten to twenty thousand cantari of gum might be collected every year in the Nuba mountains, and two cantari of gum would be worth more than a slave, though they would be obtained with far less cost and trouble. When Mehemet Ali was travelling to Fazoklo, and accidentally met a column of slaves, he ordered them all to be set at liberty. Why was this? Because there were several Europeans in his suite. In Kordofan, at the very same time, the delivery of the stipulated number of 5,000 men was rigorously enforced. I was the only European in Kordofan at the time, and the governor condescended to request that I would not forward to Europe an account of what I saw."

Those who wish to read in all their frightful details the horrors of Mehemet Ali's slave hunts, will find a full account of them in the 'British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter,' for January, 1841. The article was written by Pallme, at the request of Dr. Madden, and was communicated by the doctor to the periodical in question. It is reprinted by the author in the present work. Enough, however, for the present, of the administrative abuses of a distant province, blessed by being subjected to the sway of so exemplary a political reformer. Let us turn a little to the domestic life of the people themselves.

"The houses, called *tukkoli* in Kordofan, are of an extremely simple construction. They are generally from ten to twelve feet in diameter, and of a circular form. Each has a single aperture, that serves at once as door, window, and chimney, and is just large enough to admit a man, provided he incline his body sufficiently. All the houses of a village are as like each other as so many eggs, and neither in the material nor in the system of architecture has there probably been any change during a long series of centuries. A number of wooden poles are stuck into the ground in a circle, according to the required dimensions, and the poles are bent inward so as to meet at the top. The form of the whole is that of a large sugar loaf. The poles are then connected with a kind of basket work, and the whole covered with a close thatch of straw. The ends of the poles at the top form a nest ready built, which is never long left untenanted, for some stork or other is sure to take up his quarters there. Simple as is the construction of these houses, they are generally so well built, that the roof seldom lets in a drop of water, even during the heaviest showers of the rainy season. Of these *tukkoli*, from two to five are generally erected for the use of one family, and the whole homestead is then surrounded by a hedge of thorns, in which is a gate likewise well strengthened with thorns, that is carefully closed every time that any one goes in or out. This is not done from any apprehension of thieves or burglars, but merely to keep out the hungry vagrant camels, who would else eat away the roof, and reduce the house to a skeleton, in an incredibly short time. These thorny inclosures are a great inconvenience to a stranger,

who, until he becomes familiarized with them, seldom passes in or out without tearing his skin, or leaving part of his wardrobe to adorn the prickly fence. The expense of such a house is so trifling, that the poorest man may build himself his own *tukkoli*. The wood may be cut in the forests without any charge being made for it, and from five to ten piasters (less than two shillings) will procure straw enough to make a roof that will set the heaviest rain at defiance. Workmen's wages there are none to pay, for every neighbour is ready to lend a hand, and when the house is finished, the whole fabric is so light, that if a man finds he has settled in a neighbourhood that displeases him, he has but to call in some ten or a dozen of his friends, who with very little ceremony take the mansion to pieces, and put it together again in a few hours in a more suitable locality. If a fire breaks out, no one thinks of extinguishing it, but all the neighbours immediately apply themselves to the demolition of their own houses, in order that they may convey the materials, and their little articles of furniture, out of the reach of danger. Whole villages have sometimes been taken up and removed in this way, when the ground on which they stood happened to be infected by an insect called the 'kurat,' that burrows under the sand, whence it issues in astonishing numbers if any one happens to place any naked part of the body on the ground. The bite of this creature is most severe. A straw mat, however, simply laid upon the sand, is generally a sufficient protection against the diminutive enemy. The more wealthy inhabitants of a town or village have often, in addition to their *tukkoli*, a somewhat larger hut, of a square form, with two entrances, to allow a free current of air to pass through. These larger houses, called 'rakuba,' are not, however, equally proof against the torrents that fall in the rainy season. In Bari and Lobeid, where there are several Turkish and Dongolavi residents, more spacious houses, built in the Egyptian style, are often to be seen, and though the walls are rarely formed of more substantial materials than wood and sand, with a covering of mortar, their appearance is generally remarkably neat, and it is surprising how well they resist the weather. Still, in the rainy season, they are not as water-tight as the common *tukkoli*. I have myself lodged in such a house, and found my umbrella a useful piece of furniture, both by day and by night.

"The internal arrangement of one of these *tukkoli* is of corresponding simplicity. The *angareb*, or bedstead, a frame with straps of leather fastened across, serves as a sofa during the day. A leathern shield and a few lances generally hang against the wall. A water-pot, a kettle for boiling food in, a vessel for brewing *merissa*, a kind of beer, an earthen dish for baking bread in, a wooden dish or two, and a few gourds to drink from, constitute the principal household implements. Milk is kept in little rush baskets, so closely plaited, that, after they have been steeped some time in boiling water, they will hold any fluid, without allowing a drop to ooze out. All articles of food must be hung up, to protect them from the depredations of mice and white ants. These insects are a real plague to the country. They even eat away the woodwork of a house, till they bring the whole tenement about the ears of its inmates. The only

way to secure anything against them is to place it on stones, up which they never attempt to creep, nor do they willingly expose themselves to the open air.

"No stabling of any kind is ever erected for the cattle. These are simply driven into the thorn-fence above described, which is expected to serve as a defence against any wild beasts that may be prowling about. A hungry lion or hyena, however, will sometimes carry off a sheep, in spite of the best fence."

The wants of so simple a race, living in a tropical climate, and on a soil that yields abundantly in return for very little labour, are of course easily supplied, and as the hateful slave-trade to which we have already alluded, places it in the power almost of the poorest to secure to himself the compulsory labour of a fellow-creature, we need feel no surprise at learning that a large proportion of the population generally spend their time in utter indolence. At daybreak they all leave their couches (the meanest slave has his mat of reeds to lie on), and having performed the ablutions prescribed by their religion, they prepare to apply themselves to the avocations of the day. These, with many of them, consist in sitting down upon the 'angareb,' on which they had before been lying. Should a stranger pay a morning visit, a pipe and a bowl of merissa will be offered to him, but the natives seldom breakfast till they have been up several hours. Coffee may be had at a low price from Abyssinia, but is used only by the Turks, and the coffeehouse at Lobeid, the only one in the country, is never visited by the natives. We must give, however, in our author's own words, his account of a native breakfast to which he was invited by a wealthy proprietor in the country.

"On arriving at the appointed hour, I was invited to sit down in an angareb, covered with rich carpets, and a pipe and merissa were brought me; but I saw no preparations for breakfast, not so much as a fire on the hearth. I was satisfied there was no intention to put me off with a pipe and merissa; so, as I had not much time to spare, I asked my host, without much ceremony, where the breakfast was. He told me it would be ready directly, and, pointing to a sheep that was skipping about in front of the door, said, he had only waited for my arrival to have it killed. At a signal from his master, a slave cut off the creature's head with surprising rapidity, and then, without even waiting to skin the animal, ripped open its belly, took out its stomach, cleaned it, and having cut it in small pieces laid these on a wooden dish. He then took the gall bladder, and squeezed it over the tempting fragments, as we in Europe might squeeze a lemon. After this, a liberal allowance of red pepper was shaken over the whole, and our breakfast was ready, the operations I have described having all been completed in a surprisingly short time. I

was invited to fall to before the delicate morsel cooled, but I excused myself by saying that so exquisite a dish would not agree with a European stomach, and that I would content myself with looking on. I was laughed at for my bashfulness, and the rest of the party evidently enjoyed the fare set before them. In the sequel, I frequently saw this dish served up as a favourite delicacy, and curiosity led me to taste it. The flavour is by no means disagreeable. The pungency of the pepper and the bitterness of the gall completely neutralise the rawness of the meat. Nevertheless I never could prevail on myself to eat heartily of the choice morsels."

Pallme, though he had seen so much of oriental life, was surprised by the matchless indolence of his Kordofan friends. The women attend to some domestic duties, but where a female slave can be had for a few shillings, the majority of the free ladies find means to spend the greater part of the time, like their lords, recumbent on the angareb, till some occurrence or other rouses them to unwonted excitement. They are too indolent to quarrel, and if disputes are rare, blows are still more so. Sometimes young unmarried men will fight out a quarrel of love or rather of jealousy, 'but the married are more tolerant on this point,' and rarely allow their peace to be disturbed by the suggestions of the yellow monster. The laws of a Kordofan duel, however, are peculiar in their way, and may not be undeserving the consideration of some of our aspiring young heroes at home, who every now and then are at such pains to prove their mettle by blowing a little gunpowder at one another. Let us hear how two rival lovers in Kordofan manage these matters.

"When friends have not been able to adjust the quarrel, a formal defiance is sent. The duel takes place on some open ground, and all the friends of the combatants assemble as spectators. An angareb is then brought forth, and the two combatants place each a foot close to the edge of the couch, the breadth of which alone divides them. A formidable whip, made of hippopotamus leather, is then placed in the hand of each, and renewed attempts are made by their friends to reconcile them. If, however, they are bent on carrying out their affair of honour, the signal for battle is at last given. He who is entitled to the first blow then inflicts as hard a lash as he can on his opponent, who stands perfectly still to receive the compliment, and then prepares to return it. They then continue, turn and turn about, to flog each other's backs and shoulders (the head must on no account be struck) while the blood flows copiously at every stroke. It is a horrible spectacle, yet not an acknowledgment of pain escapes the lips of either, and all the spectators remain equally mute. This continues until one of the combatants, generally from sheer exhaustion, drops his instrument of torture, whereupon the victor immediately does the same, the rivals shake hands, declaring that they

have received sufficient satisfaction, their friends congratulate them on their reconciliation, their wounds are washed, and sundry jugs of merissa, provided beforehand, are produced and emptied by the spectators in honour of the gallant opponents."

The costume of both sexes is described as extremely simple. The Dongolavi, the wealthiest of all the tribes, wear long shirts with full sleeves and white turbans. As these articles of dress are rarely washed, they soon lose every vestige of whiteness, and passing through a gradation of shades, are before long of the same colour as the skins of their masters. The other tribes, women as well as men, go bareheaded, and content themselves with a cotton cloth wrapped round the loins, with the end thrown as a drapery over the shoulders. Every man wears his dagger in a sheath, fastened to his left arm. When going on a journey they arm themselves more heavily with sword and lance.

Considerable care, and immense quantities of oil, butter, and other oleaginous substances, are expended by the ladies of Kordofan upon the arrangement of their hair. The coiffure, after this laborious preparation, continues glossy and black only till the fair artist exposes herself to a cloud of dust, when her head is of course powdered by the light sand. The oil and butter meanwhile become rancid in a very short time, when one whose olfactory nerves are at all susceptible, will find it difficult to endure the proximity of a Kordofan beauty in full state. Pallme describes the extreme inconvenience to which the women subject themselves at night, in order to prevent the discomposure of their braids and curls, but there are those still living who can remember when English women submitted to at least equal sufferings for the sake of their head-dresses, which were often arranged more than four and twenty hours before the commencement of the ball at which they were to be exhibited.

In their noses and ears the women wear rings of silver and brass. Before the Egyptian conquest many of these rings were of gold, but such costly ornaments are seldom seen now. If gold trinkets, however, are not to be had, brass, copper, and ivory are hung in profusion about their necks, arms, and legs; rows of bright glass beads are wound among their hair, and wherever anything bright and tawdry can be fixed to the person, the opportunity is not often neglected.

The slaves, of whom there are several attached to almost every house, are in general treated with kindness. They receive the same fare as their masters, and wear the same scanty clothing. The badge

of servitude, however, is not wanting. This consists in heavy iron rings fastened round the legs of the male slaves, to prevent them from running away to their native hills, often almost in sight of the house of bondage. Attempts to escape are, nevertheless, frequently made, though seldom successful, and it is for such offences only that the slave is ever punished with severity. 'I never saw one of them flogged,' says Pallme, 'except for running away.' Neglect of work is very leniently dealt with. Probably, a Kordofan master can hardly find in his heart to be very severe upon idleness in another, when he is so very indulgent to the same failing in himself.

Our author speaks repeatedly in high terms of the kindness and hospitality of the people. Thus, in one place—

"I received so many proofs of the goodness of their disposition, that, in my own country, and among my nearest relatives, I could not have looked for better treatment. I had the misfortune once to fall sick in the desert, where, not having strength to sit upon a camel, I was obliged to lie upon the sand till assistance came from the nearest village. This lay fortunately at only half an hour's distance. A kind inhabitant carried me into his hut, where I remained on a bed for thirty days. It is impossible to describe the interest shown for my sufferings by the good people. Night and day some of the women sat by my bed-side, keeping the flies off, and cooling me with fans of ostrich feathers. More than once I observed a pretty young slave girl—Agami was her name—shedding tears at the spectacle of my sufferings. I could obtain no relief from all the contents of my medicine chest, and after the fever had raged five days, I was so weak I could no longer stir, and had to be lifted on and off my bed. For my own part, I looked upon death as at hand, and unavoidable. Amulets and charms were tied to my arms and laid under my head, to which I offered no resistance as I was unwilling to offend my kind nurses. An old prophetess was even sent for from a neighbouring village, who, after sundry incantations over a shell full of sand, declared that the Frank would recover from his illness. As soon as the wise woman was gone, my lady attendants lifted me off my bed, pulled off my shirt, and placed me with my back against the door. I felt now a sudden shock, and was unable to draw my breath for some moments. A large rush basket of cold water, fresh from the well, had been poured over my body, heated as it was by a burning fever. To hundreds the experiment would have caused instant death (?); but mine was a strong constitution, and carried me through. I was immediately carefully dried, carried back to bed, and covered with several empty sacks and sheepskins. I felt some relief, and had some sound sleep, a thing I had not enjoyed for many days. When I awoke the women told me I had not sufficiently perspired, and must have another shower bath. I offered no resistance, and the shock was less this time, because I was prepared

for what was coming. This time the desired effect was undoubtedly produced, for on awaking I could have fancied myself still in a bath. The force of the fever was certainly broken, and I was soon strong enough to leave my bed, and walk up and down a little under the shadow of some palm-trees. As soon as it was known in the village that I was recovering, all the inhabitants came to visit and congratulate me. At night a fire was lighted before the door, and the people danced by way of testifying their joy. I regaled the party with *merissa*, which added, of course, to the mirth and jollity of the scene. I now got better very fast, and was soon able to resume my journey; but never shall I forget my obligations to these worthy people, who took so lively an interest in my helpless condition, and that from no motive of interest or hope of reward, but from a pure feeling of love for a fellow-creature."

Most of the remarks hitherto made apply to the original negro race; but Kordofan contains other elements of population that must not be passed over in silence. The native negro race are, with few exceptions, agriculturists, and reside in villages, some of which, being larger than others, have been dignified by the name of towns. The Bakkara tribes, on the other hand, lead a nomadic life, and are supposed to be of Arab origin, though from frequent intermarriages with negro women, the Bakkara, with the exception only of one tribe, are as black now as any other of the African nations. The Turks are too few in number to be looked on as a distinct class of the population; and most of them, moreover, consider their residence in Kordofan as only of a temporary nature, and hope to leave it as soon as they have scraped together money enough to enable them to live in comfort at home. A very numerous class, however, consists of the Dongolavi, or people of Dongola, who seem to have increase and multiplied in most of the countries of Central Africa. Nearly the whole commerce of Kordofan, and particularly the slave trade, so far as Mehemet Ali leaves any part of the field unoccupied, is in their hands. They are by far the wealthiest people of the country; are described as a fine athletic race, lively and good-humoured, but altogether deficient in those estimable qualities which distinguish the native race of Kordofan. The Dongolavi, according to Pallme, 'are a cheerful set of people, but have a surprising aversion to anything like work. Truth never escapes from their lips, for they are, without exception, the greatest liars on the face of God's earth. They are not thieves, but they never neglect an opportunity of defrauding those with whom they deal. They are full of flattery and fine words, but utterly dead to any feeling of gratitude. Of all

things, I would advise a European to be careful not to engage one of this race as a servant.'

Of the nomadic tribes, the Bakkara, there are several. Each of these tribes is governed by a sheikh, whose authority over his own people is almost despotic. These tribes are subjected to a tribute of about 12,000 oxen annually; and when the time for levying the tribute comes round, the several sheikhs are hunted up by the Turkish officers, who take care to levy a little tribute on their own account, in addition to what they are bound to collect for the service of the viceroy. Nevertheless, though subjected to this annual spoliation, the sheikhs are most of them wealthy, have large herds of horned cattle, besides horses, camels, &c., and carry on a lucrative trade in the various countries through which they drive their cattle. Where they feel themselves strong enough they seldom hesitate to lay their hands on any stray property that comes in their way; and occasionally they amuse themselves by kidnapping negro children, to be afterwards sold as slaves in the markets of Kordofan. Indeed until Mehemet Ali undertook his great slave hunts—with horse, foot, and artillery—it was chiefly through the Bakkari that the bazaars of Egypt were furnished with their customary supply of human bones and sinews.

During the dry season the Bakkari quit Kordofan with their herds, and wander into the unexplored negro countries lying to the south. The Turks, however, are not, on this account, apprehensive of losing their tributaries; for it seems that in these southern countries, during the rainy season, a fly makes its appearance, whose bite, though not dangerous to man, is so destructive to cattle, and particularly to camels, that whole herds have been sometimes destroyed by it in a few days. As the rainy season advances, therefore, the Bakkari return to Kordofan with their herds, choosing rather to be plundered of a part by the Turks, than to see the whole perish under the attacks of a diminutive but irresistible foe.

Pallme, having made acquaintance with one of their sheikhs, spent some time with the Bakkari of the Lake Arrat, where he was hospitably treated, and admitted unreservedly into all their secrets. He advises Europeans, however, to be cautious how they trust themselves into the hands of these people, till the friendship of a sheikh has been secured. The Bakkari know nothing about Franks, and every man with a white skin is a Turk in their eyes, and, as such, to be slaughtered as an enemy, if a safe opportunity present itself.

Beef and milk constitute the chief food of these pastoral rovers, and milk is in such abundance among them, that even their horses are fed with it, and seem to thrive excellently upon it. Bread is a luxury enjoyed only by the sheikhs. Their tents are made of ox leather, and the whole encampment, including the ground into which the cattle are driven, is surrounded by a fence of thorns. This, however, is not a sufficient protection either against wild beasts, or against the enemies whom the predatory habits of the tribe may have stirred up to seek an opportunity for vengeance. Regular sentinels must therefore be stationed round the camp at night, and a number of men, ready armed, must hold themselves prepared, at the first signal of danger, to rush towards the threatened point. 'The guard-house, as it may be called, where this armed party hold their watch, is generally a scene of festivity throughout the night, for the wives and sisters of the watchers never fail to repair to the place, that they may keep them awake with their songs and dances.

'Their dance,' observes Pallme, 'quite different from the usual dances of Kordofan, has something fantastic, something really imposing about it. The dancers range themselves in two lines, the men in one, and the women in the other. The men hold their lances, and often beat time with them on the ground while dancing. At first their movements are moderate and subdued, but gradually the performers become more excited, the men dash their lances wildly about in the air, and seem ready to rush upon the supposed enemy, the women. These now seek to conciliate their conquerors, by assuming an attitude of submission. I can assure my readers, that it is difficult to imagine anything more picturesque than one of these dancing groups, on a dark night, the scene lit up by four blazing fires, perhaps, and every pause in the wild merriment broken by the distant roar of a lion, or the howl of a hyena.'

Our author gives a brief account of the several tribes and nations that border on Kordofan. Some of these are partially subject to the Egyptian government, but none of the countries beyond Kordofan can be looked on as the Viceroy's territories; nor do any of them even pay a regular tribute. Many of these countries are obliged to renounce the breeding of cattle, on account of the destructive fly, of which mention has already been made; but most of them have natural advantages, from which they either do, or might, derive considerable wealth. Thus, the Shillook negroes live in a country

swarming with elephants, and export large quantities of ivory to Kordofan and Abyssinia; and Pallme even says, that much of the ivory brought to England from India has been conveyed to us by the way of Abyssinia.

The Nuba negroes live in a mountainous and comparatively healthy country, and might draw immense resources from their gum forests. Their hills and valleys appear to be free from the dreaded cattle fly, for they have abundance of cattle, and agriculture is carefully attended to; yet, strange to say, with plenty of bread, fruit, beef, pork, mutton, and almost every description of African game, the favourite national dish is the rat; a delicacy, however, too highly prized, for any but the wealthy to indulge in its enjoyment. The poor Nuba negroes have two enemies, indeed, of whom they live in constant dread. These are the Turks and the locusts. The Turks hunt them for slaves, and the locusts, every now and then, eat up their harvests, and leave not a blade behind for man or beast. Famine then appears in its most horrible form, and parents will sell their children, at such times, to the Kordofan slave dealers for a few measures of corn. 'I myself,' says Pallme, 'saw a girl who had been bought for fifty handfuls of corn; and another merchant had bought eight oxen for a camel load of grain, and eight children at precisely the same price! These periods of famine among the Nuba hills are seasons of calamity for the neighbouring countries, as well as for the Nubans themselves; for the latter, on such occasions, sally forth on marauding excursions, to steal and carry away what they can lay their hands on.'

About five days' march south-east of Kordofan lies Takeli, a country which Mehemet Ali, on three several occasions, attempted to conquer, but each time his troops were driven back with considerable loss. Since then the sturdy sultan of Takeli has been left undisturbed, and the two countries trade with each other in a peaceable way. The whole of Takeli is mountainous, like the land of the Nubans. Were the latter also united under one head, they might be found equally formidable, and Mehemet Ali would be less ready to venture on his annual slave-hunts among their hills. The people of Takeli seem to have advanced further in civilisation than most of their neighbours. They are described as good agriculturists, not only planting the cotton-tree with care, but even weaving a kind of cloth from its fibres. They are also bold hunters, as may be judged from the following description of their customary manner of attacking a lion.

"When the hunter has found the place where a lion usually takes his noonday repose, a tree not far from the spot is selected. To this tree the hunter repairs early in the morning, when he knows the lion is out in quest of prey. He climbs up into the tree, armed only with a bagfull of stones, and six or eight short sharp lances, and patiently awaits the return of his intended victim. Between ten and eleven, as the heat of the day begins, the lion returns, and, should he even see the man, takes little notice of him, but lies down to sleep away the time till the return of evening. The hunter also remains quiet, and waits generally till about an hour after noon, by which time the sand has grown so scorching hot, that even the lion cannot set his foot upon it without enduring considerable pain. Now the hunter begins by flinging a stone or two at the most sensitive parts of the animal's head. The latter growls with pain and rage, for it is rarely that a stone misses its intended mark; still he is unwilling to leave his shady couch, and lies roaring and lashing his tail, till perhaps a missile hits him in the eye, and inflicts a torture beyond what he has patience to endure. He now springs up, and rushes towards the tree whence his torments proceed, but he has scarcely reached the trunk, when he finds himself transfixed by a well-directed lance, and howling with pain, more from his scorched feet than his bleeding side, he crouches again in his former resting-place. The hunter allows him but little repose. Again, stone after stone strikes his head, again he rushes madly at the tree, and again a sharp lance is fixed into his side. Should the lion renew the attack, a third and a fourth lance salute him, but by this time he is growing exhausted by the loss of blood, crawls away to some distance, where the hunter's eye watches him till the lord of the forest has stretched his limbs in death."

Pallme was desirous, he tells us, of visiting Takeli, and was even urged to do so by the sultan's brother, who, it seems, visits Lobeid every year, and as no European has yet set foot in the country, it is to be regretted that so good an intention should have been abandoned; but our author was assured, that the people of Takeli knew nothing of Franks, and would infallibly destroy any white who fell into their hands, under the belief that he was a Turk. For these apprehensions, however, he satisfied himself, in the sequel, there was no foundation.

We cannot make room for the revolting anecdotes, of which the book before us is full, connected with the slave trade. Few of our readers will be surprised to learn, that all classes are more or less demoralized by the effects of the hateful traffic, and, in this respect, the military certainly form no exception. The troops stationed in these remote provinces seldom receive any pay till after their return from the annual slave-hunt, when their arrears are usually liquidated by a partition of slaves. It is not an uncommon occurrence, on such an occasion, for a

man to find his own father or brother assigned to him; but the poor soldier must not yield to the feelings of nature, for he holds his property in his parent in common with a comrade, who is little disposed to sacrifice a year's pay to gratify the natural affection of another. No, the poor slave must be sold to some Dongolavi for what he can bring, the produce is divided between the co-proprietors, and the afflicted son has perhaps lived long enough under Turkish rule to learn to console himself under every misfortune, with the customary exclamation, 'Allah kerim!' (God has willed it!)

Giraffes abound in Kordofan and the adjoining countries during the dry season, but always disappear completely some time before the rains set in. It is in the plains of Kordofan that nearly all those have been caught, that have at various times been brought to Europe. The old animals are never taken alive, though often hunted for their flesh; it is only the young ones that are preserved to be sent to Egypt. The Sheikh Abdel Had of Haraza seems to enjoy the monopoly of supplying all the menageries of Europe with these delicate animals, and his men are represented to be remarkably skilful in the pursuit of them, when the object is to take a young giraffe alive; to pursue the creature and kill it for its flesh is an easy task for any well-mounted rider, for though the giraffe runs with great velocity, it never runs in a straight line when hunted, but is constantly changing the direction of its flight, thus giving its pursuer an important advantage. Its conveyance to Cairo requires constant care. It must have four men to lead it, and as none but a very young giraffe will submit to any sort of constraint, a female camel must accompany the party to supply the captive with milk. Even when the greatest care is taken of the animal, it frequently dies before it reaches Cairo, where, owing to the difficulty and expense of the transport, a living giraffe is never to be bought for less than five or six hundred dollars.

All the usual wild beasts of Africa that figure in our menageries, or in our books of natural history, such as lions, leopards, hyenas, elephants, antelopes, &c., abound more or less in Kordofan. Of many of these creatures, however, the character given by our author differs very much from what we have been accustomed to read in our standing authorities on these matters. Thus, of all wild beasts, he says, 'none is so easy to tame as the hyena. At Lobeid, I have seen tame hyenas run about the garden, and allow the children of the house to play with them and tease them, in all imaginable ways. An

old hyena and her two young were once offered me for sale. The old one was muzzled, it is true, but she appeared perfectly gentle, and had followed her master three leagues to town, without offering the slightest resistance. The animal most dreaded by the people in this part of Africa is the rhinoceros, which, though it feeds only on grass, is the most vicious creature in existence, and will attack a man, an ox, a lion, or even an elephant, and that without the slightest provocation. The rhinoceros on these occasions is always the aggressor, and often pays for its temerity with its life, for if, at the first attack, it does not succeed in goring with its horn such an antagonist as the lion or elephant, the rhinoceros is lost.'

Pallme devotes an entire chapter to a description of Lobeid (in some maps marked Obeid), the capital of Kordofan. It consists of six different villages, each inhabited by a distinct class of the population. The inhabitants are supposed to be about 12,000 in number, and each family has its group of tukkoli or thatched huts, and to each set of tukkoli is attached a piece of ground, on which corn is grown for the consumption of the family. Though there are five mosques in the town, not one of them has a minaret attached to it, and the only houses of better appearance than the common native huts are a few two-story houses built by the Turks, with clay walls, that would soon be washed away by the tropical rains, if not protected by a good coating of cowdung. Nothing can be more monotonous than the appearance of such a town in the dry season, when every tree is stripped of its leaves, and each garden presents nothing but a surface of scorched sand to the eye. With the first rains all this changes, the most luxuriant vegetation covers the ground, the trees are all in full leaf, the corn springs quickly to a height that almost hides the huts beyond, the loveliest flowers spring up everywhere spontaneously, the thorn fences are hung with creeping plants covered with the richest blossoms, and the whole atmosphere is full of delicious perfumes. The houses are almost lost amid this abundance of trees and bushes, and to one not familiar with the place it becomes impossible to find his way through the leafy labyrinth, which looks rather like a wood or a park than like a city. The gentle showers that have wrought this sudden change give way, however, before long to the tropical torrents, which come down too suddenly and too heavily for the soil to be able to absorb the moisture; the water then ploughs up the ground, and streams are formed deep and rapid enough to drown the incautious passenger who hap-

pens to fall into one of them. Not a year passes in which several lives are not lost at Lobeid from this cause.

At the close of the rainy season the harvest is gathered in, and all begins again to look dry, naked, and scorched. The last operation of the season is to collect together the dry grass and set fire to it. Thousands of locusts that had lain concealed, now spring forth, and are eagerly caught by the bystanders to be sold, as a particular delicacy, in the market of Lobeid. As the nakedness of the land is displayed, many objects present themselves calculated to awaken painful reflections. The streets and lanes of the city are seen scattered over with the bones of men and animals, that a few days ago lay concealed under a luxuriant covering of high grass. These are the remains of slaves and domestic cattle that have died during the season, but whose owners have not deemed it necessary to bury them, well knowing that bodies thrown into open ground, will have their bones well picked before morning by hyenas and dogs, or that if these happen to leave their work unfinished, the vultures will not fail to complete it. The hyena, in fact, renders invaluable services to the people of this part of Africa, by consuming the dead animal matter, which else would in a short time corrupt the air, and probably give rise to most destructive epidemics.

The barracks for the soldiers consists only of a number of tukkoli (about fifty) ranged closely together; but as the troops are all negroes who have originally been carried off in one or other of the slave hunts, they are always supposed to be anxious to desert, and, to prevent this, every encouragement is held out to them to marry. The married soldiers have separate huts assigned to them, and the consequence is that but a small number of the garrison are ever lodged in the barracks.

The only public place of diversion of any kind at Lobeid is the Bazaar or market-place, whither all classes repair, to amuse themselves by the bustle of the place, and by listening to the news which each returning day seldom fails to bring to light. Here, in the very heart of Africa, the affairs of Europe are discussed, chiefly in front of the Turkish coffee-house, and even when the heavy rains have cut off all communication with Egypt, news is never wanting, though its complexion is often of a kind, scarcely to impose even upon the most credulous. Thus, if mention happened to be made of Russia, England, Germany, or France, the story generally is, that the Sultan of Constantinople is about to adopt hostile measures to enforce the payment of the customary tribute from the Franks.

A sudden shower of rain will sometimes fall, quite unexpectedly, when the market is at its fullest, for one of these tropical showers seldom gives any warning of its approach. In such a case the sudden panic of the assembled multitude presents the most ludicrous picture. The men rush away in search of shelter, the women scream as they see their warës overturned, and the children are running about crying after their lost parents. It is not that these worthy blacks are apprehensive their clothes may be spoiled, for few have on more than a long cotton shirt, and most of them nothing but a piece of calico wound round their loins, yet they all dread the rain as if every drop was burning fire; their fright arises from a firm belief that to get wet from the rain is enough to bring on a fever, and absurd as this notion may seem to be, says Pallme, 'it is not to be denied that there is some ground for it, for any sudden chill, during the rainy season, is enough to throw the strongest man upon a sick bed, and bring him to the very verge of the grave.'

On his first arrival at Lobeid, our author found one European residing there, a Dr. Iken, from Hanover; but this gentleman shortly afterwards fell a victim to the climate. His grave was made by the side of those of seven other Europeans, who, like himself, breathed their last at Lobeid. Several of these were Englishmen, but Pallme makes no mention of their names. 'After I had recovered,' he says, 'from the attack of fever, which had nearly consigned me to the same spot, and was just able to creep along with the help of a stick, these melancholy hillocks became my favourite haunt. I sat down there, and fancied myself among Europeans again; nay, I could fancy myself among those who sympathized with my sufferings in a foreign land, and in my ardent longings to return once more to my native country.'

The thing that makes Lobeid interesting to a traveller is the vast variety of strangers who are constantly arriving there from all parts of Africa, not excepting Tombuctoo, and even countries of which we in Europe know neither the locality nor the name. At day-break all this mass of human life springs into movement, and every man prepares to go about the business of the day. With many this consists merely in looking for a cool shady place to lie down in, or in going in quest of a neighbour to invite him to participate in so important an undertaking. Nevertheless, more active scenes are not wanting. The herds are collected and driven out to their pasture-grounds by a herdsman, riding on an ox. The slaves,

with their fettered limbs, are proceeding to labour in the fields. A caravan, perhaps, is preparing to start on a journey of weeks or months. The female slaves, while setting about their little domestic avocations, are singing plaintive ditties about their native hills. In short, the whole place is full of motion and life. About eleven the noon-day heat sets in, and the whole town becomes as a city of the dead. Each seeks the shelter of a roof, for life itself would scarcely be safe if exposed to the vertical sun. A straggling dog is probably the last living thing to be seen about the streets; but even the dog soon creeps to cover, and this perfect stillness continues till about three, when all have been refreshed by their siesta, and prepare to resume their work. At sunset again every one hastens home to his frugal meal. Where provisions of every kind are abundant and cheap, even the poorest may depend on having at least a sufficiency of food; and 'should there really be one who has not the means of providing himself with a supper, he will not need to make any ceremony, but may enter the house of his nearest neighbour and freely partake of the family meal.'

As soon as supper is over, large fires are lighted in front of many of the houses; and around these fires the young of both sexes assemble to dance and sing. These festive groups continue to enjoy themselves till midnight, when all retire to repose, and the streets are again wrapped in a deathlike silence. This is the signal for the prowling hyena to take possession of the ground that man has for a while abandoned; and during the rest of the night nothing is heard but the howling of the unclean beast, answered by the whining cry of the terrified dogs. And now, having put all the good people of Lobeid to bed, we are warned, by the extent to which we have already carried our remarks, that it is time we should bring our notice of Kordofan to a close, though there remains a large portion of the work on which we have not even touched. The chapter on the commercial capabilities of the country is of too technical a character for the general reader, and if given at all, should be given entire. The two chapters on Mehemet Ali's slave hunts were written several years ago, and were published, as we have already mentioned, in 1841, in the 'Anti-Slavery Reporter.' The chapter on the adjoining empire of Darfour, on which Mehemet Ali has had his eyes fixed for several years past, though brief, is full of interest; and the same remark will apply to the chapters on the state of religion, on the prevailing maladies of the country, and on

various other subjects. On these matters, however, we must refer the curious reader to the book itself; from the perusal of which, we feel persuaded, few will arise without having been gratified by the variety of information conveyed with a frankness and simplicity not always found in modern travellers, and still fewer without having been inspired with kindness towards an author, as free from affectation as he is replete with good feeling; one who never for a moment attempts to discourse of matters beyond his ken, but merely delivers a round, unvarnished tale of what he saw, suffered, and heard, in a country whither few Europeans had found their way before him, and whence, even of those few, only two or three have ever returned.

ART. VII.—1. *Mémoires de la Société Ethnologique*. Vol. 1. Paris: Dondey Dupré. 1841.

2. *The Foulahs of Central Africa, and the African Slave Trade*. By W. B. HONGSON, of Savannah, Georgia. 1843.

3. *On the Study of Ethnology*. By Dr. E. DIEFFENBACH. London. 1843.

THE times are now long past when learned men used reciprocally to communicate the result of their studies in epistles scarcely less ponderous than their printed works. It has now been rendered impossible that a second Demoiselle Gournay should hear for the first time in a Latin epistle from the remotest recesses of Germany, of the existence, the genius, and the eloquence of a second Montaigne. *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Modern civilisation has promoted a pretty free circulation of ideas. Steam not only reproduces by thousands of copies the thoughts of every man whose thoughts are worth knowing, but whirls them over the surface of the land, or bears them triumphantly over the sea, to the remotest corners of the habitable globe. But this impartial distribution of intelligence, literary or otherwise, is far from satisfying the wishes of scientific men. They desire to pursue their investigations simultaneously, and therefore in some degree publicly, but at the same time to enjoy as much as possible the advantages of privacy. A society accordingly is their only resource, and we have societies of all kinds, geographical, geological, and microscopical; associations have been formed for the purpose of speculating on shells, stones, soils, plants, beasts, birds, fishes, and

insects; but until now who have thought of uniting for the study of man?

To France is due the honour of being the first country to produce an Ethnological Society, though the suggestion we believe came from England. At least it was in consequence of a communication from Dr. Hodgkin on the part of the Aborigines Protection Society, that Dr. Edwards and his friends in Paris determined to associate together for the purpose of examining the human race in order to ascertain, as far as possible, its origin, and gather materials for a more comprehensive knowledge of mankind than had yet been obtained. Dr. Edwards had already published a work, entitled '*Des Caractères Physiologiques des Races Humaines, considérés dans leurs rapports avec l'Histoire*,' which had attracted much attention, and he was enabled in a very short time to obtain the co-operation of many of the most distinguished members of the Institute and of the Geographical Society of Paris. A central committee was then formed, and a code of laws constructed, which was submitted—this will sound strangely to English ears—to the consideration of the government. Fancy the London Ethnological Society submitting its voluminous rules and regulations to Sir Robert Peel or Sir James Graham! To let this pass, however, an *arrêté*, dated Paris, August 20th, 1839, and signed 'Villemain' (the approbation of the minister of the interior having been explicitly expressed), authorized the establishment of a scientific society to be called the Ethnological Society, 'having for its object the study of the races of mankind in the historical traditions, the languages, and the physical and moral characteristics of every people.' The first meeting took place three days afterwards, since which time the sittings of the '*Société Ethnologique*' have been continued on the fourth Friday in each month.

Those who drew up the statutes of this body, announce its objects in the following words: 'The principal elements by which the races of mankind are distinguished, are, their physical organization, their intellectual and moral character, their languages and their historical traditions; these various elements have not yet been so studied as to erect the science of ethnology on its true foundations. It is in order to arrive at this result by a continued series of observations, and to determine what are in reality the different races of mankind, that the Ethnological Society of Paris has been established.'

After this general statement of the views and nature of the society, there follows a series of articles sketching the plan to be adopted for the attainment of the objects set

forth. In the first place, all observations calculated to throw light on the various races, at present, or formerly, existing on the earth, are to be collected, arranged, and published. For this purpose members engage to communicate papers, and the society corresponds with all other scientific, religious, and philanthropic associations, as well as with the learned, with travellers, and all individuals who may be enabled to afford them information. To facilitate the researches of those who may be disposed to render assistance, it publishes a general paper of instructions as to the points on which light is more especially required to be thrown, and is ready to communicate to whoever may desire it, a series of inquiries adapted to any particular country. It enters into its design, moreover, to make collections, to bring together drawings and objects which may assist in forming a conception of the physical characters of races; and to collect all such products of art and industry as may contribute to the accurate appreciation of the degree of intelligence exhibited by each people. Finally, whilst keeping steadily in view its scientific object, the society has engaged to exert itself as much as possible in ameliorating the condition of the aborigines of those countries which may have been, or may hereafter be, conquered by any of the nations of Europe—that is to say, to co-operate with the English Aborigines Protection Society.

A similar plan had already been conceived in England, and the first step towards its accomplishment had been taken by the formation of an ethnological section in the British Association, before the letter which communicated the establishment of the French Society was received by Dr. Hodgkin. But it was not until the beginning of 1843 that the first meeting of the English Society was called together to hear the paper of Dr. Dieffenbach 'On the Study of Ethnology.' By the termination of the session, however, the indefatigable exertions of Dr. Richard King, secretary, had succeeded in collecting the names of more than 120 gentlemen. Encouraged by this good fortune, on the 22d of November, 1843, the society again met at the house of Dr. Hodgkin, who has generously received and entertained the members both during the first and second sessions, for the purpose of electing officers. It is now in active operation under the presidency of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, with the Archbishop of Dublin, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, and Messrs. G. B. Greenough, F.R.S., and James Cowles Prichard, M.D., as Vice-Presidents.

'The Ethnological Society of London is formed,' says the book of regulations, 'for the purpose of inquiring into the distinguishing characteristics, physical and moral, of the varieties of mankind, which inhabit, or have inhabited, the earth; and to ascertain the causes of such characteristics.'

It would perhaps have been impossible to select a wider field of investigation, in which there would have been any unity of design. It is proposed to subject human nature, in all its varied phases, to a strict and searching scrutiny, in order to discover the nature and the causes of the differences which are observed to exist between one race and another. Such a scrutiny, to lead to any certain results, must be based on an extensive knowledge of the features of resemblance between man and man, that is, on a philosophy which embraces everything that is not accidental in our nature. It may be said, this philosophy will grow up in the mind as the investigation proceeds. True. Until it has grown up, however, we must expect nothing more than a series of scattered experiments, highly valuable, doubly so perhaps from their independence of a system, but no combination of results, no criticism, no theory. The study of ethnology, in fact, cannot be pushed far without the necessity being felt of something on which it may rest—of something broader than any science which draws its conclusions from the examination of any particular order of individuals, in one word, of the 'philosophia prima,' as Bacon calls it. It appears to us that a majority of those who have already written on the subject have been ill-furnished with general ideas, and that most of their errors, most of their hasty conclusions, may be traced to this source.

If we now examine the papers which have been already read, before the ethnological societies of London and Paris, we shall find that, as far as they go, they form admirable materials for future speculation. The first volume of the French 'Mémoires' is now before us. It contains, in addition to the minutes of each meeting, some very valuable papers. In the first place, we find a reprint of the work of Dr. Edwards, to which we have already alluded, and which may, in some sort, be said to have suggested the society. The author, moreover, up to the period of his recent death, constantly presided, and made some very useful presents to the library and museum. His essay is remarkable for extreme ingenuity, but he has generalized somewhat hastily, and there remain strong doubts on our mind whether he has discovered the real types of the Galla and the Kimri. His argument on the Jews,

besides, falls to the ground before the single fact, that the individuals of that nation have varied most remarkably in every country where they have settled long; so that the Polish Jew is different from the Portuguese Jew, and the English from both. In the East, also, the Israelites assume a new, but not at all uniform aspect. In Egypt they are by no means the same as in Damascus, or Persia, or Constantinople. We have been assured, besides, by those who have seen the figures on the ancient Egyptian tombs, supposed to be Jews, and which give occasion to Dr. Edwards to affirm, that the type of the nation is absolutely unchanged, that the resemblance is so faint as hardly to be discerned but by a prejudiced eye.

The next paper, entitled, 'A Sketch of the present State of Anthropology, or the Natural History of Man,' is by the same author, and is chiefly remarkable for an outline of his own work, in which he says, he has distinguished most of the races of the continent of Europe, and described their physical characters correctly. This is far too high praise; the rapid excursion which he took through Belgium, the north and east of France, Italy, and part of Switzerland, not having been sufficient to enable him to perform what he attempted.

The Memoir on the Guanches, by Sabin Berthelot, is an admirable performance, full of curious information concerning a people which we must consider extinct; for though there may be Guanche blood in the veins of the mountaineers of the Canaries, and remnants among them of their old customs and language, yet the Europeans, by the introduction of new manners, as well as by immigration, have destroyed all vestige of nationality. Among the most remarkable passages in this paper is that on the guayres or councillors of Canaria. The feats of strength performed by these heroes reminds us of those related by Homer. There is a striking resemblance between the account of the wrestling match between Guanhaven and Caytafa, and that between Odysseus and Ajax, in the games in honour of Patroclus.

Théodore Pavie's 'Mémoire sur les Parsees' is interesting but incomplete. It contains scarcely any information on the marriage state among these fire-worshippers, and makes no allusion to the power possessed by the husband, in certain cases, of taking a second wife. Our readers are, doubtless, aware of the prominence this question has assumed in consequence of the case of the Parsee lady which is now making so great a stir at Bombay. Similar reasons render M. Penet's communication on the Sikhs more than usually important at the

present moment. The author, in his capacity of physician to the Maharajah Ranjit-Singh, possessed ample opportunities for studying what he professes to describe, and has accomplished his task with great success. There is a bluntness and at the same time a piquancy in his style, which confer a certain charm on his performance independent of the value of the facts.

The paper next following is by Colonel J. Jackson, secretary of the Royal Geographical Society of London, and is of a general nature. It points out, in a very clear and concise manner, in what way the observation of the arts and inventions of savage life may be made conducive to the scientific study of the races of mankind. We differ, however, from the author on one point. We do not think that there exists at present any reason to believe that the observation of the artistical performances of the inferior animals has ever, among an infant people, given a single impulse to human invention.

An elaborate work on the history and origin of the Foulahs, by Gustave D'Eichthal, forms, with its appendices, the second part of the first volume of the French Memoirs. It is principally occupied in discussing the Malay origin of the Foulahs, which has been since denied by Dr. Pritchard, and doubted by Mr. Hodgson, in the very able essay, the title of which we have given at the head of this article. This is not the place to enter into a discussion on the merits of M. D'Eichthal's theory. We can only say, that, in support of it, he has exhibited much learning and ingenuity.

Having thus furnished our readers with some idea of the direction which the studies of the French Ethnological Society have taken, we shall give a brief sketch of the papers which have been read at the London Society. Of these only one has been as yet published,—namely, the first, 'On the Study of Ethnology,' by Dr. Dieffenbach. It was read at the preliminary meeting Jan. 31, 1843, and contains a rapid view of the domains of the new science, pointing out what has already been done and what remains to be accomplished. It is necessarily imperfect, but may be consulted with advantage by any one who would obtain in a short space of time a conception of the true nature of ethnology. It must be borne in mind, however, that no complete definition of the science has ever yet been given. We many expect this some day; but at present our knowledge is too slight for it to be constructed.

Five other papers were read on the four meetings following, each entertaining and valuable in its way. Among them were

two by Dr. Richard King, the secretary, on the Esquimaux, which contained a very complete view of their physical structure, arts, and manufactures. The section which attracted most attention was the very graphic description of the mode adopted in Labrador of building snow-houses in winter. A good deal of interest, too, was excited by the discussion on the stature of the Esquimaux, the average of which, Dr. King stated, from personal observation, to be five feet seven, whereas they are commonly believed to be a nation of dwarfs. The Bathurst tribe of the Australians, and the New Zealanders, formed the subject of two other papers; the first by Mr. Edwin Suttor, the second by Dr. Obadiah Pineo, both travellers. The concluding paper of the first session, 'On the Physical Characters of the Ancient Greeks,' was by Mr. James Augustus St. John, who entered into many curious details on the influence of climate, and showed in what manner the denuding of the mountains of Greece of forests affected the condition of the population. He showed that the absence of wood has necessarily induced the absence of water, by which means many rivers have become exhausted before they can reach the sea, spreading into marshy lakes, from which arise noxious exhalations, the active agents in the production of fevers and other diseases. He suggested, also, in what way these circumstances might act on the moral character of the people; and drew many very startling conclusions from the facts he adduced, which his intimate acquaintance with the subject, however, warranted him in doing.

At the opening of the present session was read an elaborate paper, by Dr. Hodgkin, on the history of ethnology, which proved, that already had the science made progress since the establishment of the society. We cannot here give an outline of the author's observations. Our space forbids it. We must say, however, that he has presented the best general view of the past and present state of ethnology that has yet been offered. Nevertheless, we shall venture to make a few observations of a critical nature, which may perhaps be not unuseful to those who desire to have as complete an idea as possible of the prospects of the science.

In the first place, it is worthy of remark, that, although the plan sketched out by all who have attempted to take general views of ethnology, has embraced man in his various aspects—from the cradle to the grave—from the very depths of savageness to the highest point of civilisation; yet, both in writing and conversation, ethnologists at

present seem to direct their chief attention to the study of the lowest stages to which our nature has descended. This is not the result of mere accident. The fact is, the science of ethnology is yet in its infancy. Its limits are by no means strictly defined, neither is it obvious to every one whither it will lead. For this reason, they who apply themselves to the study of it, not feeling exactly certain of the ground on which they are treading, confine themselves within the narrowest possible limits, fearing, as it were, to be found trespassing on the territories of another science. Besides, it is always easier to observe and describe the peculiarities of a savage tribe than those of one more advanced in civilisation. In the latter case, the habits of what is called a state of nature have been in a great measure abandoned, or so modified by circumstances as to be completely disguised. But something is still left. The texture of the original canvass appears through the varied coats of colours which have been laid on at each successive stage of refinement. It is not enough, then, to delineate a people as they are,—in itself no easy task,—we must trace them back through past ages, deprive them in imagination, one by one, of all that they have acquired in the progress of time, and restore, if we may so speak, the savage man, in order to compare him with other savage men, and determine the degree of affinity that exists between them.

We have here for a moment supposed the truth of the theory according to which the most stupid and ignorant savage it is possible to conceive, sunk in the scale of intelligence below most brutes, is the father of the glorious human race. We suspect, however, that he who will patiently retrace the steps of civilisation will arrive at a point, nearly midway, at which he must suppose the onward movement to have commenced. Everything beyond that he will find is retrograde. We have a tendency to deteriorate as well as to ameliorate. Savage nations appear to us to be in a state of degradation. We think we can discern in most of them the remnants of a vanished system of things. Their traditions point almost invariably to a happier state of existence, something analogous to that which they hope to enjoy hereafter. Many of their arts and contrivances seem mutilated and imperfect recollections of something more excellent and complete. They have nothing infantine in their character. They are the awkward attempts of a second childhood to emulate the performances of manhood.

The truth of what we here incidentally advance may be tested by an examination

of the records of past times preserved in the legends of wild nations, of their manners, arts, and whole mode of existence. By this means it will be possible to ascend to the point to which we may descend by a critical study of civilized races. It is not, perhaps, unreasonable to investigate the savage nations first. If we recommend an occasional deviation from this practice it is because we think it probable, if it be too strictly adhered to, that when the time shall come for making a step in advance it will be found that a wrong and narrow theory of ethnology has been formed, and that some difficulty will be encountered in the attempt to lead the public mind into new fields of inquiry. For these reasons we imagine it would be advisable to mingle with papers, such as those of Drs. King and Pineo on the Esquimaux and New Zealanders, disquisitions on the ancient Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks (an example of which has already been given by Mr. St. John), the Etruscans, the Romans, the Germans, the French, and the English. Much may be discovered by comparing the various stages of civilisation one with another, exhibiting what elements have been lost and what gained in each. The study of the forms taken by thought, in different nations, at corresponding epochs of their progress, may bring to light not a little that is new and valuable. We are of opinion indeed, that far more is to be gained by psychological than by philological investigations. These however should not be rejected. Assistance should be sought from the grammarian as well as the philosopher.

From this it will be seen that we agree entirely with Dr. Hodgkin's observation, that the study of ethnology is by no means the peculiar province of the medical man. We equally dissent from those who believe that we should look principally to the future traveller for materials on which to base our theories. As much perhaps is to be learned by speculation on existing data as by observation; and it would be well to bear in mind that our libraries contain almost inexhaustible stores of facts, records of states of existence, the like of which may never again recur, and which must not be forgotten. We think that many persons show a disposition to underrate the amount of attention that has been paid to the subject of man by voyagers and travellers. Their observations, it is true, have been often unskilfully made and carelessly recorded. But still the task of extracting and methodising their contributions to the science of ethnology might profitably employ a very large section of the members of the society. The 'Voyages de la Compagnie des Indes,' alone,

are a rich mine of information, and many of the writers on the North American Indians, Colden, Carver, and Lafitau, for example, are invaluable. It would be out of place here to enumerate the books of travels which contain information that should not be neglected. We only hope that attention will speedily be directed to them. What is required are careful abstracts of their contents, without reference to any system, leaving an opinion to be formed by the readers on the data furnished. At least modern inferences should be carefully distinguished from old facts. The society might profitably employ some of its funds in publishing such abstracts. We feel confident that persons might easily be found to undertake them.

The method which we think it would be most advantageous to pursue, would be for one person to take the accounts of one nation and analyze them *seriatim* in the order of dates. Materials would thus be collected for forming an estimate of the rapidity with which the aspect of society changes in the various stages of civilisation. Our present opinion is, that it is the tendency of refinement to distinguish nations one from another; because every modification of the original character is the result of circumstances which are infinitely varied by time and place; and that when the intellectual faculties begin to develop themselves, the passion for improvement acquires more vigour, and is less easily satisfied. There is far more resemblance between one savage people and another, and between the same savage people at different periods of their history, than between two barbarous nations compared with each other, or with themselves at distant epochs. But the variations observable in these instances are nothing by the side of those which may be remarked when we place two European states in juxtaposition, and endeavour to discover their affinities and recognize their present features in the portraits that have been handed down of them from times past. The physiognomy of childhood is less marked than that of youth, that of youth than that of manhood. The parallel may be followed out, and it may be added, that as it is the tendency of old age to impress one type upon the features, so nations in their decline are distinguished by similar characteristics. We do not dogmatically advance this theory, but consider it well worthy of examination; and for this purpose recommend the careful chronological study of the successive accounts which have been given to the world of one people. When these accounts embrace a vast space of time, the results to be expected from them are of course more important,

but pictures drawn of the same individual, at the distance even of ten years, may offer striking points of dissemblance.

Much has been said of the immobility, the unvarying sameness of the Chinese character; but we suspect that too great stress has been laid upon it, and that the only constancy has been in our ignorance on the subject. We are inclined to believe that the English, for example, have scarcely undergone more changes, certainly not more changes if we allow for their higher position in the scale of civilisation during the last two hundred years, than have the subjects of the Celestial Empire. We do not at present refer to any striking alterations in their political condition; but to the different impressions of their character, created by the reading of the books of travels which describe them two centuries ago, and those which represent them at present. To our mind the Chinese who resisted Kang-hi were very different from those with whom we came into collision during the last war. We think that they have greatly deteriorated, both in a moral and military point of view, though we are far from believing that China was ever the paradise which the French writers of the eighteenth century, with the single exception perhaps of Montesquieu, would have persuaded us it was. We are of course not speaking of the Manchús, who are, perhaps, as courageous as ever, but of the population they now govern, and which then, especially in the tea-districts, opposed them, and forced them to gain many a bloody victory before they would acknowledge themselves vanquished. Some of the scenes in this war would seem rather to belong to Roman history than to Chinese. When one of the principal towns of Fo Kièn was besieged, and it was found impossible to hold out any longer, the general invited his friends to a feast of poison, and would have persuaded them to partake of what he set before them. Upon their refusal he resolved to die alone, and was found by the Tartars when they entered the city, sitting dead in his chair of state. Struck with awe, they made many obeisances to the corpse, extolling the high spirit which had prompted the deed. Their hearts, however, were only softened for a moment; for though the garrison had capitulated, they called them all out into a great open place, and falling upon them suddenly, put them to death, to the number of fourteen thousand. No one suspected that this sacrifice was intended; and it is related that one of the soldiers hearing the order, and having some business to transact, said to a townsman, 'I cannot make time to appear. Here is a piece of money. Go you for me.' The offer was accepted, the substitute put to

death, the soldier saved. 'It was very fortunate for the one,' says the historian of this tragic event, 'and very unlucky for the other.'

It would be a curious question for the Ethnological Society to discuss, whether the practice of opium-smoking, developed of late years to an extraordinary extent, and introduced probably as some alleviation of the unhappiness resulting from an oppressive government, has not contributed in a great measure to change the character of the Chinese people. They would thus not only elucidate a very interesting point in itself, but aid in establishing some general principles by which the influence of a change of diet, if we may use the word in so large a sense, in producing the alterations of the characteristics, mental and physical, of nations, may be estimated.

And this leads us to observe that it would be well if societies, both at home and abroad, would apply themselves sometimes to the discussion of points such as that which we have suggested, and not endeavour at every meeting to embrace a subject which it would take a volume to treat properly. Experience teaches the evils of the latter course. Wherever there is a discussion it becomes slight and uninteresting. Let us suppose the Ethnological Society to fall into this error, and reflect what would ensue. Let us suppose that at every meeting an entire people, in all its aspects, is attempted to be described. What would be the effect on the discussion? Questions would be raised on government religion, or morals, arts, commerce or manufactures. All would depend on accident. If a particular remark, say on food, should strike one member, he would note it down and prepare to raise a discussion on diet. The attention of another might be directed to a meteorological observation. A third might desire to say something on religion, a fourth on morals and so on. Well, the paper is brought to a close, and the most eager or the best prepared opens the discussion. It is very probable that few feel able to meet him on his own ground. His remarks are therefore heard in silence or greeted with applause; and another member rises to speak on a totally distinct subject. There will forthwith be an intellectual movement in the society. Each man will roll round hurriedly the globe of his knowledge in search of the new country that has been pointed out. Ten to one it will be *Terra Incognita* to the majority, and before they can scrawl down a promontory, or scratch the course of a river, their attention will be called away to the opposite hemisphere.

This evil will be in a great measure ob-

viated by circumscribing, as we have suggested, the field which each article embraces. Let it be stated, for example, at one meeting that the wigwams of the Red Indian, or of savage nations generally, or the dog-carts of the Kamtschadales, or the dances of the Hottentots, or of the Belooches, will form the subject of a paper to be read a month from that time. It is probable that in the interval all who have leisure will prepare themselves to say something in the discussion. Even those persons who acquire a sufficient degree of knowledge to be able to ask an apposite question, or make a single remark, or state a solitary fact, will contribute to the interest of the evening; and much that is valuable will doubtless be elucidated.

But if a subject, so comprehensive as to require the reading of many weeks for any one to obtain even a confused notion of its general outline, be treated at once, not only will the advantage of completeness be lost, but those who are not already familiar with it will be deterred from approaching it, and the discussion—one of the most agreeable features of the London Ethnological Society—will be comparatively languid and uninteresting.

We have thrown out these desultory remarks with a sincere desire to promote, as far as in us lies, the objects of the society. In our opinion, however, it will not have fulfilled its mission until it shall have investigated the history and varied fortunes of every nation upon earth, as far as the materials to be obtained will allow. It is within its province to study not only the moral and physical development of mankind, but all the circumstances and institutions which may directly or remotely influence its character and manners, as climate, diet, education, legislation, government, and religion. These projects are vast, the materials at our disposal scattered and perhaps insufficient. To make the attempt, however, is honourable, and the results, if not entirely satisfactory, will at least be as far as they go important and valuable.

Taxation, &c. Par M. L. DE TEGOBORSKI.
Paris: Jules Renouard et Cie. 1843.
In 2 vols.

THE Austrian finances have been treated of in a general way by several preceding writers, but we have seen no work which enters so minutely into the subject as the present. M. de Tegoborski illustrates the financial situation of that powerful state, by comparisons with Prussia and France. Oppressed with debt, the natural capabilities of Austria to elevate her financial position are many, but they are not available. To make them so, her rulers must possess a more intimate acquaintance with some principle that will admit a levy of the necessary amount of imposts to keep the machine of government in motion, while the changes essential to the operation are effected. Nor is this all: she cherishes an inveterate adherence to protecting duties, amounting to a prohibition of most articles of foreign manufacture. A grievous system of domestic taxation is retained. Complete ignorance of the basis upon which a profitable exchange of commodities with flourishing manufactures can alone rest, is another impediment to any improvement of her revenue through an advantageous commerce. Endeavouring to relieve her financial burdens, Austria entered on the payment of debts without interest, by borrowing money upon interest for the purpose. Besides this, she had to encounter the elevation in value of the outstanding portion of her obligations, as their total diminished in amount; a consequence of their diminution which she ought to have foreseen. Verily, the image of the Austrian chancellor of the exchequer should be set up as an idol for the worship of the enemies of free trade all over the world.

The debt and credit of a nation have, in recent times, become subjects of the highest consideration, perpetually reproduced under all social and political combinations. The study of finance is no longer confined to specious individuals, who, by accident rather than qualification, fill responsible public situations, but is happily become a subject of general discussion submitted to the exercise of the popular judgment. Hence there arises the hope that sound financial principles will soon be matured, and secure every European state for the future against a recurrence to that reckless system of incurring public debt which has crippled their resources. Too faithfully verified in recent days is the observation that 'the financier supports the state as the rope supports the strangling malefactor.'

The Austrian empire covers a superficies

ART. VIII.—*Des Finances et du Crédit Public de l'Autriche, de sa Dette, de ses Ressources Financières et de son Système d'Imposition, &c.* (The Finances and Public Credit of Austria, her Debt, Financial Resources, and System of

of 12,167 geographical square miles, having a population of 36,300,000. In 1840 the revenue was 140,000,000fl., 'convention money' as it is styled. A florin being reckoned 2s. 1d., or a small fraction less, this amount is 14,530,000l. sterling; or 3fl. 51kr.* per head. The public debt is 970,000,000fl. (101,000,000l. sterling) being about seven times the annual revenue. The principal is equal to 26fl. 43kr., and the interest to 1fl. 10kr. per head.

Prussia (for the sake of illustration) cov-

ers 5077 square miles; the population is 14,700,000; the revenue 79,810,000 fl. (8,300,000l.) or 5fl. 26kr. per head. The debt in 1841 about 26,000,000l. sterling, or three years' revenue, the interest 54kr. per head, the principal 16fl. 56kr. The revenue of Austria is to that of Prussia, in proportion to their respective population, as 7 to 10; while, relatively to extent of territory, the revenue of Austria is to that of Prussia as 11 to 15. Their respective sources of revenue are,

	Austria.	Prussia.
Domains and state forests,	2,500,000fl.	7,171,428fl.
Mines,	960,000	1,310,000
Post,	2,400,000	2,000,000
Lottery,	4,000,000	1,327,143
Direct contributions,	48,230,000	26,802,857
Indirect contributions,	74,550,000	40,740,000
Divers receipts,	4,500,000	458,572
	137,140,000	79,810,000

The *Contribution foncière*, including land and houses, forms nearly a third of the Austrian revenue; in Prussia only about a sixth; an indication, perhaps, that as trade and manufactures increase, the burden is shifted more off the land upon the products of indus-

try. A proof too that the social system is more generally advanced in Prussia, the objects of taxation produced by refinement not being yet in a proportionate demand in both states. The expenditures of the two countries is respectively as follows:

	Austria.		Prussia.
	florins.		florins.
State Chancery,	1,900,000	Ministers, mint, treasury,	418,571
Council of ditto, Aulic authorities,	3,200,000	—of worship and instruction,	4,024,286
Special administrations of all kinds,	27,240,000	—police and interior,	3,448,571
Pensions elsewhere omitted	2,000,000	—foreign affairs,	958,571
Political funds,	7,520,000	—justice	3,094,286
The Cadastre,	522,000	—finance, works, commerce, &c.,	2,340,000
		Roads, &c.,	4,178,571
		Regency, superior presidents,	2,442,857
	42,382,000		20,905,713
Sundry expenses,	2,048,000		5,300,000
Expense of the court,	3,500,000		†
Fund of reserve,			3,318,572
The army,	50,715,000†		33,480,000
Interest of debt,	44,088,556		12,254,286
	142,733,556		75,258,571

The resources of Prussia in 1839 afforded, it will be seen, a considerable fund of reserve, while those of Austria were deficient. The deficiency was covered by reductions

in the army and augmentations in certain branches of the revenue. Austria pays for her military force 35.8 per cent of her revenue: Prussia 44.5: France in 1841, paid

* A kreutzer is of different values in Germany; the old kreutzer was 7-15ths of a farthing sterling; the above is that of Vienna, 60 to the florin.

† The court expenses are paid out of the crown domains in Prussia.

‡ Independently of 8,000,000 fl. separately given in the budget, which carries the charge for the army to 59,000,000. The general charge may be set down at 52,000,000 fl., or 1 fl. 26 kr. per head upon

the population. The army of Prussia, on an average, for the years 1841-2-3, cost 33,887,000 fl., or 2 fl. 18 kr. per head. Thus the expenses of the Prussian compared to the Austrian army, are as 70 to 43. The expenses of the civil administration of Prussia, for the years 1841-2-3 was carried to 26,414,000 fl., or 1 fl. 48 kr. per head. That of Austria, reckoned at 60,000,000 fl., gives 1 fl. 39 kr. each person.

but 21.1 per cent. The Prussian military expenses are, therefore, to those of Austria as 18 to 11, taking into account their respective population.

The main burden upon Austria is her debt, the larger part of which, now pressing her, was the fruit of the coalitions begun in 1792, against France, for the purpose, to use the phrase of William Pitt, of putting down 'principles;' coalitions which severally reacted upon all those who engaged in them. Loans were made for meeting the extraordinary expenses of military levies, and for repairing disasters, not only in Austria, but wherever they could be obtained abroad. Forced loans and paper issues became at home avenues of ruin to the people, only to be again repeated. Of the sums paid by England either as subsidies or loans for the beforementioned purpose, making about a fifteenth of her entire national debt, Austria received a large amount never repaid. There was an old debt existing before, of 40,000,000fl. (4,008,333*l.*) contracted in the reign of Leopold I. then in a course of liquidation. A debt incurred during the 'seven years' war,' increased the public burdens to 367,000,000fl. or 38,200,000*l.*, to which the expenses of the Turkish war, under Joseph, must be added. The war of 1792 carried the total debt to 650,000,000fl. or 67,700,000*l.* bearing interest from three to six per cent.

The second part of the Austrian debt arose from its paper money, first issued as bank-notes, under the Empress Maria Theresa, to the amount of 12,000,000, and carried under Joseph to 20,000,000fl. These notes were withdrawn about 1796, and replaced by augmented issues, so that in 1802 more than 706,000,000fl. were in circulation (73,400,000*l.*). Fresh issues took place in 1809, and thus the amount attained the enormous extent of 1,060,798,653fl., or about 110,541,526*l.* sterling. The exchange of the notes of the Vienna bank for the current coin was suspended in 1797, but the notes preserved their credit until 1799, when they fell to a fifth of their nominal value; and between 1799 and 1811 they dropped to one-twelfth. The abuses of this resource by the government were followed by a fearful crisis. The utter loss of credit by the paper, reduced vast numbers of the wealthy to poverty, and of the indigent to utter beggary.

This fall of the paper currency was much enhanced in rapidity by an expedient that could have been the result only of the most deplorable financial ignorance. The issue of the notes had been accompanied by one of valueless brass money, to the extent of

80,000,000fl., which was to be exchanged for the paper (*Banco-Zettel*), just as if it possessed the intrinsic value of the more precious metals before money payments were suspended. What little coin of real value remained, speedily went out of the country. In the midst of political disasters, efforts were made to retrieve the financial affairs by a new loan of 75,000,000fl. (about 8,000,000*l.* sterling), called the *Banco-Zettel-Tilgungs-Anleihe*. A new tax was levied for the express purpose of calling in the Bank paper; the duties on salt and tobacco were raised in the midst of widespread ruin; the port and customs duties received additions with the same object, and all the silver in the country was subjected to a new law of control, called the *Repunzung*. The war of 1809 now broke out, the sums thus acquired were diverted to defray the expenses; and the new paper fell, in a couple of months, to 460 for 100fl. in money. In 1810 it was resolved to withdraw these notes, and exchange them, giving 300fl. for 100fl. of another paper money to be issued, styled *Einlösungs-Scheine*, or 'Notes of Redemption.' To establish a sinking fund for the new paper, an impost of 10 per cent. was levied, named *Vermögens-Steuer*, or the 'Property Tax,' with an intention to augment the produce by loans upon mortgages of the state property. After this, in 1811, a celebrated epoch in the financial annals of Austria, the old paper was called in, at the rate of 20 per cent., for the new redemption notes. These last were declared to represent the current money of the country, under the title of the *Wiener Währung*, or 'Value of Vienna.' The amount of the new currency, it was pledged, should not exceed the sum needful to redeem the old notes, or *Banco-Zettel*. The *Vermögens-Steuer* was then suppressed, the sums levied were returned, and a sinking fund was projected from the money accruing by the sale of property belonging to the clergy, and other sources. The same law or patent reduced the rate of interest due from the government to *half*, seeing that it was impossible to pay the amount in full! This half was to be liquidated in the notes of redemption. Such a step deranged the value of every species of property, ruined many more private fortunes, and left deep traces of its effects upon the public mind, without effecting the object for which it was undertaken. The new paper naturally followed the old in the course of depreciation, down to 400 for 100fl. in money. The campaigns of 1813 and 1814 caused a new emission of paper money, and carried the total newly emitted to 466,553,000 fl. or 48,590,000*l.* These last notes were called *Anticipations-Scheine*,

or 'Notes of Anticipation,' a term used because the government had the idea of anticipating for twelve years a part of the taxes. The last notes followed the career of those previously issued into ruinous depreciation.

On the return of peace, it became a momentous object to remedy this deplorable financial condition, and for that purpose Austria employed the 54,000,000 florins paid by

France as a war contribution. New loans were opened and operations seriously begun to restore public credit, and diminish the obligations of the state. At this period, or 1816, the debt of Austria, in the money value of her depreciated paper, was 191,186,715fl. bearing no interest, representing paper, issued to the amount of 678,712,830fl.

	florins.
Paper,	191,186,765
The old debt	86,633,800
Loan of 1815,	22,000,000

	florins.	
678,712,830		Without interest.
608,000,000		Bearing interest reduced to $\frac{1}{4}$ by the government in 1811.
44,000,000		Bearing interest.

Money, 298,820,515 (31,127,136l.) representing 1,330,712,830 (138,615,919l.) of paper.

The interest upon the loans being on the old debt, 4,281,699fl., on the loan 1,100,000fl.; total interest, 5,381,600fl. Such was the state of the debt of Austria at the peace of 1815, and such the enormous depreciation which had befallen her paper money. At that time an arrangement might have been effected with the creditors of the government. The judicious application of 14,000,000 or 15,000,000fl. annually for about thirty years, might have extinguished the entire debt, and placed the financial credit upon a firm basis. The ruin which had happened, probably entailed upon the government a consciousness that, notwithstanding its many belligerent reverses, its own conduct regarding the currency had been impolitic and unjust, having increased the suffering of the nation. With a feeling more akin to a sense of rectitude and a desire to make compensation, than to political perspicuity, an attempt was made to remedy a portion of the evil thus inflicted. The reflection that such a demonstration must be inoperative did not occur. It ought to have been seen that those who had been ruined by the government paper long before the peace, were not then the holders, having parted with it for whatever they could obtain. They who had the real right to redress, could not be therefore compensated, and the existing holders got a bonus, at the public expense, to which they had no title. The object should rather have been to prevent any further depreciation of the circulating paper, which was then at 335 for 100 in money. In place of this, the government actually forced the paper up to 250 for 100, and set about its redemption at that rate, by loans bearing interest, incurred to pay off a debt which bore none!

"We are far from being persuaded in general of the utility of measures which have in view to restore the nominal value of depreciated paper money," says the author; "above all, when such a measure cannot be effected without burdening the

state heavily, and enchainning the future revenues. When a paper currency is depreciated, passing from hand to hand, incomes and commercial prices are regulated, more or less, by such depreciation, and the loss sustained is partaken for the most part, in a mode imperceptible to those who expend, as well as to those who receive the exchange for merchandise or service. When the circulating medium is restored to the value it has lost, the operation turns generally to the profit of those who suffered little or nothing by the depreciation, a just reparation being impossible."

The plan pursued was this: the paper money was called in, and the currency established on the footing of 20 fl. for a Cologne marc of pure silver, called 'money of convention.' A national bank was founded, the notes of which were payable in money. Exchanges of old for new paper were effected at the creditor's pleasure, the new paper being exchanged for the money of the national bank, payable to the bearer, or in purchase of shares in the bank itself. For 140 fl., just before worth only 43 fl., from depreciation, the creditor received 40 fl. in bank-notes, payable to the bearer, and 100 fl. bearing one per cent. interest, which at five per cent. represented a principal of 20 fl. The state redeeming the paper money debt at 40 fl. per cent. above the real value, and contracting a debt in its place, nearly half of which bore interest. The bank-notes were now issued too rapidly for the means of the bank, and a new law, in 1816, sanctioned a loan called '*Arrosirungs-Anleihe*,' by means of which the holders of the old state paper, whose interest had been reduced one half by the decree of 1811, received a certain value in paper money, called 'metallics,' bearing five per cent. interest in convention money. These being issued to the extent of 120,000,000 fl., added 6,000,000 fl. to the annual expenses of the state for interest. The bank shares were sold at

1,000 fl. in paper and 100 fl. in money, by which means 50,621,000 fl. of the former paper were withdrawn from circulation, and the bank received a like sum in state obligations, carrying $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest. This interest and the produce of its commercial affairs became more and more lucrative, and the shares soon rose to 600 fl. in value. The bank profits had become considerable, so that it was necessary to limit the paper redemption through the shares in the mode already mentioned, lest the interest should become too burdensome to the state. Thus much for the redemption of the state paper. The 'old debt,' as it is called, consisting of 608,000,000 fl. nominally, reduced to 488,000,000 fl. by the Arrosirungs loan, was subjected to redemption on another plan, being divided into 488 series of one nominal million each, which were converted by lottery into different obligations, bearing 5 per cent. interest upon the reduced value. A portion of the original notes was every year to be redeemed and burned. Unfortunately the extant paper has risen in value, and the purchase for destruction becomes annually more costly. We have not space to follow this part of the subject further; the total reduction of the debt cannot be completed until 1879. The sum devoted to the purpose in 1842 was 42,847,224 fl., or 4,462,752*l.* The outstanding state obligations which might, at the peace, have been purchased up at 18 per cent., have risen to 65, and may rise higher.

The bank of Vienna, which has so much contributed to the aid of the government, was established in 1816. The number of bills it discounted in 1840 was 61,913, having a mean value of 4,934 fl., or 513*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* each, showing that its transactions are with the more opulent rather than the small traders. Notes are issued as low as 13*s.*, of which 150,000,000 fl. circulate. Of gold and silver coin from 140,000,000 to 150,000,000 fl. more circulate, in all about 32,500,000*l.* sterling. The receipts of the bank were, in 1840, 5,285,913 fl. 32 kr., the expenses 645,680 fl. 42 kr., the profit 4,640,232 fl. 50 kr., or 483,357*l.*

The repose of the continent, we fervently hope, may be protracted beyond our day, but it is a maxim of prudence to be prepared for a different state of things, since to be weak in wealth is to be miserable, with nations as well as individuals. Austria can scarcely hope to escape a repetition of her past calamities, in the event of being involved in a war, surrounded as she is by jealous and powerful states; and we are of opinion that future European wars will not

be made by halves. Taxation has its limits, and the most frugal in peace, despite the cant of too many would-be statesmen, is the government best prepared for war. Past prodigality, too blind to discern in enormous fiscal pressure the germs of future revolution, has left the consequences of heavy national obligations to the fortunes of posterity. Not only are the Austrian finances less flourishing than those of Prussia, but Austria is in a far more unfavourable position as regards the proportion between her revenue and her debt. Her safest course would be to develop her many sources for creating wealth, a consummation for which it will be seen that her existing system of taxation and trade shows nothing that promises auspiciously.

The sources of revenue in Austria differ much from those of Prussia, the last being more concentrated in territory. Hungary and Transylvania contribute little to the state in proportion to their superficies; the Hungarian noble pays no direct taxes, and both provinces are exempt from many indirect contributions that weigh heavily on the rest of the empire. The payments of the two amount only to 1 fl. 38 kr. per head of the population, whilst 5 fl. 26 kr. per head are paid in the other provinces. Vast forests, mines, and forges, belong to the crown in these districts, but they are ill managed. Out of 12,167 square miles, 10,296 are reported productive. In comparison with Prussia the productive soil of Austria is as 85 to 92; the proportion in which that soil is cultivated being also in favour of Prussia. In the latter country 60.5 per cent. of the productive soil is under cultivation, and only 51.9 per cent. in Austria. Lower Austria, Lombardy, and Venice, contain a tenth of the productive soil of the Austrian empire, a sixth of the population, and pay $\frac{53}{146}$, or nearly one third of the total revenue. The produce of the land throughout the empire is by no means upon an equality with the natural advantages, but the improvement of agriculture is a slow process where the interest in the soil is small, and the husbandman content with meeting in the fruit of his labour the bare necessities of the passing day. From the taxes upon land, little increase to the revenue can therefore be expected for a long time to come. The following table exhibits the state of the returns from the soil in the different provinces of Austria. The productions are those of Europe generally between latitudes 45 and 49 deg. N. The population and other heads are, for 1837, from the statistical work of Professor Springer.

	Sq. Miles.	Soil Productive per 100.	Revenue per Mile Square.	Per Head.
			fl.	fl. kr.
Austria below the Enns	359.7	96.2	54,184*	14 40
Carinthia and Carniola	370.4	94.5	10,486	5 24
Littoral	144.3	92.9	19,848	6 15
Styria	407.6	92.3	10,601	4 37
Upper Austria	347.9	91.2	14,487	6 0
Moravia and Silesia	497.2	89.1	18,483	4 25
Gallicia	1598.1	88.1	7,914	2 49
Bohemia	952.1	85.4	16,857	4 0
Lombardy	403.0	85.3	47,643	7 44
Hungary and Transylvania	5297.0	85.	3,936	1 35
Military frontiers	759.8	79.	3,473	2 16
Venice	429.7	73.8	35,002	7 15
Tyrol	516.5	74.	6,277	3 58
Dalmatia	234.4	51.9	3,929	2 28

Omitting the provinces of Hungary and Transylvania, the cultivated soil of the rest of Austria is far superior to that of Prussia, both in quantity and quality of returns from a given superficies. That is to say, the 53 per cent. cultivated soil of Austria yields much more in proportion than the 60 per cent. possessed by Prussia. The climate is better, and the face of the country more varied; while much of Prussia is sandy, and toilsome to keep in cultivation. High Austria is well cultivated, the farmers being the best in Germany. In Lower Austria the vines occupy 34 out of 100 parts of the surface. Lombardy produces two crops of some kinds in the year, and a considerable quantity of rice. Gallicia is eminent for its agriculture, the land being often ten years without dressing, and then returning eight-fold. Hungary and Transylvania excepted, the produce of the other eleven provinces for 1837 was estimated at 123,861,000 metzen of all kinds, or 31,251,702 $\frac{9}{10}$ quarters English, being 65,533 for every square mile of productive soil. (Prussia yields 106,072,620 metzen, or 28,313,050 quarters.) The total corn produce of Austria, as above mentioned, was distinguished in kind as follows: 15,848,930 metzen of wheat; of rye and maize, 46,015,000; barley, 20,755,300; and oats, 41,244,800. The vineyards, given in *joch* of 9560 to the square mile, are 1,442,570; garden ground, orchards, meadows, 6,994,608; pastures, 6,642,067; forests, 16,650,245.

Austria, in 1834, had only three cities having above 100,000 of population; viz., Vienna, Prague, and Milan; together, 584,000; four only with 50,000; together, 257,000; viz., Trieste, Venice, Verona, and Leopold; and twelve above 20,000. Of

* The capital swells the returns of this province fully one-half.

19,832,000, the population of the eleven provinces, 60 in 1000 lived in the large towns. Prussia has Berlin alone with more than 100,000, the population of which is 265,000; five above 50,000, and twelve above 20,000; 64 in 1000 live in the large towns. The villages and little towns in Austria are more numerous and better peopled than in Prussia. In the German and Italian provinces, the accommodation of the inhabitants is on a larger scale, and the population more wealthy. The same difference is observable as respects the country in Prussia. Sombre, fragile houses of brick or wood, cased in plaster and often half ruined, the streets of the smaller towns deserted and silent, contrast, much to their disadvantage, with the life and movement in those of Austria. A similar difference is perceptible in the furniture and interior arrangements; in the taverns, shops, places of public amusement, equipages, dress, food of the tradespeople and lower classes, all having more the exterior signs of competence or riches. In the capitals of the two countries the dissimilarity is more striking, as being the centres of fashion and of the local aristocracy; and the same thing is observable between the industrious and commercial classes of the respective countries. In Vienna, taking the proportion of the two populations into account, more of the flower of aristocratic and commercial rank is seen than in Berlin; and there is as great a disparity, says the author, between the pecuniary means and the mode of life led by the different classes generally.

"I have inhabited both the one and the other long enough to judge," says M. de Tegoborski. "The sumptuousness, luxury, and affluence of Vienna, and the frugal and economical life of the Berlin citizen, strike the observer in an equal degree. Save a very few exceptions, the citizen of

Vienna lives, whether in what concerns table, dress, or social expenditure, a life of more ease, and more expensively, than the noble or financial aristocracy of Berlin. The same may be said of the lower classes of citizens in Vienna, of the retail shopkeeper, compared with the wholesale merchant or manufacturer in the Prussian capital. The workman or artisan is better fed, better clad, and spends more money in pleasure, than the classes above him in the social scale do at Berlin. The remark extends to the lowest grade of the population, and applies as much to the chief places of the provinces, as to the towns of the second and third classes, and even to the villages."

In a financial point of view the consumption of the Austrian towns must be doubly as productive as those of Prussia to the indirect taxes. The resources of Austria taken into account, her budget ought to be three to two more to her advantage than that of Prussia, while the opposite is the fact. Prussia must either be oppressed with a fiscal load which may account for the difference in her social aspect compared with Austria, or the latter has neglected the best means of raising the supplies necessary to place her finances in a prosperous condition.

The *direct* contributions of Austria are those on lands and houses, *Grund-und-Gebäude-Steuer*. In the hereditary dominions of Austria the payments made to the state were formerly levied upon the communal and peasant lands, the amount being regulated by the days of seigniorial labour, or corvees. Subsequently, in some parts of the empire, as in Bohemia, the taxes were paid upon a surface measure of the cantons or districts, under an approximative valuation, so badly conducted that the larger landed proprietors were enabled to shift the burden of taxation upon their vassals and tenantry, themselves either wholly escaping or coming off with very light payments. The necessities of the state increased this burden upon the laborious classes to a degree which must have amounted to a grievous oppression. The Empress Maria Theresa was the sovereign under whose reign the miseries of this system first seriously attracted the attention of the government; for although Charles VI. had subjected the Milanese to a regular survey, with a view to an equitable taxation, denominated the *Censimento Milanese*, on no other part of the empire had a similar benefit been conferred. To effect this object there were difficulties to encounter in the clashing interests and rusty prejudices of individuals. These were only partially surmounted during the reign of the empress, but she succeeded in assimilating the seigniorial lands to the same proportional system of taxation as those of the communes and peasants, and

this was a most important step gained. Unfortunately the landowners themselves furnished the basis of what was thus effected, and it may be surmised that the returns they made were incorrect and arbitrary. The first survey of a better character was begun and completed in four years under Joseph II., comprising all the provinces of Austria Proper, but there was much difficulty in procuring surveyors competent to the task, and the results were defective in consequence. Notwithstanding the errors of this survey, the lands were valued upon the rough produce, and the tax fixed at 12fl. 13½kr. for every 100fl. of return, which would be about 1l. 5s. 4¾d. for every 10l. 8s. 4d. sterling. This payment was afterwards altered for vine and arable land to 10fl. 37½kr.; for meadow land 17fl. 55kr.; and forest 21fl. 15kr. for every 100fl.

Thus the system continued until 1806, when a better and more accurate survey was proposed as a remedy for the existing inequalities of the old, and the project was again brought forward in 1810, but in both cases the political troubles of the time prevented any active measures being adopted for the purpose. It was as recently as 1817 that this important undertaking was seriously begun. The model adopted was that of the *Censimento Milanese*, but Hungary and Transylvania were especially excepted from its operation. It deserves remark that even under the imperfect survey previously made, the fiscal burdens upon the land in Galicia were lightened one-third of their amount. This may afford some idea of the inequality of the old imposts, and of the way in which the communes and peasantry must have been aggrieved. An abstract of the imperial decree is given by the author: it declares the objects of the crown to be, to affix taxation according to the rules of rigorous justice, and to encourage agriculture. It goes on to specify that lands and houses are to be taxed on the nett return, and to state the deductions where any are to be admitted. A map of every commune, with a just description of each kind of soil, production, and building it contains, is ordered for the purpose of valuation; uncultivated lands, burying grounds, churches, barracks, hospitals, and public buildings are exempted from taxation. The particular ameliorations of soil produced by the outlay of capital or the diminution of product by neglect of culture, are in no way to be regarded, the true and distinct quality of the land upon the mode of cultivation and average returned by the majority of cultivators is to be the basis of the return: by this mode the more diligent are encouraged, and those

who are negligent feel the effects of their misconduct. The calculation of the rough produce being thus settled, it is valued with great care in numbers or classes, after a mean taken from the more moderate prices of the markets upon a range of fifty years. There seems exhibited in the proceedings, as far as the government is concerned, a desire to be rigidly just towards every citizen. The communes are consulted, and the replies compared with those from the individuals employed on the survey and estimates, serving as a collateral guide as well as a detection of any errors that may have been committed. The expense of rectifying faults in the survey falls upon those through whose negligence they occur.

The provinces which have been, or are yet, subjected to this survey, comprise all those in Italy, except Lombardy which furnished the model, together with the Sclavonian or Austrian, except Hungary and Transylvania, embracing a superficies of 5926 square geographical miles. Of these, as long ago as 1837, the survey of no less than 3511, or $\frac{7}{12}$ of the whole surface, had been completed. In the part of the archduchy of Austria, situated below the Enns, where the survey has been eight or nine years in full operation, the payment on the nett return is made at the rate of 1*l.* 13*s.* 7½*d.* upon every 10*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* Lands subject to tithe pay about 7*s.* 6*d.* less upon the same sum, the difference being levied on the tithe proprietor. The tithes were a burden most grievous to the peasant, who was before made to bear them and other similar burdens when due from the revenues of his landlord, in consequence of their being wholly shifted upon him. The return of the tax from Venice is nearly 24 in 100 *fl.*, but the inequalities of this kind of taxation are proportioned in Austria to the fair value of the property and soil, which last is richest in the Italian provinces. The land pays, in Venice, 16,946 *fl.* for each square mile of productive soil, and in Lombardy 21,516 *fl.*, while none of the other provinces pay more than 8,329 *fl.* In Lombardy the return is 3 *fl.* each person, while, in High Austria, it is only 2*fl.* 30 *kr.*

In the endeavour to do substantial justice to the tax-payer Austria ranks before Prussia, if we may place confidence in the statements of the present author. She not only overcame those obstacles, by no means to be lightly esteemed, which individual interest or prejudice placed in the way of the cadastre or survey, but she removed from the communes and peasants the burdens which aristocratic oppression and injustice had laid upon them, and she placed their

own proper proportion upon the shoulders of high and low alike. Prussia has never attempted to complete a survey, or cadastre, for this equitable purpose, though in it is involved the true interest of her government and people. Nothing can be more oppressive and partial than the taxes on the land in Prussia. Our author denies the existence of any such inequality in Austria, except in isolated cases in those portions of her provinces to which the survey has not yet extended itself. It goes far towards substantiating his opinion, that the Austrian government has displayed such zeal for what is right, and has effected so large a portion of an expensive and tedious undertaking. When Prussia has proceeded as far in the same route in the desire to do justice to herself and her people, a fair parallel may be drawn between the two countries, regarding the land-tax, but not until then. Let us see what are the imposts levied upon the agricultural interest of Prussia.

In isolated cases, 76 out of 100 is paid in the same province where only from 17 to 30 in the 100 is commonly exacted. In Eastern Prussia the seignorial estates pay only a fourth of their nett revenue, the free tenants and others a third, and the unfortunate peasant one-half! In Western Prussia the nobles pay 25 per cent. nett, the free tenants from 25 to 30, and the peasants 33½. In Pomerania the payments are more unequal, and even more oppressive. The *Ritter-Güter*, or the property of the equestrian gentry, pays only from 20 to 40 crowns a year. In Silesia the princes and royal family pay 28 out of 100 of their net revenue; the peasantry 34. In the former Saxon provinces some pay only a light sum, and others 40 crowns. In the duchy of Posen the nobility pay but 24 in 100; the peasants 33. There was a project for a general revision of the system in 1810, but Prussia was then in a state very different from what she is at present. Governments, as well as individuals, find thirty-three years an inconvenient period to carry back their recollection, when involving matter not at present agreeable. A law passed in 1820, relating to certain imposts, and fixing them at 20 in 100, belonged to a particular category, and relieved only certain isolated cases. The Rhenish provinces alone having received, under the French, the cadestral plan, had the benefit of its completion in 1839, and now pay 20 per cent of their nett income. That the land has not been fairly rated in Prussia may be inferred from the fact that Austria draws 6,915 *fl.* from each square mile; Prussia but 3,029.

The duty of carrying the cadastre into

effect was at first entrusted to what is styled the *Grundsteuer-Regulirungs-Hof-Commission*. This commission was afterwards dissolved, and its duties were performed by the ordinary provincial authorities; but a board was instituted at Vienna, as a central commission of direction, to which the superintendence of the technical part of the labour was confided.

The tax on houses is levied according to the number of rooms, by a graduated scale, or else according to the rent; the latter mode is principally followed in the more opulent towns; 15 per cent. being deducted for repairs, the rest pays at the rate of 18 per cent. If the house be let furnished, the value of the furniture is deducted. In other towns the houses are classed and pay from 20 kr. to 30 fl. each house as rated. The expenses of the collection are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The land and house tax in Austria produce about one-third of the revenue of the eleven provinces in which it is collected, or about 36,000,000 fl. (3,900,000*l.*) In Prussia this tax returns the moiety of that sum, and is much more onerous, being less equally levied, and of a larger proportionate amount.

The second direct Austrian tax is on *Trades and Professions*. There are four classes of individuals taxed, manufacturers, merchants, artisans, and traders (*Künste und Gewerbe*) and professors. The manufacturers and 'fabricants' (we have no analogous English word for the last) are in two classes; the first may carry on their business in a province only; the second throughout the empire. The first are men of capital, but not of so large an amount as the second. The rates of taxation are different for each class and its subdivisions. All professors pay who are employed in instruction, public or private; also attorneys, brokers, and similar persons, jobbers out of horses and carriages, or individuals employed in any way as carriers. They who dispose of the produce of their own land, men of letters, those who cultivate the fine arts; medical men, surgeons, and midwives; such as are in the public service; all who give instruction where the population is not 4000; workmen on another's account; those employed in selling revenue articles of monopoly, as stamps or tobacco; farmers of the revenue; miners; those who let horses employed in agriculture the greater part of their time; Turks, by the treaty of 1718; the inhabitants of the free ports and some others are excepted. Manufacturers or fabricants pay from 40 to 1500 fl.; bankers, &c., from 300 to 1500 fl.; merchants from 100 to 1000 fl.; traders and professors from 5 to

300 fl. Without payment and a certificate or licence from the proper functionaries, no one can exercise his business.

This tax was substituted for a stamp duty existing before upon all kinds of indigenous productions, with a view to equalize trade with agriculture in point of taxation, but which had been found to press too heavily on the national industry. The tax is levied in proportion to the amount of the business transacted by the merchant or trader, and the capital he employs; in professions according to the price demanded for services. The tax requires that the precise capital a trader intends to employ, with everything relative to his commercial or trading views, should be declared to the authorities, even to the number of his workmen. If not satisfactory, the statement is to be verified in detail, whilst a false declaration is subject to a heavy fine. The merchant or trader is then entered in his class, which is changed as circumstances require; but he cannot trade out of his prescribed locality. In Prussia the same kind of tax is levied, but the amount is regulated according to the size of the locality where the payer trades. The tax is thus comparatively light of effect, and the rapid progress of Prussian industry has been attributed by some to that circumstance. In Prussia the impost produced in 1841, 3,114,000 fl., and in Austria, 2,257,000 fl., Hungary and Transylvania being excepted from its operation. The impost lays open every man's affairs, and is decidedly injurious to business. As in the income-tax of England, the disclosure of each man's means and speculations to the government, as well as to his neighbour, is calculated to repress the free spirit of traffic, and subjects the man of small capital to be crushed by the wealthier trader, besides being abhorrent to personal freedom and privacy respecting his own concerns, to which every man has a natural right. Such taxes are, on that account, inimical to public liberty, though in harmony with despotic governments, where the aggregate of taxation is light. Besides the above, there is a graduated tax on income in Austria, called the *Personal-Steuer*; it now only subsists in the Italian provinces, in Dalmatia, and on the Croat and Slavonian frontiers; even there it is often changed to a capitation tax, levied equally upon all ranks, being about 3 livres, or 2*s.* 6*d.* a head, and returning 1,240,000 fl. This tax is shortly to be abolished. In Dalmatia and the military provinces the amount returned is only about 60,000 fl. In Prussia the capitation tax is onerous and unequal. The richest pay only 144 crowns, or 25*l.* per annum, while the poor workman or labourer

is burdened with 8 crowns, or 11. 2s. 6d. The miserable aspect of the hamlets in Prussia can scarcely be matter for wonder.

The next Austrian tax is that upon Jews—upon a religion! First, all Jews pay the *Familien-Steuer*, who have 300 fl. of income; next, those of only 150 fl. pay the *Vermögens-Steuer*; lastly, there is a separate tax on the slaughter of their cattle and fowls. The total amount is 216,000 fl. In Moravia the Jews pay 5 fl. per family, and a tax on their meat, beer, and fowls; in all, 65,000 fl. per year; in Galicia, on their meat, fowls, and light, producing 690,000 fl. In Lower Austria similar taxes produce 15,000 fl. Prussia has abandoned this disgraceful system of taxation. The total of the *direct* taxation of Austria, from all sources, land and houses, trades and professions, and personal imposts, was in 1841, 42,000,000 fl., of which the tax on lands and houses paid six-sevenths. In Prussia the direct taxes produce 26,000,000 fl., of which seven-thirteenths fall upon the land.

The first head of *indirect* taxation is that on articles of consumption, a part of which only affects the country at large. These underwent considerable alteration in 1829, when a uniform mode of levying them was adopted. The towns and country are subjected to duties alike upon rum, arrack, essence of punch, and sugared liquors in general; upon spirits of wine, brandy of 13 degrees, wine, wine must, cider, beer, fat cattle, calves, calves under a year old, sheep, goats, deer, lambs, sucking-pigs, pigs, and butchers' meat. In the country the tariff is from 2 fl. a head, down to 5 kr. In the chief towns from 4 fl. to 10 kr. The duty on liquor is paid on the eimer of 14.942 gallons, varying, according to the tariff, from 4 fl. 30 kr. on rum and spirits of wine, to 45 kr. on beer. For the large towns additional articles subject to duty are, hydromel, vinegar, poultry, pullets, and pigeons, venison, game of all kinds, birds used for food, wild or tame, all kinds of fish, even oysters and shell-fish, rice, flour, grits, and similar preparations, corn and dried vegetables, hay, straw, green vegetables, roots, fruit, dry or green, butter, lard, candles, soap, cheese, milk, eggs, wax, oil, wood, coal, bricks and tiles, stone and sand for buildings, lime, plaster, timber, and fifty others. A single piece of timber, used for the construction of a house, will sometimes have to pay, on being taken into Vienna by the builder, 5 fl. 15 kr., or 11s.

When the tariff trenches upon certain rights of individuals and communities, a commission is appointed in the province to arrange the charges.

Nor are these duties inconsiderable for

many articles, even in the country, since they reach from 20 to 25 per cent., and sometimes more. Thus ordinary wines pay from 30 to 40 per cent. on their value there. In the large towns, consumers have to pay from 25 to 100 per cent. duty. Those who deal in liquors and cattle, indicate to the authorities an approximation to the quantities they make, or they slaughter, in the year, and the duty which they are disposed to pay down to avoid the tedious formularies of the tariff, the arrangement being for one, two, or three years. Those whose declarations are not agreeable to the fiscal officers, must submit to precisely the same vexatious minuteness of detail, and designation of instruments and buildings, which are practised under the laws of excise in England, but which are more extensively mischievous in Austria, because they extend to almost every trade, and are rigorously executed. The houses, cellars, shops, localities, utensils, or tools, are described in a formulary to the proper officer. Everything is numbered, measured, and gauged; the tubs, vats, furnaces, and coppers, if the trader deal in liquor, for example; nor is he permitted to make the smallest change without the competent authority. Notice must be given of every operation an entire day in advance. No fluid can be made that is sold without this despotic surveillance. The butcher cannot kill his cattle, nor the innkeeper sell what he does not make. The system is carried into every tradesman's house, who deals in articles of consumption: in the towns Man is regarded by the state as a toiling, dealing, eating, drinking, and sleeping animal, created solely for the purpose of being taxed. Here is a picture of industry cramped in its operations, and of fiscal tyranny, sufficient of itself to explain why Austria, with vast resources and a fertile territory, finds her budget defective. Freedom is the soul of trade: freedom to project, freedom to amend, extend, or contract the means of operation, unchallenged, in secrecy or openly, according to the mode privately judged eligible. The government that does not admit this principle is ignorant of its own best interest. Sometimes those who do not agree with the fiscal, have their duties farmed, but this mode is found not to be so productive as the contract or arrangement made with the dealer for a term.

In Prussia the taxes on consumption are neither so numerous nor enormous: those on tobacco, wine, brandy, beer, fat beasts, and corn converted into particular articles, are the principal. In lieu of the two last items, the towns in which they are levied are entitled to substitute, if they please, a personal tax satisfactory in amount to the

fiscal. The duty on farinaceous food is exceedingly small, not quite seven farthings per hundredweight.

The product of this branch of Austrian taxation is	19,200,000
A personal tax in the room of the above on Venice and Lombardy produces	1,240,000
A special tax levied on the Jews	990,000
Nearly 2-13ths of the revenue or	21,430,000
The am't. of these taxes in Prussia is	24,255,718fl.

On the population of Austria subject to this tax, its amount is one-sixth of a kreutzer per day; on that of Prussia, $\frac{2}{3}$ kr. It must be observed, notwithstanding, that this tax presses principally upon the large towns. In France it is heavier than in Prussia by full ten per cent., and in Austria by 80 per cent., upon the entire population subject to the impost.

The Customs form the second head of indirect taxation; the amount received on importations is 14,862,116 fl., on exportations, 1,347,046 fl. Total,	16,209,162
Duties received on the Hungarian line,	2,643,527
Ditto from the other provinces,	218,383
Venetian manufactures, duties on,	15,993
Total,	19,087,065fl.

The nett profit of the Austrian customs, in 1840, was 14,315,319 fl., the gross receipt being 19,087,065 fl.; the expense of collection is therefore 25 per cent., levied upon foreign goods, upon importations and exportations along the Hungarian and other frontiers, on the commerce of Dalmatia, which has an ordinance of customs for itself, and on the commerce of Venice, as a free port.

The prohibitions are few, relating principally to adulterated articles, but the duties equal to a prohibition are numerous, and the tariff altogether highly restrictive. The system of Prussia is that of the Germanic commercial union, or *Zoll-Verein*.

M. de Tegoborski says that England did not 'preach' in favour of free trade until she had received the benefit of a restrictive system. We might remind M. de Tegoborski that England did not become Christian until she had had the benefit of idolatry; that she did not possess civil freedom until she had received the benefit of the tyranny of the Stuarts; that she did not adopt the jenny until she had disregarded the advantage of the spinning-wheel. England is forced, according to our author, to enter upon the

career of free trade, that she may no longer offer the inconsistent spectacle of precept and practice at variance. Those both for and against the tariff of Sir Robert Peel, are, according to the author, not quite in harmony with themselves upon the ultimate consequences of that measure. In the teeth of this, M. de Tegoborski says, that liberty of commerce, wisely tempered and appropriated to the particular circumstances of each country, is a source of prosperity, and will become ultimately necessary in every state. What power is to 'temper and appropriate' we are not told; we presume upon the continent it means the head of each state, which, if not possessing infallible judgment, always retains infallible power. We suspect that the Emperor of Russia, or of Austria, or an English house of commons composed of agriculturists, would be bad judges when each modicum of concession should be doled out, and be more inclined than the generousities of the vulgar would allow them to admit, to settle the matter according to their own 'particular advantage,' rather than the future benefit of those most concerned. Sir Robert Peel has nothing to fear for the principle of his tariff, notwithstanding the apprehension of our author, or we should rather say the want of apprehension of the sounder principles of trade which is so obvious among continental economists.

We cannot follow M. de Tegoborski through the arguments he has adduced to favour some part of a restrictive system, which we suppose he would himself denominate moderate in extent. He quotes unhappy Poland, and with justice states that she had nothing to export but corn, and could not cultivate that upon the mere hazard of a bad harvest in England—her agriculturists in consequence became sufferers. In 1821 the government, it seems, took measures for settling the difficulty. Credit and a system of customs being established, awoke the national industry as if by enchantment, and placed 'happily' between Russia and Germany, closing her frontiers to the last, and introducing her manufactures at a low rate into the former, particularly her woollen goods, she continued to prosper. Justly does the author ask to what end an agricultural country is to go on producing corn without a market, and whether creating a manufacturing population to consume, is not a wise measure. No one disputes this. A nation producing corn and wool alone can only grow and manufacture as far as a certain point; when this is attained, her industry must stand still, or she must offer in exchange what the world will be little in-

clined to exchange with her at all. It is by a multiplication of exchanges, embracing the greatest possible variety of articles contributing to use or luxury, that a lasting system of trade and manufactures can exist. Without the cotton of America, Egypt, and India, exchanged for manufactures or indigenous products, England could never have been so wealthy. That the home market must be first supplied is true, but the domestic life of England exhibits numberless articles of use or luxury that would never have been seen but for the interchanges of her commerce. These, bringing wealth, generated other articles of manufacture, that, as other countries attain refinement, will become articles of demand in them. Those which are best and cheapest find their way in preference all over the world. It is upon the system of interchange, the wants of one country supplying those of another, and not upon the reverse, that a beneficial trade must be grounded; a system that cannot be begun too early, and to which heavy protecting duties are obstacles. England is no example here. Lord Liverpool justly said, 'Commerce has thriven despite parliamentary enactments.'

We must do the author the justice to say, he does not argue in favour of enormous duties, and many of his observations merit praise. He supports gradual alterations where systems are bad; he is not aware how fallible are all the laws made by governments for trade, compared to those dictated by the nature of commerce itself. These last arise out of practical knowledge, the others are generally the result of crude ideas, of financial hopes, of the selfish interests of party, or of long-nurtured prejudices.

Prussia lightened her duties, though the change was met by violent outcries; she has proportionably profited. Austria is not wise enough to follow the example. The treasury of the one country has a surplus, that of the other groans from famine. Of 651 articles in the Austrian tariff, 547 pay duty without regard to the gross or nett weight: 75 pay upon the value, 39 upon the piece. A new regulation recently altered the articles charged after their value to 65, and those upon the weight to 547. In the German Association, the duties are all imposed, except one, upon the gross weight. A special permission must be had for the importation of many articles, and fifteen of these carry a duty of 60 per cent.

Some of the duties are twenty times heavier in Austria than in Prussia and the Germanic Association, a striking proof of the impolitic system of Austria. M. de Tego-

borski justly observes that when an indigenous manufacture requires a protection of 60 per cent. in duties, the protection is unwise. His reference to the more flourishing state of the Prussian manufactures is decisive. We learn, too, that the importation of cotton thread into Prussia and the associated states appears to be on the increase, while the manufacture of the same article is carried on there to a great extent. Prussia exported 22,812 cwt. of cotton fabrics in 1832; in 1835 she exported 55,200. The cotton trade of the customs union of Germany since it included Baden, Nassau, and Frankfort, gave in 1838-9 a mean of 77,795 cwt. received,—exceeding that exported. Silk pays in Austria six times more duty than in Prussia; yet the trade flourishes more out of all proportion in the last country: here is a natural result of high duties. Again, smuggling, known and felt too much in England, is fearfully experienced in Austria. The smuggler is the readiest schoolmaster for bungling financiers. In Austria, encouraged by large profits, he carries on his hazardous trade to a greater extent than in all the Germanic states put together. Articles borne in a small compass easily pass into Austria, owing to her vast frontier. Of all the European nations her interest in this respect is most connected with low duties, while she perversely follows the opposite plan. A proof of this is, that for ten years the mean amount for what are called *Putzwaaren* (under which denomination are included all showy articles for male and female wear, except goods in the piece) was but 5104 fl. for the whole empire. Now many a lady of fashion in Vienna annually expends a larger amount on her toilette, which consists in a great measure of English and French goods. In shawls the government return gave but 479 fl. a year for ten years; while there was not a damsel, even among the shopkeepers, but had several shawls, if not cachmeres, still of foreign manufacture, that should have paid duty. Every lady in Vienna has dresses of Lyons silk, and yet the mean return of the customs for ten years gives but 41 fl. of duty per annum. Prussia has little smuggling; for upon the articles most easily introduced, and most profitable to the smuggler, she keeps her duties low. A table is given by the author of the few articles in which there is a higher duty in Prussia than in Austria, but for this there is generally some special reason, as in the case of cattle, a tax existing on those which are native. In her transit duties Austria is peculiarly liberal, the larger part paying only from 2 kr. to 5 kr. per

cwt. Exportation is free in the states of the Germanic Association, but on that of Austria there are duties payable.

Hungary is under a different system of taxation from the rest of the empire, and is less heavily mulcted, but we have not space to enter into detail. There are 685 custom stations along the outer and the Hungarian frontiers; 229 of the first, and 456 of the second class. The first are styled *Commerzial-Zoll-Aemter*, the others *Hülfs-Zoll-Aemter*. In the chief towns there are 63 central custom stations called *Haupt-Zoll-Aemter*, and in the interior country 50 secondaries styled *Legstätten*. Besides there are 71 stations appointed to control the bills of parcels travelling with the merchandise passing in or out, and lastly a frontier guard called the *Finanz-Wache*. There are also tribes of inspectors and other superior officials. The expenses of the customs in all the provinces of the empire include the salaries of 19,124 persons, who are paid incomes of various amounts from 150 to 400 fl. except the inspectors and officers, whose salaries range higher. The cost to Austria of collecting this branch of her revenue may be estimated at 30 per cent. The gross income of the customs of the Germanic Association was, in 1841, 38,352,000 fl., out of which the expenses were about 10 per cent. or 3,992,000, leaving nett 34,360,000 fl.

M. de Tegoborski indulges in conjectures as to the probability of Austria joining the *Zoll-Verein* or German Association. He examines the various obstacles to, and advantages of the measure with shrewdness, and a perfect knowledge of the subject. Among the obstacles, he alludes to the repartition of the revenues, and to the suppression of the custom duties occasioning a deficit, together with the different monetary systems and the weights and measures. He concludes this part of his work by stating that Austria has of late shown a spirit of industry, and is progressing in her manufactures. The *Zoll-Verein* consumes 70,000,000 lbs. of cotton thread, of which it cannot supply more than 15,000,000 lbs., other accounts say a third; the remainder we presume comes from Great Britain. No less than 311,532 workmen in the cotton line are said to be employed in the states of the Association. M. de Tegoborski is for raising the tariff of the *Zoll-Verein* upon cotton twist to protect and encourage the manufacture at home, and he applauds the excessive tariff of Austria upon that article. The result of his statements seems to be that Austria could not join the German Association without the most impolitic sacrifices.

Austria manufactures woollen cloth in

Moravia, Silesia, Bohemia, and Lower Austria. The number of sheep she feeds has been estimated at 16,584,000, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of wool each head; but the present author thinks there are above 20,000,000 in the entire country, and that 21,255,000 lbs. of their wool are consumed at home. Prussia consumes 26,000,000 lbs.; throughout the *Zoll-Verein* the cloth is better made than in Austria, and the export double in quantity.

The linen manufactures are principally confined to the Slavonic provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia; the value is from 70,000,000 to 90,000,000 fl. Ordinary cloths are manufactured in Higher Austria, the Tyrol, the north of Hungary, and Galicia. The linen manufactures are sufficient for home consumption, and admit of exportation to the extent of 49,339 cwt. The exportations of the *Zoll-Verein* are nearly double those of Austria. It would appear that though in damasks and the finer linens this kind of fabric can bear no competition with that of England, still the importations have diminished. The silk manufactures are principally in the Milanese and Venice; these were valued in 1841 at 1,600,000 l. The southern Tyrol follows in the order of the manufacture. The total silk 50,500 cwt. is valued at 6 fl. the pound, giving a money total of 78,780,000 francs, or 3,156,000 l. Of this 33,517 cwt. were the mean exportation from 1829 to 1838, of which one-half was raw silk, the rest dyed or in twist. The establishments for the manufacture of silk, Hungary exclusive, were 5095, not reckoning the little domestic workshops; 3735 in Lombardy, 1244 in the Venetian states, 69 in the Tyrol, in Austria below the Enns 28, and 24 at Vienna. With the advantage of the raw material so decidedly in her favour, the exports of the *Zoll-Verein* are to those of Austria as 13 to 2 in silk goods. Those of Prussia alone are to Austria as 7 to 1. Such is the effect of restrictive duties.

The ironworks of Austria are principally in the archduchy of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola. Without reckoning Hungary, they include 718 establishments. The amount produced is variously given at 2,000,000 and at 2,500,000 cwt.; 1,760,000 being malleable and the rest cast. Becher, in his work on the commerce of Austria, gives 129,754,183 lbs. as the quantity exported. The Germanic Association imports raw iron, free of duty, and exports it manufactured to an extent against Austria of 23 to 2, where raw iron pays 68 per cent. on its value. Here it appears Austria and the associated states could never agree. England can deliver her raw iron free, at Stettin, for

30 silbergros the hundred, while the price in Prussia at the place of production is from 50 to 60. The expense of carriage is 8 pfennings, or 1½d. per hundredweight, per German mile by road, so that 30 or 40 miles from Stettin (140 to 190 English) Austrian iron is 20 per cent. dearer upon introduction than that of Prussia, and sells in her own territory in a proportion from 8 to 10 higher. This article is an invincible obstacle to an Austrian junction with the *Zoll-Verein*, even in the opinion of the present writer. Upon locks and similarly manufactured articles, the Austrian duties are nearly seven times more than those of the Association. The difference in the price of raw iron is an important advantage for England, by which country the *Zoll-Verein* must continue to be supplied without fear of rivalry.

The manufacture of sugar from beetroot has attained its culminating point, and its decline is likely to continue not only in consequence of the loss of the duties on foreign sugar, but from sound reasons of economy. But for the capital involved in this manufacture in France, its fate would ere now have been decided there; in Germany a failure in competition with colonial sugar is confidently predicted. There were recently eighty-six manufactories in Austria, which produced 70,000 hundredweight of raw sugar. In the *Zoll-Verein* the product is 177,400 hundred, or, as one to seven to that imported; thus forming the eighth part of the consumption. Austria, in 1837, imported 443,024 hundred of colonial sugar, that of beetroot being less than a seventh of her consumption. Thus the opinion that the advantages derived from the consumption of beetroot sugar are not proportioned to the disadvantages, gains ground, and will before long cause its place to be again occupied by the colonial product.

The foregoing are the principal articles in which it appears Austria would be no gainer by joining the German Association. There are many other changes which would place her in the necessity of lessening a needful revenue already too much burdened, whilst the direct advantages, as on the increased demand for Bohemian glass, for example, would be small compared to the loss. The observations of M. de Tegoborski on the backwardness of Austria in manufactures, compared to the states of the Germanic association, are striking. Her restrictive duties nourish the contraband system to an enormous extent; and yet she cannot afford beneficial reductions. On an average of three years, the exportations of Austria amounted to 27,063,410fl.; those of the Germanic Association to 70,610,914fl. So,

whereas the states of the *Zoll-Verein* possess a population of but 27 millions, whilst Austria numbers more than 35 millions of inhabitants, the manufactured goods exported by the former exceed those exported by the latter in the proportion of 70 to 27 nearly. The result in separate articles, is in cottons 25 to 2, silks 45 to 7, linens 29 to 10, and woollens 33 to 20; there is not one article in favour of Austria. Here is a singular proof of deficient energy and want of a correct understanding of the true principles of trade. We must add that the exports into Hungary, in 1840, were valued at 41,933,707fl., and that the returns imported were 50,064,902fl., leaving a balance in 5,719,607fl., in favour of Hungary.

The monopoly of salt is the third branch of indirect revenue, and supplies a seventh of the total amount; returning 19,500,000fl. In Prussia this tax returns but 8,533,714fl. The consumption in Prussia is 13.42 Austrian pounds per head, in Austria just 14lb. The last named country is richer in salt than any other in Europe, and could furnish enough for the consumption of the whole continent. Prussia has only enough for two-thirds of her consumption; the rest she obtains from Liverpool at very little above what it costs at the mine. The Austrian brine-springs, or mines, are all placed in the hands of the fiscal, and importation prohibited. The trade is free internally, except in the Italian provinces. The magazines in the salt-works are regulated in such a manner as, with some exceptions, to bring in a profit to the government of 5fl. per quintal, expenses deducted. In High Austria the best salt brings 6fl. 25kr. per harrel. In Dalmatia it is sold at 3fl. 30kr. according to the poverty or distance of the province. In order to compensate for this deficiency, Lombardy is charged 11fl. 51kr. the hundred, and Venice for sea-salt from Istria 10fl. 8kr., a notable specimen of Austrian financial arrangements. Englishmen would be surprised with good reason, if Cornwall were to pay 70 or 80 per cent. more for a taxed article than Huntingdon, because the people of the latter county happened to be the poorer. In the Italian provinces salt is only to be had of the agents of the fiscal, and smuggling is carried on along the whole frontier. The author, with the characteristic feelings of a Russian, observes that this mischief will not be remedied, until they do in Italy as in some districts of Prussia, oblige the inhabitants to buy so much salt each per head! If this be done for salt, why not for all other commodities at the pleasure of officials, so that the state may pocket 9fl. and 10fl., upon an article that

costs less than 1fl. ! The despotism of finance never went further in making costly one of the first necessities of existence. We almost think the smuggler a public benefactor. Then as to the people, there cannot be a doubt that the prevalence of intestine worms of the most troublesome kind among the poorer classes on the continent, is owing to the deprivation of this necessary adjunct to their coarse vegetable aliment in sufficient quantity, its use being one of the greatest preventives of the vermicular parasite. For salt alone 5,676,000fl. is levied upon the two Italian provinces, or 756,800l. upon 4,700,000 of population, an impost unequal with that of the rest of the empire, and therefore unjust. In Prussia the tax is more uniformly levied, the price being 6fl. 20½kr. the hundred, but there the sale by retail is in the hands of the collector of the tax or his agents.

Tobacco is another monopoly in Austria, first made such in 1670. The gross produce in 1841 was 18,000,000fl., though in 1829 it was only 6,000,000fl. The nett revenue was, 12,000,000 or 34kr. a head on 21,240,000 of population, on which number alone it is at present levied; the quantity consumed was 31,860,000lbs., or a pound and half per head, throughout the twelve provinces liable to the tax. The collection is in the hands of the financial administration of each province, but the manufacture is confided to a board called the *Tabaks-Fabriken-Direction*, that superintends the home growth and the purchases made out of the country. The price is fixed by law, and it is sold by dealers accountable to the fiscal. The wholesale dealers are paid by 1½ per cent. on the amount disposed of to those who deal in retail. The profit of the latter is according to the species of goods, from two and three to eight and ten per cent. Naturally, too, there is a great deal of contraband trade in this article.

In Prussia the monopoly of tobacco, a mere luxury, does not exist, although many more onerous and less defensible taxes are continued.

The *stamp duties* and tax on official papers are the next heads of indirect impost, and returned, in 1841, 5,500,000fl. They are levied on title deeds and documents; on judicial acts in suits; on the like acts not in suits; and on official acts not in the jurisdiction of the tribunals. There are twelve classes of stamp duties, the lowest in value is 3kr. and the highest 20fl.; the last payable on money transactions of the value of 8000 fl. and upwards. Stamps are required on a variety of mercantile and private papers, sales, bills of exchange, playing-cards, and

similar things. Some of the charges are unequal and impolitic. Documents without the necessary stamps are void. The stamps for appointments to public functions, as benefices, privileges, and titles, run from 1000fl. for the diploma of noble, to 12,000fl. for that of prince. A councillor pays 100fl., and a privy councillor 6000fl., different sums being fixed for intermediate grades. The stamp duty on patents is regulated by the time they are conceded, one year being 25fl. increasing to 440fl. in all for fifteen years, the longest term for which they are given. This is an impolitic and unjust tax in any country. In Prussia the stamp duties press heavier on trade than in Austria.

The gross produce of the five foregoing heads of indirect taxation is from recent official returns, 79,000,000 fl., the expense of collecting nearly 13 per cent. In Prussia it averages about 10, and in France 16 per cent.

The *Post* produces in Austria 2,400,000 fl.; in Prussia 400,000 fl. less, while in France, deducting the expense of the administration, the product is 7,632,000 fl.* There are only two classes of charge, a single letter weighing ¼ of an ounce, or 8.75 grammes of France, is charged for ten miles 6 kr., beyond that distance 12 kr. The Prussian charges are graduated from 3 kr. for one, up to 12 kr. for a hundred miles the single letter. Weights up to 100 lbs., as well as silver and gold, are charged by weight and value according to a scale generally lowest in Austria. Thus 10,000 fl. in gold, weighing 13 lb. 12 oz., carried 100 miles, is charged in Austria 34 fl. 53 kr.; in Prussia 133 fl. 20 kr., or 98 fl. 27 kr. more.

The *Lottery*, another head of indirect taxation, brings in about 4,000,000 fl. to the state. This demoralizing source of revenue, existing also in Prussia, needs no further description; wherever adopted it is a certain indication of financial weakness.

The total nett amount of Austrian taxation we have already given. The following table will afford some idea of the vast and extravagant machinery by which it is kept in activity.

In 1839 there were 73,543 individuals of all ranks employed and paid for civil services alone, or 1 in every 494 persons, and adding 52,728 miners and workmen, 1 in 266 inhabitants. Their salaries and emoluments reached 34,730,624 fl., and the expense of

* The receipts of the post for France in 1841, give a sum of 45,543,000 francs; the expenses were 25,698,000; leaving a profit of 19,845,000 francs.

the government officials was 12½ per cent. of the entire revenue. The following table on the separate provinces, with their revenues, retainers, and emoluments, is interesting.

	Population.	Revenue.	Employés.	Emoluments	Expenses per cent.
		fl.		fl.	n. kr.
Austria below the Enns	1,369,000	19,490,000	9,545	7,326,893	37 6
— with the administrative boards at Vienna			14,952	13,335,051	68 25
Lombardy	2,532,000	19,200,000	9,481	4,320,569	22 30
Hungary	11,973,000	19,990,000	7,984	4,053,712	23 51
Bohemia	4,133,000	16,050,000	7,431	2,646,392	16 29
Venice	2,148,000	15,040,000	8,383	3,942,214	26 12
Gallicia	4,714,000	12,647,000	9,169	2,677,816	21 10
Moravia and Silesia	2,154,000	9,160,000	3,157	1,061,133	11 34
Austria above the Enns	851,000	5,040,000	3,522	1,674,421	33 13
Styria	964,000	4,321,000	2,671	1,437,691	33 16
Carinthia and Carniola	755,000	3,981,000	2,117	977,291	24 33
Transylvania	2,056,000	3,867,000	3,865	1,012,653	26 11
Tyrol	836,000	3,242,000	3,505	1,439,207	44 23
Littoral	480,000	2,864,000	2,450	848,531	29 37
Military Frontiers	1,192,000	2,639,000	6,030	unknown.	
Dalmatia	392,000	921,000	1,221	477,431	51 50

The reorganization of the Austrian finances is necessary for her security ; reform knocks loudly at her door ; the means are within her reach ; her resources are great, but the system complex and expensive. The clog of bureaucracy hampers her progress, and makes the smallest change slow and difficult of execution. An inclination is said to exist on the part of the government to ameliorate or even abandon the formal mode and tedious routine hitherto pursued, and of the success of energetic endeavours for either purpose there can be no doubt. Placed between Russia and Western Europe, the independence of Austria is most important to the latter, but she must be rich and powerful as well as independent, to preserve her position, with jealous neighbours about her, and barbarism on her eastern frontier. It is well to know that the material is not wanting, that before long the change so desirable may chance to be effected, and the Austrian revenue made to produce 200,000,000 fl. without increased pressure upon the population.

M. de Tegoborski has done a great service to the public by his work, which will not be read unprofitably. We suspect he possesses much better information than his book discloses upon a good many points, and more than all that in his heart he is a convert to free trade principles—how indeed could a writer of sound judgment and reflection be otherwise ? Of his non-declaration of such an opinion it is not difficult to comprehend the reasons.

ART. IX.—*Le Duc de Bassano, Souvenirs Intimes de la Révolution et de l'Empire.* Recueillis et publiés par Madame CHARLOTTE DE SOR. (Personal Recollections of the Duke of Bassano, of the Revolution, and of the Empire. Collected and published by Madame DE SOR.) Brussels. 1843.

THIS is a poor, paltry book, compiled by a warm-hearted woman, evidently with the best and kindest intentions. It is not necessary, perhaps it would be neither fitting nor decorous, that we should too curiously pry into the relations of good neighbourhood or of friendship, or haply of something more tender still, existing between Maret, Duke of Bassano, and Charlotte de Sor. With these, as we have nothing whatever to do, we desire in no degree to meddle. The book, for aught we know or care, may be the offspring of friendship, of gratitude, or of a tenderer passion : but the inquiries of our readers, no matter what the moving spring of the lady, will naturally be, does this worthy woman tell anything new—does she throw any unexpected light on the character of her hero, or in doing him honour, at all open to our view more distinctly or more vividly the thorny path of public affairs ? We regret to say she does not ; and we do not, therefore, very well see the necessity under which Charlotte de Sor lay in putting her pen to paper to produce this *rifacimento*. The career of Maret is as well known as the progress of any capable, industrious, plodding, subservient short-hand writer deserves to be. Honour he obtained in his day, and some share of wealth with a dukedom to boot, and with

these he and his ought to have been, if they are not, satisfied. Had he been born in England he might have been a kind of second-rate Gurney or Cherer, making his 5000*l.* a year, labouring hardly by night and by day in houses of parliament and courts of law, spending all the while his 800*l.* a year, and therefore dying far richer than he did as a peer of France; or he might have turned law reporter like Peckwell, and having accepted an Indian judgeship, died forgotten in a foreign land; or he might have gone on plodding his wearisome way, day by day, in all the Courts of Westminster Hall, and have come to nothing, like many and more accomplished men, at last. But having fallen on stormy times, and there being no one to compete with him in his speciality, he rose from grade to grade, till ultimately he became a duke and minister for foreign affairs. It will, however, be necessary to enter into a few particulars, to give the reader an insight into his history, but not at any great length. Maret was born at Dijon in 1763. His father was a doctor, and he was marked out to walk in the same professional path, but there was a prize essay to be contended for at the college of Dijon, the subject being an eulogium on Vauban. Maret entered the lists and obtained the second place, the celebrated Carnot having obtained the first. His father now changed his views and devoted him to the bar. He was called in due season, and admitted to practise at the provincial parliament of Dijon. The old doctor, however, wished for something better than provincial success for his son, and sent him to Paris with introductions to Vergennes the minister, and other persons of high credit. At Paris he followed the course of international law given by Bonchaud, and had the good fortune to be noticed by Buffon, Condorcet, and Lacedepede. The death of Vergennes, however, deprived him of a patron, and he was preparing to finish his studies in Germany, when the first revolution broke out. Maret suddenly changed his intention of quitting France. Madame de Sor says he thought, and wisely thought too, he could not follow a more instructive course, or one in which there was more to be learned than the sittings of the States-general. He accordingly established himself, with this view, at Versailles, in a small lodging. He was then in his 25th year. 'I did not,' said he to Madame de Sor, 'wish to lose a word of what was said, and that was the reason why, with my small means, and having a hole to put my head into in Paris, I went to the further expense of a little room at Versailles.' The

young Burgundian was the first to enter the hall of the states every morning, and the last to leave it. Jaded and tired he goes home, but neither to eat nor to sleep, much less to smoke or to drink.—No, he sits down to write out his notes word for word, graphically describing the tone, manner, and gesture of all the speakers. So intent and busy was our short-hand writer that he came to Paris but on the Sunday, the *silent* sabbath-day at Versailles.

On this day of rest he laboured not, but went into society. He talked of his notes, and read some of them. They were raved about like every novelty in Paris, quoted, and praised. Panckouke, the publisher, heard of this nine-days' wonder called Hugh James Maret, sought him out, and proposed that his Parliamentary Report should be incorporated into the '*Moniteur*,' in which the crafty bookseller was interested. On the recommendation of Mirabeau, Lally Tolendal, Thöuret, and others, Maret consented. From this moment, the '*Moniteur*,' heretofore declining, had unlimited success. It has been even said that it sold the almost incredible number of 80,000.

Maret worked industriously in this manner for three or four years, and made many thousand francs in an honourable and legitimate way. Bonaparte was some years his junior, and while these things were going on, was grinding geometry at Brienne, or spunging cannons clean at Toulon, or gaining a cutaneous disease by seizing the rammer of an artilleryman in the blood-heat of battle. But he had, nevertheless, heard by report of the fame of the reporter, but withal vaguely, dimly, indistinctly. Years wear away, and the sub-lieutenant of Brienne becomes one of the three Consuls. Then he sends for Maret, questions him with piercing glance about his former labours, and is told that this wonder-working Hugh James, with head and pen for many years had laboured eighteen hours out of the twenty-four! 'Good night, Maret,' says the brisk, brusque little Corsican, 'I am busy this evening, but working in that fashion, a man may, I faith, be something at last.' Prim pragmatistical Maret thought this manner odd. It was certainly quick, unparliamentary (why should not we say un-Peelish?)—but it was none the worse for that. To bed goes Maret, his pencils, pens, and note-books arranged and ruled for the morrow-morning. Up he wakes betimes on that morrow, and reads at the early hour of seven, in the matutinal '*Moniteur*,' that he is named 'Secrétaire général des Consuls!' What species of a secretary is this, we may be asked? It was certainly something new, even in

novelty-loving France. He was not a minister, with his particular department to preside over. His functions did not apply to this or that isolated branch of the public service, but he was a functionary personally present at all the meetings or deliberations or councils as we might perhaps call them in England, of the three consuls, and took a note of everything that was said or done. And never was there a happier choice of a note-taker. As good a short-hand writer as that martinet of the Judges, Baron Gurney himself, Maret seemed to be the very genius of abbreviation. With amazing promptitude and fidelity, he seized the quick ideas, and caught the hasty, half-mumbled words of Bonaparte, and jotted them down with unerring accuracy. He had no will of his own, no independent theory, no system, the offspring of a strong mind or an original understanding. His pen was prompt, quick, and obedient. He admired his master so thoroughly, and attached himself so strongly to him, that it seemed as though that powerful being had plucked out of his short-hand writer's breast the faculty of volition, for he only thought, saw, and felt, as the consul to whom he devoted himself 'corps et ame.' This was the sort of passive, mute, hard-working machine which Bonaparte longed to find. And he found this man-thing in Hugh James Maret. As the Consular system developed itself, the functions of Maret became more important. Bonaparte was fond of dictating, of thinking aloud, as Hamlet says. His short quick words, his rapid and picturesque ideas, which flew from his lips with the speed of arrows, abounding in striking images and illustrations, in just conclusions, and often in profound and original thought, could only be faithfully seized on and chronicled by a man accustomed to this manner of labour. Who was more apt at it than Maret? Who, indeed, so apt in France? He arranged, and collated, and elaborated, and licked the creation of a more fertile brain into mould, shape, and form. Maret was, therefore, in his way, a most valuable adjoint to the Consul. He was, in truth, a sort of aide-de-camp in plain clothes with a pen in his hand instead of a sword. The devotion of this head clerk was perfectly oriental, and proportionate was the satisfaction of his master. It was a pleasant thing, after he had left the council, for the little Corsican to find all his orders, wishes, and suggestions, written out in decent readable French, with all the t's crossed, and all the e's and other little letters accentuated gravely, acutely, or circumflexedly; and in a plain running readable hand, so that not a *chef de division* could mistake a word, not a

minister say I misapprehend this or that order.

The confidence of the Consul in his faithful scribe increases daily. He accompanies him in all his journeys. He goes with him to every field of battle. At the epoch of the empire he becomes secretary of state. He is at Vienna in 1805. In 1806 he is charged with the organization of Poland. Subsequently all the weighty affairs of Westphalia rest on his shoulders. Anon he manages the Spanish junta at Bayonne. In 1809 victory again calls him to Vienna—to that very Austria, in whose dungeons of Kufstein he had in early life been a prisoner, and in whose states, in 1816, '17, and '18, when proscribed by Louis XVIII., he found refuge. In April, 1811, he is named minister for foreign affairs. On the 23d of May, 1812, Napoleon passes the Niemen. The Duke of Bassano joined him at Wilna, where he managed not only the affairs of that duchy, but, under the eyes of his master, the diplomacy of France. Maret did not, however, follow his master to Smolensko, but returned by his order to Paris, where he continued to receive and faithfully to execute his orders. But he was soon removed from the 'affaires étrangères' to the post of 'secrétaire d'état.' Misfortune now came thick and strong on the soldier of fortune. He named Maret to assist at the congress of Chatillon on behalf of France; but the congress was broken up, and France, which had invaded so many other states, was now in her turn invaded. Now came the abdication of Fontainebleau. Abandoned as was Napoleon by nearly all those whom he had raised from their native nothingness to honour, power, and glory, Maret was still, among the faithless, faithful found. He was the only minister who stood by his master to the last, despite the frowns of an adverse fate.

On the return from Elba he received Napoleon at the Tuileries, resumed the 'secrétairerie d'état,' and was present at the battle of Waterloo, where he was very nearly taken prisoner.

His fidelity did not end here. He laboured for the object of his idolatry even to the departure from Rambouillet. This desperate fidelity rendered him obnoxious to the succeeding government. He was exiled for four years by Louis XVIII., though that monarch must have known that the Duke of Angoulême was indebted for his liberty, perhaps for his life, to the Duke of Bassano. In 1820 the duke returned to France. For ten years he lived in retirement. In 1830 he resumed his place in the chamber of peers, where he had sat in the one hundred

days. Occasionally he spoke, but exercised little influence. Age and labour had fully used out the energy of the man. At the Institute he occasionally attended, and presided over the class of moral and political sciences. While a prisoner in Austria, he had written in his dungeon some comedies which had gained him a place in the Academy, but under the Restoration he was struck off the roll of the forty at the same period as Arnaud and Etienne. In 1831 he consented to preside gratuitously over the liquidation of the 'ancienne liste civile,' and by his impartiality, amenity, and real kindness of disposition, won golden opinions of all parties. He continued in the bosom of his family those habits of labour and industry to which he had been early accustomed. He rose with the dawn, and always had his pen in hand. He had never been an avaricious man nor a plunderer, and probably was careless as to money matters. In 1836 or 7, he intrusted large sums to an agent, or 'homme d'affaires,' who abused his trust. Thus he lost a considerable portion of his fortune. It is possible that this misfortune hastened his end. He died on the 13th of May, 1839, in the 77th year of his age. One of his sons, who inherits his title, is employed in the diplomatic service of his country; another is an engineer of great promise and perseverance; and one of his daughters is married to a son of Sir Thomas Baring.

Such are nearly all the particulars we learn from two small volumes, and in them there is nothing new. Madame de Sor amiably, and with all the sincerity and zeal of friendship, endeavours to make us believe that Maret was a great man and a great minister, but in this she completely and entirely fails; for, as was said by Fouché, he saw only with the eyes, and heard only with the ears of his master. Her hero was after all but a prompt intelligent drudge, as ready to work at his clerkship at four o'clock in the morning as at those, 'wee small hours ayont the twal,' when men are generally either asleep, or engaged in the far more pleasant occupation of discussing a bottle of *Clos Vougeot*, or Château Margaux. It has been said that Maret was a man of lax principle, but this we are inclined to doubt, and in so far as Madame de Sor gives as an insight into his character, these doubts are confirmed. The constancy and fervour of his attachment to his patron did him the highest honour, and as he was never a strong or original-minded man, his admiration and affection for the general and legislator may have blinded him to the faults, follies, and even crimes of his master.

The mediocrity of Maret's talents was often sneered at by Talleyrand, and he certainly was not a man of great intellect; but he was a person of kind and benevolent disposition, steadfast and sincere in his friendships, and of a warm heart; and this is more than can be said of other Frenchmen of far greater intellectual pretensions.

There are two or three anecdotes of Napoleon in these volumes which show how immense, how Herculean the labours of the man must have been. Often after reviewing his army, or giving the enemy battle, he would send for his faithful penman, and motioning him to sit down, would dictate to all his minions in Paris what was to be done in the public works—what at the 'affaires étrangères'—what in the 'bureau de la douane'—what at the 'droits réunis.' These labours would often occupy the emperor and penman till the broad glare of the midday sun informed them it was time to breakfast. It was not alone in dictating that the emperor had busy days and nights of it. Sometimes there were wagon-loads of papers and public documents to wade through. If these were not despatched, what became of our good city of Paris—what of the kingdom of France?—what of conquered provinces? Then the list of promotions in all services, military, marine, diplomatic, revenue, &c.

Some of the many annotations made by the Emperor to these lists are curious. Here they are. 'Accordé.—Il n'y a pas lieu.—Y a-t-il eu du sang versé?—A quel titre?—Non.—Combien de blessures?—A la première bataille, s'il y a lieu.—Les années de services, s'ils sont médiocres, ne constituent pas un droit.—Pour la croix de la Réunion.—On verra plus tard.—Pas une action d'éclat.'

Sometimes the emperor exhibited great littleness of mind and an unworthy spite, as the following anecdote, which we extract from the book, will sufficiently prove.

"General Grouchy had a very capable young officer as aide-de-camp. His conduct had been irreproachable, and he had frequently distinguished himself, but he did not nevertheless obtain the promotion which his services deserved. In fact, he was never thought of at all. General Grouchy grieved at this marked and unmerited neglect, exhibited towards a man who had always conducted himself well. After having vainly complained at the War Office, he at length determined to address himself directly to the *Ministère Secrétaire d'Etat*, Maret. He solicited the cross of the Legion of Honour for his aide-de-camp, Captain George Lafayette. 'It is a forgetfulness,' said Maret, 'on the part of his Majesty, and of the minister of war, and if Captain Geo. Lafayette is not included in the forthcoming promotion, I give you my word, gen-

eral, I shall cause him to be inserted.' A little time after this a list was made at the emperor's desire, but the name of Geo. Lafayette was not among the fortunate officers. Maret perceiving this, added the name at the bottom of the list in his own hand. The list was then, as in ordinary cases, submitted to the personal examination of the emperor. But no annotation of assent was placed in the emperor's handwriting opposite the name of Lafayette.

" 'Well!' said the Duke of Bassano, 'this is a mere oversight, but I'll try again.'

"Some months passed away, during which a glorious campaign augmented the chances of the young soldier's success. Bassano again came to the charge; again inscribed with his own hand, the same name; and again placed it under the eyes of the emperor. But alas! with the same luckless result. Now thought the duke, this is a manifest injustice in the guilt of which I shall have no hand, but at all events there is nothing like tenacity, and I'll try a third time. And he did generously interpose a third time, but with no better result. Against so strong a resolve, so unhappy a prejudice on the part of the emperor, the Duke of Bassano deemed it vain any longer to struggle, but he thought himself bound under the circumstances to intimate to young Lafayette by a third person his opinion that he would do well to renounce a career which only presented a succession of dangers without the hope of promotion or reward."

This was an act of calm courage on the part of the secretary which few men in the then state of France would have exhibited. It was a grave rebuke of an unjust prejudice, it was a lesson given to a man who did not in general bear lessons patiently, above all from an inferior—and who might of his mere will have struck the unfortunate giver of the lesson from off the list of his official servants. But Bonaparte was too shrewd, too wise a man to do this. On the contrary not a word, not a gesture, betrayed the slightest emotion of resentment against a minister who, after a first refusal, had the courage at the risk of displeasing his master twice again to renew a proposal which he knew would be disrelished. This is not the way to gain favour with the ordinary great in general, for Molière well says,

"Et les plus prompts moyens de gagner leur faveur
C'est de flatter toujours le foible de leur cœur,
D'applaudir en aveugle à ce qu'ils veulent faire,
Et n'appuyer jamais ce qui peut leur déplaire."

But, after all, what a wonderful man was this same Napoleon! How admirably did he gain the ascendancy over all who came into contact with him! How he was beloved by his soldiers—by his children, as he called them—with whom he marched from the sands of Egypt to the snows of Russia! What was the secret of this? Employments were

not monopolized either in virtue of birth or favour or fortune.

'Je ne dois des faveurs à personne,' said the little man with loftiness; 'quant aux récompenses, il dépend chacun de les mériter, par de bons services rendus au pays.'

This was the great secret of his success in everything. The fittest men were chosen for the several places, regard being had only to their fitness. On this principle he conquered half the world, and he might have conquered another quarter of it had he but adhered to this, the rule of his earlier life.

ART. X.—1. *Lettres Parisiennes, par Madame EMILE DE GIRARDIN* (Vicomte de Launay). Parisian Letters by EMILY DE GIRARDIN, under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay. Paris. 1843.

2. *Paris im Frühjahr*. 1843. Von L. RELLSTAB. Leipzig. 1844.

3. *Paris and its People*. By the author of 'Random Recollections of the House of Commons.' London. 1843.

Of the myriads of books now yearly appearing which time shall swallow up, so that they or their memory be no more seen, we hope this little work of Madame de Girardin's will not be one. Not that it is more innocent or intrinsically worthy of life than many others of its companions, which will be handed over to the inevitable Destroyer; but it deserves to have a corner in a historical library, where even much more natural and meritorious publications might be excluded; just as a two-headed child will get a place in a museum-bottle, when an ordinary creature, with the usual complement of skull, will only go the way the sexton shows it. The 'Lettres Parisiennes' give a strange picture of a society, of an age, and of an individual. One or the other Madame Girardin exposes with admirable unconscious satire; and this is satire of the best and wholesomest sort. One is apt to suspect the moralist whose indignation makes his verse or points his wit; one cannot tell how much of personal pique mars the truth of his descriptions, or how many vices or passions are painted after the happy, ever-present model, himself; and while we read Swift's satires of a sordid, brutal, and wicked age, or Churchill's truculent descriptions of the daring profligates of his time, we know the first to be black-hearted, wicked, and envious, as any monster he represents, and have good reason to suspect the

latter to be the dissolute ruffian whom he describes as a characteristic of his times.

But the world *could* never be what the dean painted, as he looked at it with his furious, mad, glaring eyes; nor was it the wild, drunken place which Churchill, reeling from a tavern, fancied he saw reeling round about him. We might as well take the word of a sot, who sees four candles on the table where the sober man can only perceive two; or of a madman who peoples a room with devils that are quite invisible to the doctor. Our Parisian chronicler, whose letters appear under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay, is not more irrational than his neighbours. The vicomte does not pretend to satirize his times more than a gentleman would who shares in the events which he depicts, and has a perfectly good opinion of himself and them; if he writes about trifles, it is because his society occupies itself with such, and his society is, as we know, the most refined and civilized of all societies in this world; for is not Paris the European capital, and does he not speak of the best company there?—Indeed, and for the benefit of the vulgar and unrefined, the vicomte's work ought to be translated, and would surely be read with profit. Here might the discontented artizan see how his betters are occupied; here might the country gentleman's daughter, who, weary of her humdrum village-retirement, pines for the delights of Paris, find those pleasures chronicled of which she longs to take a share; and if we may suppose she possesses (as she does always in novels, and often in real life) a sage father or guardian, or a reflective conscience of her own, either monitor will tell her a fine moral out of the Vicomte de Launay's letters, and leave her to ask, is this the fashionable life that I have been sighing after—this heartless, false, and, above all, intolerably wearisome existence, which the most witty and brilliant people in the world consent to lead? As for the man of the humbler class, if after musing over this account of the great and famous people, he does not learn to be contented with his own condition, all instruction is lost upon him, and his mind is diseased by a confirmed enviousness which no reason or reality will cure.

Nor is the Vicomte de Launay's sermon, like many others, which have undeniable morals to them, at all dull in the reading; every page, on the contrary, is lively and amusing—it sparkles with such wit as only a Frenchman can invent—it abounds with pleasing anecdote, bright pictures of human life, and happy turns of thought. It is entirely selfish and heartless, but the accomplished author does not perceive this: its

malice is gentlemanlike and not too ill-natured: and its statements, if exaggerated, are not more so than good company warrants. In a society where a new carriage, or new bonnet, is a matter of the greatest importance, how can one live but by exaggerating? Lies, as it were, form a part of the truth of the system. But there is a compensation for this, as for most other things in life—and while one set of duties or delights are exaggerated beyond measure, another are depreciated correspondingly. In that happy and genteel state of society where a new carriage, or opera, or bonnet, become objects of the highest importance, morals become a trifling matter; politics futile amusement; and religion an exploded ceremony. All this is set down in the vicomte's letters, and proved beyond the possibility of a doubt.

And hence the great use of having real people of fashion to write their own lives in place of the humble male and female authors, who, under the denomination of the Silver Fork School, have been employed by silly booksellers in our own day. They cannot give us any representation of the real authentic genteel fashionable life, they will relapse into morality in spite of themselves, do what they will, they are often vulgar, sometimes hearty and natural;—they have not the unconscious wickedness, the delightful want of principle, which the great fashionable man possesses, none of the grace and ease of vice. What pretender can, for instance, equal the dissoluteness of George Selwyn's Letters, lately published?—What merely literary head could have invented Monsieur Suisse and his noble master? We question whether Mr. Beckford's witty and brilliant works could have been written by any but a man in the very best company; and so it is with the Vicomte de Launay,—his is the work of a true person of fashion, the real thing (the real sham, some misanthropist may call it, but these are of a snarling and discontented turn), and no mere pretender could have equalled them. As in the cases of George Selwyn and Monsieur Suisse, mentioned before, the De Launay Letters do not tell all, but you may judge by a part of the whole, of Hercules by his foot,—by his mere bow, it is said, any one (in high life) might judge his late Majesty George IV. to be the most accomplished man in Europe. And so with De Launay, though he speak but about the last new turban which the Countess wore at the opera, or of her liaison with the Chevalier—, you may see by the gravity with which he speaks of that turban, and the graceful lightness with which he recounts the little

breakage of the seventh commandment in question, what is the relative importance of each event in his mind, and how (we may therefore pretty fairly infer) the *beau monde* is in the habit of judging them. Some French critics who have spoken of Vicomte de Launay's work, do, it is true, deny his claim to rank as a man of fashion, but there are delicate shades in fashion and politeness, which a foreigner cannot understand, and many a person will pass among us for well-bred, who is not what Mrs. Trollope calls *la crème de la crème*. The vicomte does not, as it will be seen, frequent those great and solemn houses of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the ancient nobility dwell (and which are shut to all the *roture**)—but he is welcomed at the court of Louis Philippe and the balls of the ambassadors (so much coveted by our nation in France)—he dances in all the salons of the Faubourg, and he has a box at all the operas; if Monsieur de Castellane give a private play, the Vicomte is sure to be in the front seats; if the *gentlemen-sportsmen* of the Jockey-club on the Boulevard have a racing or gambling match in hand, he is never far off: he is related to the chamber of deputies, and an influential party there, he has published poems, and plays, and commands a newspaper; and hence his opportunities of knowing poets, authors, and artists, are such as must make him a chronicler of no ordinary authenticity.

It is of matters relating to all these people that the gay and voluble vicomte discourses; and if we may judge of the success of his letters by the number of imitations which have followed them, their popularity must have been very great indeed. Half-a-dozen journals at least have their weekly chronicle now upon the De Launay model, and the reader of the French and English newspapers may not seldom remark in the 'own correspondence' with which some of the latter prints are favoured, extracts and translations from the above exclusive sources, compiled by the ambassadors of the English press in Paris, for the benefit of their public here.

It would be impossible perhaps for a journal here to produce any series of London letters similar in kind to those of which we are speaking. The journalist has not the position in London which is enjoyed by his Parisian brother. Here the journal is everything, and the writer a personage studiously obscure;—if a gentleman, he is somehow

most careful to disguise his connection with literature, and will avow any other profession but his own: if not of the upper class, the gentry are strangely shy and suspicious of him, having vague ideas of the danger of 'being shown up' by him, and will flock to clubs to manifest their mistrust by a black ball. Society has very different attentions for the Parisian journalists, and we find them admitted into the saloons of ambassadors, the cabinets of ministers, and the boudoirs of ladies of fashion. When shall we ever hear of Mr. This, theatrical critic for the 'Morning Post,' at Lady Londonderry's ball, or Mr. That, editor of the 'Times,' closeted with Sir Robert Peel, and 'assisting' the prime minister to prepare a great parliamentary paper or a Queen's speech. And, indeed, with all possible respect for the literary profession, we are inclined to think the English mode the most wholesome in this case, and that it is better that the duchesses, the ministers, and the literary men, should consort with their kind, nor be too intimate with each other.

For the truth is, the parties have exceedingly few interests in common. The only place in England we know of where the great and the small frankly consort, is the betting ring at Epsom and Newmarket, where his grace will take the horse-dealer's odds and *vice versa*,—that is the place of almost national interest and equality, but what other is there? At Exeter Hall (another and opposite national institution) my lord takes the chair and is allowed the lead. Go to Guildhall on a feast day, my lords have a high table for themselves, with gold and plate, where the commoners have crockery, and no doubt with a prodigious deal more green fat in the turtle soup than falls to the share of the poor sufferers at the plebeian table. The theatre *was* a place where our rich and poor met in common, but the great have deserted that amusement, and are thinking of sitting down to dinner, or are preparing for the Opera when three acts of the comedy are over. The honest citizen who takes his simple walk on a Sunday in the park comes near his betters, it is true, but they are passing him in their carriages or on horseback,—nay, it must have struck any plain person who may chance to have travelled abroad in steamboat or railroad, how the great Englishman, or the would-be great (and the faults of a great master, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says, are always to be seen in the exaggerations of his imitators), will sit alone perched in his solitary carriage on the fore-deck, rather than come among the vulgar crowd who are enjoying themselves in the more commodious part of the

* Except as in the case of a rich American, who, though once a purser of a ship, has been adopted by the nobles of the Faubourg St. Germain, and is said to have cut 'the family at the Tuileries,' and all his old acquaintances of the *Chaussée d'Antin*.

vessel. If we have a fault to find with the fashionable aristocracy of this free country, it is not that they shut themselves up and do as they like, but that they ruin honest folks who will insist upon imitating them: and this is not their fault—it is ours. A philosopher has but to walk into the Bedford and Russell-square district, and wonder over this sad characteristic of his countrymen; it is written up in the large bills in the windows which show that the best houses in London are to let. There is a noble mansion in Russel-square, for instance, of which the proprietors propose to make a club—but the inhabitants of Bloomsbury who want a club must have it at the west end of the town, as far as possible from their own unfashionable quarter; those who *do* inhabit it want to move away from it; and you hear attorneys' wives and honest stockbrokers' ladies talk of quitting the vulgar district, and moving towards '*the court end*,' as if they were to get any good by living near her Majesty the Queen, at Pimlico! Indeed, a man who, after living much abroad, returns to his own country, will find there is no meanness in Europe like that of the freeborn Briton. A woman in middle life is afraid of her lady's-maid if the latter has lived in a lord's family previously. In the days of the existence of the C—— club, young men used to hesitate and make apologies before they avowed they belonged to it; and the reason was—not that the members were not as good as themselves, but because they were not better. The club was ruined because there were not lords enough in it. The young barristers, the young artists, the young merchants from the city, would not, to be sure, speak to their lordships if they were present, but they pined in their absence—they sought for places where their august patrons might occasionally be seen and worshipped in silence; and the corner of Waterloo Place is now dark, and the friendly steam of dinners no longer greets the passers by there at six o'clock. How those deserters would have rallied round a couple of dukes were they ever so foolish, and a few marquises no wiser than the author of a certain Voyage to Constantinople.

Thus, as it seems to us, the great people in England have killed our society. It is not their fault: but it is our meanness. We might be very social and happy without them if we would: but follow them we must, and as in the good old vicar's time, the appearance of Lady Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs amongst us (whom we *will* ask) instantly puts a stop to the joviality and free flow of spirits which reigned before her ladyship's arrival; and we give up nature and blind-

man's buff for stiff conversations about 'Shakspeare and the musical glasses.' This digression concerning English society has to be sure no actual reference to the subject in hand, save that moral one which the Reviewer sometimes thinks fit to point out to his reader, who travelling with him in the spirit of foreign countries, may thus their manners noting, and their realms surveying, be induced to think about his own.

With this let us cease further moralizing, and as we have shown in the above sentences that the English reader delights in none but the highest society, and as we have humbly alluded in a former paragraph to young countrywomen, who, possibly weary of the sameness of their hall or village, yearn after the delight of Paris and the splendours of the entertainments there; perhaps some such will have no objection to accompany Madame or Monsieur Girardin de-Launay through the amusement of a Paris season, in that harmless fashion in which Shacabac partook of the first feast offered by the Barmecide, and which entails no evil consequences upon the feaster. It is the winter of 1837. Charles X. is just dead at Goritz, and we (the vicomte and his reader) are for a while too genteel to dance in public in consequence of the poor old monarch's demise. We pass some pathetic remarks on the fate of exiled kings; we wonder how it happens that the Tuileries do not go into mourning. We do so ourselves, just to be in the fashion and to show our loyalty, but only for a few days—but people should fancy we could not afford to purchase spring fashions, and so having decently buried the sovereign we give a loose to our pleasures, and go of course to Madame d'Appeny's ball.

You have no idea how diamonds and your own hair are come into fashion again—we remark this at the ball of the ambassador of Austria, where really and truly the whole room glistened with diamonds. Diamonds and hair! every one puts on everybody's own diamonds, and everybody else's—everybody wears their own hair, and somebody else's besides. Look at the Duchess of Sutherland. Have you seen her grace and her diamonds—all the world is crowding to look at them; and as he goes to look at her magnificent diadem, worth two millions it is said, many a young man has *bien des distractions* in gazing at her grace's beautiful eyes and charming face.

This is in the Faubourg St. Honoré—as for the people in the Faubourg St. Germain, the poor creatures, on account of the poor dear king's death, dare not dance—they *only* waltz—it's more *triste* to waltz, more becoming—it seems by chance as it were. Some

one sits down to the piano and plays a little waltz—just a little pretty one—and some one else begins to turn round in time. It is not a dance—no invitations were given, only a few young people have amused themselves by keeping time to M. de X. or Léon de B. They were in white, but their parents were in black all the time—for the good old king, the first gentleman in Europe (the French too had a first gentleman in Europe), lies dead yonder at Goritz.

As Lent comes on, we are of course too well-bred not to go to church. And to speak about the preachers, *fi donc!* but we positively must hear M. de Ravignan, for all the world goes to Nôtre Dame, and M. Dupanloup at Saint Roch, and the Abbé Combalot at Saint Eustache. We only mention their names as a fact, and to point out that there is a return towards religion, at which we are very happy; but as for commenting upon or criticising the works of these 'austere inspired ones,' we must not venture to do it; they speak for our salvation and not for their own glory, and, we are sure, must be quite above all worldly praise. And so no more about religion in Lent. And oh, it is *quite frightful* to think how the people do dance in Lent as it is!

ENGLISHWOMEN AT A FRENCH BALL.

"The masked ball given in benefit of the English has been so successful, that imitations may be looked for; the ball of the civil list is to be in the same fashion it is said. We dearly love masked-balls—handsome women appear there under quite novel aspects, and as for ugly women whom a brilliant imagination carries thither, why, they become delightful too, in their way, the Englishwomen above all, there is such an engaging frankness. It must be confessed that if we look at the handsome English and admire them with something like envy and bitterness of heart, there are natives of a certain other sort whom the 'perfidious Albion' sends over to us, and who charm us beyond expression; let us say it to the island's double renown, that if the modern Venus, that is beauty, has come to us from the waves of the chancel, the very contrary goddess (whom we need not name) has risen in full dress out of the frightened waves of the Thames. In a word, we admit that our neighbours provide our fêtes with the most beautiful women, and with those who are most of the other sort. They do nothing by halves the Englishwomen, they bring beauty to perfection or they carry ugliness to distraction; in this state they cease to be women altogether, and become beings of which the classification is impossible. One looks like an old bird, another like an old horse, a third, like a young donkey—some have a bison look, some a dromedary appearance, and all a poodle cast. Now all this seated quietly in a drawing-room, and reputedly dressed, looks simply ugly, and there's an end of it; but set it off in a masked ball—all these poor things dressed and bedizened, all these strange faces, and graces, and gri-

maces, twisting and hurling, and ogling and leering their best, you can't conceive what a wonderful effect they have! If you could but have seen them the other day in the Salle Ventadour with seven or eight feathers in their heads; red feathers, blue feathers, black feathers, peacocks' feathers, cocks' feathers, all the feathers of all the birds in the air—if you could have seen their satisfied looks as they glanced at the looking-glasses, and the grace with which their fair fingers repaired some enchanting disorder of the dress, and the perseverance with which they placed in its right position over the forehead that charming ringlet which *would* come upon the nose, and the yellow slipper, or the brown one, withdrawn or protruded with alike winning grace, and all the shells, and beads, and bracelets, and all the ornaments from all the jewel boxes of the family conglomerated on one strange person, and looking as if astonished to find themselves so assembled; you would say as we do, it is a charming thing a *bal costumé*, and if anybody offers to show you such a sight for a louis, give it, my dear friend, you never laid out money so well."

Indeed any person who has been in a Paris ball-room will allow that the description is a very true and very amusing one; and as we are still addressing the ladies, we would beg them to take warning, by the above remarks, on their visits to Paris; to remember what pitiless observers are round about them in the meagre persons of their French acquaintance; to reflect that their costume, in its every remotest part, is subject to eyes so critical, that not an error can escape; and hence, seeing the almost impossibility, from insular ignorance, to be entirely in the mode, to cultivate a noble, a becoming simplicity, and be, as it were, above it. The handsomest women in Europe can best afford to go unadorned—it is different for a Parisian beauty, lean, yellow, and angular; *her* charms require all the aids of address, while her rival's are only heightened by simplicity. And but that comparisons are odious in all instances, and in this not certainly flattering, we would venture to point out an unromantic analogy between Beauty and Cookery in the two countries. Why do the French have recourse to sauces, stews, and other culinary disguisements?—because their meat is not good. Why do the English content themselves with roast and boiled?—because they need no preparations. And so Beauty like Beef. . . But let us adopt a more becoming and genteel tone. Scotland is the country where agriculture is best understood—France is most famous for the culture of the toilet—and for the same reason; the niggardliness of nature to both countries, with which let us console ourselves for any little national wants among ourselves.

We are sure the fair reader will have no

objection to accompany Madame de Girardin to a ball at so genteel a place as the English Embassy, where Lady Granville is celebrating the birthday of our sovereign.

“On Friday was the beautiful *fête* to celebrate the birthday of the Queen of England; and as it is a woman who is king in England, the men did not wear uniform at Lord Granville's ball, but the women. Nothing could look more agreeable than all these white robes, strewed over with roses, which made the most respectable matrons of the company look young. It was the *fête* of the rose: and never did the royal flower shine with more splendour. At the corner of each door was a mountain of rose-trees in flower, ranged upon invisible steps: indeed a beautiful sight; and here and there you might perceive some of the fair young dancers picking roses in order to replace the graceful bouquets of their robes, which the whirl of the waltz had carried away. Nor was the little theft likely of detection; there were enough roses there to crown all the hundred-and-sixty English families with their eighteen daughters—Isabella, Arabella, Rosina, Susanna, Eliza, Mary, Lucy, Betsey, Nancy, &c., &c.

“Besides the flowers of the magnificent gardens and hothouses of the embassy, ten or twelve hundred rose-trees had been sent for, of which only eight hundred, it is said, could find a place in the reception-rooms. Judge from this of the mythological splendour of the scene. The garden was covered with a tent, and arranged as a conversation-room. But what a room! The large beds, filled with flowers, were enormous *jardinières* that all the world came to see—the gravel-walks were covered over with fresh cloths, full of respect for the white satin slippers of the dancers; great sofas of damask and velvet replaced the garden seats. On a round table there were books, and it was a pleasure to come and muse and breathe the air in this vast boudoir, from which one could hear the noise of the music, like fairy songs in the distance, and see passing away like happy shades, in the three long galleries of flowers round about, the lovely and sprightly young girls who were hastening to the dance, and the lovely, but more sedate young married women, who were hieing to the supper.

“There never is a *fête* without a *lion*, and the lion on this occasion was a charming Anglo-Italian princess, whose appearance made the most lively impression. Lady Mary Talbot, married two months since to the Prince Doria, had arrived from Genoa only a few hours before the ball, and only thought of going to rest after so long a journey, and with regret of the splendid festival she must miss seeing. How could a person, arrived only at four, think of being present at a *fête* at ten o'clock? Had it been four o'clock in the morning, there might have been a chance yet to prepare a dress, and to recruit oneself from the fatigues of travel. But now the case seemed hopeless, when of a sudden the following wonderful words were uttered at the princess' door, ‘A ball dress is just brought for Madame la Princesse.’ And as one sees the courser stretched idly in the meadow start up and bound across the

plain at the first signal of the warlike trumpet, so did the fair young traveller, stretched idly upon her couch, rouse herself on a sudden, and bound to the dressing-table at the first signal of coquetry. Whence came this robe so beautiful? what beneficent fairy had commanded it? That question is easily answered—only a real friend could have thought of such an attention. And shall I tell you, young beauties, how to know a true friend? She who admires you, deceives you; she who makes others admire you, really loves you.”

In this passage the viscount-disguise is surely thrown off altogether and the woman appears, as natural and as coquettish as Heaven made her. If we have occasionally cause to complain of the viscount's want of sincerity, here, at least, we have no right to suspect Madame de Girardin. The incident of the dress overcomes her nature; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, she let the great secret regarding her sex escape her. But for the moralities that have already been uttered, how long and how profitable a sermon might be composed with that last sentence for a text! ‘She who admires you, deceives you; she who causes you to be admired, loves you.’ What a picture it is of the woman of the world, and her motives, and her simplicity, and her sincerity, and her generosity. That was a fatal confession, Madame de Girardin. It may be true, but it was a fault to say it; and one can't but think of the woman who uttered it with an involuntary terror. Thus we have seen a man boast that he would play any tricks upon the cards, and cut any given one any number of times running, which he did, and the world admired—but nobody afterwards was anxious to play at *écarté* with that man; no, not for a penny a game.

And now having introduced the English reader to two such fashionable assemblies as the foregoing, we must carry him into company still more genteelly august, and see the queen and the Princess Helen. It is in this easy, lively way that the gay Parisian describes the arrival of the amiable widow of the Duke of Orleans.

A FETE-DAY AT PARIS.

“The garden of the Tuileries was splendidly beautiful yesterday—it was beautified by the king's orders and by the people's—by the sky's and by the spring's. What a noble and cheerful sight it was! Go hang yourselves, ye inhabitants of the provinces, you who could not see this magnificent picture, for the canvass is torn, and the piece will never be exhibited again. Fancy now sights such as were never before seen at Paris at the same time: fancy a sky bright blue—fancy the trees real green—the people neat and well-dressed—and the crowd joyous and in its best attire, revelling in the perfumes of the flow-

ering lilies. Confess now you never saw anything like that—at Paris when the sky is blue the trees are always grey, for the dust eats them up—at Paris when the trees are green then you may be sure it has just rained, and all the people are muddy and dirty . . . Oh, how brilliant nature was that day, youthful and yet strong—young and yet powerful, fresh and ripe, budding and full: it was like the passion of a pure girl who should have waited till five-and-twenty before she began to love—it had all the purity of a first-love—but a first-love experienced when the heart had attained its utmost power and perfection.

“How noble those lofty chestnuts are—how finely do their royal flowers contrast with the sombre verdure of their leaves!

“Look from here and see what a fine sight it is. The great alley of the garden is before us—on the right, three ranks of national guards; on the left, three of troops of the line. Behind them the crowd—elegant and brilliant with a thousand colours. Before us is a basin with its fountain, which mounts upwards in a sunbeam: behind the jet d'eau, look, you see the obelisk, and behind that the arch of triumph. By way of frame to the picture are two terraces covered with people, and great trees everywhere. Look down for a moment at yonder flower-beds and tufts of lilac—every one of them blossomed on the same day. What perfume! what sunshine! Hush! here's a courier, the procession must be drawing near—now comes a postillion all covered with dust, and gallops away: and now comes a poodle dog and gallops away too quite frightened—immense laughter and applause from the crowd. After the poodle comes a greyhound, still more alarmed—still more laughter and applause from the crowd—and the first part of the procession serves to keep the public in good humour. A stout workwoman in a cap elbows a genteel old beauty, and says, ‘Let me see the Princess, ma'am; you, you can go and see her at court.’ The genteel old beauty looks at her with a sneer, and says to her daughter, ‘The court, indeed! The good woman does not seem to know that there is much more likelihood for her to go to that court than for us.’ ‘No doubt,’ says the young lady. ‘Only let her marry a grocer, and they'll make her a great lady.’ By which dialogue we learn that the legitimists also have condescended to come and see the procession. At last it comes. See! here are the cuirassiers, they divide, and you see the reflection of their breast-plates flashing in the fountain. Now comes the cavalry of the national guards. What a fine corps, and what a fine horse Mr. G—— has! The King! M. Montalivet—the ministers—they go too fast, I can't see anything. The Queen! how noble she looks; how charmingly dressed—what a *ravishing* blue hat! The Princess Helen looks round this way, how young her face seems! ah, now you can only see her hat, it is a sweet pretty one, in white *paille de riz*, with a drooping marabout. Her robe is very elegant, white muslin, doublé with rose. The Duke of Orleans is on horseback by the Queen's side; but, mercy on us, who are those people in the carriages of the suite! Did you ever see such old bonnets and gowns—for a triumphal entry into Paris, surely they might have made a little *toilet*! The *cortège* has a shabby air. The carriages are ex-

remely ugly, and too full—indeed, it was more worth waiting for it than seeing it.”

If an English Baker-street lady had been called upon to describe a similar scene in her own country, we fancy her letter would have been conceived in a very different spirit from that of the saucy Parisian. The latter does not possess the Baker-street respect for the powers that be, and looks at kings and queens without the least oppression or awe. A queen in a ‘*ravissante capote bleue*’—a princess of whom the description is that she is a ‘*jolie Parisienne*.’—Is not this a sad disrespectful manner of depicting an august reigning family? Nor if we guess right, would Baker-street have condescended to listen to the vulgar conversation of the poor woman in the crowd who was so anxious to see the procession. The sneer of the great lady from the Faubourg St. Germain is very characteristic, and the deductions by the lookers-on not a little malicious and keen. That tasty description of the spring, too, at the commencement of the passage, where its warmth is likened to the love of an ‘*honnête jeune fille de 25 ans*,’ could only have been written by a French woman deeply versed in matters of the heart. Elsewhere she utters still more queer and dangerous opinions of the female sex, as this.

“Just look at the ‘*femmes passionnées*’ of our day, about whom the world talk. They all began by a marriage of ambition: they have all desired to be rich, countesses, marchionesses, duchesses, before they desire to be loved. It is not until they recognized the vanities of vanity, that they have resolved upon love. There are some among them who have simply gone back to the past, and at eight-and-twenty or thirty passionately devote themselves to the obscure youth whose love they refused at seventeen. M. de Balzac is right, then, in painting love as he finds it in the world, superannuated that is; and M. Janin is right too in saying that this sort of love is very dull. But if it is dull for novel-readers, how much more dismal is it for young men who dream of love, and who are obliged to cry out in the midst of their transports about the beloved object, ‘I love her,’ and ‘Oh heavens, how handsome *she must have been*!’”

The ‘*femme passionnée*’ we see then to be a recognized fact in French fashionable life, and here, perhaps, our young English-woman, who has read the genteel descriptions eagerly will begin to be rather scandalized at the society into which she is introduced, and acknowledge that the English modes are the best. Well, well; passion is a delicate subject—there is a great deal more about it in this book (or of what is called passion in Paris) than, perhaps, English

mothers of families would like to hear of: let us rather be faithful to *fashion*, and as we have read of ambassadors and kings, now have an account of pretenders.

"This makes me think of a young prince, prisoner at Strasburg, whose audacious attempts we were far from foreseeing. Louis Bonaparte is full of honour and good sense; it could only be the *ennui* of exile which inspired him with the foolish idea to war and be emperor in France. Poor young man! it was more pleasure to him to be a captive in his own country than free in a foreign land. When one has blood and a name like his, inaction is hard to bear. Had they but given him right of citizenship, in France, he had perhaps been contented. We have often heard him say that all his ambition was to be a French soldier, and gain his grade in our army—that a regiment would suit him better than a throne. *Eh! mon Dieu!* it was not a kingdom he came to look for here, it was only a country.

"We have often known him to laugh at the royal education which had been given him. One day he gaily told us, that in his childhood his great pleasure was to water flowers, and that his governess, Madame de B——, fearing lest he should catch cold, had the watering-pots filled with warm water. 'My poor flowers,' said the prince, 'they never knew the freshness of the waters! I was but an infant then, and still the precaution appeared ridiculous to me.' He never could speak of France without a tender feeling, and in this he resembles the Duke of Bordeaux. We were at Rome when we heard of the news of Talma's death; every one began at once to deplore his loss, and to tell all they knew about the great actor, and speak of all the characters in which they had seen him. Whilst he was listening to us, who was then scarcely sixteen, he stamped his foot with impatience, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'To think that I am a Frenchman and have never seen Talma!'

"They say that on the day of his appearance at Strasburg, Prince Louis, intoxicated by his first moment of success, despatched a courier to his mother to say he was master of Strasburg and about to march on Paris. Three days after he received in prison the answer of the Duchess of St. Leu, who, believing him to be entirely victorious, entreated him to preserve the royal family from the fury of his partisans, and to treat the king with the utmost possible respect. This shows us how far illusions can be carried among those who live far away from us, and that exiled princes are deceived as much as others."

To think he is a Frenchman and has not seen Talma! What a touch of pathos that is, of true French pathos! He has lost a kingdom, an empire, but, above all, he has not seen Talma. Fancy the pretender, our pretender, dying at Rome, and saying on his deathbed that he dies unhappy at not having seen Garrick in 'Abel Drugger!' There would have been a universal grin through history at such a speech from such a man—but ours is not a country of equality; acting

is an amusement with us, and does not come within the domain of glory—but one can see these French people with that strange fantastic mixture of nature and affectation, exaggeration and simplicity, weeping not altogether sham tears over the actor's death—and a prince thinking it necessary to 'placer son petit mot' on the occasion.

We have a 'petit mot,' too, for the Duke of Bordeaux,' no doubt as authentic as that here attributed to the unlucky prisoner of Ham.

"A traveller just returned from Goritz recounts an anecdote regarding M. le Duc de Bordeaux, which is not without interest. The prince had invited several young men to ride, and every one admired his boldness and agility. Hedges and ditches, nothing stopped him. At last he came to a ravine, a sort of torrent, whereof the stream was large enough to make the prince pause for a moment. But he turned round smiling to his companions, and said, 'Now, gentlemen, this is the Rhine, let us pass into France;' and so saying he plunged his horse into the torrent, and gained, not without difficulty, the opposite bank. When he was landed, he was aware of his own imprudence, for many of his companions were by no means so good horsemen as he. 'Ah!' said he, looking towards them, and speaking with his usual charming kindness, 'how thoughtless I am! there is a bridge hard by;' and he pointed out the bridge to his suite, and beckoned them to pass over by it. All returned, admiring the young prince's courage still more perhaps than his presence of mind. To cross torrents on horseback is more glorious for oneself, but it is better to find a bridge for one's friends."

Alas! stern reason will not confirm this chivalrous opinion of the Vicomte de Lau-nay. Why is it more glorious to cross torrents on horseback than to go over bridges? To dance on a tight-rope—to lock oneself into a hot oven—to swallow half a score of cimitars, or to stand on one's head on a church-weathercock, would not even in France nowadays be considered glorious, and so we deny this statement of the viscount's altogether, as probably the Duke of Bordeaux would, should it ever come to his royal highness's ears. But must we say it? this story, like many others in the book, that, for instance, of the English knights at the Eglington tournament breaking their lances in the first place, and *pasting them afterwards together with paper*—are, as we fancy, due to the invention of the writer rather than to the talk of the day, which he professes to chronicle. One of these queer tales we cannot refrain from giving.

This, says Madame de Girardin, puts me in mind of the courier who had a wife at Paris, and another at Strasburg, '*Was it a crime?* No.' (O delicious moralist!)

"And this puts me in mind of the bigamist courier who had a wife at Paris and another at Strasburg. Was it a crime? No; a faithful but alternate inhabitant of these two cities, has he not a right to possess a ménage in each? One establishment was not sufficient for him: his life was so regularly divided, that he passed two days in each alternate week at Paris and Strasburg. With a single wife he would have been a widower for the half of his time. In the first instance he had lived many years *uniquely married* at Paris, but he came soon bitterly to feel the inconvenience of the system. The care which his wife took of him at Paris made him find his solitude when at Strasburg too frightful. In the one place ennui and solitude, a bad supper and a bad inn. In the other, a warm welcome, a warm room, and a supper most tenderly served. At Paris all was pleasure: all blank loneliness at Strasburg.

"The courier of the mail interrogated his heart, and acknowledged that solitude was impossible to him, and reasoned within himself, that if marriage was a good thing, therefore there could not be too much of a good thing, therefore it became him to do a good thing at Strasburg as well as at Paris.

"Accordingly the courier married, and the secret of his second union was kept profoundly, and his heart was in a perpetual and happy vibration between the two objects of his affections. When on the road to Strasburg he thought of his fair Alsatian with her blue eyes and blushing cheeks; passed two days gaily by her side, the happy father of a family of little Alsacians, who smiled around him in his northern home. However, one day he committed a rash act of imprudence. One of his Strasburg friends was one day at Paris, when the courier asked him to dine. The guest, mistaking Caroline for the courier's sister, began talking with rapture of the blue-eyed Alsatian and the children at Strasburg; he said he had been at the wedding, and recounted the gaieties there. And so the fatal secret was disclosed to poor Caroline.

"She was very angry at first, but she was a mother, and the elder of her sons was thirteen years' old. She knew the disgrace and ruin which would come upon the family in the event of a long and scandalous process at law, and thought with terror of the galleys—the necessary punishment of her husband, should his crime be made known. She had very soon arranged her plan. She pretended she had a sick relative in the country, and straightway set off for Strasburg, where she found Toinette, and told her all the truth. Toinette, too, was at first all for vengeance, but Caroline calmed her, showed her that the welfare of their children depended on the crime not being discovered, and that the galleys for life must be the fate of the criminal. And so these two women signed a sublime compact to forget their jealousies, and it was only a few hours before his death that their husband knew of their interview. A wheel of the carriage breaking, the mail was upset over a precipice; and the courier, dreadfully wounded, was carried back to Strasburg, where he died after several days of suffering. As he was dying he made his confession; 'My poor Toinette,' said he, 'pardon me. I have deceived thee. I was already married when I took you for a wife.' 'I know it,' said Toinette sobbing, 'don't plague yourself now, it's pardoned long ago.' 'And who told

you?' 'The other one.' 'Caroline?' 'Yes, she came here seven years ago, and said you would be hanged were I to peach, and so I said nothing.' 'You are a good creature,' said the two-wived courier, stretching out his poor mutilated hand to Toinette; 'and so is the other one,' added he with a sigh; 'it's hard to quit two such darlings as those. But the time's up now—my coach can't wait—go and bring the little ones that I may kiss them—I wish I had the others too. Hèigh ho!'

"'But here they are!' cried the courier at this moment, and his two elder boys entered with poor Caroline, time enough to see him die. The children cried about him. The two wives knelt on each side, and he took a hand of each, and hoped that heaven would pardon him as those loving creatures had; and so the courier died.

"Caroline told François, her son, who had grown up, that Toinette was her sister-in-law, and the two women loved each other, and never quitted each other afterwards."

Here, however, our extracts must stop. But for the young lady, for whose profit they have been solely culled, we might have introduced half a score of others, giving the most wonderful glimpses into the character, if not of all the Parisian population, at least of more than one-half of it—of the Parisian women. There is the story of the padded lady. If a duke or a prince came to her château, she sailed out to receive them, as full-blown as a Circassian: if it was a dandy from Paris, she appeared of an agreeable plumpness: if only her husband and her old friends were present, she came to breakfast as meager as a skeleton. There is the story of the lady at her tambour or tapestry-frame, very much puzzled, counting the stitches necessary to work the Turk or the poodle-dog, on which she is engaged. You enter, says the Viscount de Launay, you press your suit; she is troubled, anxious; as you pour out your passion, what will she say—'O heavens! I love him—Alphonse, in pity leave me!' no such thing; she says, 'Seven, eight, nine stitches of blue for the eye; three, four, six stitches of red for the lip, and so on. You are supposed to be the public, *she* the general Parisian woman. You seem to fall in love with *she*, as a matter of course—(see the former extract regarding the *femme passionnée*)—it can't be otherwise; it is as common as sleep or taking coffee for breakfast; it is the natural condition of men and wives—other men's wives. Well, every country has its customs; and married ladies who wish to be made love to, are married where they can have their will.

Then there is a delicious story about two old coquettes travelling together, and each acting youth to the other. Each writes home of the other, Madame de X. is charming, she has been quite a mother to me. Only women can find out these wonderful histo-

ries—women of the world, women of good company.

And is it so? Is it true that the women of Madame de Girardin's country, and of fashionable life, are the heartless, odious, foolish, swindling, smiling, silly, selfish creatures she paints them? Have they no sense of religious duty, no feeling of maternal affection, no principle of conjugal attachment, no motive except variety, for which they will simulate passion (it stands to reason that a woman who does not love husband and children can love nobody), and break all law? Is this true—as every French romance that has been written, time out of mind, would have us believe? is it so common, that Madame de Girardin can afford to laugh at it as a joke, and talk of it as a daily occurrence—if so, and we must take the Frenchman's own word for it—in spite of all the faults, and all the respectability, and all the lord-worship, and all the prejudice, and all the intolerable dulness of Baker-street—*Miss* (the young and amiable English lady before apostrophized) had much better marry in the Portman Square than in the Place Vendôme quarter.

The titles of the two other works mentioned at the head of our article have been placed there as they have a reference to Parisian life, as well as the lively, witty, and unwise letters of M. la Vicomte de Launay. Unwise are the other named works too, that of the German and the Englishman, but it cannot be said that either of them lays the least claim to the wit and liveliness of the gay pseudo-vicomte.

Those who will take the trouble to compare the two authors, Grant and Rellstab, will find in them a great similarity of sentiment, and a prodigious talent at commonplace; but it is not likely that many of the public will have the opportunity, or take the pains to make this important comparison. Rellstab is a Berlin cockney, with one of the largest bumps of wonder that ever fell to man. His facility at admiration may be imagined when we state, that at the very first page of his book he begins wondering at the velocity of the German Schnell post. He goes five miles an hour, and finds the breathless rapidity of the conveyance like 'the uncertain bewilderment of a dream.' He enters the Malleposte at Frankfort, and describes THE NEW CONSTRUCTION of those vehicles in the most emphatic manner, says, that AT THE VERY MOST they take five minutes to change horses on the road, and that the horses go at A GALLOP. One can see his honest pale round face, peering out of the chaise window, and

the wondering eyes glaring through the spectacles, at the dangers of the prodigious journey.

On arriving, he begins straightway to describe his bedroom on the third floor, and the prices of other bedrooms. 'My room,' says he, 'has an elegant alcove with an extraordinary clean bed,—it is true, it is floored with tiles instead of planks, but these are covered with carpets. A marble mantelpiece, a chest of drawers, a *sécrétaire*, a marble table by the bed, three cushioned arm-chairs and three others form the furniture; and the room altogether has a *homish* and comfortable look.'

As for the aspect of the streets, he finds that out at once. 'The entrance into Paris through the Faubourg St. Martin is like the Köpnick street in Berlin, *although the way from the barrier to the post is not so long as in Paris*;' and then M. Rellstab details with vast exactness, his adventures in the yard of the *messagerie*, and the dexterity of an individual, who with little assistance hoisted his luggage and that of his friend on to his brawny shoulders, and conveyed them from the carriage to the ground without making the slightest claim upon their respective purses. The hotel, and the extraordinary furniture of his apartment, described as above, he is ready to sally with us into the streets.

"We proceed first," he says, "through the Passage du Panorama. 'Passage,' being the name given to such thoroughfares, is made for the convenience of circulation in the different quarters of the towns, are roofed over with glass, paved with granite or asphalte, and are lined on either side by splendidly furnished shops (we translate literally, being unwilling to add to or take from the fact, that all passages are thus appointed). Here I had the first opportunity of observing narrowly the taste displayed in the arrangement of these latter. Nothing, not even the plainest article for sale, is arrayed otherwise than with the most particular neatness. Many shops surprised me by their system of combination. In one, for instance, devoted to the sale of such articles as tea, coffee, and the like, we do not only see tea, coffee, and chocolate, all neatly laid out, each with its price attached to it, but also the various apparatus for the consumption of such articles; teacups and saucers, teapots and tea strainers, as also utensils of a similar nature for the preparation of coffee and chocolate. * * I consider it a most excellent arrangement, that to every article its price is attached. The stranger who cannot judge of the price of an article, will often decline making inquiry, lest the demand ex-

ceed his opinion of the value—but if he sees what is the price, he is much more likely to buy, as he will know whether his purse will enable him to indulge his desire.” M. Rellstab then goes into a short disquisition on the price of hats, which he finds are cheaper than in his own country.

Our author has not yet got into the streets of Paris, and we begin to question whether our love of his company will allow us to attend him there. However, we can make a short cut, and come upon him again, as he is passing very slowly along the Boulevard des Italiens, for he has not got farther. He has just remarked, we find, that a very vast proportion of the people are in mourning, and accounted for it by informing us that ceremony obliges mourning to be worn a long time.

“The boulevards draw a half circle round the heart of Paris, just as the walks around Frankfurt and Leipzig surround the whole of the more ancient parts of these towns. But the half circle here is nearly five miles in length; their appearance is more town like than garden-like; they rather resemble our Lime Tree walk (in Berlin), only that the passage for carriages is in the centre, whilst two rows of wide-spreading trees line a promenade on either side.”

Here comes a minute description of the paving, in which we cannot suppose all our readers interested.

“The general impression giving by the buildings on the boulevards resembles that given by the Ditch (Graben) of Vienna, though, to be sure, the construction of the houses differs considerably from that in Vienna, and still more from that in Berlin. None of the lower floors appear to be occupied by private individuals. They seem all to be made of avail as shops or coffee-houses; even the first and second stories are often similarly employed, and at enormous rents.”

M. Rellstab soon after beholds ‘the Vendôme pillar with its colossal statue of Napoleon, in the perspective of a broad noble street, the Rue de la Paix, a shadowy form,’ he says, ‘which, as by magic, darkened the present and brought forward, in its murky light, the mighty past.’

This and the next sentence, in which he makes history speak to him and his friend, are of the finest order of fine writing. He does not retail what history says to him, but assures us that the few moments which he passed beneath the pillar produced ‘emotions which are indescribable.’ On a carnival day he comes upon the spot whence Fiéschi fired his hell-machine on the 28th July, 1835. The poor fellow’s terror breaks out in the most frantic poetry. ‘Paris,’

shrieks he, ‘is like *Ætna*. In the too-strong air of its with-plants-and-flowers-luxuriously-decked ground (his epithets are always tremendous), the keenest nosed dogs lose the scent, and in its wondrous environs, the eye finds itself wandering and lost in such an immeasurable labyrinth of beauty, that one forgets how the glowing lava heaves below, and how every moment the thundering hell, in the very midst of the Paradise, may tear open its mouth.’

‘On, on!’

And ‘on’ he rushes, but this perhaps is the richest passage of eloquence in the book.

What can one say more about him? Good introductions and the name of a writer suffice to introduce M. Rellstab to one or two characters of note. He calls upon them, and finds them, in some instances, not at home, and going or returning in a hired cabriolet, he makes use of the opportunity to print the tariff and propensities of these conveyances. He goes to the opera and is squeezed; he attends the carnival balls and is shocked; he lives in Paris and wishes himself back at Berlin. There is a particularizing throughout the book which is amazing, and to an English reader most comic. But we live amongst commonplace, and we like to read of what we daily see. M. Rellstab’s book will tell the reader what he already knows, and if he learns nothing new from it, he will be able to flatter himself on its perusal with the idea—‘I too could have been an author.’

And, finally, with respect to the work of the celebrated Mr. Grant. The ‘Morning Herald’ says, ‘it will find its way into every library, and be read by every family;’ the ‘Metropolitan’ remarks that ‘they are able and comprehensive in plan, and nothing could be better executed;’ the ‘Jersey Times’ declares (and this we admit) ‘that no living author could have presented us with such a picture of Paris and its people;’ and ‘Ainsworth’s Magazine’ is of opinion ‘that Mr. Grant’s volume will supersede the trashy Guidebook of Galignani.’ Let us trust that these commendations have had their effect, and that Mr. Grant has sold a reasonable number of his volumes.

But for the honour of England, and as this review is read in France, we are bound to put in a short protest against the above dicta of the press, and humbly to entreat French readers *not* to consider Mr. Grant as the representative of English literature, nor to order the book which the ‘Morning Herald’ declares no English family will be without. If we are all to have it, let us, at any rate, keep the precious benefit to ourselves, nor permit a single copy of ‘Paris and its People’ to get out of the kingdom. *Il faut laver*

(the words are those of his majesty the Emperor Napoleon) *son linge sale en famille*. Let us keep Mr. Grant's works in the same privacy, or the English man-of-letters will get such a reputation on the Continent as he will hardly be anxious to keep.

English families may, if they please, purchase Mr. Grant's book in place of Galignani's 'trashy guide book,' which is the very best guide book that we know of in any language, which is the work of scholars and gentlemen, the compilation of which must have necessitated a foundation of multifarious historical, architectural, and antiquarian reading (such as Mr. Grant never could have mastered, for he knows no language, living or dead, not even the English language, which he pretends to write), and which, finally, contains for half the price, four or five times the amount of matter to be found in these volumes, which every English family is to read. Let us be allowed in a Foreign Review to make a protest against the above sentiments, for the sake of the literary profession.

Mr. Grant spent some time in the months of July and August in Paris; he may have been there six, or possibly three weeks. With this experience his qualifications for writing a book on Paris were as follows; he did not know a syllable of the language; he is not acquainted with the civilized habits of any other country; his stupidity passes all bounds of belief; his ignorance is without a parallel that we know of, in professional literature; he has a knack of blundering so extraordinary that he cannot be trusted to describe a house wall; and with these qualities he is said to write a book which is to be read by all English families, and to ruin Galignani's trashy publication. It is too bad: for the critic, however good-natured, has, after all, a public to serve as well as an author; and has no right, while screening the dulness and the blunders of a favourite wit or blockhead, to undervalue the honest labours and cultivated abilities of meritorious scholars and gentlemen.

Mr. Grant begins to blunder at the first line of his book and so continues to the end. He disserts upon the gutters in the streets, the windows to the houses, the cabs and their fares, the construction of the omnibuses; and by a curious felicity and dullness, is even in these matters entirely untrustworthy. He says that *Chautebriand* is a republican and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he visits the Madeline and the Cité, he calls Julius Cæsar 'that distinguished writer,' and a nose 'an organ which it is needless to name.' He discovers that the Palais Royale is the place to which all the aristocracy of France resorts; he sees 'the most elegant ladies of

the land sitting alongside of dirty drivers in hack-cabriolets;' and dining at an eating-house for thirty sous, pronounces his meal to be the height of luxury, and declares that the gentry of Paris are in the habit of so dining. Does the 'Morning Herald' seriously recommend every 'English family, to do likewise? We put this as a home question.

ART. XI.—1. *Le Journal des Débats*, 4 et 5 Avril.

2. *Narrative of various Journeys in Belochistân, Affghanistân, and the Panjab*. By CHARLES MASSON, Esq. In 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1842.

3. *Personal Observations on Sinde*. By T. POSTANS, M.R.A.S. London: Longman and Co. 1843.

4. *Correspondence relative to Sinde*. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of her Majesty. 1843.

5. *Reports and Papers, Political, Geographical, and Commercial, submitted to Government* (unpublished).

6. *Cabool*. By the late Lieut. Col. Sir ALEX. BURNES. Second edition: London: Murray. 1843.

7. *Rough Notes of the Campaign in Sinde and Affghanistân, 1838-39*. By Major JAMES OUTRAM. J. M. Richardson. 1840.

THE annexation of Sinde to the British empire appears to be pretty generally regarded as an act the flagrant injustice of which ought to weigh heavily on the public conscience. Even in Parliament, up to the close of the last session, the leaders of all parties concurred in regarding it as a doubtful matter. No one would express any definite opinion respecting it. The opposition, not having studied the despatches and public documents connected with the war, and for other reasons by no means difficult to be conjectured, would neither arraign formally, nor formally approve of the policy of the governor-general. They adroitly, however, intimated, and caused it to be generally felt, that they condemned the Sindian war. On the other hand, the ministers refused to be a jot more explicit. The series of transactions connected with the occupation of Sinde had not yet, they contended, been brought to a close; so that it would be highly impolitic in them, and might prove detrimental to the public service, to disclose the instructions which they had sent out, or to express any opinion upon the turn which events had taken.

The country, therefore, till ministers shall think proper to take up the question, must be content to draw its own conclusions, with the aid of such political writers as, not deterred by the extent or intricacy of the subject, may venture to forestall the decisions of parliament. All such inquirers must labour, of course, under many disadvantages from which the members of the administration are delivered, the latter possessing complete those letters and despatches, extracts only from which are laid before the public, and having access, besides, to the diaries and secret papers of the agents and residents, to none of which can any other person refer. Still it seems to us quite practicable to form a correct judgment on the war in *Sinde*; that is to say, to determine on the measure of justice which has been dealt to the Amirs.

In order to arrive at the true state of the case several points must be cleared up. It will be necessary to ascertain whether, in the course of our negotiations, we permitted the chiefs of *Sinde* to follow the dictates of their own judgment, or imposed any restraint upon their will; and if, ultimately, strong measures were resorted to, whether they did not, by the peculiar character of their diplomacy, render the employment of such means absolutely necessary. It will at once be seen, that we have ourselves decided in the affirmative; it remains, therefore, that we state the facts, and explain the reasons which have influenced our determination.

In all matters of this kind it is, of course, incumbent on those who undertake to influence the opinions of others to be themselves impartial. But we have frequently observed, that persons who entertain a false theory of impartiality, understand by this duty nothing else than a condemnation of ourselves. If, being Englishmen, they accuse the policy of England, and cover her achievements with obloquy, they expect to be complimented on their impartiality. We have a different conception of what it is to be impartial. We acknowledge that we owe justice to all men, but that it is equally required of us that we be just to our own country. This being premised, we proceed to offer such observations as we have to make on the late events in the Valley of the Indus.

The questions which, at the outset, we ought to ask ourselves are these:—Had the Amirs perpetrated nothing which may be allowed justly to have provoked the vengeance of the British government? Had they broken no treaties? Had they made no attempts to overreach us and abuse our confidence? Had they not, on the con-

trary, most unequivocally evinced a disposition to succumb to us while we were strong, and fall upon and destroy us when they believed us to be weak? Had they not intrigued with Persia? Had they not even invoked the aid of Mohammed Ali, under the ignorant persuasion that he was subject to the Shah? Had they not received and entertained Russian spies disguised as Turks? Had they not attempted to excite the Maharajah of Lahore against us? Did they not fire upon our resident and insult our flag? Did they not plunder the stores collected for our army at Hyderabad? In short, will or will not history, when it comes to investigate all the circumstances of the transaction, rather applaud the policy by which we were guided, than condemn us as rapacious and unprincipled aggressors? Satisfactorily to reply to these questions, it will be necessary to look beyond the flying rumours of the day, and even to reject, in many instances, the testimony of individuals who may have co-operated personally in producing the event under consideration.

It seems to us an important point to ascertain in the first place by what right the Amirs held the country. For if their authority rested upon a legitimate basis there would, of course, according to the common opinion of mankind, be more caution to be observed in the act of overthrowing it; but if, as was the fact, they had no right, and pretended to none but their swords, without drawing which they observed menacingly that the country should not pass from them, it was between them and us merely a question of might, or who had the longest sword, since where there is no right there can be no injury. We had, however, it may be urged, entered into treaty with the Amirs, and thus acknowledged their authority. But who will undertake to prove that an error in diplomacy on our part must, of necessity, create a right on theirs? We negotiated with them as the actual rulers of *Sinde*, without inquiring by what means they had become such; because it was not necessary at the time to push our inquisition so far. Afterwards when our relations

* See on this point the opinion of Sir Henry Pottinger, 'Correspondence on *Sinde*,' No. 45, and Nos. 12, 15.

† Sir Henry Pottinger's 'Correspondence,' No. 33.

‡ Major Outram, 'Correspondence,' No. 249.

§ 'Correspondence,' Inclosure 12, No. 338.

|| 'Correspondence,' No. 25.

¶ Items of Intelligence received by Major Clibborn, 'Correspondence,' No. 384.

** See the Treaties, dated August 22, 1809; November 9, 1820; April 4, 1832; April 20, 1838, &c., &c.

with them became more intimate, we obtained a clearer insight into the foundations of their power, and found that it rested upon a mixture of force and fraud, which tended very little to elevate them in our estimation.

Not to go back to records of past times, the Amírs, at the commencement of the present century, were confessedly tributary to the King of Kabúl;* though, owing to the weakness of that prince, payment of the tribute was generally refused. Now, in deciding on the conduct of the Amírs in this matter, it is necessary to proceed upon some intelligible principle; that is, either to condemn them as fraudulent and rebellious subjects, or to acknowledge at once that might makes right, and justify them for practically asserting their independence because their sovereign was unable to maintain his authority.

And this latter is the course generally taken—tacitly, perhaps, but not the less certainly—because on all sides we hear the Sindian Amírs spoken of as independent princes, which must proceed either from ignorance of the real state of the case, or from the conviction that the claims of the Kabúl government, however just and legitimate, ought to be treated with contempt, because urged by weakness against strength. They who reason after this fashion have only to apply the same rule to the case of the Amírs in their contentions with the British government, in order to justify whatever has been achieved by Lord Ellenborough. But in politics, as in morals, the act is not always right which ingenuity is able to defend. We shall therefore contemplate the subject from a different point of view.

In *Sinde*, before we made our appearance, there were two parties—the people and the Amírs. The former, we will suppose, reasoning according to the principles vulgarly adopted by mankind, owed to the latter obedience and tribute; while, according to the same principles, these again, in their turn, owed the former protection and good government. But what, at the period alluded to, was the real state of the case? On their part the people supplied their rulers with no cause of complaint. They were obedient, and paid their taxes. Contented they were not, because it was impossible under such a government as that of the Amírs to be so. Even the witnesses most favourable to these princes, confess that the peasantry were a prey to every species of vexation and extortion perpetrated towards them

by the “ill-paid hirelings of the chiefs.” It is charitably presumed, indeed, that these instruments of oppression were not ‘authorized’ to practise tyranny, but only, through negligence, permitted. To the husbandmen, however, whom they pillaged, it mattered little whether they were commissioned or non-commissioned plunderers, the result to them being always the same. Again, that section of the population which professed the Hindú religion underwent a still more grievous persecution, being unable to move from village to village, or town to town, “without paying a fee to some Mohammedan for his protection.”* In fact, therefore, these poor people were made aliens in their own land, which their industry chiefly enriched and rendered habitable.

Another proof, and perhaps the most striking, of the tyranny of the Amírs is furnished by the manner in which they formed their shikargáh or hunting-ground. Like the early Norman princes in this country, they were inordinately addicted to the chase. To secure themselves, therefore, a constant supply of game of all kinds, but more especially of deer, they enforested whole districts without paying any regard to the interests of agriculture; preferring, perhaps, the parts already in jangal, but wherever their designs appeared to require it, laying waste towns, villages, and hamlets,† leaving the inhabitants to find shelter wherever they could, appropriating to themselves their farms and gardens.

Meanwhile, the immense preserves, which extended, in several instances, for thirty miles along the banks of the Indus, could not be kept up without expense. The weight of this fell, of course, upon the wretched inhabitants, who may literally be said to have been sacrificed to the deer, every head of which, killed by the Amírs, cost their subjects eight hundred rupees.‡ The only excuse that can be made for such rulers is their pitiable ignorance. Like our princes of the Stuart family, they considered the people born to be their drudges, though they must have still had fresh in their memories the very low origin from which they sprung.§ When incidentally reminded of his duty by the British political agent, Nussir Khan replied,—“If I choose to commit tyranny, I may; it has always been the custom in *Sinde* to make exactions, to remunerate some and take from others. This custom I am not willing to alter.”

* Masson, vol. i., p. 379.

† Postans, ‘Personal Observations on *Sinde*,’ pp. 7, 8, 10, 27, 56, 57.

‡ Postans, ‘Personal Observations,’ &c., p. 56.

§ Pottinger, *Belochistán*, p. 398.

* Treaty between the British Government, Ranjit Sing, and Shah Sújah, Art. xvi.

Nay more, when, by dint of pre-eminent foresight and industry, any of their subjects seemed enabled to counteract the sinister influence of government, and amass property, the Amirs felt and expressed extreme jealousy, and would say, characteristically, "The fellows are too rich already;"* and forthwith adopted the most direct means to diminish their opulence, which means, through their ignorance, were generally detrimental to commerce, and every species of industry; consequently, in the long run, to their own revenues.

It will not therefore be matter of wonder that the Sindians, comparing their condition with that of the Hindús of Kutch, and other nations of India enjoying the blessings of British rule, should have most earnestly desired to become our subjects.† They observed the mildness and equity of our sway; they saw that wherever our authority extended, there every man could enjoy without molestation the fruits of his industry; nay, that so far from coveting the property of the subject, government were constantly devising new means for facilitating their private speculations and exertions for enriching their families.

The knowledge of these facts excited throughout Sinde a strong desire on the part of the population, not only Hindú but Musulman, to throw off the yoke of the Amirs, and become British subjects.‡ Of this, their conduct throughout the whole of the late transactions, leaves no room for doubt. They seized on every occasion, and made use of every stratagem they could devise, to escape from the tyranny of their own rulers and secure to themselves our protection. When the British government took possession of Karáchi, the natives located themselves so rapidly in our camp, that the Amirs began immediately to fear lest the whole population of the city should transport themselves into the same circle.§ A similar thing happened again at Sukkur, now Victoria on the Indus, where, by pouring into our lines and settling there, the Sindians disclosed to their rulers how gladly they would exchange British authority for their capricious and oppressive sway.|| At Shikarpúr, at Tattah, and every other point where the English took up a position, how-

ever confined or temporary, the same phenomenon occurred; so that the military commanders and political agents calculated with the greatest confidence, that, wherever our subsidiary force should remain for any length of time, there marts and cities would spring up around it. Of this truth the Amirs themselves were painfully conscious, for in their treaties with the English there is nothing on which they more pertinaciously insist than on this, that we should not listen to the complaints of their subjects, or take any steps towards redressing their grievances.*

Against the people of Sinde, therefore, we have, at any rate, been guilty of no injustice. They had long looked to us as the central government and paramount authority in India—as the successors of the Moguls, to whom of right belong all the kingdoms and states over which those sovereigns formerly held sway, from the banks of the Ganges to Herat. They believed us to be their rightful masters; and it is, indeed, perfectly natural that every Hindú, wherever his lot may be cast, should look upon himself as a British subject. To the Sindians we appeared in the light of deliverers; and it tells considerably in our favour, that, in proportion as they have become acquainted with our character and manners, their partiality for us has increased.† This being indisputably the case, very little account is to be made of the claims and pretensions of the Talpúr Amirs. They who suffer their minds to be influenced by antiquated and absurd prejudices, may persist, if they please, in looking upon those barbarous chiefs as independent princes. It matters not a jot what name we bestow on them. They were, in reality, tyrants; and, in delivering the inhabitants of Sinde from their yoke, we were performing good service to humanity. This is the light in which the people of Great Britain should consider the subject. They have nothing to do with the technicalities of diplomacy. The only question they ought to ask themselves is, whether their hearts prompt them to sympathize with an estima-

* Outram, 'Correspondence,' No. 379, Inclosure 30.

† Sir Henry Pottinger, 'Correspondence,' No. 119; Major Outram, No. 232.

‡ 'Correspondence,' No. 338, Inclosure 15.

§ See the Perwanna from Mir Nussir Khan of Hyderabad, directed to his officers, kardars, &c., at Karáchi.

|| Postans, 'Personal Observations,' &c., p. 32.

* "Our camps will afford a refuge to the trading classes of Sinde, as would the district of Shikarpúr, if a British possession, to the agricultural. And it appears to me, that the only method by which we can compel the Amirs to good government, without the direct interference which is so much to be depreciated, is by the example of our own better government over the spots we secure in the heart of their country, and which, in giving refuge to Sinde subjects, who are driven by tyranny to seek it, would oblige the Amirs to rule better, in order to preserve their people." Major Outram, 'Correspondence,' No. 379, Inclosure 2.

† Outram, 'Campaign,' &c., p. 9.

ble and industrious population cruelly oppressed, or with some half dozen or so of military adventurers, who, having got into their hands the instruments of oppression, had acquired the knack of talking big and calling themselves independent princes. They were, in fact, nothing but freebooters, ignorant, coarse, and sensual, who sacrificed not only the interest of the community, but, what is more remarkable and characteristic, the most natural feelings of the heart to their passion for animal excitement.* For such persons it is difficult to cherish any sympathy. Besides, they were upon a very large scale slaveholders, and patrons and protectors of slavery. Traffickers in men and women were constantly making their way towards Karáchi, where the miscreants knew they could always reckon upon a ready market. This, however, was not all. As often as it suited their purpose, the Amírs also permitted their subjects to be exported. We find, for example, that when Hajji Hussein Ali Khan was proceeding towards the court of Persia with treasonable letters for the Shah, we mean letters full of hostility towards Great Britain, he was detected carrying along with him a number of chests, from which, in the bazaar at Larkhána, the voices of women were heard crying out for help. The people of the place, upon inquiry, found they were six Hindú girls whom the authorities wished to have it believed Hajji Hussein had kidnapped; but, as no steps were taken for their release, though the British native agent brought the matter directly before the Amírs, it was understood that the ladies were meant as a present to the Shah.† This view of the matter is corroborated by the fact that the western Mohammedan princes have from very remote times been in the habit of purchasing female slaves from Sinde, the Hindú women of that country being celebrated for their beauty. Thus, to gratify their political ambition, these lamented Amírs sacrificed the daughters of their subjects to the passions of a despot more powerful than themselves.

Another trait in the character of the Amírs of Sinde ought to be kept steadily in view. When communications had been open between them and the Indian government, they exhibited little reluctance to negotiate and enter into treaties with it; or at any rate, after the usual train of intrigues, discussions, evasions, manœuvres, and political jesuitism, they concluded an alliance with the rulers of India; of course because they expected to

derive some advantage from it. But, in most instances, as must be obvious to all who diligently consider the matter, they took no pains to fulfil their part of the compact. They were very ready to reap benefits, but little disposed to confer any.

To a certain extent the gentlemen deputed to conduct our negotiations in Sinde no doubt deceived the Amírs; involuntarily, we admit, but still they deceived them. They dwelt much on the important advantages which would accrue to those rulers from throwing open the commerce of the Indus, and such advantages might certainly have been realized, but not by the Amírs. For, so ignorant were they of the art of government, so incapable of profiting by the blessings of commerce, that it was next to impossible they should be able to turn the speculations of their subjects to immediate account. Now anything not immediate, appeared to them non-existent. They could not mentally follow the long and intricate process by which the sap of wealth, distributed through the general body of the people, is elaborated ultimately into revenue and power and dominion. They could not understand that the gain of their subjects was their own gain, and that therefore to enrich them was to strengthen themselves. No: they counted nothing to be theirs but what they could wrest from the people, and lay up in their own coffers. That they considered to be real wealth, though it was in every respect barren, and a cause of poverty to the country.

That these were their views of the matter they took no pains to conceal. Nay, Nûr Mohammed, the principal Amír of Hyderabad, very frankly on one occasion explained to the British political agent, who had been insisting on the advantage of throwing open the Indus and cultivating a connection with England, the whole of their ideas on the subject.

"All this," said he, "may be very true; but I do not understand how it concerns us. What benefit do we derive from those changes? On the contrary we shall suffer injury. Our hunting preserves will be destroyed; our enjoyments curtailed. You tell us that money will find its way into our treasury. It does not appear so. Our contractors write to us that they are bankrupt. They have no means of fulfilling their contracts. Boats, camels, are all absorbed by the English troops. Trade is at a stand. A pestilence has fallen on the land. You have talked about the people:—what are the people to us—poor or rich? What do we care, if they pay us our revenue? You tell me the country will flourish. It is quite good enough for us, and not so likely to tempt the cupidity of its neighbours. Hindustán was rich, and that is the reason it is under your subjection.

* Postans, 'Personal Observations,' &c., p. 57.

† 'Correspondence,' No. 13.

No:—give us our hunting preserves and our own enjoyments free from interference, and that is all we require.”—*Lieutenant Eastwick, Correspondence, No. 130.*

From views so defective on political and commercial subjects, and from motives common to all despots, the Talpúris never troubled themselves about fulfilling the stipulations of the treaties with the Governor-general into which they entered. It seemed as though they had not the moral courage to deny any request directly made to them, though they entertained not the slightest intention of keeping their promises. Thus, on the arrival of the subsidiary force at Karáchi, it was agreed that it should be supplied with provisions free of duty;* but in order to prevent the stipulation from taking effect, the natives were secretly forbidden to approach our cantonments with commodities.†

Again, it was settled by treaty that merchandise ascending the Indus should, so long as it remained on the river, be liable to no tolls or duties,‡ and that if it proceeded beyond the frontiers of Sindé none would consequently be levied on it; but in order to render this arrangement ineffectual, a large sum was extorted from the empty boats when they attempted to return down the stream. Another mode of misinterpreting the treaty was afterwards invented. In that document it was stated that merchants passing up and down the Indus with their goods should not be molested or compelled to pay tolls; but, observed the Amírs, under the term merchants we by no means understood Sindian merchants, from whom we have always been accustomed to levy tolls and duties.§ First, therefore, they stopped all boats in order to inquire to whom they belonged: if their owners proved to be natives of Sindé, money was taken from them under that pretence; if they turned out to be British subjects, and showed the permit of the Political Resident, the paper was said to be a forgery, and they were still compelled to pay. On the other hand, if, confiding in the protection of the treaty, the traders refused to submit to the authority of the kardars or revenue-officers, they were fired into,|| their

navigation was arrested, their merchandise seized on, and the tolls and duties ultimately were forced from them.* And these were everyday occurrences, not tracing their origin to accident, but flowing from a system. Nevertheless it is gravely pretended, by some persons, that the navigation of the Indus was always open, and that there existed no necessity for treaties or interference of any kind.

We are far, meanwhile, from maintaining that the rulers of India had never secretly formed any designs upon Sindé. It is not our province to interpret intentions or unveil motives. We only know that throughout the whole of our negotiations with the Amírs, the greatest possible restraint was always put on the lust of power, and every conceivable deference paid to the feelings, tastes, and prejudices of the capricious chieftains with whom we had to deal. It may perhaps be said that we infringed upon their sovereign authority by insisting upon a passage for our armies into Afghanistan. The proper reply to this is, that they never were in possession of sovereign authority; that, on the contrary, they owed and acknowledged allegiance to Shah Sújah, to reinstate whom those armies were proceeding. They and their forefathers had paid him tribute;‡ large arrears of tribute were at that very moment due, part of which they were called upon to pay, and did pay,‡ and from the payment of part of which they were excused, in consequence of the inconvenience to which the country might be put by the passage of the forces and the permanent residence of a small subsidiary army, which the circumstances of the times rendered absolutely necessary.

We are aware that they showed releases written in korans which Shah Sújah had formerly given them.§ But those releases were conditional, and it has never been attempted to be proved that they had fulfilled the conditions entered into. That this was the way in which the matter was regarded in 1838, is clear from Article XVI. of the Tripartite Treaty between the British government, Maharajah Singh, and Shah Sújah ul Múlk, by which the last agreed to render the Amírs completely independent of the Kabúl government on payment of a certain sum. Consequently, it appears to us that

* Lieut. Leekie, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 313.

† Sir Henry Pottinger, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 23; Lieut. Eastwick, No. 130; Minute by Sir George Arthur, Governor of Bombay, No. 362.

‡ The example was set by Khyrpore. Sir Alexander Burnes, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 125.

§ Lieut. Brown, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 368, No. 379. Inclosures 16, 17, 18; Major Outram, No. 379. Inclosure 24.

|| Petition of Pokur Doss, Soukar, to Pír Ibrahim, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 370.

* Sir C. Napier, ‘Correspondence,’ Nos. 371 and 418. Petitions of Tarrachund, Wadoo Mull, Marain Doss, Omer Khan, &c.

† Sir Alexander Burnes, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 55; Sir Henry Pottinger, No. 88.

‡ W. H. Macnaghten, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 374, Inclosure 44.

§ Sir Henry Pottinger, ‘Correspondence,’ No. 45.

nothing can be more unfair than to pretend that Great Britain has been guilty of injustice towards the Hyderabad rulers.

At the same time we own that had Lord Auckland remained governor-general of India, there is every probability that the annexation of *Sinde* would have been considerably deferred, because it was the policy of that nobleman to exhibit extraordinary courtesy in his negotiations with the *Amirs*, to overlook as much as possible their infractions of treaties, and to prevail in all cases rather by persuasion and reasoning than by menaces.

Lord Ellenborough adopted different maxims of policy. He had relinquished *Afghanistan*, and along with it all hopes of powerful influence in Central Asia; and this he saw and felt must be regarded by statesmen as a very great oversight. To make amends to a certain extent for this extraordinary act, his lordship believed that some brilliant movement ought to be made; and consequently as the *Amirs* of *Sinde* recklessly laid themselves open to attack, and seemed rather to court than avoid collision with us, he seized on the opportunity which they voluntarily offered, and extended the limits of the empire to the *Indus* and even a little beyond. We acknowledge that this achievement is not easily reconcileable with his lordship's previous declarations and professed policy. But it is not our business to clear Lord Ellenborough from all imputation as a statesman. We only contend that the conquest of *Sinde* was in itself justifiable, and might with honour have been undertaken even by Lord Auckland himself.

There is another light in which this and all similar questions ought to be contemplated. From a careful study of the history of the world, it will appear that nature itself has set limits to the political development of certain races of mankind, while to others would seem to have been assigned an almost unbounded progression. Generally, however, a line may be drawn, beyond which the sway of some nations cannot profitably be extended, and at this point, therefore, if we could discover it, it would be wise for conquest to cease. On the other hand it is equally clear that, within these limits, the aim should be as much as possible to assimilate and consolidate the population, to impart to it one impress, to pervade it by one spirit. This formed the chief business of a long succession of statesmen in Spain, France, Germany, Great Britain, briefly in all civilized states. The same thing ought to be effected by us in *Hindustan*. Providence has there committed to our hand the

paramount authority, and doubtless designs that we should impart to the whole of the stupendous fabric one aspect and type of civilisation. One rajah and petty prince after another disappears from the scene, and leaves his territories to be merged in the British Indian empire. Our maxims of policy, our sciences, our literature, our commerce, our morals, and even our religion, are striking root in that vast peninsula, slowly we admit, but to all appearance certainly, and with the prospect of producing the greatest good. More than 140,000,000 of human beings depend in India for happiness or the contrary upon the sway of Great Britain. They have lost utterly the power of self-government, and, for the most part, perhaps, the desire also. At least, there is no evidence that, for many generations past, they have applied themselves to those studies, without the aid of which the beneficial exercise of political power is impossible.

To us, therefore, as to a conquering and civilizing caste, the government of all India belongs, not so much through any paltry right derivable from custom or originating in popular notions, as from that sacred right imparted by providence to intellect and justice to rule over violence and ignorance.* Accordingly, if we be true to ourselves, our Asiatic empire will in all probability be durable as that of Rome. It has been built up and consolidated by the co-operation of some of the greatest statesmen and soldiers known to history; and although from time to time the task of governing it may be committed to incapable hands, it must be maintained upon the whole that India has been ruled with consummate ability. Slowly, therefore, and almost imperceptibly, have the several parts of which it is composed, detached themselves from the surrounding chaos of barbarism, and passed into the finely organized system of our Indian empire, which it may require many ages to bring to its proper development, and thrice as many more to destroy.

It is not, however, at present, our object to examine the internal structure of that wonderful fabric of dominion which we have reared in Asia, but rather to glance over that line of outworks which nature

* Our opinion on this point concurs exactly with that of Sir Henry Pottinger who, in his intercourse with the *Amirs*, observed that "they had themselves literally imposed on us the necessity of dictating the arrangements provided for by the last treaty; and that they must henceforward consider *Sinde* to be, as it was in reality, a portion of *Hindustan*, in which our position made us paramount, and entitled us to act as we considered best and fittest for the general good of the whole empire." *Correspondence on Sind, No. 161.*

may be said to have thrown up upon the frontiers of Hindustân to protect it on all sides from invasion. Among these the Indus may perhaps be enumerated, though it be a most important question to consider, whether the mountain ranges which command that river itself ought not rather to be regarded as the boundary of India. Towards the possession of those ranges we have of late made some steps, first by the invasion of Afghanistan, and secondly by the conquest of *Sinde*. Of this latter country the character and resources are not so well known as they deserve to be; for which reason we shall here throw together some observations which may aid in rendering them more familiar to a portion at least of the public.

The territories of *Sinde* extend along both banks of the Indus from a point a short distance south of the confluence of that great river with the *Punjaud* to the ocean.* They consist of a series of magnificent alluvial plains, diversified here and there by rocky eminences of slight elevation and by sandy sterile tracts, indicating the original character of the country before the Indus had fertilized it by its deposits. In many of its leading features *Sinde* strikingly resembles Egypt: depending almost entirely for moisture on one great river, subject to periodical risings, sluiced off artificially for the purposes of irrigation, separated into numerous branches by a delta near its mouth, and obstructed by bars at its entrance into the sea. Vast sandy deserts or chains of lofty and barren mountains form the boundaries of both countries, insulating and rendering them difficult of access, though the barriers of Egypt be on the whole perhaps the more formidable. Both countries again have wandering tribes upon their borders, which from time to time make incursions into them, sack and plunder their towns and villages, devastate their fields, and check the progress of civilisation.

But in historical importance, *Sinde* will bear no comparison with Egypt, for while the latter, from the concurrence of numerous circumstances, has acted a distinguished part in the history of the world, having at one time been the illustrious seat of the arts and sciences, and afterwards, for thousands of years, the prize contended for by rival empires, it has been the fate of the former to be invariably an obscure dependency on some neighbouring state.

Nevertheless *Sinde* is, in many respects, an extraordinarily valuable possession. Its

commercial importance can scarcely be exaggerated, since on account of the Indus, which traverses it from north to south, it may be regarded as the great high-road to Central Asia. The native productions, however, compared with those of many other parts of India, are neither rich nor numerous. They consist of cotton, the culture of which has hitherto been much neglected; sugar-cane, to which nearly the same remark may be applied; all sorts of grain, as well such as are known in Europe, as those peculiar to India; various kinds of vetches, with several species of fruits and vegetables. The date-palm flourishes nearly all over the plain of the Indus, but either from some peculiarity in the soil, or through defective cultivation, its fruit seldom or never comes to perfection. Towards the sea *Sinde* degenerates into a succession of salt marshes, overgrown in part by jungle, stunted or luxuriant, according to the accidents of the soil. In many places the eye wanders over large sombre tracts, covered thickly by the camel-thorn, with its purple papilionaceous blossoms, the caper-bush, the salvadora, and the euphorbia, the last of which drops after a season upon the surface of the ground, where it lies decaying, and suggests the idea of innumerable bundles of dry sticks collected by hands which are nowhere visible. At various points both east and west of the Indus, there are large stony or sandy districts, all perhaps equally barren, but presenting in their aridity a variety of aspects. In some places the dreariness of the view is slightly relieved by thickets of prickly pear bushes, which communicate to the landscape a character resembling that of the Deccan between Serûr and Ahmednaggâr. Elsewhere the sand, as in the Lybian desert, is blown up into hills from fifty to two hundred and fifty feet in height, separated not by valleys but by hollow basins, nowhere communicating with each other without change of level. On the summit of these eminences, when accident suffers them to become permanent, a few scattered bushes occasionally make their appearance. Sometimes the surface of the waste exhibits a smooth expanse, on which the fine sand is blown into ripples, running from east to west, indicating the existence of winds setting in almost constantly from the desert.

From this account, no very favourable idea will be formed of the face of *Sinde*. But other points remain to be insisted on. In what may be strictly termed the Valley of the Indus, a very large proportion of the country is covered by jungle, or forest, in which the towns and villages are scattered, each surrounded by its patch of cultivation,

* Dr. Lord, 'Medical Memoir on the Plain of the Indus,' p. 59.

as though it were a land recently reclaimed from the wilderness. This circumstance, which has hitherto operated as a curse to Sindé, must now prove an advantage to us, since it will not only furnish our steamers with an inexhaustible supply of fuel, but afford us perpetually recurring opportunities of appearing to the natives in the light of benefactors, by facilitating intercommunication, and constantly subjecting fresh tracts to the plough. Even the Shikargáhs will gradually yield to the axe, and become the abode of the peasants whose fathers perhaps the late Amírs had dispossessed, and turned adrift upon the world.

With respect to the nature of the landscape, it may be said, that whatever of picturesque and beautiful is consistent with the accidents of a level country, is to be found in Sindé. Here and there its mighty river, expanding to the breadth of a lake, exquisitely diversifies the view; in one part reflecting mosques and tombs and caravanse-rais and villages from its deep waters, in another, running along the skirts of a huge and venerable forest. At a point near Sehwan the Hala mountains project one of their spurs almost to the river's bank, just as the Arabian range comes down upon the Nile near the ruins of Chenoboscion. Bukkúr, again, in many respects resembles Elephantine, though it is of infinitely greater importance, lying as it does in the highway from Hindústán to Kabúl and Persia. In the grandeur of the landscape it is likewise superior. Perhaps, indeed, from the point where the Indus escapes from the Himalaya there is no situation more striking or extraordinary than the sight of Bukkúr, where a pile of dark rocks, surmounted in its whole extent by a lofty fortress, rises in the centre of the river, harmonizing with the precipitous cliffs which confine the waters of the Indus both on the east and west.

Among other elevations which diversify the face of Sindé, are a low range of hills on the borders of Jessalmír, and that on which the citadel of Hyderabad is erected, with the projection, before spoken of, of the Belooch mountains, near Sehwan, and the insignificant eminences about Karáchi and Tattah. Elsewhere the country consists of one level plain. But it is not on this account destitute of beauty. The several towns and villages successively present themselves to the eye of the traveller through breaks in poplur or palm groves, or long avenues cut through the dense jungle. Even the Shikargáhs, or hunting grounds of the Amírs, however mischievous in other respects, tend greatly to adorn the face of the country, with their luxuriant growth of forest trees, and matted

and verdant sweeps of undergrowth, extending in some cases for twenty or thirty miles along the banks of the Indus, with here and there a small palace or hunting lodge, embosomed in the depth of the woods. Another source of beauty is to be discovered in the tombs with which the whole face of the country is sprinkled. All these elements beheld in the cool of the morning, when the husbandmen are afield, when the women of the different villages in their airy and fanciful costume are busily engaged moving to and fro from the wells, with water-jars nicely poised upon their heads, when a party, perhaps of Belooch horsemen, grotesquely habited and accoutred, may be seen dashing across the plain, while the kafila of laden camels follows the windings of the footpaths rather than roads which conduct from city to city, its long snake-like line appearing and disappearing by turns as it issues from or enters one of those groves which diversify the face of Sindé—beheld, we say, at such an hour, and under such circumstances, the elements of a Sindian landscape produce a powerful effect upon the imagination.

Viewed from the sea, however, the coast of Sindé is pre-eminently monotonous and uninteresting. From the mouth of the salt river Lúni, which divides it from Kutch, to Cape Mowari, where the grand mountainous region of the Belooches begins, there is scarcely a single swell in the whole extent of the shore. The waves you ride appear to be higher than the land, and from the deck of a large ship you really in many cases look down upon it; though on approaching Karáchi the eye discerns a considerable elevation in the line of coast. The appearance, meanwhile, of the sea in calm weather is very remarkable, and has sometimes been thought alarming, since the vast body of water thrown out by the Indus at once discolours it and causes a constant ripple which would appear to indicate the presence of shallows.

Among the cities of Sindé which deserve particular notice is Shikarpúr, which may be said almost entirely to owe its existence to the trade of Affghanistán and Central Asia. It is three miles in circumference, protected by walls, and situated in a large and fertile plain at the distance of twenty-six miles from Bukkúr, on the extreme limits of Sindé towards the north-west.* Some writers suppose it to have owed its commercial prosperity to the removal thither of the Hindú banking establishments from Multán. It is more reasonable to infer that, lying on the route of the caravans from Delhi to Candahar and Herat, by the great Bolan pass, it

* Postans, 'Personal Observations,' p. 33.

grew early though gradually into importance, and eclipsed Multán both in size and consequence, before the Hindú speculators thought of making it the centre of their monetary operations. The rise of the Durani monarchy no doubt accelerated the enrichment of Shikarpúr, by affording protection to those Rothschilds of the East who decided the fate of armies and kingdoms by the scantiness or liberality with which they supplied the sinews of war. At present the opulence of Shikarpúr is greatly diminished. The government of the late Amírs proved everywhere, in fact, fatal to commerce, by multiplying exactions, by rendering property insecure, and thus, as far as possible, chasing the creators of wealth beyond the limits of their dominions. To this circumstance, in great part, is owing the prosperity of Multán and Amritsir, which latter city has sprung, almost like Jonah's gourd, into greatness; so that though scarcely heard of some few years ago, it now forms the goal and starting point of numerous caravans. The revenues of Shikarpúr are said to have amounted formerly to eight lacs of rupees, nearly 90,000*l.* sterling per annum, whereas under the late Amírs they realized a little more than a quarter of that sum.

The place, however, is still of considerable importance, and it is to be hoped that our Indian government will not suffer it to sink any further towards decay. We are aware that Lord Ellenborough, contrary to the advice of those best acquainted with the interests of the country, commercial and military, has signified his intention of abandoning the place altogether. But suggestions from home, based on more mature consideration, may possibly induce a change in his lordship's policy. At any rate, the reader may like to learn Sir Charles Napier's reasons for insisting on the occupation of Shikarpúr.

"I do not," says he, "think it would be politic to give up Shikarpúr: my reasons for this opinion are as follows:—The town of Sukkur stands on an elbow of the Indus, which surrounds the town on two sides; on the other two, at about four miles distance, it is closed in by a large jungle, through which passes the road to Shikarpúr, where the jungle finishes. Now, if we evacuate Shikarpúr, the robber tribes will descend from the hills, and establish themselves in this jungle; so that Sukkur will be blockaded; and no one will be able to move beyond the chain of sentries without being murdered. To clear this jungle with infantry would be impossible; the robbers would retreat before the advancing troops, and when the latter retire, the former would again occupy their position in the jungle. But if we occupy Shikarpúr, a body of cavalry stationed there would spread along the outskirts of the jungle, while infantry would, by concert, push through the wood from Sukkur. The robbers, thus cut off from

their hills, would receive such a terrible punishment, as to deter any other tribe from trying the same experiment.

"In a commercial point I consider Shikarpúr to be of considerable importance. It forms a depôt for the reception of goods from the north and west; with which countries it has long possessed channels of communication; circumstances of an adverse nature may for a while interrupt these; but under a firm protecting government they would soon be again opened out; and from Shikarpúr goods would be sent to Sukkur, there to be shipped on the Indus, and would also be passed by land to Larkhana, and thence on to Karáchi. These seem formerly to have been the great lines of trade. They are geographically and naturally so, and will therefore quickly revive. But if Shikarpúr be left to the mercy of the surrounding gangs of freebooters, commerce cannot thrive, nor without Shikarpúr be strongly guarded can it pass through the jungle to Sukkur. These two towns are so placed as naturally to support each other in commerce.

"In a political light, Shikarpúr has the advantage of being chiefly inhabited by a Hindú population, tolerated for ages by the Mussulmans, and, consequently, forming a pacific link of intercourse between us and the nations north and west; through Shikarpúr, the Hindús will be the means of gradually filtering the stream of commerce and social intercourse between the Mohammedans and ourselves, and, in time, unite those who will not abruptly amalgamate. Shikarpúr contains many rich banking-houses, which is a sure evidence of its being a central point of communication between the surrounding countries; and, consequently, one where the British government would learn what is going on in Asia. The money market is, generally speaking, the best political barometer.

"The robber tribes in this neighbourhood have kept down this town in despite of its natural and acquired advantages: in fact, the robber is everywhere the master. Therefore all around is barbarous, and barbarous must continue to be, till civilisation gradually encroaches upon these lawless people; and I think Shikarpúr is precisely one of those grand positions that ought to be seized upon for that purpose."—*Correspondence relative to Sindé*, p. 364.

The bazaar of Shikarpúr, half a mile in length, and containing 884 shops, is extremely well furnished with fruits and merchandise, and there is a fish-market, supplied by the Indus, which affords to the tables of the wealthy no less than thirty-six varieties of this delicacy in the greatest abundance. The heat in summer being here intensely powerful, the streets of the bazaar are covered at top by matting, as in Grand Cairo, to keep out the sun's rays. They are narrow, moreover, and for the most part filthy, both, in the opinion of some travellers, circumstances to be regretted. Upon the undesirableness of filth there would scarcely be a difference of opinion; but in the declamation in which Europeans usually indulge against the narrow streets of the East, we can by no means join, having often had

reason to applaud the contrivance which secures to the panting traveller the blessings of shade and a current of cool air. The same reason justifies the turnings and windings in the streets of Eastern cities, besides their advantages in a military point of view. Even as it is, the heat of Shikarpur is in summer so intense, that its Mohammedan inhabitants, like those of Dadur, have been known piously to exclaim, "Oh, Allah! why hast thou created hell, knowing the heat of this place?" When the south-east wind blows at that season of the year, the air becomes inflamed like that of a furnace, and they whom the sun strikes fatally, turn almost instantly after death as black as charcoal. Most persons who have visited the East, speak of this wind. Before it begins to blow, there is often a pile of lurid vapour observed rising and spreading on the verge of the horizon, through which, towards evening, the sun sometimes appears like a stupendous blood-red portal rising from earth to heaven. The camels and all other animals shudder at its approach, and evince by their scared and inquiet looks how much their economy is disturbed by the state of the atmosphere.

"In the vicinity of Shikarpur," says Mr. Masson, "there are numerous gardens yielding the ordinary Indian fruits, as mangoes, shahututs, or long mulberries, plantains, figs, sweet limes, melons, and dates; to which may be added, sugar-cane (here eaten as a fruit) both of the white and red varieties. There is also no scarcity of common vegetables, the egg-plant, fenugreek, spinach, radishes, turnips, carrots, onions, &c. About a mile, or little more, from the city, is a cut, or canal, from the Indus, but it appears to be only occasionally filled with water; for, on one occasion, I had to wade through it, and a few days after found it so dry that I could scarcely have imagined there had ever been water in it. For the constant supply of the city, there are numerous wells within its limits, and the water is believed to be good and wholesome. For the irrigation of the cultivated lands, wells are also in general use, and require to be dug of no great depth."

The town of Omarkote, on the south-eastern frontier of Sinde, may deserve a passing notice as the birthplace of the great Akbar, who came into the world at that place, while his father Humayun was flying as an exile before his enemies. The fortresses too of Deejee and Emaum-ghur, the latter reduced to a heap of ruins by Sir Charles Napier, ought not perhaps to be altogether forgotten. They were the places, where in times of danger the Amirs deposited their women and their treasures; on which account, reasoning from the necessity to the fact, the natives supposed them to be impregnable. The physiognomy of Sindian

towns in general is thus delineated by Captain Postans.

"There is very little deviation in the general character of the towns in Sinde; nearly all are surrounded with walls, which are intended to be fortifications, but are of a very rude kind, and in complete disrepair, being built of mud, about twenty feet high, and pierced for matchlocks; in the centre of the place is a bastion or citadel overlooking the surrounding country. The Jutts and pastoral classes fold their flocks or herds under the walls, against which they build their reed huts. Every place in Sinde swarms with village curs, the pariahs of India; and these, in the absence of any police, are valuable, as keeping a constant and independent watch. The wands, or moveable villages of the pastoral population, are generally composed of reed mats thatched across rough boughs of the tamarisk: such are also the materials generally employed by the fishermen and others living on the banks of the river; the houses are generally of one story, and flat-roofed; in the cities, the dwellings are upper-roomed, the apartments small and ill-ventilated. It is impossible to conceive anything so filthy as the interior of a Sindian town: every inhabitant makes a common sewer of the front of his dwelling; the narrow passage, scarcely admitting a laden camel, is nearly blocked up with dung-heaps, in which recline in lazy ease packs of fat Pariah dogs, from whom the stranger, particularly a Christian (they are true Moslems these dogs), need expect little mercy. Flies are so plentiful, that the children's faces are nearly hidden by them, and it is utterly impracticable in a butcher's or grocer's shop to discern a particle of what is exposed for sale. Add to these mere outlines, crowded streets of filthy people, an intolerable stench, and a sun which would roast an egg,—some faint idea may be formed of a Sindian town or city. The inhabitants generally sleep on the roofs of their houses for coolness.

"One main street constituting the bazaar is always a principal feature in a place of any size. These bazaars have mats and other coverings stretching from house to house, as a protection against the fierce rays of the sun. Except the bazaar of Grand Cairo, few places of a similar kind present such vivid, strange, yet interesting groups, as the great street of Shikarpur, frequented as it is by the merchants of both Central Asia and those of Eastern and Western India; the full pressure of business generally takes place about four o'clock, and then amidst clouds of dust, in an atmosphere of the most stifling closeness, and amid the loud din of perfect chapmanship, may be seen some of the most characteristic features of the society of the East.

"The haughty Moslem, mounted on his fine Khorassani steed, decorated with rich trappings, himself wearing the tall Sindian cap of rich brocade, and a scarf of gold and silk, jostles through the crowd, between whom a way is opened by the Sindian soldiers, who precede and follow him; then follows the Afghani with a dark blue scarf cast over his breast, his long black hair falling in masses on his shoulders, his olive cheek painted by the mountain breeze, and his eye full of fire and resolve. We have also the Seyund of Pishin in his goat's-hair cloak, the fair Herati, the mer-

chant of Candahar, with flowing garments and many-coloured turban, the tall Patan with heavy sword, and mien calculated to court offence, while among the rest is the filthy Sindian, and the small miserable-looking, cringing Hindû, owning perhaps lacs in the neighbouring street, but fearing the exactions of the Amîrs. These present a fair sample of the groups who crowd the principal street of Shikarpûr; but we miss the wild Belooch, with his plaited hair and ponderous turban, his sword, matchlock, and high-bred mare; but the freebooter of the desert loves not cities, and is rarely seen in them."—*Personal Observations on Sinde*, pp. 33—36.

The manufactures and commerce of Sinde merit particular attention; the former chiefly, perhaps, for what they were, the latter for what it may be rendered. Even up to the present day, notwithstanding the oppression and bad government of the Amîrs, the produce of Sindian industry is celebrated throughout Asia. For chintzes, shawls, flowered and plain muslins, cloth of gold, embroidered cloths, &c., the inhabitants of Beloochistân and many other of the neighbouring countries depend principally upon the looms of Sinde. They manufacture arms also, such as matchlocks, spears, swords, and in so superior a manner, that their handiwork may often be mistaken for that of the most skilful Europeans. Much of their excellence in this branch of industry may perhaps be owing to the excessive passion of the Talpûr princes for arms of superior workmanship. To gratify their taste in this particular, they were in the habit of despatching annually agents into Persia and Asia Minor, with a commission to purchase for them the most costly and curiously-wrought swords and daggers, of the very finest steel. Their collections, consequently, of curiosities of this kind must have constituted a sort of museum, which it is to be presumed that the Governor-general of India will transmit, among other trophies of his conquest, to England, where they may take their place among the superb specimens of inlaid armour worn by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. This taste in the Amîrs for magnificent arms produced, as we have said, a beneficial effect upon the manufactures of the country, and encouraged the armourers of Hyderabad more especially to aim at that high state of excellence in their art which they afterwards attained. For, according to the laws which regulate fashion throughout the world, the preferences of the princes became those of their courtiers and all other wealthy persons throughout the country; so that the rage for fine swords and daggers grew universal, to the great benefit of industry.

In Captain Postans we find the following particulars on the same subject:

"The arms of Sinde are very superior to those of most parts of India, particularly the matchlock-barrels, which are twisted in the Damascus style. The nobles and chiefs procure many from Persia and Constantinople, and these are highly prized, but nearly as good can be made in the country. They are inlaid with gold, and highly finished. Some very good imitations of the European flint-lock are to be met with; our guns and rifles, indeed, are only prized for this portion of their work; the barrels are considered too slight, and incapable of retaining the heavy charge which the Sindian always gives his piece. The European lock is attached to the Eastern barrel; the best of Joe Manton's and Purdy's guns and rifles, of which sufficient to stock a shop have at various times been presented to the Sindian chiefs by the British Government, share this mutilating fate. The Sinde matchlock is a heavy unwieldy arm; the stock much too light for the great weight of the arm, and curiously shaped. One of the Amîrs used our improved percussion rifles, but he was an exception to the general rule, the prejudice being generally decidedly in favour of the native weapon. The Sindian sword-blades are large, curved, very sharp, and well-tempered. The sheath also contains a receptacle for a small knife, used for food and other useful purposes. The belts are leather or cloth, richly embroidered. Great taste is also displayed in the manufacture of pouches—paraphernalia attached to the waist. Shields are made from rhinoceros' hides, richly embroidered with brass or silver, carried over the shoulders, or strapped between them. Sindians of all classes, Belooches or Jutts, always travel fully accoutred, the matchlock slung across the camel, generally with a red cloth cover: a group thus equipped has a very picturesque effect."—*Postans' Personal Observations*, pp. 103, 104.

In the more flourishing days of Sinde, Tattah was the seat of another very peculiar species of manufacture; we mean wheeled carriages, which, though they by no means resembled those turned out of Long Acre, were often very handsome things in their way. The Tattah carriage consisted of a very singular light body poised upon a pair of wheels. The bottom of the vehicle was of solid wood covered usually with a rich carpet, and all around extended a range of finely-turned pillars, sometimes united by a fanciful ivory balustrade, sometimes by a network of leathern thongs. The streets being narrow are shaded; a roof was often dispensed with in the city; but most persons, when about to undertake a journey into the country, were careful to provide themselves with a light canopy.

Another circumstance which may be mentioned as a feature in the history of Sindian commerce is the commonness formerly of an immense species of waggon constructed as

well at Tattah as elsewhere. Its wheels, like those in use among the rustics of ancient Italy, and commonly to be seen in Ireland at the present day, consisted of one piece of wood fashioned like a millstone, while the framework of the waggon was of equally solid construction. As many as 200 of these vehicles, each drawn by five pairs of bullocks and attended by four peons or foot soldiers to lift them out of deep ruts and hollows, might be seen in one *kafilā*.^{*} From this circumstance, notwithstanding the necessity for the peons, we may infer that the roads were then in a much better condition than they are at present, since in most parts of the country the use of all kinds of carriages has been nearly abandoned.

"The manufactured productions of *Sinde*," says Captain Postans, "are not numerous, and appear to be confined to the passing wants of its inhabitants. The natives are particularly ingenious as weavers, turners and artisans, and are noted for a very curious description of wooden lacquered work, which has attained for them a high reputation throughout India. The articles of this description made at Hyderabad have been esteemed as great curiosities even in England; but as a proof of the desertion of the workmen, only one is left at the capital capable of doing this specimen of purely *Sindian* invention. The best workmen and artificers finding plenty of employment under milder governments, emigrate to Bombay and other places, where they produce beautiful ornamental work in wood and ivory, admitting of a comparison with that of China. . . . The looms of *Sinde* are appropriated to the manufacture of various descriptions of coarse silk and cotton cloths, or of fabrics half silk and half cotton: for the latter beautiful article the country was much celebrated, and of these the *Lunghis* of *Sinde* were highly estimated, and fashionable at all the courts in India; and Tattah formerly owed its great reputation to their production; those of *Multan* and *Bhawulpur* have, however, completely superseded the *Sinde* fabrics, and the latter are now comparatively scarce in the country. The coarse silk goods, of which there are many sorts, are woven from silks imported from China, Persia, and *Turkistān*, the raw material is prepared and dyed in *Sinde*. *Cochineal*, madder, and the dyes in general use are brought from the north-west. These articles are of inferior quality, wanting the gloss which is peculiar to silk fabrics when properly prepared. *Multan* and *Bhawulpur* now supply all the superior descriptions of silk manufactured goods consumed in *Sinde*. No native of any pretensions to rank is complete in his costume without a waist-band of silk, always of startling colour and ample dimensions; the light-coloured caps are also of the same materials amongst the rich, and the gaudy *chintz* and cotton of the country are used for very coarse purposes; and for finer work the European prepared or spun thread is imported. The cloths produced are in great demand amongst a poor popu-

lation, who have hitherto been able to do little more than clothe themselves in the simplest manner. Blue dyed cotton garments are in general use amongst all classes. Goats' hair is woven into coarse clothing for cold weather, and ropes and sacks for conveying grain, &c., on camels and asses. Wool is moistened and beaten out from pulp into what are called *nummuds*, used as saddle-cloths and carpets. The manufacture of the many-coloured caps, worn by the *Sindians*, is an important feature in native handiwork. The most glaring and fancifully tinted silks and cottons are employed in the production of this highly-prized portion of costume; and the result is a considerable display of taste and diversity of colours. *Sindian* pottery is superior; water vessels, and a beautiful description of glazed coloured tile, are produced for the decoration of the domes, *musjids*, &c. The flat, thin bricks used in the ancient tombs near Tattah have been universally admired for their beautiful finish and fine polish. Their texture is so hard and close, that the edges of the buildings are as perfect and well defined now as when originally erected, though many of them date some centuries from their foundation.

"Embroidery is beautifully done in leather and cloth by *Affghans*, but the preparation of leather is that for which *Sinde* is famous, and it supplies many foreign markets with its tanned hides; in these the whole country is very rich. *Larkhana* in Northern *Sinde* has a very large establishment of this sort, and leather is a great and important branch of export trade for *Sinde* for waist-belts, arms, and the large boots worn by the *Mahomedans* of rank in travelling. The skin of the *kotah-pacha*, or hog-deer, is used; for water vessels, that of the goat; and for other purposes, ox hides. The bark of the *baubul* is employed in the tanning process, and the leather of all descriptions is beautifully soft and very durable. Sacks of sheep's or goat's skin are used to carry water throughout the desert tracts of *Sinde*, and also provide the natives with means of crossing the river and its branches. The water is then poured off, and the sack being blown up and tied round the stomach, serves to buoy the traveller over the turgid stream; on reaching the shore he refills the skin, and pursues his journey. Much care is required in adjusting the balance nicely; the body must be exactly in the centre of the inflated skin, which is turned with the legs of the beast upwards, and strapped to the thighs and shoulders. The slightest deviation causes a capsize; and few, but those well-trained, can carry out this operation successfully. The *chaguls*, or leathern water-bottles of *Sinde*, are tastefully ornamented and much valued."—*Personal Observations*, &c., pp. 102–107.

Into a detailed account of the commerce of *Sinde* our limits will not, in the present article, permit us to enter. Under the *Amirs* it has sunk to a very low ebb. The country, ill-governed and impoverished, afforded little, save rice and some few other kinds of grain, that could be offered to foreigners in exchange for such commodities as they might bring to its ports, and payment in specie was in most cases entirely out of the question. When, therefore, the

^{*} Thevenot, *Voyages*, t. iii., p. 155, &c.

agent of the British government spoke in the manufacturing towns of Upper Sinde of the advantages which would accrue to their inhabitants from the establishment of a great commercial mart at Mittun Kôt, they laughed, and said it was a good joke to suppose that poor people who fed on dhoura could be masters of sufficient capital to contemplate anything beyond the profits of a retail trade. Besides,—and this shows the estimation in which the government was held by the people,—they observed, that the Amír Ali Mourad, from the ignorant jealousy of which we have already spoken, would absurdly throw all manner of obstacles in their way, to prevent them from entering into a foreign trade. Precisely the same maxims regulated their policy in whatever related to commerce. Consequently even the transit trade, which might of itself have sufficed to enrich Sinde, was rapidly dwindling away, and must speedily have been extinguished altogether. To avoid the exactions of the Hyderabad rulers, merchants and kafilas often preferred the dangerous routes of Beloochistân, where, if they were sometimes plundered, they, as a general rule, paid much less. Still as the Hindû inhabitants had no other dependence than the profits of trade, they were constrained to persevere in their dealings, however little they might gain by them. No country, moreover, can subsist wholly without commerce, and the natural advantages of Sinde are so great, its position between the rich regions of Hindustân and the poorer countries towards the west so favourable, that, despite the most galling tyranny and oppression, the merchants and bankers of Shikarpûr and some other places contrive to become opulent.

The manufactured articles supplied by Sinde were, it will have been seen, neither very rich nor very numerous; but they might, under a good government, have been greatly multiplied, and sufficed to maintain a large class of merchants and traders. Our efforts will now be directed to this subject, and Sinde, under British rule, will probably attain a degree of commercial prosperity greater than it ever knew in the most flourishing periods of its history.

The population of Sinde, which has been calculated at about a million, consists of three very distinct classes; the Belooches, or military and governing class, by far the least numerous; the Jâts, or cultivators, who may be regarded as the Helots of Sinde; and the Hindûs, who dwell chiefly in the towns, and are considered foreigners, though they manage the whole trade and commerce of the country. Sir Henry Pottinger, when he wrote his work on Beloo-

chistân, had formed a very low estimate of the character of the Sindians, and in fact of all Asiatics whatsoever. His opinion was far too cynical and sweeping to be philosophical, and the experience of later travellers who enjoyed greater opportunities for observation, may enable us to soften in some degree his harsh outline. It is no doubt perfectly true that the Orientals are generally in moral character very much inferior to Europeans; and it is equally true, that the form of government under which for the most part they live, will in some degree account for the fact. But how shall we explain their having in almost all ages submitted to that form of government? The institutions of a people may generally be looked upon as an exposition of their moral and intellectual character, since they must always bear some analogy to their feelings, tastes and preferences. But not to enter just now into the discussion of this intricate question, we may remark, that the government of the Amirs appeared quite as tyrannical and oppressive to Sir Henry Pottinger thirty-three years ago, as it did recently, when he advised the military occupation of the country. Speaking of the worthless character of the Sindians, and endeavouring to account for it, he says,

“They are avaricious, full of deceit, cruel, ungrateful, and strangers to veracity; but, in extenuation of their crimes, it is to be recollected, that the present generation has grown up under a government, whose extortion, ignorance, and tyranny, is possibly unequalled in the world; and that the debasement of the public mind is consequent to the infamy of its rulers, seems to be an acknowledged fact in all countries.”—*Travels in Beloochistan*, p. 376.

It may be gathered from this writer's own views, put forward in his correspondence with the Indian government, that this opinion was afterwards much modified, since he became, when political resident, attached to the people and country, and pleaded their cause with an earnestness which could only have arisen from a conviction of their comparative moral worth. Mr. Masson, too, and Captain Eastwick, and Sir Alexander Burnes and Captain Postans, concur in judging more favourably of the Sindians than Pottinger did in 1810, though probably his remarks, even then, were intended to apply chiefly to the Belooches, whose cruelty, rapacity, and insolence, would almost seem to justify his severity.

The Hindûs of Sinde, descendants chiefly of emigrants from the Punjab, and other regions of Northern India, are scattered over every part of the land where a rupee

is to be made by traffic. From the rich bankers of Shikarpur and the influential merchants of Karachi, down to the humblest keeper of a tobacco-shop, they monopolize every species of trade. Persecuted and plundered, despised and treated most contemptuously, they, like the Jews in Europe, find a recompense for all their sufferings in the money which they contrive to amass. Not that under the government of the Amirs they would put forth the external tokens of wealth and enjoy the respect usually paid to these insignia. On the contrary, they were compelled for many reasons to affect a degree of humility which, had it been voluntary, might have entitled them to some praise. Their dress was mean, their habits were dirty, and they in most instances found it necessary to lay aside the prejudices of caste, and to neglect the external observances of their religion. To the Hindú, in his own country, the ass bears the same relation as the hog to the Mohammedan—namely, is an unclean beast, which it is defilement even to approach. Nevertheless, the Sindian Hindús, abandoning the horse to their haughty masters, reconcile themselves to the proscribed quadruped, and whether in the costume assigned to them by the rules of caste, or in the Mohammedan disguise, which, under certain circumstances, they were compelled to adopt, might be seen trotting about from town to town and village to village, on the back of an ass. It is common all the world over to depreciate the class of persons who devote themselves to the making of money; but they probably display, notwithstanding, quite as many virtues as any other large section of mankind whatsoever. Industry, at any rate, and frugality and punctuality in their dealings they are compelled to exhibit, in order to command success; and it is remarked of the Sindian Hindús, that by whatever other vices their character might be disfigured, they were commonly men of much probity in business. An anecdote is related by Mr. Masson which, whatever else it may prove, certainly shows the extreme solicitude of the Hindú to maintain his credit for probity.

“On the banks of the Gaj, Kalikdád made some sales of raisins to Hindús of the neighbouring villages, and gave one parcel to a man he had never seen before, taking in payment a draft, or order, on a brother Hindú at Iré. I asked him if he might not be deceived. He thought it unlikely. The order given by the Hindú at the Gaj river proved worthless on presentation. I was inclined to joke with my friend on his simplicity, but he was not willing to allow that I had reason. There was no Hindú, he said, in Sindé,

who would venture so egregiously to defraud a Mussulman; for the penalty would involve the forfeiture of his property to ten times the amount of the fraud, and his being forcibly made a Mohammedan. This penal regulation seems ingeniously framed to protect the Mussulman against the sharper-witted Hindú, as well as to increase the number of proselytes to Islám. Kalikdád, however, was right in his estimation, for the Hindu came willingly to Iré with the money. He declared he knew that the order was useless, but feared that, had he not given it, the raisins would have been refused him.”—*Journeys in Beloochistan*, vol. ii., pp. 137, 140.

The Jâts or cultivators of the soil have for many ages made profession of Islamism, though they are supposed to have been originally Hindús converted by force. They are by most writers admitted to be a peaceable, harmless, and industrious people, who addict themselves to agriculture and the breeding of cattle. In the vast marshy plains commencing on the confines of the Runn in Cutch, and extending westward almost to the vicinity of Hyderabad, they rear immense numbers of camels which are thence distributed over the whole country as beasts of burden. The Jât, indeed, is said to be as inseparable from his camel as the Arab from his steed, though we occasionally find him, like his ancestor the Hindú, affecting a less elevated though more sacred monture.

“These people (the Jâts of Kachi) seldom move abroad but on bullocks, and never unless armed. A laughable tendency is excited by the sight of a Jât half-naked, for shirt or upper garment are generally dispensed with; seated on a lean bullock, and formidably armed with matchlock, sword, and shield.”—*Masson*, vol. ii., p. 125.

The women of this tribe are said to be as distinguished for their beauty as for their chastity. This is the more remarkable, as they lead laborious lives, joining their husbands and fathers in the labours of the field, exposed to the influence of a sultry climate. It would seem in general, however, that the air of Sindé is favourable to the development of female beauty, which is scarcely reconcilable with the idea of its unhealthiness; since there is, we believe, no well-authenticated instance of handsome women being found in an insalubrious country. The Belooch females, indeed, are said to preserve, even here, the harsh coarse features which distinguish them in their native mountains. But if so, the reason may be that the race has not been settled sufficiently long in Sindé to experience all the softening influences of its atmosphere. In the other sections of the population at least, the women are distinguished for the regularity of their features, and often for the fineness of their complexion. The

Nautch-girls frequently, in conjunction with the most delicate symmetry of form, exhibit great sweetness and beauty of countenance, and have extorted praise even from writers little disposed to enthusiasm. The ranks of this class of women, always extremely numerous in Hindústán, are almost exclusively recruited from the Mianis, a tribe of fishermen inhabiting the creeks and estuaries of the Indus, and the various lakes and sheets of water which are scattered over the face of the country. Like numbers of the lower order of the Chinese, they have, for the most part, no other home than their boats, which are steered by the women while the men are engaged in fishing. A child on this occasion, may often be seen swinging in an airy hammock of network suspended between the mast and rigging of the craft. Many hundreds of these light barks float constantly hither and thither on the surface of the lake Manchúr amid the long feathery tufts of reeds and myriads of white and blue lilies which adorn it, but render navigation difficult. These people, though professing the Mohammedan religion, cherish in common with their neighbours abundance of superstitions, apparently little in harmony with the stern spirit of Islamism. Dr. Beke found recently among the Abyssinians, who make profession of some kind of Christianity, certain traces of the worship of the Nile. We can scarcely wonder, therefore, that tacitly the Indus should be deified by this rude and ignorant people. They see that they are blessed with plenty or otherwise, according as its waters are abundant or scarce, and therefore in various ways seek to propitiate its favour. Among other offerings they kindle occasionally at night a number of lamps which they bear to the river's edge and launch upon its waters. Being fictile and light, they float a while and bespangle the surface of the broad stream, until upset by the ripples and breezes, their vitality is absorbed in that of the rushing divinity.

In all Mohammedan countries the habit of pilgrimage more or less prevails. We are not surprised, therefore, to find it in *Sinde*, more especially as it may be regarded as a break in that monotony to which ignorance and despotism have reduced the lives of its inhabitants. Whilst on his journey towards the shrine or *ziarat* which he holds in reverence, the *Sindian* escapes for a moment from the trammels of government. He is engaged in what he esteems as an act of piety, and therefore is enabled to oppose something like supernatural strength to the force of oppression. In all parts of the country shrines have consequently sprung up which attract the devo-

tion of the faithful, though the principal places of pilgrimage are *Sehwan*, and an ancient ruined city situated near the delta of the *Indus*. Here may be seen throngs of devotees from all parts of *Sinde*, engaged in prayer or amusement, for the Mussulmans generally contrive to unite with their devout exercises a large mixture of more culpable practices.

To the prevalence of the same feeling must we trace that host of *Faquirs*, *Saiyads*, *Hajjis*, and other devotees, which almost literally deluges the face of the country. The eye in fact only turns from one holy man to light upon the visage of another. Their presence consequently operates as a tax upon the poor cultivators and traders who have ultimately to support this as well as every other burden. Generally the *Faquirs*, though making profession of devotion, are nothing more than sturdy mendicants, who, like the military beggar in *Gil Blas*, demand your charity at the point of the matchlock. They scorn, moreover, for the most part to solicit alms on foot, but travel from village to village, and town to town, mounted on a bullock or a buffalo, and armed with dagger, sword, and musket, ready to do battle with as many of the faithful as exhibit an indisposition to give. Still they fall short of those armies of *Yoghies* that sometimes to the sound of shell trumpets and *nakáras* scour the plains of the *Deccan* fully armed and accoutred, robbing, plundering, and sometimes, we believe, proceeding still further in quest of gentle charity.

The *Belooches*, or governing class in *Sinde*, differ at bottom very little from their countrymen in the mountains, though somewhat lazier and less hospitable. Perhaps, also, as subsisting on the labour of others, they are more insolent and overbearing, though everywhere the *Belooch* exhibits a sufficient amount of these qualities. According to some travellers, they were not only under the late government complete masters of the country, but exercised the most absolute control over the princes themselves. But this is affirming too much. While living scattered about in their different villages they might be said indeed to own no authority save that of their chiefs; but as these for the most part resided in the capital, under the influence and individually in the power of the *Amírs* and their retainers, it was through them always possible to act upon the population to the remotest verge of the country. The government therefore exercised sufficient control even over the *Belooches*, who in many respects resemble the *Mamelukes* of *Egypt*, though, when

circumstances rendered it necessary to call together these armed feudatories, their want of discipline, and all ideas of subordination, except to their own immediate chiefs, often rendered them formidable to the Talpúr family. For this reason the Hyderabad rulers always felt the greatest possible reluctance to assemble their forces, and were eager, as soon as circumstances afforded them a pretext, to disband them. Some indeed have thought, and perhaps not without reason, that the late political catastrophe in Sinde was at least precipitated by the tumultuous violence of this military class, though they only anticipated and outran the desires of their chiefs, the whole current of whose policy had long set towards war.

In their own tandas, or fortified villages, the Belooches lead a dirty and disorderly life, herding in the same shed with their horses and cattle, though a small corner is always divided off for the use of the harem. Their women are commonly supposed to possess few charms, and to be dirty and neglected. With respect to their personal attractions, as the men themselves have large fine eyes and are generally handsome, we must think there exists some mistake, because it is a rule from which we believe nature seldom swerves, that wherever the man possess fine features the women exhibit still finer. Dirty, perhaps, they are, to suit the taste of their lords, but that they are neglected is wholly inconsistent with the undoubted fact that whenever any business of importance is to be transacted they are invariably consulted, while their opinion is allowed the greatest weight.

"The Belooch dress," says Postans, "is a loose shirt and exceedingly wide drawers, after the old Turkish fashion; the former reaching to the knees, and, when in full costume, they add a waistband of silk or coloured cotton, always of gaudy colours; such is also twisted round the cap when travelling. The head is not shaved, as usual with Mohammedans; but the hair, on the cultivation and growth of which, like the Sikhs, they are very proud, is twisted into a knot at the top of the head. The hill Belooches wear it long over the shoulders, which imparts a very wild appearance; it is never allowed to become grey, but both sexes dye it with a preparation of hennah and indigo. After a certain age, Saiyads and holy men affect red beards, and the 'orange tawny' is by no means uncommon. Saiyads are distinguished also by green garments, the colour of the prophet. The turban has been superseded throughout Sinde by a cap, which in form looks something like an inverted English hat, made of bright-coloured silk or brocade, and is a bad imitation of a Persian head-dress. The Belooches are of a dark complexion, handsome features, with fine eyes; prone to corpulency, which is encouraged to a ridiculous extent, as a great mark of beauty. The

late head of the reigning family, Mir Nasir Khan, was considered the handsomest man in the country, and was scarcely able to walk from redundancy of flesh, though quite in the prime of life.

"The dress of Belooch women, in common with that of the country generally, is a full petticoat gathered in at the waist, and trousers, a cloth which covers the bosom, being tied round the neck and under the arms, leaving the back exposed; the head is protected by a loose mantle, which is also thrown round the person. The Belooches seldom change their garments, and they are often dyed blue to hide the dirt, and this in one of the hottest climates in the East, and among the pretenders to a religion in which cleanliness is ordained as a law.

"The arms of the Belooches are the matchlock, sword, and shield, with a great paraphernalia of pouches, belts, steel, flint, &c., round the waist; in the use of weapons they are very expert, though they pride themselves particularly on their skill as swordsmen, always preferring hand-to-hand combat, rushing in on their foe under shelter of their large shields. The bravery of the Belooches has always been lightly esteemed, but although late events have proved, in addition to former instances, that they cannot cope with the steady discipline of our troops, they have now fairly earned a name for courage, which was not formerly conceded to them; yet your true soldier is seldom a worthless pretender, and it is impossible to imagine a greater braggart than a Sinde Belooch.

"The Belooches are expert marksmen, and are trained to arms at an early age, but as before observed, they rely on the sword, and on a late occasion verified what a former able commentator on the country predicted, 'that their country would derive little military renown if reduced to depend on that arm.' At Miani they threw away their matchlocks and rushed on the bayonets of our troops. The gallant Sir Charles Napier, says in his admirable despatch, 'The brave Belooches, first discharging their matchlocks and pistols, darted over the bank with desperate resolution, but down went their bold and skilful swordsmen under the superior power of the musket and bayonet.' No man of any rank, and no Belooch in Sinde, is considered dressed without his sword; it is as necessary a portion of his costume as his cap or turban. They are very expert at the bow, and a blunt description of arrow, which they shoot transversely and with unerring aim, knocking down small game with the precision of a good shot handling a fowling-piece."—*Personal Observations*, pp. 45—47.

In the Amírs themselves the Belooch character may be supposed to have exhibited itself to the greatest advantage, since whatever development it is susceptible of under such a form of civilisation, it probably attained in them. They were a strange compound of refinement and rudeness, exhibiting gentleness under one aspect, and extreme roughness and insolence under another. Their intellectual and moral qualities, however, have by no writer been well described. Little care has been hitherto bestowed on the cultivation of their under-

standings. They possessed hardly anything of that kind of knowledge which we denominate useful; had scarcely read, and certainly had never studied, the history of their own country, though, like most idle persons in the East, they appear to have formed some slight acquaintance with the voluptuous and dreamy poets of Persia. Probably, could we get at their interior scheme of thought, we should find that they resemble strongly the oriental princes described in the 'Arabian Nights.' Like them, at any rate, they sought for happiness in the excitement of the chase, and under the influence of certain romantic ideas, the precise force of which we are unable to comprehend: instead of seeking to render their capital impregnable, they erected solitary fortresses far in the desert, where they deposited their treasures, and in which, on an emergency, they might place their wives and children. The secret of these places they preserved with the most jealous solicitude. No foreigner, during the existence of the Belooch government, was ever suffered to behold the interior of the fortress of Deejee; and so thick a veil of mystery was spread over Emaun Ghur, that its very site was for the most part unknown even to the natives, and still, we believe, remains unmarked on any map. From these circumstances alone, the character of their rule might be conjectured. They acted under the influence of intense selfishness, which rendered them absolutely blind to everything save their own pleasures and their own authority.

Among their enjoyments, which were necessarily few beyond those derived from the senses, we must reckon the indulgence of the spirit of intrigue, which led them to keep up a secret correspondence with Persia, with the Sirdars of Candahar, with Dost Mohammed, and latterly with even Maharajah or his instruments. The constant passing to and fro of kásids, or couriers, the reception and entertainment of adventurers, the arrival and departure of foreign princes in disguise, or of vagabonds masquerading as princes, their dread of absorption in the English empire, and the force of their evil destiny, which led them to adopt the very policy best calculated to hasten that process—all these circumstances, we say, tended at least to diversify the latter hours of the political existence of the Amirs. In the rules of etiquette by which their durbars were regulated, it is difficult to determine exactly at what they aimed, there was so extraordinary a display of rudeness and magnificence, of familiar presumption on the part of their retainers, and splendour on the part of the

princes. We shall borrow a description of the scene from an eyewitness.

"On the arrival of a visiter (at Hyderabad) he was met at some distance from the fort by a *Pesh Khidmut*, an advanced guard of forty or fifty horse and foot men, fully armed and accoutred, the leading individuals of whom were personal friends or servants of the various Amirs, deputed to give the welcome in their master's name and for him, etiquette precluding the Amirs themselves coming out unless to meet an equal. The rank of the persons deputed, depended on that of the visiter, and was regulated accordingly. On first describing the stranger in his escort, a tumultuous rush, as if for some violent purpose, was made by the Sindians towards him; horses were put to the spur, and footmen ran to keep pace; the senior representative, followed by those of the other Amirs, crowding round the visiter, and seizing his hand, nearly tore him from his saddle, with rude but hearty inquiries for his health; after the usual circuitous method of Sindian salutation, following it up with an express message of inquiry and solicitation, from their highnesses, individually.

"This preliminary ceremony being completed (and it occupied some considerable time, for a single interchange of salutations is not speedily completed in Sinde, and on this occasion there were half a dozen to receive and answer), the escort was formed to return, and the visiter placed in the middle, his steed being nearly borne down by the press around him, and wo betide him if he were not mounted on a quiet beast, for kicks would then shower round his legs as thick as hail; no remonstrance or request 'to be allowed a little more room,' 'to take care of his horse,' &c., were for a moment heeded, but would only have induced additional persecution in the shape of additional pressure, and more inquiries after health and comfort! thus jostling, shouting, and hallooing, the fort and narrow entrances to the drawbridge was gained, when the escort was again swelled by additional followers. The senior Amir demanded the first interview, and opposite his divan or hall of audience the visiter was stopped; fifty obsequious retainers held the stirrup and assisted to alight, whilst as many 'Bismillahs' were breathed out on the foot touching the ground; here it was necessary to pause for a moment, to arrange the order of entrance to the royal presence. A certain number of men of rank being at the door, one took hold of the stranger's hand, who, divesting his feet of shoes or boots (the feet cannot be covered beyond the threshold of any dwelling in the East), was ushered into a large square room, wholly bare of furniture, except a large *charpai* or ottoman covered with rich velvet or brocade cushions, Persian carpets being spread around it; on the former reclined the Amir in full dress or otherwise as the case might be, whilst the room was crowded with chiefs, ministers, servants, and armed retainers of every degree; those of higher rank being nearest the Amirs, and enjoying the exclusive privilege of occupying the carpet.

"On the entrance of the guest all rose, and the usual form of inquiry and solicitation, coupled with an embrace, being interchanged with the Amir, was repeated by all in his vicinity; and as their highnesses, and the Belooches generally, are

very corpulent, the hugging was not always of the most pleasant kind! Conversation then commenced, the guest being accommodated with a chair as a post of honour. The studied attention to the slightest word or gesture of the Amír was, on these occasions, strikingly evinced by his rude followers: if a fold of his garment were displaced, a dozen hands adjusted it; if in want of a word to render the conversation glib, it was abundantly supplied; every movement was accompanied by a 'Bismillah,' and every eye directed to the chief, whose slightest gesture was instantly obeyed; and although the Amír might be in undress himself, no one of those about him was in other than in the full costume of their country.

"On state occasions or visits of ceremony, the sword, shield, and full panoply was adopted by the Amírs, and the British authorities always observed the same etiquette. The murder of Bijar Khan before described was made a pretext for requiring the gentlemen who formed the first mission to the Talpúr chiefs to appear in durbar unarmed, a request which of course could not be complied with. Politeness peculiar to the East was carried in the Sindé durbars to a ridiculous extent during any pause in the conversation: the chief invariably supplied the hiatus by an inquiry after the health of his guest, putting his hands together and ejaculating '*Khoosh!*' and if the stranger's eye wandering over the assembled retainers caught that of any of the men of rank, he felt himself bound to perform the same ceremony immediately: these constant questions on the same topic became at last almost ridiculous, but were made with so much of at least apparent sincerity of manner, that they became pleasing. However important the subject first discussed with an Amír, though generally the topics were commonplace, it ordinarily terminated in the all-engrossing subject of sport, and the latest and next intended visit to the Shikargah; the greatest proof of the high estimation in which a guest was held being an invitation to partake in this royal pastime. The Amír himself gave the signal for breaking up the conference, as is usual in the East for a superior; and honour

was shown to the visiter by his highness accompanying him to the border of the carpet, when the 'Khuda hafiz,' or 'God protect you,' was interchanged.

"Each Amír had his own divan and establishment, and observing only the strictest etiquette of visiting each according to seniority (so many departures from this would have been deemed a slight), the same ceremony obtained with each. On occasions only of discussing matters of state importance affecting the national weal, did the Amírs meet together in durbar, and they then collectively represented the country over which they ruled. On quitting the fort, the same escort as formerly was provided, and a portion even accompanied the visiter to his own home, the rest only returning when expressly directed to do so. On visits of ceremony, presents were always interchanged, but on ordinary occasions the guest was supplied with edibles, generally in the shape of large trays of sweetmeats for himself and his attendants. Envoys to the court were fed, with all their retainers, for the whole time of their sojourn.

"The rude hospitality and kind welcome shown on these occasions of an ordinary visit, seem very characteristic of Sindian manners. The court showed nothing of the refinement of the East elsewhere observed, and the group of wild Belooches and military mercenaries, from every quarter, which made up the scene, reminded the stranger that he was amongst a people of primitive manners, and chiefs who ruled as a military feudalism. The untractable demeanour and uncouth bearing of the Belooches occasionally burst out even in the royal presence; for though devoted to their leaders, these barbarous people do not always show their respect outwardly; and the Hyderabad durbar often presented a strange scene of disorder and tumultuous uproar, incidental to its wild attendants, aided not a little by the discordant screaming of Nautch-women, with their accompanying din of drum and cymbal, marshalled in a corner of the hall by fat Abyssinian eunuchs."—*Postans' Personal Observations*, pp. 200—205.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Kunstwerke und Künstler in Deutschland. Erster Theil. Künstler und Kunstwerke im Erzgebirge und in Franken. (Works of Art and Artists in Germany. First Part. The Erz Mountains and Franconia.) By Dr. G. F. WAAGEN. Leipzig. 1843.

Ueber die Stellung welche der Baukunst, der Bildhauerei und Malerei unter den Mitteln Menschlicher Bildung zukommt. (On the Position which belongs to Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, in manly Education. A Lecture delivered before the

Scientific Union of Berlin.) By Dr. WAAGEN. Leipzig. 1843.

THE first of these works consists of letters written by the worthy director of the Royal Museum at Berlin to an intimate friend (the amiable Frau Directorinn probably), and bid fair to extend over many hundreds of sheets of paper. Some of the letters are eighty pages long; some, mere brief billets, such as vigorous German writers and friends can throw off at intervals of business or pleasure, do not extend beyond five-and-

twenty pages; indeed the doctor is a pattern for husbands at least, whose affectionate spouses never find correspondence too long, or any matter concerning the beloved object, uninteresting.

But the public cannot be expected to have that tender sympathy which exists in the conjugal bosom, and if those who are attracted by the title of the book expect to find in it a notice of art and artists of Germany, they will be sadly disappointed by the contents of the Waagenish letters. There are but seven letters in the four hundred pages; these letters only describe works of art and artists in the Erz Mountains and Frankonia—but a very small part of the German map; and by the time the catalogue is concluded, Mrs. Waagen will have been made to peruse more letters than fall to the share of most wives. About artists of the present day the doctor says extremely little; they do not perhaps haunt the districts through which he had passed: on the other hand, arriving at Dresden, he tells us of the amiability of his friend Tieck and his friend Bischof; at Annaberg cousin Zürcher gives the doctor the heartiest reception, and an 'exemplary' bed to lie on; at Wiesenbad he encounters Mr. Eisenstück, a man of most polished forms, as also the venerable father of Oberzollinspektor Frege, who once kept a school; while at Schneeberg the hospitable and love-worthy Mr. Thilo shows him a handsome silk manufactory. He has some smart descriptions of radicals and fat fellows smoking pipes in the diligence, with both of which sort of persons the Berlin-royal-picture-gallery-director, Doctor Waagen, is prodigiously discontent. In these feelings and incidents, as we have said, his amiable lady will have much interest, and will be charmed to think that her doctor, on quitting the odious radicals and smoke of the post-wagon, should be handed over to cousin Zürcher's hospitality and exemplary bed, and to the urbanity of Herr Frege and Herr Thilo. But the heartless European world will not care for these little domestic joys and sorrows which move the soft heart of Mrs. Waagen.

By far the greater part of the letters, however, are devoted to the consideration of the works of art which the doctor saw; and over these disquisitions, even Mrs. Waagen herself must have grown somewhat weary. The doctor's criticisms are extremely curt and dry—as thus: 'No. 19. Henry de Bles. A Royal Suite. In the late mannered time of the master: the figures too long, and the colours cold. No. 20. The Crowning of the Virgin. Gold-ground. In form and colour like No. 8, but much weaker and

more faded.'—Such criticisms go on for many scores of pages, and it is manifest that the most brilliant imagination, or the tenderest sympathy in the world, cannot extract from the above description, anything by which to form an idea of the painter and paintings.

Ever and anon, one lights upon some curious little passage illustrative of manners and thoughts in the middle ages—as for instance,

"The most peculiar objects in the church are, however, a collection of a hundred figures in relief. The ten first on either side the choir represent the ages of the two sexes, from the tenth to the hundredth year. Among the men each age is characterized by a four-footed beast, among the women by a bird, of which the appropriation is often very clever. The animals are figures upon shields by the side of the men's and women's figures. By the man at ten years old is a calf, at 20 a buck, at 30 an ox, at 40 a lion, at 50 a fox, at 60 a wolf, at 70 a dog, at 80 a cat, at 90 an ass, at 100 death. The wolf must represent the rapacity, the hound the fidelity, the cat the slyness, and the ass the dulness of old age; the other emblems are clear. The women are represented by the quail at 10, the dove at 20, the pie at 30, the peacock at 40, the hen at 50, the goose at 60, the vulture at 70, the owl at 80, the bat at 90, and by death finally at 100. Here the old German, however, speaks honestly out in a way which, it must be confessed, is anything but gallant: and the appearance of these figures in a church, and close by figures of holy writ, shows how our ancestors were wont to mingle jest and earnest. Next to the women is represented a man with a scroll having the inscription, '1499 ist gelegt das Fundament 1525 ist das Werk vollendt.' . . . In the lunette Saint Anne is represented looking very cross in order to keep the holy child, who is supported by the Virgin, from running towards her. Of the six surrounding angels two are bringing forward meat and drink with a great deal of comic joviality. In the arches are angels swinging censers, their wings and floating draperies cleverly filling up the space. On one side of the lower half-centre of the door is a comic angel playing at ball, and another with a ram on his head."

But these are exceedingly rare—and the trouble vast to the luckless reader of the volume.

At Schwaback, at Dinkelsbühl, at Pommersfelden, and other famous cities of which the churches are described, the work will create a little interest. And when he has accomplished his scores of volumes the doctor's labours may serve to guide collectors and amateurs. The English artist may then profit by them (if, by a wondrous exception to the rule, he should happen to know any language but his own), and the gist of the doctor's remarks will no doubt be incorporated into Murray's all-devouring Guide-books.

But the book has no right to the name it has taken; a Royal Academy Catalogue might just as well appear under the title of Art and Artists in England.

If the above work may be found useful to some artists and amateurs in Germany, so much at least cannot be said of the second work named at the head of this notice,—a lecture read by Dr. Waagen to the Berlin Scientific Association. That well-known distich of the Latin Grammar which is so much admired by members of parliament, and which states, that ‘the learning of the ingenuous arts softens the manners and mitigates their ferocity’—is the doctor’s theme. He does not in the least settle the question which has given a title to his pamphlet. No person who reads, or hears him, can tell what position painting, sculpture, and architecture, ought to occupy among the mean of manly education: but the doctor contents himself pretty much with asserting that their origin is ancient, their effects pleasing and beneficial; that in Greece the fine arts were held in high estimation; that after a period of comparative barbarism, Christian art arose in the middle age; that the world, and especially Berlin, is much interested in art, and the motto is ‘FORWARDS.’

The notable piece finishes with a panegyric on the virtue and enlightenment of the King of Prussia, who is about to administer to the SPIRITUAL WANT (the capitals are the doctor’s) of the people. That it is His Majesty’s will, cries the Museum-keeper, to advance painting in its monumental meaning (which has hitherto, with a few exceptions, failed among us from want of space), is proved by his calling the great master Cornelius among us.—All other Art-threads which the death of his late blessed majesty broke asunder, are now begun to be spun anew, &c., &c. The worthy director, while he has one eye to art, has evidently another to business, or gratitude if we will—but these royal compliments are apt to cloy upon the English stomach.

Two years since it was our good fortune to hear a most eloquent speech delivered by a Prussian doctor upon his majesty’s birthday—he called upon all his guests to support him to a man—he allowed his feelings to overpower him in the most approved fashion: ‘Long live the king,’ said he; who will not empty a bumper to a toast so holy?—and so Doctor S— of the Wasserheil-Anstalt of Marienberg nobly tossed off a sparkling bumper—of water. The Waagenish liquor is a little muddy, but not much stronger.

France, Her Governmental, Administrative, and Social Organization, Exposed and Considered, in its Principles, in its Working, and in its Results. London: Madden and Co. 1844.

THE author of this important and opportune work chooses, for prudential reasons, to conceal his name. Whoever he be, he has done his country good service by this complete anatomy of a hateful system, for which certain Englishmen would fain extinguish the last trace of the free and ennobling institutions of our own Alfred. They call on us to admire and imitate the perfect symmetry, the scientific construction and efficiency of an administrative system, established by whom? By a military despot, by Napoleon! And by whom perfected? By the political swindlers, ‘the cutpurses of the empire and the rule,’ who for thirteen years have kept their heels on the necks, and their hands in the pockets of the French people. It is for such a slave-making machinery as this, that deforming reformers of all denominations, of all the colours in the political spectrum, would have us forego those principles that have been for a thousand years the quickening spirit of England’s freedom. To nothing is England more largely indebted for the proud position she has long maintained among the nations, than to the popular and local character of the institutions bequeathed us by our Saxon forefathers. The happy sagacity of their instincts taught them to provide against the tyrannous influences of centralisation: the great aim and end of all their legislation was to obtain the willing and reasonable obedience of the freeman to laws he had himself been instrumental in enacting or sanctioning, and to magistrates and officers he had a share in controlling. These are principles befitting

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.

If we suffer ourselves to be cajoled into adopting the French system, then will England become, what France now is, a land overspread to its remotest corners with a filthy net, in the focus of whose converging rays sits a great spider, ‘cunning and fierce, —mixture abhorred;’ it will be a huge jail, like Jeremy Bentham’s Panopticon, with a fortified city in the centre, occupied by the head jailer and his men.

It is to warn his countrymen against the approaches of such a catastrophe, that the author drew up the masterly picture before us, ‘of that administrative engine of 900,000 officials, and 500,000 muskets’ power, which drains France, and corrupts, enslaves, and

crushes the people. The following extract cannot fail to beget in every reader a desire for more detailed information upon so important a subject :

"According to the financial measures proposed in last April by the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, the expenditure for the year was fixed at, £50,222,000

"The charges on the Consolidated Fund, are 31,820,000

"So that there remains, for maintaining the army and navy, and for carrying on the government, £18,402,000

"In France the yearly expenditure according to the last budget, was fixed at, £52,462,124

"The charges on the Consolidated Fund (public debt and donations) are, 15,200,000

"For the army and the navy, and the administration, £37,262,124

"From this statement it results that the expenses of the French government are more than double those of the British. This might be enough to deter any one from advocating the French administrative system, and from supporting its introduction into this country; but it is not enough to enable my readers to judge correctly of the cost of that administration; and I must therefore go further on with my statement.

"The total expenditure for the army and the navy, and for the ordnance in England, has been fixed, by the forementioned budget, at 15,467,000*l.*; so that there remains but 2,935,000*l.* for carrying on the government and the administration of the country.

"The estimates of the expenditure for the army and the navy, in France, are set down in the last presented budget, at 18,800,000*l.*; and consequently the cost of the civil administration of the country is 18,462,124*l.*; that is to say, six times as much as the same kind of expenditure in England.

"I do not know what is at present the number of persons employed and paid by the British government; but in 1835 it was, in the whole, 23,578, and the amount of the salaries was 2,736,278*l.*; while the registered electors are above 900,000. If the influence exercised over the British people in the elections is notoriously great and corrupting, what must be the case in France, with 180,000 electors only, and with 500,000 paid offices at the disposal of the king and his ministers; and so artfully graduated with regard either to rank or to emoluments, that the holders of them always have a strong tendency to tyranny and subserviency?

"The emoluments of all these offices vary from 12*l.* to 2000*l.* a-year;* so that bribery and cor-

ruption may work in all classes of the people. About 500 of these officers receive a salary of 800*l.* a-year, or more, and most of them are either peers or deputies, or near relations of those legislators. There are about 18,500 places, the emoluments of which are from 120*l.* to 800*l.*, which fall to the share of the deputies and the influential electors in the departments. 80,000 offices with salaries under 120*l.* but above 60*l.*, are for the most part bestowed on the principal electors, as an inducement to, or a reward for, electoral services; and all the other offices are given to the poorer electors, or to their relations and their friends. Under such circumstances one must wonder, not at the servility of the French legislative bodies, but at the existence of any opposition to a government exercising so vast a patronage.

"The worst of all tyrannies is that which is exercised under legal forms, with the appearance of a free constitution, and the sanction of the legislative bodies. Such is the case in France. Neither of the chambers represents the people. The peers are appointed by the government, and represent the king and the different coteries which promoted them to the peerage when in power. As to the deputies, they are the nominees and representatives of public functionaries, and in great part public functionaries themselves, or aspiring to public functions. It cannot be otherwise. The number of electors in France is under 200,000, while the number of public functions at the disposal of, and paid by, the government is, as I have said before, 500,000. It follows, that the government, by disposing of all the offices in favour only of the electors and their families, have always in their power the means of securing the majority in the electoral colleges. It is not only on the 500,000 holders of office that the government can rely in electoral contests, but also on an equal number of expectants for those same offices, whose principal qualification must be subserviency."

But this is not all. Besides the holders of offices paid by the government, there are other unpaid officials, who derive indirect emoluments from their offices or monopolies. The result is that the government has at its disposal 932,000 paid or unpaid officials and dependants, with 400,000 soldiers and gendarmes; and 60,000 marines. Total 1,392,000. This force the author justly entitles the army of occupation. It is more than five times the number of the Franks who made the four successive invasions in Gaul, and who for fourteen centuries kept possession of the country as lords and owners of the soil and of the inhabitants. Such is the general statement of the case which the author elucidates in all its details; and

Most invectively he pierces through
The body of the country, city, court.

Going through all the branches of the ad-

* This refers only to the general class of officials, and does not include the ministers, the envoys, the residents, plenipotentiaries, and ambassadors, who receive from three thousand to sixteen thousand pounds a year; and those well-paid diplomatists

are ignorant of the negotiations carried on till their conclusion, or sign treaties which afterwards cannot be ratified.

ministration *seriatim*, he shows that the ministries of the interior and justice tend only to enslave and oppress the people:—the ministry of public instruction tends to keep the people in ignorance, or to teach errors:—the ministry of finance absorbs all the resources of the country:—the ministry of agriculture and trade, trammels agriculture, manufactures, and trade:—the ministry of public works is an obstacle to, or a cause of failure in, the execution of public works:—the ministry of marine, which has cost the country 90,000,000*l.* sterling, during the last thirteen years, has given the French nation nothing in return; unless conquering the Marquesas islands, and compelling the Queen of Tahiti to submit to the protection of France, be considered benefits equivalent to such an expenditure:—the ministry of war boasts of more memorable services; almost all the principal towns of France have been attacked, captured, and partially pillaged by a French army, for resisting the administrative despotism, and maintaining their rights; Paris and Lyon have each twice presented the spectacle of a stormed city, under the reign of the citizen king:—lastly, as to the French foreign office, in the thirteenth year of its royal manager's reign, 'after having in turn employed in the direction of his foreign relations, Talleyrand, Molé, Sebastiani, de Broglie, Thiers, Soult, and Guizot, *France has not a single political, or even commercial alliance with any nation or government in the whole world.*'

The work before us, and 'Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years,' a translation of which is now in course of publication, should be read in conjunction with each other. They are distinct in design and manner of execution, and are the productions of men differing in country, and, as it seems to us, widely different in habits of thought. When we find them, then, arriving at analogous results by very different routes, we are constrained to admit the strong probability of their conclusions. The two works together will let in a flood of light on what has hitherto been a very dark corner of the public mind in England.

occasionally indicative of its character. Nothing can be more fantastical and finical than the title of this work, excepting the contents of the volume itself. There is something amusing in the brisk vivacity of a Frenchman, in the solemn gravity of a Spaniard, in the broad buffoonery of a Neapolitan, in the impudent swagger and ready wit of an Irishman, in the *bashful sensitiveness* of the simple Scotch, never pushing themselves forward to do even the work for which they are best fitted—but what can be at once more deplorable and dismal than to encounter a German Swiss turned caper-master, to find him curvetting, pirouetting, and prancing most unreasonably, and endeavouring to show off in a light and flashy style, when the man is not only essentially dull and lumpish, too often the sin of his race and nation, but pert, pragmatistical, and conceited to boot.

This volume consists of more than 250 pages, occupying a quantity of paper, abundantly sufficient to describe, Heaven knows, not only the mountains, but the valleys, and towns, and agriculture, and manufactures of Switzerland; yet instead of describing either the towns, or the manufactures, or the agriculture of his country, M. Vogt perpetually thrusts forward, with painful prominence, the personal pronoun, and talks of his own sensations, of his own feelings, his sympathies, wishes, pursuits, &c. There is a preface or dedication of eight pages to a Frau, H.V., a lady nearly connected with the author, written in no very good taste; and we cannot help saying, the words he puts into the mouth of this lady convey a grave but well merited rebuke. '*Lieber, Gott, Karl, Sie hatten besser gethan, hinter Fischen und Kröten sitzen zu bleiben, als sich mit Schöngeistereien die Zeit zu vertreiben.*' Lest, however, we should be supposed to speak too harshly of the book, we present our readers with the following remarks on Interlachen, a place well known to most travelled English, and which, from the beauty of its situation, its cheapness, and its position in reference to the *Jungfrau*, may be said to be the head-quarters of the tens of thousands of English who, between the months of July and October, annually migrate from these shores. But to the extract touching Interlachen. Here it is:

"I love to sit and dream in the shade of the nut-trees. I love to see the sun when he rises beyond the far-off mountains, and salutes the lake of Brienz with the red early rays of his fond morning smiles. And in evening I love to hide myself in the elder-bushes along the shore, to bathe myself in the blue waves of the lake of Thun, and to bow my last salutations to the King

Im Gebirg und auf den Gletschern. (On the Mountain and upon the Glaciers.) By C. VOGT. Soleure, Jent and Gassman. 1843.

If the countenance be sometimes an index to the mind, then so is the title of a book

of the Firmament ere he sinks down to his far-off home. I hardly know what I would wish above this. To stroll in the beech forests, to climb the rocks, to slide down its steep declivities after butterflies, to chase them round and round the lake, to be again a boy, and with childish simplicity to fling myself in the arms of Mother Nature. The crowded airless streets oppress my breast, the heavy roofs lay squash-wise on my head—to the open plains then! to liberty strides every fibre in my whole body; cries every breath of my oppressed spirit. Out I stroll on the green free sward with heavy head and still heavier heart, wishing to ease both.

“Heart! what dost thou desire? Buttered cracknels or electuary? Desirest thou mountains? There hast thou the *Jungfrau* in the rosy radiancy of the setting sun, which one of thy Bernese friends has lately pointed out in his pocket-book as worth the seeing. Will’st thou dales or valleys? Go then into the little valley of the Böödeli, into the nut-groves, contemplate the peasants’ cottages, and the pretty servant-girls who peep out and forget not to nod at you. Surely you will return that salute. Will’st thou on the water go? Take then yon skiff, and let thyself be rocked on the bosom of Thun’s lake, and when thou hast had enough of the blue waves, thou canst vary thy pleasurable amusement, for the billows of Brienz are every one of them green-coloured.”

After reading this precious tomfoolery, our readers will doubtless exclaim with Lessing. ‘*Welch ein Kopf! Ohne Gehirn und mit einem offenen Munde! Sollte das nicht der Kopf eines Schwätzers gewesen seyn?*’

Rapport sur les Travaux du Council de la Société Asiatique pendant l’Année 1841.
Paris. 1842.

Rapport annuel fait à la Société Asiatique dans la Séance générale du 30 Mai, 1843.
Par M. J. MOHL, Secrétaire adjoint de la Société. Paris. 1843.

THESE reports contain a summary review of whatever was published, in any part of the world, during the years 1841 and 1842, by the oriental scholars of Christendom. We have selected from the more recent of these reports the following extract, thinking it calculated to interest the general reader. M. Mohl, the author of the report, was formerly, we believe, professor of Chinese in the university of Tübingen, and, for aught we know, may be so still. His remarks, have, therefore, the more weight, as proceeding from a man who speaks on the subject of his own special studies:

“Chinese literature has suddenly acquired, through the political events of last year, an importance it had never before possessed in the eyes

of Europe; or rather those events have awakened the curiosity of the public, and for a moment startled it from the apathy with which it had till then regarded a subject, that so little deserved to be treated with such indifference. For what study can have stronger claims to interest a cultivated mind, than that of a literature formed apart from all those influences, under which other nations have successively modified their ideas; a literature, immense, embracing all the branches of human knowledge, dealing with facts of every kind, and containing the result of the experience of an ancient, innumerable, and indefatigable people; a literature, in fine, which is, for half the human race, what all the others put together are for the other half. It is incomprehensible that Europeans should so long have neglected the study of Chinese civilisation, which is, so to speak, the second face of humanity, and which, by its resemblances as well as by its contrasts, may aid us clearly to understand how much is fortuitous and accidental, and how much is necessary, in the social and moral phenomena around us. The jesuits succeeded for some time in fixing the attention of reflecting men on China; but when they had lost all hope of converting that empire, there ensued a relapse into the old indifference; and if we would know how intense that was, we have but to read Rémusat’s ‘*Mélanges posthumes d’Histoire et de Littérature Orientales*. Paris, 1843.’ published under the auspices of the French government. It is curious to see to what shifts so subtle and so elegant a mind was driven in order to combat absurd prejudices. He deems himself almost obliged to prove that those who founded the greatest empire the world has ever known, were men and not apes. He makes it his business before all things to show in what points the Chinese resemble us, and hardly does he dare to pronounce the name of Chinese literature, for fear of exciting the derision of the vulgar. Matters are no longer quite at that point in our day, and no one has more contributed than M. Rémusat himself to the progress made by public opinion in this respect: but we are still far from attaching to the subject the importance it will one day possess, and that probably at no distant date: for the multiplication of European counting-houses in China, the opening of a greater number of ports to foreign commerce, and events which may easily be foreseen, will soon compel even the most listless to interest themselves about a nation become the object of so many religious, commercial, and political enterprises.”

“The schools which the English have founded all round China, wherever the number of the Chinese population admitted of their establishment, as at Penang, Malacca, Batavia, Macao, and Hong-kong, are deservedly objects of the highest interest. The pupils are taught both the Chinese letters according to the method of their own country, and the English letters according to the European system: in this way there is trained up a class of men, who are naturally destined to serve as intermediaries between the two civilisations. A pupil of the Malacca college has given an agreeable specimen of the acquirements he has derived from his sojourn in the establishment, in an English translation of a Chinese romance, entitled ‘*The Rambles of the Emperor Ching-tih in Keang-nan*,’ (2 vols., Longman and Co., London, 1843). The

book belongs to a class of literature to which it is rather difficult to give a designation; it is not a history, for the incidents related are in a great measure invented; it is not a romance, for the basis and the framework of the narrative are historical: it is a sort of historical romance. The author has taken for his subject the troubles excited by the intrigues of the eunuchs during the youth of the Emperor Ching-tih; and his real object seems to have been to celebrate the power and the virtues of the magicians of the sect of the Tao-sse, in whom the lower classes believe to this day in China. The work, like all others of its kind, contains some traits of manners, which must be welcome to any one desirous of becoming acquainted with the moral condition of the Chinese empire, and which the author lets fall almost unconsciously; but I think that a better selection might have been made from amongst the great number of similar works. There is not much fineness of touch in the portraiture of the characters; the web of the story is rather coarse-spun, and the miracles performed by the magicians, good and bad, seem to be narrated only for the amusement of children, so that it would not be fair to judge of the historical romances of the Chinese from this specimen. We shall soon be enabled to form a better idea of them, through the translation of the oldest and most celebrated work of this kind, the 'History of the Three Kingdoms,' which treats of the troubles and convulsions of the Chinese empire, from the revolt of the *yellow caps*, A. D. 170, to the accession of the Tsin dynasty, A. D. 264. This history had been written by Tchint-cheou, under the Tsin themselves, in the grave style of the imperial annals. But when the popular literature began to be formed in the thirteenth century, a great writer, Lo-kouang-tchong, took up the subject, developed it, added episodes to it, and worked it up into so varied and vivid a picture, that to this day all China reads it with transports of admiration. It is regarded as a model of style; portions of it are learned by heart, and it is one of the works which the professional story-tellers recite to the people in the streets and squares, as the Arab *ravis* recite the adventures of Antar at Cairo, and under the tents of the Bedouins. Hitherto we have possessed only fragments of the work: Mr. Davis published an English translation of some chapters at Macao, and M. Julien inserted a long and very dramatic episode in the Appendix of his French translation of the 'Orphan of China.' At present, M. Pavie, to whom we already owe a collection of very pretty Chinese tales, has undertaken a complete translation of the 'History of the Three Kingdoms,' and at last we shall be able to found a judgment of this considerable portion of the Chinese literature, upon what is regarded in the country itself as the *chef-d'œuvre* in the department of historical romance."

nean and the Red Sea; by JAMES VETCH, Captain R.E. F.R.S. Illustrated by a map. London, Richardson, 1843.

The execution of a ship-canal across the isthmus of Suez, is, as Captain Vetch justly observes, a project combining 'probably more important results (in proportion to the extent and cost of the undertaking) than any other which natural circumstances offer to the science and skill of the engineer, or to the enterprise of the capitalist.' He discusses the respective merits of the several lines that have been proposed for effecting a junction between the two seas, and concludes, with good reason as we think, that the most nearly direct line between the Gulf of Suez and the Bay of Tineh appears, in the present state of our knowledge, to offer the greatest probabilities of success. This line, on which it would be desirable to have as few bends as possible, would in all likelihood not exceed seventy-five miles in length. The country through which it would pass is remarkably flat, with the exception of some scattered hillocks of drifted sand. The soil near the surface is stated to consist in general of a hard compact gravel, but the limit to which this kind of soil extends has not been very fully ascertained. The greatest obstacles which nature seems to present to the success of the project, consist,—1st., in the tendency of the shifting sands of the desert to fill up the channel of the canal; and 2dly, in the fact that at Tineh the sea is shallow for a considerable distance, from the depositions of the mud of the Nile, and it presents no natural harbour for any but vessels of a small draught of water. But, on the other hand, as Captain Vetch ably argues, nature likewise has most happily provided the skilful engineer with the means of overcoming both these difficulties. The proposed canal would have a fall of 29·57 English feet, from the mean level of the water of the Gulf, to the mean level of the Mediterranean Sea; and this fall, he says, 'I am decidedly of opinion (if used judiciously) is ample, not only to keep its own channel clear, but also to excavate and maintain a good navigable mouth in the Bay of Tineh, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, all the year round.' The cost of executing the work, he estimates, would not be far short of two millions sterling: and supposing that the whole traffic of Europe, including that of Great Britain, passing through the Suez canal, would be one million tons annually, *i.e.*, less than four times the average tonnage from Great Britain to all places eastward of the Cape of Good

Hope in 1832 and 1833 (a very moderate assumption), then a duty of 2s. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ton would cover the following items :

"Interest on two millions capital, at 5 per cent.	£100,000
Management, and keeping works in repair	10,000
Toll to the ruler of Egypt	10,000
	£120,000

So that, whatever greater traffic might arise, or whatever higher rate of duty it might be deemed prudent to exact, would operate as a bonus on the interest of 5 per cent."

For further details we refer our readers to the essay itself, which they will find highly deserving of their perusal. Meanwhile, we earnestly bespeak their attention to the following cogent remarks :

"A good deal is alleged by those trading from Britain against the policy of any part of the British nation lending patronage to such an undertaking, which, it is presumed, would benefit the countries bordering on the Mediterranean more than our own; though if the canal in question would be the means of most materially shortening the distance between the two most important portions of the British Empire, little doubt can be entertained of the benefit conferred on the extensive commerce of the two countries, even though some other nations would receive a greater proportional advantage in the accomplishment of the measure; and though the commerce of other nations might increase in a greater ratio than the British, still all would participate in the facilities to be obtained; and in the case of war arising, it is but too obvious that the power possessing a naval superiority has the means of closing such a channel of commerce to its enemies, by stationary cruisers at each extremity. So much may be argued with a view of removing the prejudices of British interests against the measure; but it will be readily believed, that if the British fail to patronize the undertaking, other nations and powers will do so shortly: and it is, therefore, manifest, if British subjects were chiefly concerned in advancing the capital, and in executing and managing this great work, it would be vastly more for the benefit of Britain, than if any other nation or government lent their resources. But undertake it who may, it is most probable that both the funds and the energies of execution will come from this country; and it is too probable that if the measure is executed by any other parties than British, the work will be upon a cheaper and less effective plan of navigation, permitting only small craft to navigate, unfit for British commerce in the East, though sufficient for the small traders in the Mediterranean, who would consequently in such a case reap the entire benefit. I am decidedly of opinion that British capital and British energy would alone execute the work in a truly useful and permanent style. But the measure is daily becoming so much more obvious as one of practical facility, that it cannot long be postponed in some shape or another."

Die Arthur-Sage und die Märcen des Rothen Buches von Hergest. Herausgegeben von SAN MARTE (Albert Schulz). (The Legend of Arthur and the Tales of the Red Book of Hergest.) Quedlinberg and Leipsic. 1842. Svo. pp. 328.

In this volume—which forms volume II. of the second division of that extensive library of the national literature of Germany, publishing at Quedlinberg and Leipsic, under the title of 'Bibliothek der gesamten National Literatur,' and the first volume of which division was devoted to Franz Mone's valuable 'Researches into the History of the German Hero-Legends (*Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der Deutschen Helden-Sage*)—are contained translations of the Welsh tales, entitled 'The Lady of the Fountain, Peredur the Son of Evrawc, and Geraent the son of Erbin,' which tales form the first three parts of 'The Mabinogion,' for which the lovers of early romance, and the students of the language and literature of the Principality, are indebted to the learning, taste, and patriotic munificence of Lady Charlotte Guest. This is a compliment which the zeal, talents, and liberality of that lady well deserve; and the readers of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' in which honourable mention of 'The Mabinogion' has already been made, will look upon the work before us as an evidence that our opinion of the value of Lady C. Guest's exertions in the field of literary antiquities is echoed by the critics of Germany.

The tales are translated by Albert Schulz, whose 'Essay on the Influence of Welsh Tradition upon the Literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia,' obtained the prize of the Cymreigyddion Society, at the Eisteddvod of 1840, and of which an English translation was printed at Llandovery in 1841. This essay, which is very able and ingenious, but tinged with a peculiarity characteristic of the writings of all antiquaries who make the sayings and doings of the Principality the subject of their disquisitions, is here printed, and forms a very fitting preface to the legends which it introduces.

The objection which we felt, however, to Albert Schulz's Essay, as it appeared in its English dress—an objection resembling that which the mathematician directed against *Paradise Lost*,—namely, that 'the writer asserted everything, but proved nothing,'—remains, as a matter of course, unaltered, by a perusal of the Essay in its original form: but we find from such perusal, that many of the striking errors with which the English version of it was disfigured, are attributable not to the author, but to the translator's want of familiarity, if not with the subject, at least

with many of the mediæval writers quoted in illustration of it.

Altogether the book before us is a very curious and interesting one. Its appearance will doubtless be regarded by our Cambrian friends as highly complimentary to the literature of their native country; and must be looked upon as affording fresh evidence, if such were necessary, of the far-spreading and ceaseless activity of the scholars of Germany.

Dichtungen des Deutschen Mittelalters. Erster Band: Der Nibelungen Nôt und die Klage. (Poems of the German Middle Ages. Volume I.: The Song of the Nibelungen and the Lament.) Edited by AL. S. VOLLMER. Leipsic. 1843. 8vo. pp. xlv. 387.

THE fondness of the Germans for their fine old national epic, 'The Song of the Nibelungen,' continues unabated; and editions of it, some in its original antique form, some modernized and translated into the language of the present day, and illustrated with the ability and characteristic fancy of the German artists, succeed each other with a rapidity perfectly astonishing.

The volume before us is the first of a series of reprints, in a cheap form, of the most popular poems of the German middle ages, intended to supply the demand for such works now so universally felt, not only among philologists and antiquaries, but among the educated classes of German readers.

The second volume will contain the poem of 'Tristan und Isolde,' by Gotfrid, of Strassburg, edited by Massman; and will be followed by the 'Barlaam und Josaphat,' by Rudolph of Ems, and the well-known collection of German fables, 'Der Edelstein,' of Ulrich Boner, both under the editorship of F. Pfeiffer. These are to be succeeded by other works of a similar character, and the value and utility of the collection will be increased by a 'History of German Poetry in the Middle Ages,' by Albert Schott, and a 'Glossary of Early German,' by Massman and Vollmer.

In choosing the 'Nibelungen' for the opening volume, the projectors of this collection have shown good judgment: for numerous as are the existing editions of this interesting relic of bygone days, we do not know of one equal to the present in the two great desiderata of a popular book—cheapness and utility. The Legend of Sigfried and the Nibelung formerly resounded throughout the whole Teutonic world. Nor was it

confined to Germany alone, on whose soil it first sprung up, under whose skies it first bloomed; but it spread over all the kindred nations of the North—over Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland; and, we believe, still forms the theme of many of the songs with which the maidens of the Faroe Islands cheer their daily toil.

The favour which this splendid relic of Teutonic poetry enjoyed in days long since passed away, has again returned to it, having slept for ages, to awaken with increased strength and intensity. Since the commencement of the present century, but still more since the insolent oppression of Napoleon aroused the patriotic spirit of Germany, and endued its literature with a national character and a love of father-land—the 'Song of the Nibelungen' has attracted the attention and admiration of all classes of readers; while its language, origin, and history, have formed the subjects of investigation by the most profound scholars and critics of Germany.

The reader who is unable, from want of time or of opportunity, to examine for himself the numerous and learned works which have been produced by Lachmann, Von der Hagen, William Grimm, W. Müller, in illustration of the 'German Iliad,' as the work before us has been aptly designated, and who may yet be anxious to know something of the origin and literary history of a work which has excited so much attention in Germany, and exercised so much influence over the literature of that country, will find a very admirable synopsis of all that has yet appeared upon the subject in Vollmer's preface to the present edition; which we do not hesitate to pronounce the cheapest and most useful which has yet appeared of the 'Nibelungen Nôt,' in its time-honoured form, and antique, loud-sounding, and most harmonious verse.

Die Theogonie, Philosophie und Kosmogonie der Hindus. (The Theogony, Philosophy, and Cosmogony of the Hindoos.) Von dem GRAFEN M. BJÖRNSTJERNA. 8vo. pp. 202. Stockholm. 1843. Williams and Norgate, London.

THIS is a German translation from the Swedish, made under the superintendence of the author (the ambassador from Sweden to this country), whose work on the British empire in India has appeared in an English garb. If the present work does not much extend the sphere of our positive knowledge, it is, nevertheless, a very useful and interesting

synopsis of a subject so vast in extent, and so intricate in detail. By way of specimen, we proceed to give an epitome of the author's remarks on Buddhism, a subject on which much error has often been displayed, with a great deal of pretension. Many of the count's remarks on this topic are very curious and striking, and some, we believe, are novel.

The whole number of those who profess the Buddhist creed cannot be computed at less than 380 millions. If to these we add the 200 millions of Brahma's followers in India, we find that more than half the human race (the latter amounting to 1000 millions in round numbers) belongs to these two branches of one primitive religion.

The opinion propounded by Joinville and some other orientalist, that Buddhism is *older* than Brahmaism, is altogether unfounded, and is confuted by the best Hindoo authorities. Neither is the origin of Buddhism to be ascribed to a single founder, but to several successive reformers, the Husses, Luthers, and Calvins of Brahmaism, who arose in India and the neighbouring countries during many centuries preceding the birth of Christ, and who received from their adherents the surname of Buddha, *i. e. godly or holy man*.

The metaphysics of the Buddhists differs from that of the Brahmaists in this, that the god of the latter pervades and animates all nature; whereas the Buddhist god, like the Epicurean, *rests* in perfect quietism; takes no heed of human affairs; but, having once for all set them in motion, leaves them to pursue their course without interference or control. But as such a doctrine as this could not satisfy the natural longings of the human soul, for some object on which it may repose its trust, and to which it may address its wishes and its prayers, the people are further taught to believe that men of extraordinary piety and self-denial have appeared from time to time on earth, and have been, on account of their distinguished worth, translated, after death, to a state of higher bliss. That bliss, however, is nothing more than *freedom from all care or sorrow*, just as bodily health is merely freedom from all disease. These meritorious and favoured mortals are the Buddhas, who are worshipped next after the *divine triad*. Twenty-two of them have already appeared on earth, and more are expected. The most recent of them is *Fo* (Fudh, Budh), who founded Buddhism in China, under the reign of Ming-ty of the Han dynasty, about the time of the birth of Christ.

The characteristics of Buddhism may be briefly described as a monkish asceticism in

morals, and a philosophical scepticism in religion. The Buddhists in Tibet, China, Mongolia, and Corea, have convents like those of the Catholics, occupied by ghostly fathers clad like the Franciscans, and vowed like them to celibacy. They have the tonsure, rosaries, and holy water, and celebrate masses with solemn church music. These points of resemblance struck the jesuit missionaries with such surprise, that one of them, Father Gerbillon, was led to believe that Buddhism was an offshoot of Nestorianism (an anachronism of at least 500 years), whilst Père Grémare, another of the reverend fathers, was convinced that the resemblance was the work of Satan himself.

The grand peculiarity of Buddhism is, that it is not only confessed by the majority of mankind, but that it has also engrafted its dogmas on most other religions.

We have traces of its existence among the ancient Egyptians, whose earliest form of religion was near akin to Brahmaism. We find that it had made its way, long before the promulgation of Christianity, into Chaldaea, Phenicia, Palestine, Colchis, Greece, Rome, Gaul, and Britain; and again, after the diffusion of Christianity, we see Buddhism penetrating through Asia to the Altai mountains, and through Europe as far as Scandinavia.

"The Samaritans in Aram were Buldhists (see Johann von Müller's *Weltgeschichte*), as were likewise the Essæans in Palestine; at least they were so in their Esoteric doctrines, though subsequently they conformed externally to the Mosaic, and afterwards to the Christian system. The Essæans were divided into the *contemplative* and the *practical*, the former inhabiting the hilly country around Nazareth, the latter dwelling in the towns. Both divisions subsequently coalesced with the Gnostics.

"The Gnostics were also divided into two chief sects, each of which had its subordinate ramifications. One of these sects, whose head-quarters were in Mercè in Cethiopia, was called the Egyptian sect; the other the Asiatic. The adherents of the latter were properly Buddhists, who for the most part adopted the outward forms of Christianity, because, in accordance with their own tenets, they considered Jesus to be a Buddha who had appeared on earth. The Egyptian Gnostics, on the other hand, though they, too, were nominal Christians, made a metaphysical distinction between *Jesus* and *Christ*, regarding the former as a mere man, but the latter as the Holy Spirit, which had become flesh in the man Jesus, to return after his death to the high place whence it had descended. These were the doctrines of the Gnostics, particularly in the first and second centuries of the Christian era: they afterwards fell into worse heresies. Simon Magus was an Egyptian Gnostic.

"The Greeko-Roman Olympus seems to be of all the least akin to that of Hindoostan; nevertheless there are even here some points of resemblance,

which have been set forth by Sir William Jones, though, perhaps, he insisted upon them somewhat too strongly.

"The Druids, too, in ancient Britain, were Buddhists; they admitted the metempsychosis, the pre-existence of souls, and their return to the realms of universal space. They had a triad of gods consisting, like that of the Buddhists, of a creator, a sustainer, and a destroyer. The Druids constituted a sacerdotal order, which reserved to itself the exclusive privilege of expounding the mysteries of religion. Their wisdom was so renowned that Lucan says, in his epic poem, 'If ever the knowledge of the gods has come down to earth, it is to the Druids of Britain.' They afterwards (in Cæsar's time) propagated their doctrines in Gaul, whence they spread among the Celtic tribes in Spain, Germany, and in the Cimbrian peninsula. The ban of the Druids (*heacht*, whence probably the German word *Acht*) was as terrible as that of the Brahmins; even the king whom it smote, fell, according to the expression of the Druids, 'like grass before the scythe.' The Druids must have obtained their doctrine through the traffic of the Phœnicians with Britain, that people having been, as already stated, of the Buddhist creed.

"Nay, even in the far north did Buddhism make its way; for it cannot be denied that the doctrine of Odin is an echo of that of Buddha. The mere resemblance in name between the sacred books of both religions (*Veda* and *Edda*) affords substantial grounds for conjecturing that the one creed was derived from the other.

"The name of the founder, *Odin*, is in the old Saxon dialect *Wodan*; in and an are suffixes, *Od* and *Wod* are the root; but the Saxon *W* (equivalent to the English *V*) is a corruption of the sound *B*; *Wod* and *Bod* are therefore identical, as are likewise *Bodah* and *Wodah*.

"The fourth day of the week is named after *Bodliah* in the countries where his worship prevails; in Sweden it bears the name of *Odin* to this day, [in England that of *Wodan*.]

"*Odin*, *Wodin*, *Wodh*, *Bodh*, was the name of the founder of the religion, not of him who introduced it into the north; the latter (as we surmise) was *Sigge Fridulfson*.

"A comparison between the doctrines of the *Vedas* and of the *Edda*, it must be owned, discloses many discrepancies even in the names of the gods, and in the nature of the metaphors employed; but here, as in other cases, we must break the shell and get at the kernel, and this will be found in many respects similar in both systems. The vast interval of time that elapsed between the composition of the *Vedas* (1400 B. C.) and of the *Edda* (A. D. 1200) must necessarily have influenced their contents, and given to each the character of the races for which they were respectively written; a mild and pacific character to suit the then civilized Hindoos; a wild and warlike one for the then uncivilized Scandinavians. It was natural, too, that the names of the gods should be adapted to the different natures of the respective languages, and the metaphors to the diversity of the climates, so that elephants, lions and tigers, should figure in the imagery of the one people, and northern animals in that of the other.

"But this is only the shell; the kernel is similar

in Brahma's (Budha's) doctrine, and in Odin's. Both recognize one only, almighty creator; both admit the immortality of the soul. In the *Vedas* the angels ask: Who made the world? Ruder replies, *Bhrim*.

"In the *Edda*, Gangler asks: Who is the first among the gods? Har answers, *Allvater*. Where is this god? asks Gangler, and what has he performed? Har answers, He lives *evermore*, rules his realm, and has sway over all things great and small. Jafnhar adds to this, he has made heaven and earth, and all that therein is; he has made man and given him a spirit that shall live and never pass away, even though his body become dust, or be burnt to ashes.

"Now can it be thought possible that a people so rude as that of Scandinavia then was, should have arrived at such highly metaphysical conceptions, had they not been communicated to it by a people further advanced on the path of civilisation?

"Gangler goes on to ask: How did the world come into existence? What was there before it! Har replies (in the *Völuspa*): It was the beginning of time, when nothing was, no sand, no sea, no cool waves. The earth was not, nor the heavens above; it was an open abyss—but no grass.

"All these questions and answers are put forth in the *Vedas*, in a manner so exceedingly similar, that we can hardly question the derivation of the *Edda* from the *Vedas*. The Brahmins (in like manner as the Buddhists) admit three essential persons in their deity; viz. *Brama*, *Vishnu*, and *Shiva*, the creator, the sustainer, and the destroyer; just so the Scandinavians, among whom *Allvater* has three designations; viz. *Allfader* (creator), *Fjölner* (sustainer), and *Svidrir* (destroyer). Here then we have exactly the Brahminic or Buddhist *Trimurti*.

"A common emblem of the creator among the Hindoos (from whom it passed into Egypt) was the *scarabæus* or beetle. In Scandinavia likewise the insignificant beetle was holy, and bore the name of *Tuor*, the god most highly revered. In heathen times it was called in Sweden, *Thorbagge* (Thor's beast), which name in after-Christian times, when everything heathenish was to be degraded, was changed into *Thordyvel* (Thor's devil). Nay, there is a superstitious belief still existing among the country folks in many provinces, that whoever finds on his path a beetle sprawling on his back and unable to help itself, and sets the creature upon its legs again, thereby atones for his sins, because Thor was the propitiator with *Allvater*.

"In an etymological point of view, there are some remarkable resemblances between the Hindoo and the Scandinavian mythology. The god of love is called *Karlekeya* in Bengal;* the abode of the god Indra (heaven) is called *Swerga* in the Hindoo mythology, and is situated near the north pole; *Skand*, the god of war, reigns there (hence Scandinavia), and seven steps (zones) lead thither, the most northern of which is *Thule*.

"The similarity between the *Midyards* serpent in the *Edda* and Vishnu's serpent in the *Vedas* is also notable; both are described as encompassing

* *Kärlek* is Swedish for *love*. If it be objected that *kärlek* is compounded of *kär* (dear) and *lek* (play), the question still remains, whence come these two words so unlike the other Germanic roots?

he earth. But what is more deserving of attention, is the agreement between the gates of *Wal-halla* and the Indian secular periods of *yugs*. According to the *Edda* *Walhalla* has 540 gates: 540 multiplied by 800, the number of *Einherien* that can march together out of each gate, gives 432,000; and this is precisely the elementary number for the

secular periods or *yugs*, so often mentioned both in the Brahminical and the Buddhist system, according to which the period now current is to last in all 432,000 years, whilst each of the preceding *yugs* has endured respectively twice, thrice, and four times that number of years."

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

AUSTRIA.

A PLAN has been for some time in contemplation for founding an Academy of Science in Vienna. It was at first intended that this establishment should embrace the study or cultivation of science in general, but it is now determined that it shall be limited to natural science only. A site has been fixed on for the erection of the building, which will be commenced early in the ensuing spring. The splendid cabinet of Natural History in the Imperial Library will be removed to the new academy as soon as a suite of rooms can be prepared for its reception. This collection is allowed to be one of the finest in Europe; and is particularly rich in zoological and botanical specimens. It is proposed to establish the classes gradually, according as the advancement of the building shall enable the scientific collections, books, &c., to be arranged. The classes of botany, physiology, and anatomy will be first founded.

Some time ago it was currently reported in the literary circles of Vienna, that the late Professor Enk was the real author of the dramatic writings attributed to Frederick Halm (Baron Münch Beltinghausen). The accuracy of this story always appeared doubtful to those who compared the very different character which marks the genius of the respective writers. The question is now, however, set at rest by a collection of letters addressed by Enk to Halm, which the latter has placed in the hands of Friedrich Witthauer, the editor of the 'Wiener Zeitschrift.' The contents of these documents prove incontestably that Halm is the sole author of the dramas to which his name is attached. It was at first proposed that these letters should be printed in the 'Wiener Zeitschrift,' but weighty considerations render it advisable to postpone their publication. Their authenticity is certified by the testimony of several of Enk's literary friends.

A new street, the building of which is just completed in Vienna, has received the name of 'Beethovengasse' (Beethoven's Street). This circumstance is the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is almost a solitary example of a street in the Austrian capital being named after any man eminent in art. The Beethovengasse is erected on the site of that locality in which the great composer spent the last years of his life.

The sculptor Pompeo Marchesi, of Milan, is

proceeding actively with the colossal monument in honour of the Emperor Francis, to be erected in the inner square of the Imperial Palace. The statue of the monarch, larger than life, stands on an octangular pedestal, which is in its turn supported on a broad base, where four figures rest in a sitting posture. The height of the whole monument will measure about fifty feet. The imperial statue will be sixteen feet high, the sitting figures eight feet, and the figures in the bas-reliefs of the pedestal eight feet and a half. The sovereign, as the last order of emperor of the Roman succession, is clothed in the simple *toga Romana*. He is represented as bending slightly towards the spectator, with his arms outstretched, as though in the act of pronouncing a blessing. A beautiful expression of repose and dignified benevolence is diffused over the imperial countenance and figure. A bronze wreath of laurel forms the cornice of the octangular pedestal. The four sitting figures at the base of the monument represent Religion, Justice, Power and Peace. The figures and groups in the bas-reliefs, which adorn the eight sides of the pedestal, represent the fruitfulness of the imperial dominions in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; and the progress of science, art, manufactures, and commerce.

BELGIUM.

For several years past particular attention has been directed in Belgium to the study of the old history of the country. The archives of the different provinces have been carefully explored, and many curious manuscript documents, long hidden, have been brought to light. The most active researches in this way have been carried on by the Commission of National History, under whose direction many of the old Belgic chronicles have been revised and printed at the expense of the government. Agents have also been commissioned to examine the correspondence with Belgium, contained in the archives of foreign countries. M. Gachard, whose researches in the libraries of the Hague, Paris, and other places, have already been noticed in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' is at present on a mission to Spain, and an account of his labours in that country will be found in another portion of this article. (See *Spain*.) Some time ago, when examining the state papers in the royal library at the Hague, M. Gachard unexpect-

edly made the important discovery of a series of letters written by Rubens the painter, during his diplomatic mission from Holland to England. The endeavours previously made at the Hague, at Brussels, in Lille, or in Paris, to find missing fragments of this correspondence, had proved fruitless, and the series of letters attributed to Rubens, and published some years ago, were of very doubtful authenticity. The correspondence recently discovered by M. Gachard exhibits the diplomatic talent of Rubens in a conspicuous point of view.

A colossal equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon is to be erected in a conspicuous part of the city of Brussels. The king has commissioned Eugene Simonis, a sculptor of Brussels, to execute this grand public monument. It is expected that it will not be completed in less than four years, and it is proposed that its inauguration shall take place during the September fêtes of 1847; 90,500 francs is the price allotted for this statue.

DENMARK.

A Danish publication contains the following particulars relative to the journals and other periodical publications of Copenhagen:

The most important journal in the Danish capital is that published by the Brothers Berling ('Berlingske politiske og Avertissements tidende'). This is the government newspaper, the record of all acts of administration, official announcements, &c. This paper alone has the privilege of publishing foreign political news; and it has never incurred condemnation for inserting anything obnoxious to the government. Nathanson, its editor, is a man of very considerable talent. The journal called 'Fædrelandet' (the Country), is in opposition to the government. It is not, nor are any other journals of the same tendency, permitted to meddle with foreign political intelligence. This paper has frequently been condemned, sometimes to the payment of fines varying from 50 to 300 crowns, and at other times to the supervision of the censorship for an interval of from one to five years. Journals under the control of the censorship must not be published without the *imprimatur* of the police, that is to say, at the head of the paper must appear the permission for printing, signed by the censor, who is usually chosen from among the judges of the police tribunal. Besides the 'Fædrelandet' there are several other journals in opposition to the government: these are 'Den Frisindede' (the Liberal), the 'Morgenblad' (the Morning Journal), the 'Aftenblad' (Evening Journal), the 'Kjøbenhavn Post' (Copenhagen Post), the 'Corsaren' (Corsair). There are some papers which do not meddle with political affairs: such as the journals of commerce—of navigation, the bulletin of laws, &c. Copenhagen has moreover several periodical publications of the magazine class, such as the 'Scandinavian Museum, the 'Læsefrugter' (Fruits of Reading), the medical and surgical journals, the naval archives, &c.

The recent death of Dr. Jacobsen has occasioned a severe loss to the University of Copenhagen, and indeed to medical science generally. His works, especially those on anatomy, are highly esteemed. He was first physician to the King of Denmark, and he filled two professorships, one in the University of Copenhagen, and the other in the Academy of Surgery, in the same capital. He was a

member of the Jewish persuasion, and his appointment to the professorships above-named is the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is customary in Denmark to exclude from such appointments persons not professing the established religion of the country. Dr. Jacobsen died, after a short illness, at the age of 61.

The long-projected monument in honour of Professor Rask, of Copenhagen, is now about to be commenced. According to the description given of the design, it will be exceedingly simple, but, at the same time, novel and appropriate. A large tablet of sand-stone is to be placed perpendicularly in front of the tomb of the celebrated linguist. In order to denote the peculiar literary attainments of Rask, various proverbs will be inscribed on the tablet, in the Arabic, Sanscrit, Icelandic, and Danish languages. The Icelandic inscription will be in Runic characters, and the Danish will be a facsimile of Rask's handwriting. On an urn at the foot of the tablet will be inscribed in Roman characters the dates of Rask's birth and death; viz. 22d November, 1787, and 14th October, 1832.

FRANCE.

The dispute now pending between the Roman Catholic Church and the University of Paris, on the subject of Education, has become very warm and even threatens to disturb the quiet which the government, doubtless, wishes to preserve between the ecclesiastical and civil institutions;—perhaps we should rather say, associations; for, strictly speaking, there is no legalized institution which can be called the church of France. However, though the Roman Catholic Church has received several serious checks since Louis Philippe was raised to the throne by the revolution of 1830, yet it has unceasingly struggled to recover its former ascendancy. During the discussion on the constitution which took place amidst the stormy agitation consequent on the ever-memorable Three Days, an article was added to the document, which may be called the French Magna Charta, declaring that there is no superior religion or established church in France; but, after long discussions, a clause was added setting forth that the majority of the French people are Roman Catholics. This declaration seemed little calculated to produce any mischievous effect, but the priesthood and their party have made use of it very dexterously to serve their purposes. Notwithstanding the violent confessions of opinion which the question of religious liberty has called forth, it seems, at last, to be almost generally admitted in France, that to enforce a profession of faith is an act of tyranny of the cruellest kind. On the other hand it is contended, that where the doctrines of one sect are professed by a decided majority of the people, some particular privileges or pre-eminence ought to be conceded to that sect—that it will in the nature of things acquire great power—and that, for the sake of public tranquillity, it ought to constitute what we call the established religion, and be invested with the preponderance and the advantages usually given to such an institution. This principle has been in some measure adopted in our own country by our ancestors, though it certainly has not been very perfectly followed out in each of our three kingdoms. On the question now at issue in France, much liberality is manifested. Many

members of the catholic church, distinguished for their piety and the respectability of their stations in society, have become converts to that independent system of religion which in this country is called 'voluntaryism.' Lamartine has declared for the complete separation of church and state, and that great question is at present warmly agitated in France; the details of the dispute have, however, already appeared in our daily journals, and to reinsert them here would, perhaps, be to trouble our readers with the repetition of facts with which they are already familiar.

Every reader of Chateaubriand's writings must be sensible to the harmonious eloquence of his finely-rounded periods, though their force (we speak here of his prose compositions) is often marred by excessive diffusiveness. There is, however, a peculiarity in the grammatical construction of Chateaubriand's sentences which may have escaped general notice, and which is curiously explained in the following anecdote, related in a foreign literary journal: 'In the year 1829, Pinard, the eminent printer of Paris, was engaged by the bookseller, Ladvocat, to print the collected works of Chateaubriand. Every one must be aware that in dealing out types for the use of the compositors in a printing office, it is not necessary to supply all the letters of the alphabet in equal numbers. For example, a very few of the letter z will be required in proportion to hundreds of the letters a or e. Being supplied with type, distributed in the usual relative proportions, the compositors in Pinard's office set to work on the new edition of Chateaubriand. After the lapse of a day or two, one of the compositors applied to the foreman of the office for a fresh supply of letter a. The foreman expressed some surprise, but finding that the man had not a single letter a remaining, he ordered a fresh supply. Presently another compositor, employed on another volume of the work, and in quite a different part of the office, entered the foreman's room, and declared that he too had used all his letters a. This information created some dismay, and a suspicion arose that a portion of the type must have been stolen; but the compositor declared his conviction that no theft had been committed, and that if the number of a's in the composed sheets were counted, they would be found to correspond with the number of types distributed to him. Whilst this point was under discussion, a third compositor made his appearance, and announced that he had used all his letters n. Struck with the singularity of these facts, Pinard mentioned the subject to Raymond, who has since then rendered himself eminent for his philological learning. 'What can be the reason,' inquired Pinard, 'that so many letters a and n are required in printing Chateaubriand's works?'—'The reason is obvious,' replied Raymond; 'and you will find that in proportion as the celebrated writer employs a and n he spares e and i. For example, Chateaubriand avoids as much as possible the use of the relative pronouns *qui* and *que*, and in their stead employs verbs in the participial form, ending in *ant*. This sufficiently accounts for the speedy consumption of the types a and n in your printing-office.'

Some workmen lately employed in pulling down an old partition in the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, discovered on a wall two inscriptions recording seve-

ral remarkable events in the reign of Louis XIV. The inscriptions are engraven in large letters on tablets of black marble, and are as follow:

"1660. Interview between Louis XIV., King of France, and Philip IV., King of Spain, in the Isle des Faisans, where peace was declared between the two monarchs.—Marriage of the King with Maria Theresa of Austria, Infanta of Spain.—Solemn entry of their majesties into the city of Paris amidst the acclamations of the people.

"1683. The King concludes peace with the Algerines, punishes the Genoese, takes Luxembourg, forces his enemies to agree to a truce of twenty years, and at the prayer of the Spaniards remits 3,300,000 livres of contributions."

A few years ago, the 'Telephonie,' or method of transmitting communication between distant points, by means of musical sounds, of which M. Sudre is the inventor, excited a considerable degree of interest in France. M. Sudre was recently invited to exhibit specimens of his ingenious and useful invention at the maritime Prefecture of Brest. Admiral Grivel was requested by him to write any short sentence on a black tablet, which was placed on a sort of easel in sight of the assembled company. The admiral wrote the following question: 'How many troops have you?' M. Sudre then sounded a few notes on his violin, which, being heard by the interpreter who was stationed behind the tablet, and quite out of view of the sentence inscribed on it, he immediately uttered the words: 'How many troops have you?' Other trials followed, and all were attended with equal success. M. Sudre declared that the 'Telephonie' was capable of communicating at night and during foggy weather all the directions contained in the book of Signals. In proof of this statement, he placed on the easel a book of naval tactics, from which Admiral Grivel selected two or three directions, which were correctly communicated by notes performed on a musical instrument. It was remarked, in course of these experiments, that M. Sudre, in his musical interpretations, never went beyond the combinations of three notes forming a perfect chord. The orders thus communicated were immediately understood and interpreted, to the great astonishment and gratification of all present.

The readers of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' may, perhaps, remember that a few years ago M. Sudre visited London, and gave some interesting examples of his ingenious invention at a concert given by Mr. Moscheles.

Paul Delaroche and Moral Fatio have been commissioned by King Louis Philippe to paint some of the most interesting scenes which occurred during Queen Victoria's visit to the Château d'Eu. The subjects chosen for the pictures are the landing at Treport, the arrival at the château, the fête in the forest, the review and the departure. Delaroche is to proceed to London to paint those personages of the queen's suite who are to be introduced into the pictures, which are destined for the Museum of Versailles.

It is said, that in the circular Place round the Arc de l'Etoile are to be erected twenty-four colossal statues of the most distinguished captains of the empire.

About a month ago two large packages from Athens arrived in Paris, for the royal school of the

Fine Arts. They contained portions of the bas-reliefs collected from the ruins of the ancient temple of the Parthenon. A gallery is to be erected expressly for these valuable fragments of antiquity. An architect has been sent to Athens by the French government, for the purpose of collecting objects of art connected with the temple of the Parthenon, and forwarding them to Paris.

Some time ago a plan was proposed for introducing singing classes on Wilhem's method into the French army. The idea originated with Marshal Soult, who conceived that nothing could be better calculated to afford rational and agreeable recreation to the soldiery, than the practice of singing, and the study of music. The first trial of the scheme commenced about six months ago, when a thousand men belonging to the eighth regiment of Infantry, forming part of the garrison of Paris, began to receive instructions under the direction of the superintendent of the singing schools. On the 17th of October (after about four months' tuition) the most advanced pupils, 380 in number, had their first public performance. They sang several choruses with admirable accuracy, and the effect produced by so vast a number of powerful male voices is described to have been truly marvellous. Among other eminent persons, the poet Beranger was present at the performance.

Donizetti's Opera, 'Don Sebastian,' which had been for a long time anxiously looked for, was performed for the first time in Paris, on the 13th of November. The Maestro is accused of having spun out the Opera to a tedious length. It occupied no less than five hours and a half in the performance, having commenced at seven, and ended at half-past twelve o'clock. Two or three *morceaux* are mentioned in terms of high eulogy by the Parisian critics. These are a cavatina for the prima donna, one for the tenor, and a duo for both. The rest of the Opera is described as not rising above mediocrity. The scenery is superb, and there is a view of Lisbon by moonlight which excites universal admiration. The principal parts were supported by Madame Stoltz and Duprez.

The monument to the memory of Molière, which is to ornament the Rue Richelieu, is rapidly advancing towards completion. It is to consist of a fountain and a statue of Molière, with two allegorical figures of comedy. The statue is to be cast in metal from a model by M. Seurre. The figures of comedy are sculptured in Carara marble by Pradier. The architectural ornaments of the fountain are tolerably well advanced; and at present the workmen are employed on the great basin, which is to be composed of the beautiful stone of Château Landon. It is expected that the whole will be finished by the 15th of January, on which day (the anniversary of Molière's birth) the monument will be inaugurated. Directly opposite to the fountain stands the house in which the great dramatic poet breathed his last. It is No. 34 in the Rue Richelieu. Molière's apartments were situated in the *entresol*, and they communicated with those occupied by Armande Bejart, who lodged on the ground-floor, now the shop of the shoemaker, Lyons. In the internal fitting up, that is to say the painting and decoration of the walls, &c., Molière's apartments have undergone but little change, since the great dramatist occupied them: the bedroom, indeed, remains just as it was

in his life-time. The painting on the ceiling, which is the work of a pupil of Philip de Champaigne, is almost obliterated. On one side of a small square antechamber are two folding doors with looking-glass panels, opening into a large circular apartment, walled with wainscot, and painted in a grey tint. The gilding which once adorned the mouldings is now entirely defaced. The room is lighted by three very broad windows, one of which (that facing the door) looks out on the Rue Montpensier, and in Molière's time it commanded a view of the gardens of the Palais Royal. The position of the fireplace has been changed; but its original place is marked by a mirror surmounted by a painting. This picture, which represents a mythological subject, is correctly drawn, and the warmth and force of the colouring prove it to be the work of an able artist. Within the last week or two a marble tablet has been fixed up in front of the house, recording that Molière died there on the 17th of February, 1673, at the age of fifty-one.

GERMANY.

Eugene Sue's popular novel, 'Les Mystères de Paris,' has suggested the idea of a work of a similar kind, which now appears in occasional portions in the 'Hamburger Neue Zeitung.' It is entitled 'Die Geheimnisse von Hamburg.' In the Prussian capital too 'Die Mysterien von Berlin' are announced. The author of these last-named 'Mysteries' is understood to be a man who has had the opportunity of observing life in the highest circles.

Among the numerous publications which at this season of the year issue from the press of Germany, under the designation of 'Taschenbucher' (Pocket-books), Almanacs, &c., and which are the parents of our English 'Annals,' there is one published at Ratisbon, entitled 'Charites.' It is edited by Dr. Darenberger, private secretary to the Crown Prince of Bavaria. The number for the year 1844, which has just made its appearance, contains several poetic effusions of his majesty the King of Bavaria (among them are distiches on fifteen Bavarian artists), and also a poem from the pen of the Crown Prince.

Dr. Bohmer has recently returned to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, after a long tour in various parts of Germany and Austria. He has collected a large supply of materials for his historical labours, and has obtained leave to make many extracts from the archives in the Austrian libraries. It is understood to be Dr. Bohmer's intention to publish a second part of his 'Fontes Rerum Germanicarum,' the first part of which appeared at Stuttgart in the beginning of the present year.

A letter from Dresden mentions that the recently discovered Venus of Titian, which now adorns the picture-gallery, excites the admiration of all true lovers of art. This splendid painting, it appears, must have been hidden from view for upwards of a century, and was recently found covered with dust, in a place where it had been deposited among some rubbish. Its recovery is due to the exertions of Mattei, the director of the gallery, and the academic council.

The Feuilleton of a German journal has recently contained, under the title of 'Literarische Silhouetten,' a series of sketches of some of the most pop-

ular living writers of Germany. From one of these sketches we extract the following description of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, of whose 'Reise Briefe' a notice lately appeared in this Review.—(See No. LX.) After some smart comments on the lady's writings, the author of the 'Silhouetten' thus proceeds. "I felt some curiosity respecting the personal appearance of the Countess Hahn-Hahn. My imagination had painted her portrait in colours suggested by the tone and character of her writings. I had pictured her as a young, beautiful, and elegant woman. On my introduction to her I discovered my mistake. The countess is a lady about forty years of age, with an exceedingly ruddy complexion. The eye, the loss of which she attributes to Drefenbach's operation, disfigures her very much, as it is overgrown by a sort of thick white film. The other eye has a pleasing good-humoured expression. Unfortunately her teeth are large and ill-formed; but their defects are lost sight of when she converses. Her figure is slender, but rather too tall. Her hands and feet are elegant, perfectly *aristocratic*. I had expected that the proneness to censure which pervades the writings of the countess would also prevail in her conversation. Here I was agreeably disappointed. Her words are as soft as the ringlets of fair hair which flow on her cheeks. Her language and her voice harmonize beautifully together. There is nothing harsh or discordant in either, and both are imbued with a tone of melancholy which seems to spring from a suffering but gentle spirit. Once or twice I said within myself can this be the authoress of the 'Erinnerungen an und aus Frankreich,'—a work which seems to be the mere outpourings of an ill-natured and prejudiced mind, boldly condemning what it does not understand. In the romance of 'Ulrich,' the authoress evinces a more amiable and womanly feeling; though the faults I have just objected to, here and there peep out. In short, the Countess Hahn-Hahn does not show herself to the best advantage in her writings. She is much more agreeable as a woman than as an authoress."

The official Journal of the Wurtemberg government announces the appointment of Dr. Dinglestedt to the post of librarian to the king.

GREECE.

"Letters from Athens mention the death of Professor Ulrichs, of the Otho University. Ulrichs, who was a native of Bremen, was appointed in the year 1834 professor of the Latin language, and at a subsequent period lecturing professor of Latin philology, in the Otho University. His varied knowledge and acquirements, but more especially his profound learning as a philologist and antiquarian, gained for him the esteem and admiration of the professors and students of the Athenian University. One of the consequences of the revolution of September last was the dismissal of all foreigners holding appointments under the Greek government. This measure extended to the foreign professors in the University; and in one day Feder, Hertzog, Ulrichs, Fabritius, Landerer, and Amici, received intimations that their functions had ceased. This was a fatal blow to Ulrichs, who, with his family, depended for support solely on the emoluments derived from his professorship. This misfortune, preying deeply on his mind, increased

the feeble state of health under which he had been previously suffering, and speedily terminated his life. He died on the 2d of October last.

Among the German professors who, like Ulrichs, were dismissed from their posts in the University of Athens, was Dr. Ross, the distinguished archaeologist. He has been appointed Professor of Archaeology in the University of Jena, and is commissioned to pursue his learned researches in Greece and Turkey, for the space of two years, at the expense of the Prussian Government.

The treasures of classical literature known to be buried in the convents of Mount Athos have for some time past excited considerable interest. A few years ago M. Mino de Mynas was sent to Greece on a mission from the French government, for the purpose of exploring the libraries of Mount Athos, and if possible rescuing their contents from destruction. M. Mynas has lately returned to France, carrying with him numerous highly valuable manuscripts. Among them are a collection of Fables in choriambic verse, by Babrias, of which only a few fragments were hitherto known;—a portion of the twentieth book of Polybius;—several writings of Dexippus and Eusebius;—a fragment by the historian Prseas;—a new set of fables by Æsop, with a life of the author; a work on Greek Syntax, by Gregory of Corinth;—an unpublished grammar by Theodosius of Alexandria;—a Treatise on Gymnastics, by Philostratus;—some copies of laws;—lexicons and grammars; comments on the Greek poets, and various other works.

Some violent storms which have recently visited the Carpathian Sea have been attended with circumstances highly interesting to the observers of natural phenomena. The Carpathian Sea, it may be observed, is a name given by some geographers to that part of the Mediterranean which surrounds Candia and extends from that island towards the Nile. It is still what Horace emphatically called it, a 'Mare tumultuosum,' and its recent commotions seem to realize the pictures bequeathed to us by the poets of antiquity. From a letter which has appeared in the columns of a continental journal we extract the following particulars:

"During and after the autumnal months, several shocks of earthquake were felt in the neighbourhood of Crete and Rhodes, particularly to the west and north of the latter island. A gentleman who was in that quarter at the time of the commotions writes that the north wind which prevails in the Ægean Sea during the summer, commenced this year later than usual, but that it was remarkable for its vehemence and uninterrupted continuance. To the southward, between Melos and Rhodes, the storm was so violent from the 9th to the 15th of September, that no ship could keep the sea. In the evening of the 15th, the force of the wind abated, and early on the 16th there was almost a calm off Casos and Carpathos, and the temperature changed to an oppressive heat. Towards mid-day there appeared in the north, over Calymnos, Cos, and Nisyros, a collection of black clouds, but the north wind again rose, and heavy showers of rain appeared to fall on Casos and the western extremity of Crete, while only a few drops reached Carpathos and Rhodes. Towards the evening of the 16th, the north wind resumed its former vehemence, and continued to blow with

equal violence to the 20th. On the 17th it was observed that the degree of cold was quite uncommon for the latitude of these islands. Within the sunny shores of Rhodes, the thermometer fell to 10 degrees of Reaumur. On the night of the 16th, and about daybreak on the 17th, the high calcareous masses of the little island, Chalke, on the north-west coast of Rhodes, experienced their first serious shocks of earthquake known to have occurred; for those with which they were visited in 1822 indicated only a slight commotion. The shocks, the central point of which seemed to be on the south-west coast of the island, were on this occasion so violent that houses of slight construction were thrown down, and large rents appeared in the walls of others. Part of a rock on the south-west of the island broke loose and rolled into the sea. This first shock was felt in all the surrounding islands, and the commotions continued during the whole week in Chalke and Rhodes, but they became gradually more feeble. However, on Sunday, October 1, half an hour before daybreak, a violent commotion agitated all the ships in the port. More than twenty houses in the adjoining villages were thrown down, and the walls of all the rest were shattered. The shocks, though in general very slight, recurred almost regularly every quarter of an hour until noon. It was now reported that a column of smoke had been seen behind the promontory whence the mass of rock which rolled into the sea was torn, but no eye-witness verified the phenomenon. Some slight movements were felt on the morning of the 1st of October in Chalke, but soon after midnight a severe and long-continued shock agitated the bastions. On the 6th of October, at two in the morning, a very violent concussion occurred. The shocks had been felt there from the 17th of September to the 1st of October. On the contrary, no commotion had been felt at Calymnos, except one which occurred several days before the 17th, and which was accompanied by an uncommon vapour and much moisture. The islands of Chalke, Syme, Carpathos, and Casos, consist altogether of masses of calcareous rock. The heart of the island of Rhodes, the lofty Atabyron is also calcareous rock and marble, but the smaller hills and promontories on the coast are chiefly sandstone. Nisyros is a burnt-out volcano, the crater of which opens into the centre of the island, where it forms a basin containing some pools of sulphur. The highland of Cos, which has sulphurous and other warm springs, is also of volcanic origin. Pathmos is entirely volcanic. The immense calcareous mount on Calymnos, more than 2000 feet high, consists of a conglomeration of substances, the chief material of which is bruised pumice-stone. The little island of Leros, between Calymnos and Pathmos, consists of chalk and slate. The only island not visited by the writer of these observations is Telos, situated between Nisyros and Chalke. It is probably also volcanic."

HOLLAND.

The Rotterdam Musical Association has commissioned the composer Commer, who is now in Berlin, to superintend an edition of the principal works of the old Netherland composers, substituting the modern system of notation for that in which they are written.

At Leyden an association has been formed for the purpose of reprinting some of the most curious and scarce productions of the early literature of the Netherlands.

HUNGARY.

The General Assembly of the Hungarian Academy of Science and Literature held its annual public sitting in Pesth, on the 8th of October last. The plan of this academy was first projected in the year 1825, by Count Szechenyi, who in furtherance of its establishment subscribed a year's amount of his revenues. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and its funds have now attained a very considerable amount. The academy is divided into six principal sections, viz.—Philology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, History, Mathematics and Natural Science. Besides the members forming a directing council, there are honorary members, salaried members, and corresponding members. The sittings are always held in Pesth, where the resident members have weekly meetings for lectures on literary and scientific subjects. There is a general meeting once every year, when prizes are distributed and new members chosen. The lectures delivered in the weekly meetings of the academy at Pesth, afford ample proof that the taste for science and literature is more advanced in Hungary than is generally believed.

ITALY.

ROME.—A work has recently been published in Rome, entitled 'Lezioni sulla Divina Commedia, preceduta da un Discorso critico sopra tutti i Manoscritti, l'Eccezioni e i Commentatori antichi e moderni di Dante Alighieri,' &c. The author of this work is the Advocate Filippo Mercuri, who has already earned reputation by his writings on several subjects connected with ancient art. He is one of those who find allegories in everything Dante has written, and he explains them by references to historical events. He supports his views by a vast deal of curious and interesting matter which he has found in some old and hitherto unprinted chronicles. It is the author's intention to write a life of Dante from old manuscripts preserved in the library of the Vatican, and in the private collections of several Roman nobles. In this forthcoming work, Mercuri promises to give some specimens of a manuscript commentary on the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*, written in Latin, by Franceschino di Poggia Romano, at Faenza, in the year 1412.

Prince Joseph Poniatowsky's romantic opera, 'Bonifazio di Geremei,' was performed, for the first time, on the 29th of November, at the Teatro Argentini, in Rome. An Italian journal observes, that all the principal Roman nobility (*il fior della nobiltà Romana*) were present, and at the conclusion of the performance the composer was called on the stage times out of number.

Cornelius arrived in Rome from Berlin in the beginning of November. It is his intention to pass the winter there, and to employ himself in making sketches for several new fresco paintings.

On the site of the ancient city of Veii, in Etruria, a curious tomb has recently been discovered. It is built of sandstone, and contains two chambers of an oblong form. The wall of the first chamber, which has an opening communicating

with the second apartment, is decorated by painted figures of various kinds, representing sphinxes, lions, and men on horseback and on foot. The style of these paintings very much resembles that of Corneto, only that it is more ancient, and is perfectly in keeping with the style of the ornaments of bronze and clay contained in the tomb. The structure must be anterior to the year 360 B. C., in which year the city of Veii was conquered and destroyed by Camillus, and also anterior to the period when the influence of Greek art was known in Etruria.

Frey, the Russian artist, is at present in Rome. He accompanied the expedition to Egypt, under Dr. Lepsius, and unfortunately he had all his drawings stolen by a marauding party of Arabs. His health has been much injured by the Egyptian climate.

The Archaeological Academy of Rome gave out for the year 1842 the following prize questions of high interest in relation to Italian antiquities:

—1. Is the heavy coin, the *as grave*, which is not Roman, and has no inscription, to be attributed to any Italian people, and, among the different nations of antiquity, to which? 2. Is its origin anterior to the fourth century of Rome? 3. What consequences may be deduced from the comparison of this coin with the artistical medals of the people of ancient Italy, or with those of any trans-mediterranean people, with a view to ascertain the rise and progress of the art? Dr. Achille Gennarelli, author of the *Texte du Museo Gregoriano*, obtained the prize, and his Treatise is already published. He ascribes the *as grave* to the people of Italy, and, reasoning thereon, he assigns a high degree of civilisation to the primitive ages.

An event is on the *tapis* here, which causes much satisfaction amongst the English artists. The English students have hitherto been unable to follow their professional avocations without many disadvantages, as the institutes here have not afforded them facilities to carry out their artistic pursuits; not from want of courtesy, but from actual want of space and accommodation. The British Minister resident at Naples, Sir George Hamilton, has opened a subscription among the English nobility and others, resorting to the Italian States. The fund already amounts to near 3000*l.*, with which it is intended to erect an academy, in which all English students will be enabled to pursue their studies throughout the year, instead of, as heretofore, remaining inactive for months. The establishment is to contain all that is necessary for their use, and also a large and magnificent collection of casts from the antique, and the chief works of the most celebrated modern sculptors, &c.; likewise an extensive library.

Some rich veins of true fossil coal have been discovered in the Maremma.

A hypogeum of considerable extent has been excavated near Cortona. Its construction is Etruscan, not Cyclopean. Eleven rooms have been cleared out, and a number still remain to be explored. Nothing but a few vases have as yet been discovered.

A sketch of the life of Francesco Gianni, the celebrated improvisatore, has been published at

Rome, and gives an amusing account enough of his literary life and fortunes, his squabbles with Vincenzo Monti, &c. He was a protégé of Napoleon, who gave him a pension of 6000 francs, a very comfortable income for Italy, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

TURIN.—A machine invented by the engraver Giacomo Carelli, for producing exact copies of works in bas-relief, has been attracting considerable attention here. The fidelity and clearness of the impression is such, that even a practised eye can hardly at first glance distinguish the copy of the medal from the medal itself, when placed side by side on paper. The works of A. Collas are well known to most of our readers; it is sufficient therefore to explain that the engravings executed by Signor Carelli's machine closely resemble those produced by M. Collas' process. In one important respect, however, the Italian invention promises to be of far higher value than its predecessor, inasmuch as it is adapted, not merely for producing exact impressions on steel or copper of the smaller bas-reliefs, such as medals, coins, &c., but it will engrave, in any size which may be required, the largest works of this class, the grandest designs of Ghiberti, Donatello, Canova, &c. A discovery like this is of very great value, diffusing, as it will, at a comparatively low price, exact representations of treasures of art, which are now monopolized by a few wealthy individuals.

NAPLES.—Signor Raphael Liberatore died at Naples on the 2d of June last. He was one of the principal compilers of the '*Vocabolario della Lingua Italiana*.' He was also editor of the '*Annali Civili del Regno delle Due Sicilie*,' and of the '*Lucifero*,' one of the best of the Neapolitan weekly journals. His father, Pasquale Liberatore, author of several works on legislation, &c., died a few months before him.

VENICE.—The '*Enciclopedia Italiana*,' now in course of publication, has lately been enriched with several valuable contributions to philosophical science from the pen of Professor Rivato. His biographies of Des Cartes and Cassini, and his essay on 'Cause and Causality,' are especially worth the attentive perusal of our metaphysical students, and of the contributors to the current English Encyclopedias and Biographical Dictionaries.

BOLOGNA.—An interesting dissertation has been published from the pen of Professor Sauro, on the portrait of Dante, said to have been discovered among the figures in the fresco crucifixion in San Fermo. The professor is quite certain of the identity of the portrait with the poet, but his proofs are not altogether so convincing as might be desired. Signor Cavaltoni, the bookseller, has written a pamphlet in answer to the professor, which is also well worth a perusal; as, indeed, anything of the least merit, connected with the great poet, must needs be.

PISA.—Literature and Science have sustained a heavy loss in the death of Ippolito Rosellini, professor of archaeology in the university of Pisa, and author of the colossal work on the monuments of Nubia and Egypt. It is some compensation to be able to add, that the great undertaking in question, commenced by Champollion, and continued by Rosellini, will, there is every reason to believe, be

adequately completed by Father Ungarelli, the distinguished Orientalist and antiquarian, to whom Rosellini bequeathed his manuscripts.

FLORENCE.—It is announced that the work of Galileo, on the satellites of Jupiter, the discovery of which in the Pitti library we mentioned in our last number, will be published in the early part of next year, under the superintendence of Signior Alberi, to whom the discovery of this manuscript, so long deemed lost, is owing. It seems curious, however, that there should have been such a doubt on the subject, since in the catalogue of the Galilean manuscripts in the library of which it formed part, it is entered and described under three different heads. The work is not wholly Galileo's; for, before he had concluded his observations, blindness came upon him, and he then entrusted the completion of his labours to his friend, Father Raineri, whose portion of the manuscript will, of course, also be printed.

The progress of astronomical inquiry since that period has superseded the treatise in a scientific point of view, but in every other respect the publication will be of the greatest interest.

During the year 1842 there were printed in Italy 3042 books (the number printed in 1841 was 2999). Of these, 1769, or about three-fifths, were published in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; 508 in Piedmont; 235 in Tuscany; 216 in the Papal States; 174 in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; 19 in the duchy of Modena; and 11 in the state of Lucca. Of these works, a considerable portion were translations.

NORWAY.

When the congress of Scandinavian naturalists assembled last summer in Stockholm, it was decided that the meeting of next year should take place in Christiania. The president observed that this decision was to be regretted, inasmuch as several distinguished naturalists, members of the Jewish persuasion, would be prevented from taking part in the meeting, no Israelite being permitted to enter Norway. The congress immediately resolved to address a petition to the Norwegian government, praying that those Jewish naturalists who wished to join the scientific meeting, should be allowed to sojourn in Christiania during its meeting. This request, to which the council of state and the ministry of Norway were favourable, has been acceded to. It is understood that the Storting, in its next session, will vote for full and entire religious liberty throughout Norway.

PRUSSIA.

The personal reminiscences of Carl von Holtei, two volumes of which have recently been published in Berlin under the title of 'Forty Years,' are said to be now exciting considerable interest in the literary circles of Germany.

A new oratorio, entitled 'John Huss,' composed by Dr. Karl Löwe, is highly extolled by the musical critics of Berlin. The composer has interwoven through the oratorio some old melodies which were adopted as hymn tunes by the early reformers; an idea, probably, borrowed from Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots.'

A private letter from Bonn contains the following curious story. It was necessary to state, in the usual Latin programme at the close of the last university term, that the lectures on language and

comparative philology would not be given, because the professor who was to deliver them (Dr. Kosegarten) was travelling abroad. The writer of the programme, desiring to announce the fact in choice Latinity, placed after the professor's name the words, 'Barbaras terras peregrans' (wandering in foreign lands). The director of the police, who, it would seem, was not very profoundly versed in classical lore, interpreted the word 'barbaras' in the sense it commonly bears in modern languages. The country in which the professor was travelling was Russia; and the czar was at that moment in Berlin on a visit to the king: the expression was plainly a most offensive allusion to Russia—perhaps even an insult to the czar himself. Accordingly orders were forthwith issued for tearing down the programmes which had been posted up, and for seizing all the copies remaining in the chancery of the university. This affair has excited no little amusement at Bonn.

RUSSIA.

Gretsch, the imperial councillor of state, and editor of the 'Northern Bee,' has been commissioned by the Russian government to write an account of Russia, with a view to counteract the alleged misstatements of the French work lately published by the Marquis de Custine. The documents for Gretsch's work are furnished from official sources. The author is writing it in the Russian language, and the sheets are sent one by one to M. Von Kotzebue, who translates them into German. A French translation will also be published under the sanction of the Russian government.

Professor Jacobi, whose numerous experiments in electricity are well known in the learned world, has received instructions from the Emperor Nicolas for the establishment of an electrical telegraph between St. Petersburg and Tsarkoé-Selo. A trial of this galvanic correspondence between the emperor's winter palace and the hotel of the Post Office has proved perfectly successful.

The College Counsellor Oertel has just published a 'French-Russian and Russian-French Dictionary,' in two volumes. A third volume, which is in preparation, will contain the terms of natural history and of the sciences.

Professor Busch, of the Medico-Chirurgical Academy of St. Petersburg, died on the 5th of November, at the age of seventy-two. Dr. Busch had been the principal medical practitioner in the Russian capital for upwards of half a century.

Professor Baer, of the St. Petersburg Academy of Science, has during the last few years made several antiquarian excursions into the most northern regions of Russia. He has recently returned from a visit to some of the small islands adjacent to the Finnish coast. On those islands, as well as in several parts of Lapland, and even in Nova-Jo-Sembla, Professor Baer found masses of stone ranged in rows and winding in a labyrinthian form. The artistical arrangement of these stones bears evidence that they have been put together with human hands. In spite of the most active researches, Professor Baer has been unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion respecting the origin and object of these ancient monuments. In Lapland the inhabitants alleged that these labyrinths had existed from the remotest antiquity, and that

they everywhere bore the name of Babylon; but no one could say by whom or for what purpose they had been constructed. They were entirely overgrown by lichens, which, as those plants are of very tardy growth, is another proof of the antiquity of the monuments. They are highly prized by the people, who use every caution to preserve them from decay. Professor Baer believes them to be of Finnish or Russian origin.

SPAIN.

M. Gachard, the Belgian archivist, is busily pursuing his researches here. After having explored the national library of Madrid, the libraries of the Escorial, and of the Royal Academy of History, he set out for Simancas, where the archives of the Spanish monarchy are preserved. No foreigner was ever before allowed to inspect that celebrated collection, and even native Spaniards do not easily gain admittance to it. M. Gachard was therefore singularly fortunate in being permitted, not only to examine, but to make copies and extracts from all documents relating to the history of Belgium, of which there is a vast number at Simancas. M. Gachard bestows particular attention on the examination of the documents relative to the revolution of the sixteenth century. On this subject he found the most complete and valuable historical records in the original correspondence of Margaret of Parma, Cardinal Granville, and the Duke of Alba, with Philip II., and numerous letters of Counts Egmont and Horn, the Prince of Orange, and other eminent personages. The letters of the Duchess of Parma to the king, which are in Italian, the only language the princess could write, are all autographs, and very interesting. The correspondence of Granville is still more voluminous; it is

in Spanish, and all in his own handwriting. M. Gachard had previously made notes of all the correspondence of Granville with the court of Madrid preserved at Besançon, and now in the course of publication by the French government. The letters of the cardinal, in the library at Besançon, form but a small portion of those preserved at Simancas.

SWEDEN.

The Swedish merchant brig, the *Bull*, which recently returned to Stockholm, after a voyage of three years, has brought some curious information from the Pacific, having touched at several small islands, which probably have not been visited by any European since Cook's time, besides four other islands, which are not marked in any chart, and of which possession was taken in the name of King Charles John. The natives are a very handsome race, and very gentle in disposition and manners. They had never seen iron.

A peasant, lately engaged in ploughing in the neighbourhood of Wisby, found an oval-shaped copper box, containing no less than 3350 silver coins, and several pieces of silver. The smaller coins, about 380 in number, are Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Norwegian, of the reigns of Kings Ethelred, Canute, Harold, Hardeknute, Edward, and Sven Grikson. The larger coins bear the names of Cologne, Magdeburg, Mentz, Strasburg, Augsburg, and other German towns. All the coins are of the tenth and eleventh centuries.

On the 11th of November, the Stockholm academy of science gave a grand banquet in celebration of the anniversary of the appointment of the celebrated Berzelius, to the post of secretary to the academy.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT.

FROM OCTOBER TO DECEMBER, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

- Ahn, F., Handbuch der franz. Umgangssprache. Koln. 1s. 6d.
- Ahrens, H. L., de Graecae Linguae dialecto. Lib. II., de dialecto Dorica. Rl. 8vo. Gött. 10s. 6d.
- Alcantarae, P., de meditatione et oratione libellus aureus cur. Al. Sintzel. 12mo. Augsburg. 1s. 6d.
- Allioli, J. F., Handbuch der bibl. Alterthumskunde. 9 Lief. 8vo. Landschut. 1s. 6d.
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6. *Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au 13ème Siècle*. Par A. F. OZANAM. Paris. 1839.

7. *Histoire de Dante Alighieri*. Par M. ARTAUD. Paris. 1841.

8. *Sullo Spirito della Divina Commedia*. Del MARCHESE AZZOLINI. Firenze. 1837.

THE study of Dante has, within the last few years, received a new impulse upon the continent. In Germany we have had, at least, four translations in succession; two in *terza rima*, by Kannegiesser (1832), and by Streckfuss (1834); two, in blank verse, by Prince John of Saxony, and by Kopisch. *La Vita Nuova* and *Le Rime di Dante* have also been translated. Philosophical and elaborately learned commentaries upon the poem have appeared. Lectures upon the *Commedia* have been given at Berlin, Bonn, Königsberg, Halle, Breslau, and other places. In France, the translation of MM. Delecluze and Brizeux, the works cited at the head of our article, and many others which we do not cite at all;—in Italy, the ‘Life of Dante,’ by M. Balbo, the writings (catholic alas) of M. Fea, of M. Azzolini, of M. Pianciani;—better still, the many editions of the

poem, and the *Opere minori*, so long neglected, all signalize the same fact. After four or five centuries of accumulated labours upon this man, one might fancy that he was born yesterday. His life, his works, his system, his belief, are on all sides industriously subjected to a new analysis. They are interrogated like an oracle in seasons of emergency, with a sort of feverish anxiety, which never has been, and perhaps never will be paralleled. It is the reaction against Bettinelli, and the indifference of the eighteenth century, says the ‘*Revue des deux Mondes*.’* Nothing more? This random style of assertion, applied to the worship which humanity renders to its great men, is constitutional with the ‘*Revue des deux Mondes*,’ and is in keeping with its usual mode of proceeding; but it is not to our taste, nor do we think it would suit the taste of the writers we have mentioned. In periods of transition, when there has been a foreboding of innovation, we have always seen men turn a longing look towards the past, and, as it were, strain to their hearts with a renewed love the image of some one among the numbers of their mighty dead; once it was Plato or Aristotle—now it is Bacon or Dante. It is the guiding thread of Tradition which man tries to find before he adventures himself among unknown regions. From these giants of the realm of Thought—these high priests of the Ideal—he demands the meaning of that which has been, and the inspiration of that which shall be, and he is answered. Great men are the land-marks of Humanity; they measure its

* ‘*Biographes et Traducteurs de Dante*,’ art. de M. Labitte. 1841.

course along the Past ; they indicate for it the direction towards the Future. Great men both narrate and prophesy. God hath endowed them above their fellows with the faculty to feel more intensely and more extensively the Universal Life which interpenetrates and pervades all things—they breathe it out at every pore. Men of a unity of character, they have powers of generalisation—they see the reason of things—they can class and harmonize, into one complete whole, impressions, recollections, prejudices, upon which mediocrity dwells in detail and analyzes—they work upon the species, whilst mediocrity deals only with the individuals—they grasp the principle, whilst the men of mediocrity remain crawling amongst facts : the one class catches a glimpse of the course, whilst the other perceives nothing but the effects. Besides, their thought is often the still unexpressed thought of the whole nation—a thought that future generations must arise to develope. Their speech is always either an historical formula or a presentiment. They create nothing, for it is the province of the Deity alone to create : they discover—they look forth and discern stars, where our feeble eyes see only the Milky Way. Their language, not being understood, is almost always despised by their contemporaries. Their thought disappears, submerged under the waves of the time present, but God himself guides it beneath the abyss ; and if it be swallowed up, it is only to re-appear beyond. We are just beginning to know this. For a long time, in our supercilious manner of looking at the history of literature, in seeing therein nothing but individuals—flowers uprooted, without giving ourselves the trouble to study the ground that brought them all forth and nourished them—we have considered genius as something mysterious and unintelligible, an exotic production, having no connection with the circumstances surrounding it—without any reason for its existence, without any meaning or aim discoverable by the generations which come after. It was with terror and mistrust that we saw that rise up a giant, which was not of us—which was above our heads—and, according as we were good or bad, strong or weak, we worshipped it, or poured out anathemas against it. Later on we determined to study it ; but we did not cease to regard genius as an isolated thing, without respect to the medium, the epoch, or the country that surrounded it. We had no basis to go upon for our study ; and instead of endeavouring to catch the life of genius in its totality, we only analyzed the corpse of it. Of what use to us was the thought of genius ? What-

ever it might have been, was it not past ? did it not die away with the past ? When we had coldly said, ‘ It is a beautiful dream,’ all was said ; it was too far removed from us that we should be at all inclined to consecrate our vigils to it. Still there was beside us something which was its envelope, its material expression, the form, in short ; and upon this we threw ourselves with a sort of animosity ; we undertook to dissect it, to make minute details ; and this labour continued for centuries, and was called *criticism*. An ungrateful, sterile, Sisyphean task, that had to be commenced afresh each time that a new incarnation, arising to tell us that the laws of *form* reside in the *idea*, and that each idea has its own law, overturned the materials so painfully amassed. We still went on, however. And one day, as we were traversing upon the road of progress, ground which, we believed, had never before been the scene of human labour, it so happened that we met with deeply marked traces of travellers who had been before us, and that we recognized they had been left by those wonderful men whom we had so much admired, but whose thought had appeared to us a sublime wandering from the path of reason to the bosom of the infinite. From that day the point of view from which we studied great men was changed ; the true critic arose. Now we neither adore genius, nor anathematise it ; we endeavour to understand it, and we are learning to love it. We regard the form it assumes but little, for we know that forms perish, and that it is the idea alone which endures for ever. It is to raise the veil which conceals this thought that we especially strive. It is in very truth our own, even as they. Men of genius are our brothers—brothers blessed with the only privilege that we can recognize without degrading ourselves, for it comes from God. But we shall one day rejoin them, and realise all that of which they caught a glimpse before us ; and we understand them more and more in proportion as we draw near to that day, in proportion as we aspire towards the future. Great men, like large landscapes, require to be viewed from an eminence. Formerly the high points of their conceptions alone struck us ; like the peaks of the Alps when looked at from below, they crushed us down beneath their isolated elevation ; but in the present day, more nearly on a level with them, we embrace their whole extent, we comprehend better their unity and continuity ; at least we endeavour to do so, and that is already a great point gained.

The thought that was in Dante is the same as that which is now fermenting in the bo-

som of our own epoch, and we feel this instinctively; therefore it is that we press around him with fresh ardour. We seek to place our still wavering belief in refuge under the great wing of his genius. We do not say that the belief of the writers, whose names stand at the head of our article, is identical with that of Dante, far from it; we say, that the idea which animates them—the idea, to realise which they endeavour to build up a system of belief, is the same that Dante pursued more than five centuries before them. They are Catholics, Guelphs, or Ghibelines; that is to say, they have not sufficient nerve to look the faith of the future steadily in the face; but these words only represent to them the particular form under which they endeavour to lay hold of their own idea. That which lies hid underneath their labours and their aspirations is an idea of renovation, a feeling of the need to re-establish some of the grand ideas of order, harmony, authority, without which this world could not long hold together; an earnest desire to become one with unity in all its aspects, religious, political, artistical unity, which multiplies a hundredfold the power of intelligence and of will; which in the present day is frittered away in the pursuit of individual interests: a confused yearning for the ideal, which is clouded by the materialism of private interest, and by the superficial, corrupted, and venal literature, with which, for some years past, we have been overrun. Dante is to them, what he is to us, one of the purest worshippers of the ideal that ever existed—one of the strongest and most comprehensive heads which has worked in this world between Charlemagne and Napoleon. That is the reason they write with energy, and we read them with patience, sometimes even with warmth. The secret of Dante is a thing which concerns the present time.

Have the writers of whom we speak unveiled this secret? Have they seized in all its aspects that soul so loving, and so severe—so susceptible to all emotions,* yet so profoundly sad—which by turns reflected within itself Heaven, earth, hell, things finite, and things infinite? We do not think they have. The view which each of them has taken appears to us essentially incomplete. One has made him a Gueff—another has made him a Ghibeline; nearly all of them endeavour to prove that he was an orthodox catholic. Now, Dante was neither a catholic nor a Gueff, nor a Ghibeline; he was a CHRISTIAN and an ITALIAN. But all of them

have seized some trait of his mind; all have more or less laboured upon the outworks of his idea; all have studied, with more or less impartiality, the age in which Dante lived, the men and things amongst whom he passed his life, his *Opere minori*, hitherto so forgotten; and by these means they have opened the only way in which the individuality of the man and the poet, so profaned and mutilated by the sectarians of the dead letter, may be soon re-established. For fifty or thirty years, people made dissertations about the *Pupe Satan*—about two different readings,* both equally absurd—about the greater or less degree of harmony in certain lines of a poem, where the harmony flows throughout in a full tide. At the present day the romanticism of the continent has passed over the dried-up ground of these carplings upon words and syllables, and they are bowed down level with the ground, never more to raise themselves up. May the dust weigh more lightly upon their sleep than upon their books! Our writers occupy themselves less with the forms than with the subjects—less with the details than with the whole—less with the mode in which Dante expresses his thought than with that thought itself. Instead of writing a hundredth commentary upon his work, they write his life. Yet a few more efforts, and this grand figure of the Christian era, which has hovered above our cradle, will re-appear to our eyes, shining with brighter glory, and we may offer to it, not our admiration (*that* it has compelled for five hundred years), but our sympathy and our love—that love for which his soul thirsted—which none gave him during his lifetime, and which even yet, for want of knowledge, we can only bestow by a sort of instinct, and even that only a half love.

Poor Dante! admiration has done him more harm since his death than ever hatred during his life; it has mutilated the thought that lay below by attaching itself exclusively to its most brilliant surface; it has adored the flame and forgotten the hearth; the poet has effaced the man, the inspired speaker, the thinker. Poetry is, however, the power to symbolise, consecrated to the service of a great thought. As in the case of Milton, the splendour of the poem has

* Upon the *accuja*, for example, of the Florentine edition of 1481, and the *attuja* of the other editions (*Purg.*, c. 33, v. 48). *Accuja* and *attuja* mean nothing, either in Italian or English, or any other existing language. They are evidently two errors of the copyists. A *butia* (darkness) is, without doubt, the word that Dante wrote, and yet not one of the thousand and one annotators has substituted it for this barbarism. Foscolo's edition alone (Rolandi, London, 1842-3) gives the true reading.

* . . . io che pur di mia natura,
Transmutabile son per tutte guise.—*Purg.* v.

thrown the minor works into the shade. The cupola has caused the lower part of the edifice to be forgotten. Lightly regarded by his contemporaries themselves,* they did not meet with a favourable medium, even when the press gave them a more extended circulation. The age of patriots was dead, that of thinkers had not yet arisen.† In the midst of the torrent of pedantic, jesuitical, academical literature, which overflowed Italy, the 'Divina Commedia' swam above all,—there was in it an eternal spirit of poetry, which no human efforts could destroy; the minor works were overwhelmed, new editions of them were very rare; they were besides, thanks to the fashion of servilely following one single *codice*, so extremely faulty, that the *Convito*, for instance, was, before the labours of Monti and others, almost unintelligible; to which may be added, the barbarous Latinity of some, and the wearisome scholastic form of all.

Besides this, men, instead of studying such minor works as are incontestibly proved to belong to Dante, amused themselves on the faith of some *codice*, or of God knows what, in attributing to him others, evidently forged, and which are, nevertheless, quoted in the present day by his biographers. We are not speaking of the 'Disputationes de Aqua et Terra,'—of a Dissertation upon the Nature of Fishes—of the Life and Miracles of Saint Torello, and other trash, attributed to him by such as Father Negri, by Father Soldani, by Valvassori, and such like: they were soon rejected as impostures. We are speaking of forgeries which have obtained credit among literary men—which have been received, one cannot conceive how, by

the writers named at the head of our article, and which lead to a false appreciation of the life and opinions of Dante; inventions of Mario Filelfo, a brazen and impudent charlatan and speculator, if ever there was one; we allude to the *Credo*, to the *Magnificat*, to the *Seven Penitential Psalms*, and other sacred poems, which are to be found in almost all the editions of Dante's poems—to a host of compositions, sonnets, and other things belonging to Dante of Majano, his contemporary; another Dante, an obscure poet of the fifteenth century; perhaps to two of the sons of Dante himself—any way, not to him—and yet inserted among the *Rime* of one Dante.*

If to all these sources of error we add the audacious lies introduced into the Life of Dante by Filelfo and others, the anecdotes invented by Franco Sacchetti and other novelists, and received as history—the accusations insinuated against Dante by popish and jesuitical writers—the gratuitous affirmations about his travels and his friendships by a servile tribe of writers, working in the hire of some patrician families, whom they seek in all ways to flatter—we shall no longer be astonished if, after all these labours, the Life of Dante still remains to be written, and that his individuality can scarcely be discerned through the clouds and darkness that have accumulated over it.

A man well known here in England, and whose name, synonymous with literary

* Forgetting that Dante, in his 'Convito,' written in the latter part of his life, entirely confirmed his 'Vita Nuova.' "Se nella presente opera la quale è Convito nominato, più virilmente si trattasse, che nella Vita Nuova, non intendo però a quella in parte alcuna derogare, ma maggiormente giovare per questa quella." Boccaccio, in his life of Dante, affirms that Dante blushed for his first work. Others speak lightly of his detached poems, which Dante in his poem causes Casella, the friend of his youth, to sing to him with love.

† The first edition of the 'Convito' is that of 1490, by Buonacorsi, Florence. A Titanic Italian conception like that of Dante, could not in those times be—we do not say FELT—but divined. Far from spreading civilisation on the world, the civilisation of Italy, concentrated, like life in the heart, at Florence, already foreboded adverse destinies. 'La Monarchia,' although twice translated, in 1461, by Jacopo del Rosso, and in 1467, by Marsilio Ficino, was only first published in 1559 at Basle (per Io Opporinum) twenty-nine years after the last ray of Italian liberty had been stifled by Charles V. and Clement VII. The book 'De Vulgari Eloquentia' appeared in 1529 at Vicenza, in a translation; the Latin text in 1577 at Paris.

* Among the poems attributed to Dante by the Venetian editor of 1518, and by nearly all others after him, we must reject the canzone, 'Perché nel tempo rio,' 'Dacché ti piace, Amore, ch'io ritorni,' 'L'uom che conosce è degno ch'aggia ardire,' 'L'alta speranza che mi reca amore,' 'Oime lasso quelle treccie bionde—Non spero che giannai per mia salute,' 'Io non pensava che lo cor giannai,' 'Giovane donna dentro al cuor mi siede,' 'L'alta virtù che si ritrasse al cielo.' Of these, several are by Cino. The sonnets, 'Dagli occhi belli di questa mia dama,' 'Un di si venne a noi melancolia,' 'Messier Brunetto,' &c., and 'Quel che voi siete, amico, vestro manto,' 'Non conoscendo, amico, il vostro nome,' 'Tu che stanzii lo colle ombroso e fresco, Io ho tutte le cose ch'io non voglio,' 'Lode di Dio, e della madre pura,' 'Quando veggio Bechina corrucciata,' 'O Madre di Virtute, luce eterna,' and twenty more, at least, ought to be equally rejected; also the four lines, 'L'amor che mosse già l'eterno Padre,' the epigram, 'O tu che sprezzai la nona figura.' Among a hundred and fifty compositions attributed to Dante, there are only about seventy that belong to him. Dionisi did much to expunge the rest. M. Fraticelli, the editor and illustrator of the 'Opere minori,' and who stands at the head of the names at the beginning of this article, has done still more: his criticism is almost always just and erudite. We regret, however, that his edition, through some unaccountable timidity, retains all the poems, whether genuine or not. Many persons will not read notes, which form an isolated portion of the work, and will persist in the old errors.

independence and incorruptible political integrity, is revered by all the youth of Italy, though little mentioned by her authors—Ugo Foscolo—did much to dissipate these clouds of error. Acrid and savage in his temperament, his mind nourished and fortified by severe study, little calculated for laying new foundations, but endowed with mighty faculties to overturn, he destroyed effectually (unless for those who bow down blindly before precedents) a host of errors that had been handed down by tradition, and prejudices which barred the way to the study of Dante. In his different writings, especially in his* ‘*Discorso sul Testo*,’ &c., he made a breach and cleared the ground for the erection of a new one. He annihilated historical anachronisms, affirmations taken up on the faith of an academy or a *savant*,—systems dictated by the vanity of a town or a patrician palace. He submitted authority to the test of a rational examination; he drove out the profane ones from the vestibule of the temple, and there he stopped. He was too much tinged with the materialism or scepticism of his time to venture therein himself and become a priest of the god; but if that still remains to be done, it is imperative on any one who shall undertake to write the life of Dante after him, neither to neglect his labours, nor to go on in the old track.

MM. Ozanam, Balbo, and d’Artaud, still persist in them in many respects—they have not taken much trouble to examine and discriminate the works of those who have laboured before them. They believe everything when it suits them. M. Ozanam sees Beatrice dying “*dans tout l’éclat de la virginité*,” in spite of the “*Bici filia sua et uxori D. Simonis de Bardis*,” of the paternal will. He declares that Dante understood Greek, in the face of the testimony of Dante himself, in his *Convito*, when he speaks of the translations of Aristotle, on the strength of a sonnet—“*Tu che stanzi lo colle ombroso e fresco*,” which is evidently not by Dante, but which he attributes to him on the authority of Pelli and his assistants, without the smallest plausible argument in favour of its asserted paternity. He consoles himself

for the faults with which he reproaches the poet, by declaring that he left at his last bequest a magnificent hymn to the Virgin, and that he wished to be clothed upon his bier in the habit of the order of St. Francis. Now the sonnet “*O Madre di Virtute, luce eterna*,” to which M. Ozanam alludes, and attributed to Dante by Corbinelli, belongs to Monte Andrea, or some other obscure poet; and as to the religious habit in which the Franciscan fathers are said by Tiraboschi to have muffled him, it is one of those anecdotes which in the present day every tolerably well-read man would be ashamed to quote. Dante was married, and he has left it written in his *Convito*, that it is not the habit of St. Bennet, of St. Augustine, St. Francis, or of St. Dominic, that constitutes a religious life, and that God requires only the religion of the heart.* In like manner, with M. Ozanam, M. Balbo complacently gives the anecdote of the cowl; he believes in the genuineness of *le rime sacre*, and in that tissue of trashy meretricious lines with which Quadrio, Rigoli, Crescimbeni, Frotta, and others like them, have arbitrarily loaded the memory of Dante. He professes clearly to discern the style, the versification, and the reminiscences of the poet. He believes in all the anecdotes which it has pleased Franco Sacchetti and Cinzio Giraldi to introduce into their tales. He believes in the four embassies, in the history of the Guelfs and Ghibelines, in all that it has pleased Mario Filelfo to set down to the account of Dante, forgetting the quotations which this same Filelfo impudently makes from prose works as by Dante, and which were recognized as spurious immediately on their publication. Endowed with still more vigorous powers of believing, M. le Chevalier Artaud de Montor, “*membre de l’Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, de l’Académie de la Crusca, de l’Académie de Gottingue*,” and of ten others, the names of which he contrives to insinuate here and there in his notes, fondly quotes, and always on the faith of Philelphus, the beginning of a letter, “*Beatitudinis tuæ sanctitas nihil potest cogitare pollutum, quæ, vices in terris gerens Christi, totius est misericordiæ sedes, veræ pietatis exemplum*,” &c.; written, he declares, by Dante, and to whom?—to that same Boniface VIII., against whom he inveighs bitterly no less than nine times in

* This ‘*Discorso*,’ published in 1825 by Pickering, was to have formed the first volume of an edition of the ‘*Commedia*,’ which was suspended by the death of Foscolo. This edition has recently been published by Rolandi, 20, Berners-street, who purchased the MSS. from Pickering, and it may some time possibly furnish us with an opportunity of reviewing the different editions of the text: meanwhile we gladly take this opportunity to commend its great beauty and excellence, and its remarkable cheapness.

* “*Che non torna a religione pur quelli che a San Benedetto, a Sant’ Agostino e a San Francesco, e a San Dominic, si fa d’abito e di vita simile, ma eziandio a buona e vera religione, si può tornare, in matrimonio stando; chè Iddio non volle religioso di noi, se non il cuore.*”—*Convito*.

the poem. In the warmth of his zeal as a French catholic and royalist, he is almost tempted to believe that not only Brunetto Latini, but Dante himself, helped to draw up the bull for the canonization of Louis IX. by Boniface. He is astonished at the first sonnet by Dante, "A ciascun alma presa e gentil core," composed, he assures us, when he was nine years old,* although he might have convinced himself, if he had read the *Vita Nuova* with a little more attention, that Dante wrote it in commemoration of his eighteenth birth-day. He is quite ready to attribute to Dante (p. 485) four lines, "*L'amor che mosse già l'eterno Padre*," written for a picture in the great council hall at Venice, painted by Guariento forty-four years after Dante was dead. He quotes at random, without discernment, or a shadow of critical skill, alike from authors worthy of credit and imbecile compilers—Philephus and Tiraboschi, Muratori and Fra Giacomo da Serravalle—they are all one to him.

We have not for many years seen a book (635 pages!) so utterly devoid of erudition, and so full of academical bombast—of vanity disguised in a hypocritical, sanctimonious modesty—so diffuse, confused, involved and prosing. Yet this book has been cried up in France as the important and conscientious production of a scholar, and an Italian translation is even now in preparation.

All this would have been no great matter in our eyes, if these errors had only concerned mere matters of fact, which did not bear upon the appreciation of the MAN, upon the right understanding of the inner life of the soul, upon the faith of Dante. Dante would appear more extraordinary, but not a greater man in our eyes, if he had composed a sonnet when he was nine years old—in the same way that he would have no less been a great poet, if he had written some of the wretched verses which are attributed to him erroneously. But the MAN is at stake here. The *man* appears to us, in consequence of the Guelphil prejudices which have guided the pen of almost all the writers who figure at the head of our article, incomplete, incongruous, weak, irascible, unstable, objective rather than subjective, yielding to circumstances, rather than seeking to create or govern them, fragmentary, many-sided. There mingles with the adoration (sometimes inconsiderate) which these writers all profess for the *poet*—a sort of compassionate, patronising tone of benign apology for the MAN, which revolts us, as at once a solecism in morals

and in history. They endeavour to explain to us, in a tone of paternal indulgence, how Dante happened sometimes to be a Guelph, and sometimes a Ghibeline—that it was the weakness inherent in human nature, the violence of party, the influence of quick and violent passions, by which he was blown hither and thither. They quote from Boccaccio—in whom the romance writer sometimes predominates over the historian—the anecdote of Dante's throwing stones into the street, upon passers by who had spoken evil of Ghibelinism. They all declare, from the author of the parallel between Milton and Dante, in the 'Edinburgh Review' (No. 84), down to M. Balbo,† that he was choleric, harsh, vain, tenacious. With this general admission, and the invented incidents with which they have broken up his life, and which represent him as changing his opinions and his line of political conduct without sufficient reason,—it results on one hand, that the unity of this imposing figure is destroyed, which stands as the type of a whole nation, mournful and grand as itself—on the other hand, for the numerous class whose reading in Dante goes no further than the 'Inferno,' it seems almost to justify the accusation of sombre hatred and ferocity, which a writer whose mind is evidently disordered, and whose name we wish to abstain from mentioning, has dared to lay against Dante within the last six years,—here in London;—against a man whose soul was so full of love, that he placed morality above all science—who made morality and philosophy consist in the harmony of the virtues, which is, says he, 'Beauty'—who declared that Genius itself was incapable of attaining certain kinds of knowledge, unless it be assisted by Love (Par. vii.), and who, in the 'Convito,' defined Philosophy—'*Uno amoroso uso di sapienza*.'

We thank God it is all false. We may revere the genius without mistrust or fear. The Life of Dante, as we have said before, still remains to be done, and the writers of the present day have only opened the way.

The mere fact of Dante's Life, and upon which we cannot now dwell, will not take up much time with the writer who is to come. Many facts, many dates which have been the subject for many pages of discussion, will, we fear, have to remain for ever in uncertainty: the places where he first studied (whatever Benvenuto da Imola may say)—his masters, among whom we only

* The author of the 'Curiosities of Literature' has fallen into the same error, vol. vi.

* "In every line of the 'Divina Commedia' we discern the asperity which is produced by Pride struggling with Majesty."

† Si fece per superba ed ira Ghibelino. Il gran peccato di Dante fu l'ira.—Vol. ii., c. 1.

know for a certainty Brunetto Latini—his friends, if we except Guido Cavalcanti, Giotto, Casella the musician, Charles Martel king of Hungary, Forese, brother to Corso Donati, his sister Piccarda, and perhaps one or two others whom he himself names in his poem. The dates, and the places of his pilgrimages across Italy, from his exile in 1302, until his death in 1321, which authors have so well contrived to complicate by dint of random conjectures, can with difficulty be established. But the Life of Dante does not lie there. For us, the Life of Dante consists in the sufferings and aspirations of his soul—in its characteristic impulses—in the development of his already leading thought—in his belief, both as a man and as an Italian. And this is not to be discovered by consulting the old biographers and the old annotators of Dante, nor by rummaging in the archives of monasteries, nor by following with M. Ampère the literal footsteps of his journey through Italy. It must be done by plunging at once, as much as possible, into the medium in which Dante lived, then to study his works, his minor works especially, for those were evidently designed by him as a preparation for the poem, afterwards the poem itself, which is the crown of the edifice which he erected. In that, if you read therein with reverence, with meditation, with sympathy for all that Dante loved, you will find everything. Both as a man and as a poet, Dante stands the first in modern times—or, to speak more correctly, he is the *first*, for the old world had nothing analogous to him—of that series of great men in art, which, passing through Michael Angelo, has in our day ended in Byron; in like manner as a parallel series beginning among the Greeks (Æschylus excepted), has, passing through Shakspeare, come to a termination in Göthe. It is this race of mighty *subjectives* who may be said, in token of their conquest, to stamp the impress of their individuality both upon the actual world, and upon that which they create—that is to say, all they derive from within themselves, or from the *future*, of which they are the prophets;—whilst the other class is composed of those who reflect, like a still lake, all things that are without—who efface their own selves, and are absorbed in turn by the objects which lie before them. In both classes the men are great—the one excites more of our admiration, and the other more of our sympathy. In both there have been great struggles to be endured, great victories to be obtained—but in the one case, the marks of the combat have been left upon the victors, in the other case it is not so. The one race appears to us

like gods who have come down in the likeness of men, and the others seem to us like men who have made themselves as gods. We eagerly trace out the line of them, we follow them lovingly through all their labours and struggles up to their victory. In all the works of Dante—his life of suffering and struggle is displayed to our eyes. He is one of those of whom we may say, in the spirit of the beautiful catholic legend, that they leave the image of themselves upon their winding sheet.

Of all the biographies of Dante, the carefully got-up edition which M. Fraticelli has given to the world of his '*Opere minori*,' is the best that has hitherto appeared. Amongst those who desire to make Dante more and more understood, those will do the most towards that end, who shall give us good translations of the '*Vita Nuova*,' the '*Convito*,' the Latin edition of his '*Monarchia*,' his little treatise '*De Vulgari Eloquentia*,' and the seven letters of his* which are still extant. These works, hardly understood anywhere, are almost entirely unknown in England. The idea that Dante pursued during the whole of his life, is found—philosophically expressed in the '*Convito*'—politically, in the '*Monarchia*'—in its literary aspect, in the treatise '*De Vulgari Eloquentia*'—poetically and religiously, we may say, in the '*Commedia*.' The '*Vita Nuova*' makes a class apart—it is a perfume of the early youth of Dante—the dream of that love which God sends to his privileged children, in order that they may never despair during life, and forget the immortality of their being. '*La Vita Nuova*,' which Dante wrote most probably at the age of eight-and-twenty, and in which he relates both in prose and verse the emotions of his love for Beatrice, is an inimitable little book of gentleness, purity, delicacy, of sweet and sad thoughts,—loving as the note of the dove, ethereal as the perfume of flowers; and that pen, which in later years resembled a sword in the hands of Dante, here delineates their aspect, as

* There is but one translation, of the fifteenth century, of two of his letters; the one to the princes and people of Italy, and that doubtful one to Guido da Polenta. The others, to Cino da Pistoia, to the emperor Henry VIII., to the Italian cardinals, to the Florentine friend, and to Cane Scaligero, are in Latin. Professor Charles Witte who was the first who gave an edition of them at Padua in 1327, announced in 1838, in his German journal, the discovery of seven other letters by Dante, in a MS. given in 1622 by Maximilian of Bavaria to Gregory XV. But the manuscript was stolen from him, and has remained from that time inaccessible. Other letters by Dante, quoted by his old biographers, cannot now be found.

Raphael might have done with his pencil. There are pages—those, for example, where is related the dream of the death of Beatrice—the prose of which is a finished model of language and style far beyond the best pages of Boccaccio. There are sonnets, in our opinion, far beyond the most admired of Petrarch's, almost untranslatable, so exquisite are they in their construction, and so purely Italian in their harmony. Shelley alone could have succeeded. At present we think that the task of translating the 'Vita Nuova' can be confided only to the soul of a woman.

There have been loud disputes from the days of the Canon Biscioni down to M. Rossetti, about the real existence of such a person as Beatrice. One cannot really understand how from the mystic style of the work, and from some ambiguous expressions put there as a prelude to the poem, learned men have been able to bring themselves, in the face of the customs of the middle ages, and of several centuries of Christian symbolism, in spite of the most positive documents to the contrary, one while to refuse all bodily individuality to the young 'Eice,' in order to have her nothing more than abstraction—then, again, to admit two distinct beings, the Beatrice of the poet, and the Beatrice of the theologian, thus destroying what constitutes the progressive continuity, the peculiar genius in the love of Dante. It is precisely this endeavour to place a link between the real and the ideal, between the symbol and the invisible, between earth and Heaven, which converts the love of Dante into something that has no analogy upon earth that we know of—a work of purification and idealization that stands by itself, pointing out the mission of woman and of love. She who inspired Dante here below, became his angel, his guardian angel, in Heaven. Death itself disappeared before the mighty love that was kindled in the heart of the poet; it transformed, it purified all things. The bier, as Jean Paul says, is the cradle of Heaven. Dry your eyes, ye who weep, the souls who have cherished you, and whom ye have cherished to the last moment of their stay here below, are appointed, as a reward for their love and yours, to watch over you, to protect you, to raise you up one step nearer towards God in the scale of your progressive transformations. Have you in one of those moments which stand alone caught a glimpse, an intuition, a thought of genius, an unwonted light bright from the Eternal Truth? It is, perhaps, the breath of the being whom you have most loved, and who has the best loved you when upon earth, which is pass-

ing over your burning forehead. When sickened with deceptions, you wandered shivering under the frozen touch of the spirit of doubt, have you felt the sudden warmth of a thought of love and faith glide into your heart? It was, perhaps, the kiss of your mother, whom you wept as dead, whilst she smiled upon your error. The 'Love of Dante' is, in modern times, the prelude to such thoughts. It is not the pagan love, the joyful, thoughtless, sensual love of Tibullus, or Anacreon; it is mournful, troubled by an inexpressible sentiment of incompleteness. At the age when men breathe nothing but hope and pleasure, almost the first dream of Dante is death—the death of his mistress. He never speaks of the personal beauty of Beatrice, except it may be of her fair hair, and the expression of her face, 'ove non puote alcun mirarla fiso'*—he hastens to add. Nor is it the love of chivalry. Chivalry, owing to that characteristic instinct of equality, which in Italy mistrusted its origin and its feudal tendencies, never took root there; art and poetry were the national chivalry. It was not the love of Petrarch,—love made divine in its expression, but almost vulgarized by its unquiet, querulous aim, agitated during the life of Laura, and regretted or accepted as a sort of inevitable misfortune after her death.† The love of Dante is calm, resigned, submissive; death sanctifies it instead of converting it into remorse; neither is it the sort of love which characterizes our age of transition, and which has been so well defined as 'l'égoïsme à deux personnes,' a jealous and convulsive passion, made up of self-love and that thirst for personal well-being which narrows the sphere of our activity, and causes us to forget our duties towards our country and towards mankind:—no, the love of Dante destroys nothing, it fertilizes all—it gives a giant-like force to the sentiment of duty—it expands the soul to the ends of the whole earth—'Whenever and wherever she appeared to me, I no longer felt that I had an enemy in the world—such a flame of charity was kindled in my heart, causing me to forgive every one who had offended me.‡' The power of continuing to go onwards towards perfection and purification,

* The song, 'Io miroi biondi,' &c., from which, if we recollect right, Mrs. Jameson, in her 'Loves of the Poets,' draws the portrait of Beatrice, is more than doubtful.

† 'Donne che avete,' &c.

‡ 'Quando ella apparia da parte alcuna, nullo nemico mi rimaneva, anzi mi giungeva una fiamma di caritate la quale mi faceva perdonare a qualunque m'avesse offeso.'—*Vita Nuova*.

which shone in to him from Beatrice, is the constant theme of his poems*—it is the love, such as Schiller has conceived in his 'Don Carlos'—such as the future will understand. When Beatrice—whose affection for the poet may be inferred from the reproaches she addresses to him in Parad. cxxxi. 1, taken together with lines in the Canzone, 'E m' incresce di me'†—was married, he fell seriously ill;—when a short time afterwards she died, his life was feared for. 'He had become,' says Boccacio, 'sometimes savage to look upon.'‡ But he felt that the death of Beatrice imposed fresh duties upon him, and that what he had now to do, was to render himself more and more worthy of her—he resolved within himself to keep his love for her to the last day of his life, and to bestow upon her an immortality on earth.§ He kept his vows—his union with Gemma Donati, in spite of the assertions of those who believe it was unhappy,|| appears to have been calm and cold, rather the accomplishment of a social duty, than the result of an irresistible impulse of the heart. His short fancies for Gentucca and Madonna Pietra passed over his soul like clouds; above them is the serene Heaven, and in this heaven the image of Beatrice remains immovable and shining like the sun of his inner life. He gave her name to one of his daughters, whom Boccacio saw, a

* E quel soffrisse di starla a vedere
Diverria nobil cosa o si morria.

Le ha Dio per maggior grazier dato
Che non può mal finir chi le ha parlato.

Canzone.

† Noi darem pace al core a voi diletto
Diceano agli occhi miei

Quei della bella donna alcuna volta.

The disproportion of their fortunes was, perhaps, the reason they were not married to each other.

‡ "Quasi una cosa selvatica a riguardare, magro, barbuto, e quasi tutto trasformato da quello che avanti essere soleva."—*Vita di Dante.*

§ "Apparve a mi una mirabil visione, nella quale io vidi cose che mi fecero proporre di non dir più di questa benedetta insino a tanto ch'io non potessi più degnameute trattare di lei: e di venire a ciò studio quanto posso siccome ella sa, veramente. Sicché se piacere sarà di colui, a cui tutte le cose vivono, che la mia vita per alquanti anni perseveri, spero di dire di lei quello che mai non fu detto d'alcuna."—*Vita Nuova.*

|| The lines of the poem, which are often quoted, 'La fera moglie più che altro mi nuoce,' have nothing which shows the smallest allusion of Dante to his wife. The other proof, that is endeavoured to be deduced from his silence, goes for nothing. From a sentiment of delicacy, Dante never mentions either his wife or children, whom he loved, and whom he called round him as soon as circumstances permitted. Throughout the whole poem there is but one reminiscence of his domestic affections; it is the 'Benedetta colei che in te s'incinse,' Inf. viii., which recalls his mother.

nun at Ravenna. He inspired himself by her memory, not only in the magnificent pages which he consecrated to her towards the close of his life in his poem, but in his worship for WOMAN, which pervades it from one end to the other. In his love for the beautiful—in his striving after inward purity—Beatrice was the muse of his understanding, the angel of his soul, the consoling spirit, which sustained him in exile, in poverty—under a cheerless, wandering, denuded existence, if ever there was one.

Another thought sustained him, and was the end towards which he directed all the energies which love had roused within him; and this must be specially insisted upon, because, wonderfully enough! even in the present day it is either misunderstood or lightly treated by all who busy themselves about Dante. This aim is the *national aim*—the same desire that vibrates instinctively in the bosoms of twenty-two millions of men, and which is the secret of the immense popularity Dante has in Italy. This idea and the almost superhuman constancy with which he pursued it, render Dante the most complete individual incarnation of this aim that we know, and notwithstanding, *this* is just the point upon which his biographers are the most uncertain. M. Palbo, it is true, somewhere declares Dante to have been the most Italian amongst the Italians; but to show in what respect he was so, embarrasses him; he gropes about undecided, warped by his Guelphic tendencies; he writes (chap. 1, v. 2) that "Dante forsook his party, he forsook the party of his ancestors, the party of the people, and of Italian independence, for that of a foreign domination;" and he pleads extenuating circumstances. M. Artaud bravely cuts in two the human unity and makes two things essentially distinct of the poetry and the politics; he concludes his babbling about the inconsistencies of Dante by an academical peroration,—“Non, Homère de la péninsule Ausonienne, retourne à la poésie, abjure la politique, science dans laquelle tu te montrais variable, indécis, non par vileté mais par colère.” And M. Lenormant even goes so far (God forgive him, for we cannot) as to reproach him with the glorious letter* in which he refused the amnesty that was offered to him upon dishonourable condi-

* We shall be forgiven for inserting here, as a note, this letter, which has already been quoted by Foscolo in the 'Edinburgh Review.' It is essential to the knowledge of Dante's character:—"In litteris vestris, et reverentia debita et affectione receptis, quam repatriatio mea curæ sit vobis ex animo, grata mente ac diligenti animadversione concepi; etenim tanto me districtius obligasti quanto

tions. Others again entirely pass over the national belief of Dante, fearing to lower the conception they have formed of poetry. Moses ascending Mount Sinai amidst lightning and storm, to receive laws for his people, is not, it would seem, a sublime poet in their eyes.

It must be said and insisted upon, that this idea of national greatness is the leading thought in all that Dante did or wrote.—Never man loved his country with a more exalted or fervent love; never had man such projects of magnificent and exalted destinies for her. All who consider Dante as a Guelph or a Ghibeline, grovel at the base of the monument which he desired to raise to Italy. We are not here required to give an opinion upon the degree of feasibility of Dante's ideas, the future must decide this point. What we have to do, is to show what Dante aimed at; in order that those who desire to come to a just estimate of his life, may have sufficient grounds to judge him. This we shall do as rapidly as possible, relying upon passages in the 'Convito,' and his little treatise '*De Monarchia*,' for our authority. The following then is a summary of what, in the thirteenth century, Dante believed.

God is one—the universe is one thought

rarius exules invenire amicos contingit. Ad illarum vero significata respondeo, et (si non eatenus, qualiter forsan pusillanimitas appeteret aliquorum) ut sub examine vestri consilii, ante iudicium ventiletur, affectuosè depono. Ecce igitur quod per litteras vestri meique nepotis, nec non aliorum quamplurium amicorum, significatum est mihi per ordinamentum nuper factum Florentiæ super absolute bannitorum, quod si solvere vellem certam pecunie quantitatem, vellemque pati notam oblationis, et absolvi possem, et redire ad præsens. In quo quidem duo ridenda et malè præconsiliata sunt, pater: dico malè præconsiliata per illos qui talia expresserunt, nam vestræ litteræ, discretius et consultius clausulatæ, nihil de talibus continebant. Estne ista revocatio gloriosa, qua Dantes Allighierius revocatus ad patriam, per trilustrum fere perperuss exilium? Hæc ne meruit innocentia manifesta quibuslibet? Hæc sudor et labor continuatus in studio? Absit a viro philosophiæ domestico, temeraria terreni cordis humilitas, ut more ejuſdam scioli et aliorum infamium, quasi victus, ipse se patiatur offerri! Absit a viro prædicante iustitiam, ut, perperuss injuriam, inferentibus, velut benemerentibus, pecuniam suam solvat! Non est hæc via redeundi ad patriam, pater mi; sed si alia per vos, aut deinde per alios invenitur, quæ famæ Dantis atque honori non derogat, illam non lentis passibus acceptabo. Quod si per nullam talem Florentia introitur, nunquam Florentiam introibo. Quidni? nonne solis astrorumque specula ubique conspiciantur? Nonne dulcissimas veritates potero speculari ubique sub cælo, ni prius inglorium, immo ignominiosum populo, Florentinæque civitati me reddam? Quippe nec panis deficiet.”—(Written in 1316 to a Florentine friend.)

of God*—the universe therefore is one.† All things come from God—they all participate, more or less, in the divine nature, according to the end for which they are created. They all float towards different points over the great ocean of existence,‡ but they are all moved by the same will. Flowers in the garden of God, all merit our love according to the degree of excellence he has bestowed upon each;§ of these MAN is the most eminent. Upon him God has bestowed more of his own nature than upon any other creature.|| In the continuous scale of Being, that man whose nature is the most degraded touches upon the animal; he whose nature is the most noble, approaches that of the angel.¶ Everything that comes from the hand of God tends towards the perfection of which it is susceptible,** and man, more fervently and more vigorously than all the rest. There is this difference between him and other creatures, that his perfectibility is what Dante calls '*possible*,' mean-

* "Cum totum universum nihil aliud sit, quam vestigium quoddam divinæ bonitatis."—*Monarchia*, i.

Ciò che non more e ciò che può morire
Non è, se non splendor di quella idea
Che partorisce, amando, il nostro Sire.

Parad. xiii. 52.

† . . . Le cose tutte quante

Hanno ordine tra loro; e questo è forma,
Che l'universo a Dio fa simigliante."

Parad. i. 103.

‡ Convito, ii. 2.

Onde si muovono a diversi porti
Per lo gran mar dell' Essere, e ciascuna
Con istinto a lei dato, che la porti.

Parad. i. 112.

§ Le frondi, onde s'infronda tutto l'or o
Dell' Ortolano eterno, amo io cotanto
Quanto da lui a lor di bene è porto.

Parad. xxvi. 64.

|| Onde l'anima umana, che è forma nobilissima di queste che sotto il Cielo sono generate, più riceve della natura divina, che alcun altra.—*Conv.* ii. 2.

¶ "E perocchè nell' ordine intellettuale dell' universo si sale e discende per gradi quasi continui dall' infima forma all' altissima, e dall' altissima all' infima. . . e tra l' angelica natura che è cosa intellettuale, e l' anima umana non sia grado alcuno, ma sia quasi l' uno e l' altro continuo . . . e tra l' anima umana, e l' anima più perfetta della bruti animali ancora mezzo alcuno non sia: e siccome noi veggiamo molti uomini tanto vili e di sì bassa condizione che quasi non pare esser altro che bestia; così è da porre e da credere fermamente che sia alcuno tanto nobile e di sì alta condizione che quasi non sia altro che Angelo, altrimenti non si continuerebbe la uman spezie da ogni parte, che esser non può."—*Conv.* vii. 3.

** "Ciascuna cosa da provvidenza di propria natura impinta è inclinabile alla sua perfezione."—*Convito*, 1. 2.

ing *indefinite*.* Coming from the bosom of God, the Human soul incessantly aspires towards Him, and endeavours by holiness and knowledge to become re-united with Him. Now the life of the individual man is too short and too weak to enable him to satisfy that yearning in this world; but around him, before him, stands the whole human race to which he is allied by his social nature,—that never dies, but works through one generation of its members after another onwards in the road to eternal truth. Mankind is one.† God has made nothing in vain, and if there exists a multitude, a *collective* of men, it is because there is *one* aim for them all—one work to be accomplished by them all.‡ Whatever this aim may be, it does certainly exist, and we must endeavour to discover and attain it. Mankind, then, ought to work together, in order that all the intellectual powers that are bestowed amongst them may receive the highest possible development, whether in the sphere of thought or action.§ It is only by harmony, consequently by association, that this is possible. Mankind must be *one*, even as God is *one*:—one in organization, as it is already *one* in its principal. Unity is taught by the manifest design of God || in the ex-

ternal world, and by the necessity of an aim. Now unity seeks for something by which it may be represented, and this is found in a unity of government. There must then of necessity be some centre to which the general aspiration of mankind ascends, thence to flow down again in form of *LAW*—a power strong in unity, and in the supporting advice of the higher intellects, naturally destined to rule, providing with calm wisdom for all the different functions which are to be fulfilled,—the distinct employments,—itself performing the part of a pilot, of supreme chief, in order to bring to the highest perfection what Dante calls “The universal Religion of human nature :” * that is, empire—*IMPERIUM*. It will maintain concord amongst the rulers of states, and this peace will diffuse itself from thence into towns, from the towns among each cluster of habitations, into every house, into the bosom of each man.†

But where is the seat of this empire to be?

At this question Dante quits all analytic argumentation and takes up the language of synthetical and absolute affirmation, like a man in whom the least expression of doubt excites astonishment.

He is no longer a *philosopher*, he is a *believer*. He shows *ROME*, the *HOLY CITY*, as he calls her,—the city whose very stones he declares to be worthy of reverence—“*There is a seat of empire.*” There never was, and there never will be, a people endowed with more gentleness for the exercise of command, with more vigour to maintain it, and more endowed with the capacity to acquire it, than the Italian nation, and above all, the Holy Roman people.‡ God chose Rome from amongst the rest of the nations. It is her bosom that has already twice given unity to the world; and it is in her bosom that the world will once more find it, and for ever. Do you think it is by

* “*Nam etsi aliæ sunt essentiæ intellectum participant, non tamen intellectus earum est possibilis ut hominis.*”—*Monarchia*, i.

† ‘*Convito*, iv. 15.

‡ “*Deus et natura nil otiosum facit, sed quicquid prodit in esse, est ad aliquam operationem. . . . Est ergo aliqua propria operatio humanæ universitatis, ad quam ipsa universitas hominum in tanta multitudine ordinatur ad quam quidem operationem nec homo unus, nec domus una, nec vicinia, nec una civitas, nec regnum particulare pertingere potest. . . . Patet igitur, quod ultimum de potentia ipsius humanitatis est potentia, sive virtus intellectiva. Et quia potentia ista per unum hominem, seu per aliquam particularium communitatum superius distinctarum, tota simul in actum reduci non potest, necesse est multitudinem esse in humano genere per quam quidem tota potentia hæc actuetur.*”—*Monarchia*, i.

§ “*Proprium opus humani generis totaliter accepti est actuare semper totam potentiam intellectus possibilis per prius ad speculandum, et secundario propter hoc ad operandum per suam extensionem.*”—*Monarchia*, i.

|| “*Et cum cælum totum unico motu, scilicet primi mobilis, et unico motore, qui Deus est, regulatur in omnibus suis partibus, motibus, et motoribus. . . . humanum genus tunc optime se habet, quando ab unico principe tanquam ab unico motu, in suis motoribus, et motibus regulatur. Propter quod necessarium apparet ad bene esse mundi monarchiam esse, sive unicum principatum, qui Imperium appellatur.*”—*Monarchia*, i.

“*Omne illud bene se habet et optime quod se habet secundum intentionem primi agentis qui Deus est. . . . De intentione Dei est, ut omne cre-*

atum divinam similitudinem representet, in quantum propria natura recipere potest. . . . Sed genus humanum maxime Deo assimilatur, quando maxime est unum, quando totum unitur in uno.”—*Monarchia*, i.

* . . . A perfezione dell’ universale religione della umana spezie, conviene essere uno quasi nocchiero, che considerando le diverse condizioni del mondo e li diversi e necessari affari ordinando abbia del tutto universale e irrepugnabile ufficio di comandare.”—*Convito*, ii. 4.

† ‘*Convito*, id.

‡ “*E perocchè più dolce natura signoreggiando, e più forte in sostenendo, e più sottile in acquisando, nè fu, nè fia che quello popolo santo, nel quale l’ alto sangue Troiano era mischiato, Iddio quello elesse a quell’ ufficio. . . .*”—*Convito*, ii. 4; *Monarchia*, ii. *passim*.

physical strength that Rome, a mere city, a handful of men, has subjected so many nations? Dante will tell you that there was a moment when he himself believed that it had been thus, and his whole soul was ready to revolt against this usurpation. Afterwards his eyes were opened: in the pages of the history of this people, he saw the working of Providence unfold itself,—‘*predestinationem divinam*,’—it was needful that the world should be prepared, should in some sort be equalised under the rule of a single power, in order that the preaching of Jesus might cause new life to spring up throughout the whole earth. God consecrated Rome to this work—there lay the secret of her strength. Rome individually had no ambition, she did not struggle for her own welfare; she devoted herself to the mission. ‘*Populus ille sanctus, pius et gloriosus, propria commoda neglexisse videtur, ut publica pro salute humani generis procuraret.*’ And when the work was done, Rome rested from her labours, until the second Gospel of Unity was needed by the world. It is in the writings of Dante (for our quotations would be too long) that we must look for the development which he gives of his thesis; from the authority of the poets, whom he always appeals to in the first line, to that of Jesus, who he says recognized by his death the legitimacy of the jurisdiction that Rome exercised over all the human race. The second book of his ‘*Monarchia*,’ and the fourth and fifth chapters of the second treatise of the ‘*Convito*,’ are one entire hymn to this idea, which Dante revered as religious. As may be seen from the abstract we have given of some of the thoughts spread through his writings, there is much to be gained besides the particular end in question. There is the tradition of Italian philosophy to make a link between the school of Pythagoras and that of Telesio, Campanella, and Giordano Bruno. There is an authority to be added to those which make in favour of the doctrines of progress; an authority never cited that we are aware of until now, and which is yet the most explicit and of the highest antiquity that we are acquainted with. The collective life of the human race, the law of incessant development, its progressive movement by means of constantly extending associations; the prophetic view of social unity arising from the distribution of its various functions, with a view to one common end—the theory of duty, all that forms the basis and the merit of a school, which is, one does not at present see on what grounds, qualifying itself as French,—all this we find clearly indicated in these books by an Italian of the thirteenth

century, the uninviting form of them having doubtless been the reason that they have hitherto been neglected.

A governing power, then, is necessary, and it is necessary that the seat of this power—the empire—should be Italy, Rome. Arrived at this conclusion, it was natural for Dante to stop and look round for the means of realizing this conception.

Italy was divided between the Guelphs and Ghibelines. These names, which in Germany only conveyed the idea of a family quarrel, signified in Italy, from the first, a much more serious affair. In the eyes of all, the Guelphs were the defenders of the priesthood; the Ghibelines were the defenders of the empire. But this was only the surface of things; at the bottom, Ghibelinism was feudality, the *noblesse*: Guelphism was the community, the *people*. If it supported the Pope, it was because the Pope supported it. The people triumphed—the community established itself irrevocably free and equal; the noblesse were almost everywhere completely put down. Feudality became thenceforth impossible. From military genius, or by the riches of individuals, noble families might remain influential. They might covet, even obtain supreme power in some of the towns; but as a body, as a *caste*, the nobility were completely effaced. That question set at rest, the people, the conquerors, stood embarrassed with their victory. The time was not yet come to found Italian unity on a popular principle; the dawning of the day, for the gathering together in one of all the people whose different races had crossed and mingled with one another in Italy, had not yet arisen. A kind of anarchy, therefore, began in the absence of *one* governing principle, single and strong enough to bear down all fractional and personal aims, all local egoisms. Whilst twenty republics made savage war upon each other within the bosom of the peninsula, within the bosom of each republic, general ideas gave place to interests; belief gave place to passion; questions of principle to human quarrels. All parties experienced, in consequence, a series of modifications, which became still more complicated, owing to the interference of the French, who were called in by the Popes, (whose fatal policy it always was to keep one foreign power in check by means of another, without ever appealing to the Italian nation). When Urban IV. called Charles of Anjou into Italy, the patriarchians, Ghibelines, were his enemies; when, after the *Bianchi* and *Neri* parties were formed, Boniface VIII. called in Charles of Valois; the *Bianchi*, who were plebeians, were persecuted;

the Neri (the patricians) made themselves Guelphs, because they sympathized with Charles, the envoy of Boniface. The Bionchi then allied themselves to the Ghibelines, who had formerly been put down, and whose ancient principle of feudalism had been irrevocably crushed.

Dante, who in early life had been a Guelph, was thenceforth a Ghibeline; that is to say, he was always on the side of the people, he always belonged to the element of Italian futurity.

But the people were, as we have said, powerless, unable to forward that which Dante wished to achieve. As yet they only represented a corporation, not the *nation*. In looking, then, elsewhere, for the element of unity, Dante found himself obliged to choose, not between the Germans or the French and Italians, but between the Germans or French. The Popes, who had made common cause with the people, so long as the vital question of the priesthood and the empire was unsettled, had already quitted them, and the unity of Italy could not come from them. Between France and Germany, Dante, forced to make a choice, decided upon Germany. It was a long way off; it had intestine divisions, and was not on the road towards unity. Between the German and Latin races there was a decided antipathy. Germany, therefore, was not formidable. France, which was in a state of unity, and excited a strong sympathy in the peninsula, was dangerous. Dante, who had besides other reasons for not loving France, chose Germany, but in what sort of manner? He intended to make it subaltern, to absorb it; as, in the seventh century, nearly all the northern races had come to Rome to take the Christian oath, and almost to receive the word of command for their mission. He intended that Germany should come a second time to take it in the person of her emperor. What did it matter to him whether the man through whom Rome was first to exercise her providential mission was named Henry or some other name? The point of real moment was to prove that this mission *did* exist, that it was inherent in Rome, and that it belonged to her people. The individual called to represent her was, in himself, insignificant; he would pass away. Rome, once recognized as the essential head of the two papacies, temporal and spiritual—the living symbol of Christian dualism—his successor, in all probability, would be an Italian, but whether or not, the inspiration of which he would be the echo would be Italian. There is not a single word in the whole treatise ‘*De Monarchia*’ which concerns Germany

or the emperor. The Roman nation is the hero of his book. All possible restrictions are placed upon the man who might wish to substitute his own ideas for those of Italy. “*Humanum genus, potissimum liberum, optime se habet.*” Rouse yourselves, writes Dante, to his fellow-citizens, like free men, and recollect that the emperor is only your first minister, that he is made for you, and not you for him.* ‘*Non enim gens propter regem, sed rex propter gentem.*’† When he speaks to Henry VII., it is as from one power to another. ‘Art thou,’ he says, ‘he who should come, or do we look for another? Why dost thou stop half-way, as if the Roman empire lay in Liguria?’ ‘*Romanorum potestas*’—we quote our last passage from the ‘*Opere minori*’—‘*nec metis Italiæ, nec tricornis Europæ margine coarctatur. Nam, etsi vim passa in angustum gubernacula sua contraxit undique, tamen de inviolabili jure fluctus Amphitrites attingens, vix ab inutili unda oceani se circumcingi dignatur.*’‡ Henry, to him, is nothing more than the agent of the *empire of the Romans*.

There is some distance between that and Ghibelinism. Dante clearly separates himself from it in many passages of his poem; in the ‘*Paradiso*’ especially (c. vi., v. 103, and the following line), he boasts of being a party in himself; both factions sought to enlist him, but in vain (Par. xii. 69; Inf. xv. 70). He viewed them on all sides, he mixed in their ranks; but it was as an independent man, who felt it a duty to study them, and who sought to extract from them the elements of a superior aim. In 1302 he became, from various circumstances, and by exile, more closely allied to the Ghibelines. He openly quitted them in the course of the same year, dissatisfied with their course of action. In his poem he treated the Ghibelines and Guelphs like one who feels special sympathy for neither. He is almost cruel towards Bocca degli Abati (Inf. xxxii.), who betrayed the Guelphs for the Ghibelines; whilst he is only severe upon Carlino di Pazzi, who betrayed the Ghibelines for the Guelphs (id.). In his journeys, after he was exiled, he appeared with a lofty mien amongst all the men who appeared to have power to further his designs, or who merited his esteem, without regard to their party. It was in the house of a Guelph that he died.

Dante, then (and this seems to us to be rather worthy of note), was neither a Guelph nor a Ghibeline. Like every man of genius

* Epistola ai principi e popoli d’Italia.

† ‘*Monarchia*, i.’ ‡ Ep. ad Henricum.

he pursued a path alone, he took higher ground than all the rest. Beyond Guelphism and Ghibelinism he saw the national Italian unity; beyond Clement V. and Henry VII. he saw the unity of the world, and the moral government of this unity in the hands of his own Italy. He followed out this idea at all times and in all places. In his poem he strikes right and left upon all the Italian cities, Guelphs and Ghibelines equally, but Italy itself is sacred; if he reproaches her, we feel that his reproaches are fed with tears, aspirations, and an immense glory in her. In the little unfinished book, 'De Vulgari Eloquio,' he attacks all the Italian dialects, but it was because he wished to found one common Italian language, and to create an utterance worthy of her for the national thought. He felt utterly indignant—he, whom *savans* have made to write in French—against all Italians who preferred a foreign tongue to their own, he showed no mercy to those who wrote in favour of the election of a foreign Pope. To him the Italian spirit was sacred, under whatever form it was manifest.

Dante, as we said some pages back, was a Christian and an Italian. M. Ozanam, the only one who rejects the absurd qualifications of Guelph or Ghibeline, goes astray like all the others, and worse than all the others on the point of his religion. The persecutions excited by Boniface VIII. and the fact of the Cardinal Legate del Poggetto being sent by John XXII. to Ravenna, to procure the disinterment of the ashes of Dante, that they might be exposed to public execration, are a sufficient answer to the opinion set up in the present day as to his being an orthodox catholic. The Popes, many of them saints in their day, and whom Dante has placed in hell, would, in all probability, consider the zeal of these writers much greater than need be. There are now existing, in France, schools of philosophy, which maintain that from the papacy will arise the triumph of democracy—*en attendant*, the Pope has excommunicated them. We have not space fully to enter upon the question of Dante's religion, Foscolo's discourse upon the poem may be consulted with advantage; but the study of the 'Convito,' and the eleventh canto of the 'Paradiso,' is, it seems to us, quite enough for ever to put a stop to this posthumous ebullition of catholicity. The Christianity of Dante was derived directly from the first fathers of the church, whose enlarged views had already been departed from by the Roman Papacy of the thirteenth century. His views, scarcely indicated, of the progressive perfecting of the principle of human nature

in a future life, and of the participation of all men in the spirit of God, open the way for the still further development of Christian truth itself. To him the papacy was nothing more than a problem of spiritual organization. He was willing to submit to it on the condition that it did not shackle any of his favourite ideas.

The ideas of which we have here given a sketch are fermenting, more or less boldly developed, among the youth of Italy. Understanding Dante better than the men who write about him,* they revere him as the prophet of the nation, and as the one who claims for Italy not only the sceptre of modern poetry, but the initial thought in modern philosophy. But in the time of Dante, in the midst of that whirlwind of personal and local passions which intercepted all view of the future, who understood, who *could* understand, thoughts like those which he bore within his soul? And what must have been his life in the midst of elements discordant from his ideal, when, in his native city, he could find only two just men, himself perhaps, and his friend Guido, both misunderstood (Inf. 6–13)—between an idea vast as the world, and a powerlessness to realize it, which became every day more and more appaent!

It was a tragical life—tragical from the real ills that assailed him one after another—from the lonely thought which ate into his soul, because there was none whom he might inspire with it. At the age of 24 (1290), he lost Beatrice, after having seen her in the arms of another; at the age of thirty, towards the end of 1295, he lost Charles Martel, to whom he was attached by a warm friendship; and Forese Donati, whom he loved still more tenderly;† five years afterwards he was PRIORE, and forced by his duty as a citizen to provoke the hatred of the two parties who harassed Florence, by banishing their chiefs at the same time, also that of Boniface VIII., and of all the friends of Charles de Valois, whose mediation he caused to be refused. Guido Cavalcanti, for sixteen years his best friend, died that same year, and two years after this began for Dante the Hell of Exile—that

* M. Bolbo, who, by the way, does not believe the Unity of Italy possible, dismisses the book 'De Monarchia' with the sentence 'un tessuto di sogni.' M. Cesare Cantù, in his 'Morgherito di Pusterla,' calls it 'abbietissimo libro.'

† Parad. viii, 55, and following lines. Purg. xxiii. 76, &c. Vita Nuova. 'Piget me cunctis, sed pietatem maximam illorum habeo quicunque in exilio tabescentes, patriam tantum somnando revisunt.'—*De Vulg.* ii. c. 6. Lionardo Aretino, Vita di Dante.

slow, bitter, lingering death, which none can know but the exile himself—that consumption of the soul, which has only one hope to console it. Accused on the strength of a forged document, and even whilst he was ambassador to Boniface VIII., of extorting money, he was sentenced to make pecuniary reparation, and to two years' banishment. His house was given up to pillage, and his lands devastated. Three months afterwards, enraged that he had neither paid the fine, nor sought to justify himself, his enemies condemned him to be *burnt to death: ubique comburatur sic quod moriatur*. Then began his life of wandering and disappointments; he went from province to province, from city to city, from court to court, to see if among the heads of parties, among warriors of renown, he might find a man who would or could save Italy, and he found no one. The desire and ambition might exist in some, but they were unequal to the task. Everywhere he found a want of enlightenment; sometimes he was treated with contempt. Poverty assailed him: '*urget me rei familiaris egestas*.* He was almost reduced to beg. Like a ship without sail or rudder, he was driven through every port, harbour and shore, by the bleak and bitter wind of grievous poverty.† He bore up against it all. His adversity was great, but he was great as his adversity. He who had loved so well, was alone, and without a single beloved hand to soothe with its caress his brow, burning with the feverish thoughts of genius; he whose heart was so great, so gloriously proud, in peril of his life, was reduced to beg at the gates of men whom perhaps he despised at the bottom of his soul, for the 'bitter bread.' He who bore within himself the soul of Italy, was misunderstood by the whole nation, but he did not yield; he wrestled like a brave man against the world without, and ended by conquering it. If for a moment he seemed to be borne down by the fury of the storm, it was only to rise up again great as before.

* Ep. Kani Grandi de Scala.

† Per le parti quasi tutte, alle quali questa lingua si stende, peregrino, quasi mendicando, sono anda o, mostrando contro a mia voglia la piaga della fortuna, che suole ingiustamente al piagato molte volte essere imputata. Veramente io sono stato legno senza vela, e senza governo, portato a diversi portif, e foci e liti dal vento secco, che vapora la dolorosa povertà; e sono apparito agli occhi a molti che forse per alcuna fama in altra forma m'aveano imaginato; nel cospetto de' quali non solamente invilio ma di minor pregio si fece ogni opera sì già fatta come quella che fosso a fare.—Convito.

Come la fronda che flette la cima
Nel transito del vento, e poi si leva
Per la propria virtù che la sublima.—(Parad.
xxvi. 85.)

Taking refuge in his conscience: 'sotto l'usbergo del sentirsi puro'—graving by night his noble vengeance in the immortal pages which he could only throw to mankind as he descended to the tomb,* he kept himself faithful to his God, to his purpose to himself. Nothing could bend or corrupt his soul. It was like the diamond, which can only be conquered by its own dust.

If the pain had not been within himself, no adversity which came from without, could have disturbed this tetragonal being, who was born to suffer and to act. He was made to govern, not to submit or modify himself; endowed with an immense power of will, and a patience beyond all proof—inflexible from conviction, calm from the strength of his decision. Whenever we think on the life of Dante, he reminds us, not of Luther himself, but of his beautiful words; 'Weil weder sicher noch gerathen ist, etwas wider gewissen zu thun, hier stehe ich; ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen.' He was of a cast of character to recognize no law but his conscience, and to recur for aid to none but God. His soul was naturally loving, but, superior as he was to all his contemporaries, it was the *human species* he loved—MAN, as one day he will be,—but from the men who swarmed around him, and whom with a very few exceptions, he did not esteem, he could expect no companionship for his inner life. When in the Purg. (xi. 61, et seqq.†), Umberto of the Counts of Santrifore, says to him,—

L'antico sangue e l'opere leggiadre
De' miei maggior mi fèr sir arrogante,
Che non pensando alla comune madre,
Ogni uomo ebbi in dispetto tanto avanti
Ch'io ne morii.—

Dante bows his head,—one would say that he felt contempt for all men springing up in his heart, as once in Umberto's. He loved glory, he does not conceal it—but it was not so much renown, that herb's colour, as he says which the sun first makes green and then withers‡ as the glory of triumph over accomplished aims—the sanction of those who

* Parad. xxvii. 55, et seqq. Purg. xi. 133, et seqq.

† We are decidedly of the opinion put forth by Foscolo, that, with the exception of some fragments, the poem was published by Dante; for proof of this see the 'Discorso sul testo.'

‡ Purg. xi. 115. See also v. 100, et seqq.

should call *ancient* the times in which he lived. He desired to live in the future, in the *second life*. He desired that his thoughts might descend like an inspiration into the hearts of his successors here below. The grand thought of a mutual responsibility joining in one bond the whole human race, was ever and ever floating before his eyes. The connection between this world and the next, between one period of life and the remainder, is brought forward every moment in the poem: a feeling of tenderness, engendered by this idea, gleams across the 'Purgatorio,' and almost finds its way into the 'Inferno.' The spirits there anxiously ask for tidings of Earth, and desire to send back news of themselves.* He loved Florence; the place of his birth; the temple, which he calls "his beautiful St John," where he one day broke a baptismal font to save a child from drowning, are recollected with profound regret: he did not love the Florentines, and inscribed at the head of his poem the words omitted in all editions, Foscolo's excepted:

FLORENTINUS NATIONE, NON MORIBUS.

A man of the middle ages, and endowed with all the strong passions of that time, he knew what *revenge* meant. When Geric del Bello, his relation, passed him without looking, he says with sorrow

..... la violenta morte
Che non gli è vendicata ancor, diss'io,
Per alcun che dell' ontà sia consorte
Fece lui disdegno; onde sen gio
Senza parlarli.—*Infer.* xxix. 31, et seqq.

But he had too much greatness in his soul, and too much pride it may be, to make revenge a personal matter—he had nothing but contempt for his own enemies, and never, except in the case of Boniface VIII., whom it was necessary to punish in the name of religion and of Italy, did he place a single one of his enemies in the Inferno—not even his judge, Cante Gabrieli. The 'non ragioniam di lor ma guarda e passa,' which in the beginning of his poem he applies to those who have been worthy neither of heaven nor hell, appears to have been his own rule towards his enemies. Strong in love and strong in hatred, it is never love of himself nor hatred of others. Life appeared to him with too few charms for him to attach much importance to any-

thing personal; it was the love of right and hatred of wrong that animated him. When he speaks of death it is never with that egotistical fear, mingled with egotistical hope, which appears in every turn of Petrarch's poems, and still more in his letters, and also in the writings of Boccaccio. It appeared to him of more importance to make haste to accomplish his mission upon earth, than to meditate upon the inevitable hour which marks for all men the beginning of a new work. Sometimes he wishes for it,* but it is only because he sees evil taking possession more and more of the places where his mission was appointed. The point about which he concerned himself was not the length or the shortness of life, not happiness or misery;—it was the end for which life was given. He felt all there was of divine and creative in action, he wrote as he would have acted, and the pen in his hand became, as we have said, like a sword—and it is in truth a sword that he places in the hand of HOMER, the sovereign poet.† He wrestled, when it was against nothing else, with himself—against the wanderings of his understanding‡—against the fire of the poet§—against the fury of his passions. The purification of heart by which he passed from the hell of struggle to the heaven of victory, to the calm of peace by the sacrifice of hope from his earthly life—In violenta e disperata pace—is admirably shown in this poem where so many things are shown. With a character such as we have sketched, haughty, disdainful, untamable—as the opinion of his contemporaries, even through imaginary anecdotes, tells us—looking upon himself as belonging to the small number of privileged beings endowed with high understanding, and worthy of the communion of the Holy Spirit—less calculated and intended to be governed by laws, than to control them||—Dante evidently was one of those men who pass unscathed and erect through the most critical conjunctures, and never bow the knee except to the principle that works within. That power he adored with a trembling and religious fervour—*Deus fortior*;—he had experienced every frame of mind that passes, from the moment when a *thought* appears for the first time in the soul's horizon, down to that when it incarnates itself in the man, takes possession of all his faculties, and cries to him, 'Thou art mine.'

It was the *dust of the diamond*—the hidden, mysterious pain of Genius, so real, and

* *Infer.* and *Purg.* passim. The fine sentiment expressed in the lines, "A miei portrai l'amor che qui raffina," which are spoken by Curando Malespina, in the viii. ch. of *Purg.*, has been almost universally misunderstood.

* *Purg.* xx. 10, 14.

† *Infer.* iv. 86 et seqq.

‡ *Infer.* xxvi. 21.

§ *Purg.* xxxiii. 141.

|| *Ep. ded. ad Kanem.*

yet, from its very nature, understood by so few—the torment of catching a glimpse of the ideal, the impossible to be realized in this life—the Titanic dreams of an Italy, at the head of the movement of humanity, an angel of light among the nations—contrasted with the reality of an Italy divided within herself, deprived of her temporal head, and betrayed by her spiritual head—coveted by all strangers, and too often prostituting herself to them—the strength to guide men towards good, and from circumstances and the sway of egotistical passions, no one to be guided—fightings within, between faith and doubt; it was all these that changed the author of the ‘*Vita Nuova*’ into the writer of the ‘*Inferno*’—the young angel of peace and gentle poetry, whose features Giotto has preserved to us, into the Dante with whom we are familiar, the Dante come back from hell. It was when bowed down beneath this internal conflict, that Dante one day, wandering across the mountains of Lunigiana, knocked at the gate of the monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo. The monk who opened it, read at a single glance all the long history of misery on the lean pale face of the stranger. ‘*What do you seek here?*’ said he. Dante gazed around, with one of those looks in which the soul speaks from within, and slowly replied—‘*Peace*’—*PACEM*.^{*} There is in this scene something suggestive of thoughts that lead up to the eternal type of all martyrs of genius and love, praying to His Father, to the Father of all, upon the Mount of Olives, for peace of soul, and strength for the sacrifice.

PEACE,—nothing either monk or any other creature could bestow on Dante. It was only the unseen hand, which sends the last arrow, that could, as Jean Paul says, take from his head the Crown of Thorns.[†]

We have endeavoured in the foregoing pages to show Dante in a point of view hitherto too much neglected; and which is, with the exception of the *poetical side* of his character (of which we have not to speak here), the most important to be properly estimated. We have at the same time wished to assuage the astonishment of M. Labitte, and of all the Labittes of the day, at the newly kindled enthusiasm with which this epoch studies and dives into the old Allighieri. Beside all that which we

all look for in the genius of the poet,—the Ideal made manifest,—his soul,—the soul of his epoch,—Italy seeks there for the secret of her nationality. Europe seeks there for the secret of Italy, and for a prophecy of modern thought.

Dante has found peace and glory—the crown of thorns has long since fallen off—that *thought*, which he threw like seed into the world, has sprung up, and developed from century to century, from day to day,—his soul, which did not find a single echo in its course here below, holds commune in the present day with millions, and has done so for centuries. More than five hundred years have passed over the country of Dante, since the death of his body: years of glory and of shame; of genius and intolerable mediocrity; of turbulent liberty and mortal servitude; but the name of Dante has remained, and the severe image of the poet still rules the destinies of Italian generations, for an encouragement and for a reproach. Never has another genius been so brilliant that it could eclipse or dim the splendour of that of Dante; never has there been a darkness so profound, that it could conceal this star of promise from Italian eyes; neither the profanation of tyrants and Jesuits, nor the violations of foreign invaders, have been able to efface it. ‘*Sanctum Poetæ nomen quod nunquam barbaries violavit.*’ The poem was ill understood,—was degraded by vulgar commentators:—the prose works, in which Dante had written the *national Thought* still more explicitly, were forgotten—concealed by a suspicious tyranny, from the knowledge of his fellow-citizens: and still, as if there had been a compact, an interchange of secret life between the nation and the poet, even the common people who cannot read know and revere his sacred name. At Porciano, some leagues from the source of the Arno, the peasants show a tower, in which they say Dante was imprisoned. At Gubbio, a street bears his name,—a house is pointed out, as having been dwelt in by him. The mountaineers of Tolmino, near Udine, tell the traveller that there is the grotto where Dante wrote—there, the stone upon which he used to sit;—yet a little while, and the country will inscribe on the base of his statue,

*The Italian Nation to the Memory
OF ITS PROPHET.*

^{*} Letter from Fra Flavio to Uguccione della Faggiola v. Troia del Veltro Allegorico.

[†] “Aber das Grab ist nicht tief; es ist der leuchtende Fusstritt eines Engels, der uns sucht. Wenn die unbekannte Hand den letzten Pfeil an das Haupt des Menschen sendet, so bückt er vorher das Haupt, und der Pfeil hebt bloss die Dornenkrone von seinen Wunden ab.”

ART. II.—*Selbst Schau. Erster Theil: Das Schicksal und der Mensch.* (Self-Contemplation. Part I.: Man and his Destiny.) By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE. Aarau. 1843.

No records of human life are more generally unsatisfactory than those of the lives of literary men: there are none that we take up with more misgivings—none that we more frequently lay down with the desponding conclusion, that ‘all is vanity and vexation of spirit.’

Many causes may be assigned for this, without resorting to the absurd, and almost exploded fallacy, that genius, like a fairy gift, is usually accompanied by some condition fatal to the possessor.

We have, in the first place, mostly formed an acquaintance with the best and brightest part of an author's existence, that preserved in his writings, before we feel any curiosity to know what was the actual life of the man. The wine has been drunk; the lees only remain. In addition to this, the uncertainty of the social position of authors, their proverbial irritability of temperament, and their frequent deficiency in common prudence, expose them more than any other class to the pelting of the most pitiless storms of fortune, whilst rendering them at the same time more keenly susceptible to her injuries. Society is too often a foolish, capricious mother to them, fondling them with immoderate tenderness one moment, but casting them from her with harsh reproaches, and refusing their most reasonable requests, when her humour changes, or when the spoiled children manifest any of the failings—mainly attributable to her own injudicious treatment; she will sometimes, in a sentimental mood, make loud lamentations over some well-advertised distresses, which are no more, perhaps, than the necessary and unavoidable consequences of wilful imprudence; at others she will pettishly refuse her most gifted children the common rights of the humblest and dullest of their brethren.

From the nature of his pursuits, the author has to contend, single-handed with many difficulties, to overcome which others enjoy the assistance and co-operation of numbers; he has to force his way through the world alone not only without a well-beaten road to travel on, but even without a well-defined object to which he might direct even the maddest steeple chase. Not only must he stand, without the support afforded by the brotherly bonds of what are called the regular professions, but often, precisely because his work may happen to be of higher value

to the community than almost any other, he is grudged its natural reward, by those, who in their fears of intellectual famine decree, like the mobs of the French revolution, that the best way to avoid it is to plunder the bakers.

With all the allowance, however, that can be made for the disadvantages authors may labour under, it is impossible not to see that the often bewailed misfortunes of the sons of genius are by no means the inevitable and fatal attendants on that genius, but merely the results of common failings which they share with common men, on which the brilliant gifts accompanying them have thrown a terrible light.

Be that as it may, it not unfrequently happens that we repent our curiosity in seeking to lift the veil that has covered the personal history of one in whose works we have long delighted, and to clothe with flesh and blood the bright abstraction of a name. The precepts of the physician become valueless when we have seen his inability to heal himself; the light that shone like a star before us can guide us no more, when we know it to be merely an exhalation from a rank and unwholesome jungle of vanity and sensual excess.

If such are the feelings with which we lay down so many literary biographies, how doubly welcome are those which, like the autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke (quaintly entitled ‘*Selbst Schau*,’ Self-contemplation), lead us to forget the author in whom we have delighted, the admirable novelist, the historian, the philosophical moralist, in our esteem and veneration for the man, who now, at seventy-two years of age, surrounded, as that age should be, with ‘honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,’ has sat down to record the circumstances of his rich and eventful career, as well as the progress of his inward, spiritual life, for the benefit of a numerous circle of descendants.

Heinrich Zschokke, known all over Europe as the author of many works of high excellence in various departments of literature—though so long a distinguished citizen of Switzerland—is not a native of that country, which, indeed, he did not enter till he was more than twenty years of age. He is by birth a German, the son of an Oberalter of Magdeburg, who acquired what was, then and there, thought a considerable fortune, by supplying cloth to the Prussian army during the Seven Years' War.

His mother died when he was only a few weeks old, and his earliest recollection dates from 1774, when the great comet, that flaming ensign of the wrath of God, as he heard it called, hanging in the midnight sky, and

the sea of pale, upturned faces gazing at it, made a deep and terrible impression on the child then between three and four years old.

The impressions of his infancy, however, were not usually of his character, for he was the Benjamin of his father's house, and, like most children so circumstanced, an especial darling. Of literary cultivation, the worthy cloth-dealer possessed scarcely enough to write his own name; but he was, on that account, all the more rigid with respect to little Heinrich's attendance at school, as well as at the Lutheran church. What harvest of profit he may have reaped in those fields of learning, it is not easy to make out; but the net result of the theological teaching he received appears to have been an admiration of winged angels, and a profound awe of the devil, with his classical appendages of hoofs and tail. In addition to these studies, religious and scientific, he voluntarily went through a course of gymnastics, climbing all the trees in the vicinity, accompanying the cats in their excursions along the gutters, and acting as commander-in-chief of twenty or thirty little ragamuffins in their martial encounters with other small tribes. In these wars, some heads were broken, but more windows; and the peaceful neighbouring nations, as in some other cases, suffered more damage than the belligerents themselves.

A dark, stern reality, however, broke in upon this sportive world; the father died, and little Heinrich wept inconsolably through a long night of grief and terror, dreading lest the light of the sun had been extinguished with the life of his only remaining parent.

But the sun returned, and the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of the funeral—even yet in Germany an occasion of still more fantastic solemnity than with us—the chorus of singers, the church bells, the long procession, and the new mourning dress, helped to dissolve the childish grief in wonder and fearful admiration. To this was joined the influence of change of scene. Heinrich was sent to his brother Andreas, who had himself a son as old; and it was only by slow degrees that he began to feel himself an orphan.

The change that had taken place in his circumstances, the loss he had sustained, became clearer to him, and sorrowful brooding over these mysterious events, vain struggles against the mighty unseen power that had shattered thus in pieces the fair and solid-looking fabric of his happiness, awakened deeper thoughts than perhaps

often arise in brains of eight years' standing, and struck the key-note of his future inward life.

Brother Andreas was, like the father, a cloth-maker, but a person of far higher pretensions both in letters and gentility; and little Heinrich's rampaging about, with the *gamins* of the street and market-place, was an abomination in his sight.

Heinrich was required to put off the old Adam, and to become regenerated with the help of the hairdresser and the tailor.

Instead of the wild freedom he had enjoyed, to which the school hours at all events had served to give additional zest, the boisterous fun among his playmates, and the caresses of a loving father, the poor boy condemned to "cut" his troop of ragged but jovial playfellows, had to endure the restraint of sitting whole days in a close room, gazing at a book in which he was not reading, and revisiting in dreams his old beloved haunts, or watching with envy the pleasant social parties of the ducks and fowls, beneath the window, or the airy gambols of the flies on the ceiling. The new clothes too were but snares to his path, entangling him in sins before unknown, and acting as conductors to draw down by their rents and stains continual storms of trouble on his devoted head.

As the tailor and the hairdresser had not altogether succeeded in making a gentleman of Heinrich, brother Andreas bethought him to try the influence of the Muses. He read and expounded to him Kleist's poem of 'Spring,' and engaged a master to teach him to play on the harpsichord, but the renowned poem seemed as grand and as dull as the best room of the house, with its fine furniture and well-rubbed floor, and though the boy could be moved to rapture and to tears by the melody of a street minstrel, or by distant snatches of harmony from a band of wandering choristers, his music master gave him up in despair.

The case was no better when he was sent to school. Wanting all preparatory knowledge, the lessons were perfectly unintelligible to him, and he sat there with unspeakable weariness hour after hour, solacing himself by occasionally drawing by stealth the figures of animals not commonly known to naturalists, and getting his exercises done by private amicable contract with his schoolfellows. This pleasant and profitable traffic was, however, unluckily destroyed at a blow by an arbitrary interference of the constituted authorities, and at a public school examination, lest his ignorance might become a scandal to the institu-

tion, Heinrich Zschokke was formally dismissed as entirely and hopelessly deficient in capacity.

Brother Andreas was overwhelmed as by a thunderbolt, beside himself with rage and shame, and the terrified Heinrich was about to rush into the wide world with a brand like that of Cain upon his forehead, when he was saved by the interference of his eldest sister, who decided that it was all the fault of Andreas, took the forlorn Heinrich home, and determined to try the experiment of sending him with her own son to a little school, where it was hoped he might after all be able to learn enough to become a decent grocer or shoemaker.

In spite of all that had been said of the ignorance of the expelled pupil, he had, nevertheless, brought away with him a fund of knowledge, of which, strangely enough, no account had been taken. A copy of the 'Arabian Nights' had fallen into his hands, while he was still wandering in those academic groves, and he soon became a devout believer in the truth of that ghostly volume, learning whole pages by heart, and becoming profoundly versed in the secrets of the invisible world, and the sayings and doings of magicians and genii, and all the principalities and powers who exercise dominion therein. Could he but find out the secret which should render him lord and master of some serviceable spirit, like the slaves of the lamp and the ring! He now seriously began to prosecute this inquiry, and whether he might or might not have been successful in his researches can never be known, for he found with some indignation that he was to be again sent to school, and schoolmasters, everybody knows, are no conjurors.

Heinrich's new situation was nevertheless on the whole less irksome than the house of his brother, for as no one seemed to trouble himself about him, he enjoyed more freedom; and his new master, in addition to many genuine *pedagogical* gifts, took captive his imagination at first sight by the majestic beauty of his appearance in a blue-flowered dressing-gown and snow-white flowing perwig. Among the useful tools which this worthy man, named Capsius, employed in his trade (that, namely, of keeping in order sixty unruly boys), besides three sticks, varying in length and thickness, there lay on a little table, a long smooth cord, which he was in the habit of employing precisely like the lasso of the South American Guachos, flinging it with admirable skill over the head of the young sinner, let him be ever so far off, and drawing him amidst the hurrahs of the mob, in a straight line over bench and table to the judgment-seat.

The wild rollicking troop of youngsters, nevertheless, loved their teacher well, and were loved by him; but one was confessedly his favourite. This youth was the fortunate possessor of the sum total of the classical erudition of the school, having gone through the rudiments of Latin, and whenever there was anything to be seen in the street, soldiers, rope-dancers, bears, or monkeys, he was sure to obtain permission to leave the school-room and enjoy the spectacle, if he could only muster Latin enough to ask permission in that tongue. Here was an attraction powerful enough to overcome even the repulsive force of the Latin grammar. In vain did the owner of the spell paint in fearful colours to Zschokke the terrors of that wilderness of declensions and conjugations, adjectives and pronouns, he fought his way undaunted through them, from *Musa* to *Audio*, and at length, with much palpitation of the heart, uttered the potent 'Open Sesame' of the school-room door. Dominie Capsius, astonished at this sudden and dazzling display of learning, subjected it, in the first instance, to a searching investigation, but when satisfied of its genuineness, praised the valorous industry of little Heinrich, declared he would come to something, and proclaimed him solemnly to the dignity of second '*Lateiner*,' with all rights and privileges thereunto belonging.

In addition to these classical acquirements, Zschokke was at the same time going through a course of geographical study, under the direction of an old labouring man, a broad-shouldered athletic figure, with a hard-featured, scarred, weather-beaten sailor's face, who lived in a neighbouring house, and who in the fine summer evenings used to relate many marvellous things from his own travels and those of Robinson Crusoe and other authorities. When at last this rich fund of entertainment seemed well-nigh exhausted, Zschokke had no resource but to collect all the voyages and travels that he could by any means come at, and to resolve, on the first opportunity, to be shipwrecked on a beautiful island of the South Sea.

It was not, however, wholly amidst these pleasant dreams, that the mind of Zschokke began to unfold itself as he advanced towards his thirteenth year. The vague doubt, the anxious misgivings which the many mysteries of this earthly existence are calculated to awaken, had already begun to darken over his mental horizon. Surrounded by those whose thoughts had never wandered beyond the narrow circle of their daily worldly occupations, he could obtain no answer to his 'obstinate questionings,' except, perhaps,

some foolish trivial evasion, or 'Because it is so, you blockhead!' and in his perplexity he devised for himself the strangest solutions of his difficulties; such, for instance, as that the world was a vast clock-work, in which the figures were moved about unconsciously to themselves, that the only conscious beings were himself and God, who had set in motion this vast apparatus for the sake of educating him and rendering him fit for Heaven, leaving the wonderful puppet-show motionless at all other times than the moments during which he, little Heinrich Zschokke, could contemplate its movements. Day and night his imagination was occupied with these extraordinary fancies, and in the meantime he was regarded by everybody about him as an odd unmanageable kind of boy, who always laughed and cried at the wrong times, was something unaccountably credulous, and at others most stiffnecked in his unbelief.

Disregarded, or thrust out of the way as a person altogether 'de trop' in the world, he withdrew himself gradually more and more into the solitude of his own heart.

"I stood alone in the world, and could not look on without a painful emotion when any one of my companions was praised or caressed by father or mother. My tears were dried by no loving hand; me, no one pressed to his bosom, and every reproach which to other children is softened by the consciousness of their parents' affection, fell on me with undiminished bitterness. Now first did I feel how infinite had been my loss in the death of my father. I tried to recall to myself his words and caresses, and even his most trivial actions. I longed to die and be with him again.—Many a night have I got up when all was silent round me, and falling on my knees, prayed with passionate tears that his spirit should, but for once, appear to me, and then crept, sorrowing and forlorn, back to my bed, when I found my prayer not granted.

"I did not venture to make a confidant of any one; but I was forced, by some means or other, to give vent to my repressed emotions. I held long imaginary conversations with God, in which I answered my own requests in his name; but the happiest thought was that of entering on a poetical correspondence with the spirit of my father, in which I wrote down my complaints, solacing myself with the belief that he was standing invisibly by me. These were my first poetical productions, and I was induced to make the attempt, because I thought a heavenly being ought to be addressed in a nobler language than that of common life.

"My only fear was, that as paper was sometimes scarce in the house, and people were in the habit of taking my school exercises and translations, without ceremony, to wrap up money, they might happen to light on my poetical MSS.—those sacred outpourings of my heart—which would be sure to bring down on me a torrent of reproaches, and, in all probability, weeks of sullen silence from the whole household.

"My little sleeping-room was on the ground floor in a back building; and poor and naked as I was, I took a pleasure in it, and loved to adorn it as my study. There I read, painted, made poems, and revelled in a world of beautiful dreams. In winter, however, I had not only no fire, but the economy of the house denied me a light, even to go to bed by. At last I hit on an expedient, for which I amazingly applauded myself, namely, to make a lamp of a hollowed-out turnip, and light it when every body was in bed and asleep. As there were no curtains, I trusted to the flowers, formed by the frost over the window panes, for the privacy of my nightly labours. but unluckily they proved not to be sufficiently thick; my lamp was discovered, and angrily, and with many threats, destroyed.

"My temper was, however, no longer the same. I answered in a tone of defiance, and on the following morning repaired to my guardian, a bell-founder in the town, who heard my complaints very quietly, and then dismissed me without making any reply, manifesting no little embarrassment when I observed that I knew I had a right to better treatment for the money that was paid for my board from the property left by my father.

"As I could obtain no promise of redress from him, I went straight to the President* of the *Obervormundschaftsamt*, a burgomaster, named, I think, Stickhahn.

"This worthy man listened with great patience to the narrative of my grievances, made many inquiries concerning my age (I was not thirteen), my occupations, the school I went to, &c., and then, clapping me in a friendly way on the back, said, 'Go, things shall be better managed for you,' and in a few days I was removed from the house of my sister, where I had never been regarded as a brother, but only as a boarder, or indeed an errand-boy, and sent to board with the Rector Emeritus, and from his house attended the high school, or gymnasium. So that, although I had failed to discover Aladdin's lamp, my turnip-lamp had rendered me good service."

With this scene, which will have afforded our readers some insight into the character of the young Zschokke, we pass over the remaining years of his childhood, until we find him at the age of seventeen, a tall *primaner*, sufficiently advanced in the school studies—that is, with his mind 'duly littered with etymological compost;' but sick at heart with the epidemic malady of the youth of the period, the dreariest and most hopeless unbelief. The old instinctive faith of his childhood had been extinguished, and he vainly groped in the dark to find his way unassisted out of the labyrinth.

"The boy of seventeen thought himself able to attain, by his own strength, to an absolute certainty in divine things. He philosophized boldly, in the manner of thousands before him, that is, with the imagination; and had, like thousands before him, the fate of Icarus when he came too near

*Like our Lord Chancellor, the legal guardian of orphans.

the sun; the wax of his wings melted, and he was plunged into an ocean of doubt and despair...

"I was poorer than the poorest beggar. I had in the world no love, in Heaven no God; and even in the thought that I had not deserved this fate was no consolation, but only another source of bitterness, and indignant complaint.

"It is probable that a mode of life entirely sedentary, and frequently passing whole nights in study, in an age of rapid corporeal development, had contributed not a little to this morbid state of mind."

A sort of instinct, he says, now drove him to seek relief in change of scene, and he accordingly again presented himself to his guardian, and representing to him, in a 'neat speech,' that younger than he had already been made happy university men, requested permission to go to Halle.

The guardian, who appears to have been one of those imperturbable kind of people most of all provoking to more impetuous temperaments, listened with an unmoved countenance to his oration, and then, with a kind of ambiguous smile, said that 'The clock would not strike for that for full two years to come.'

Scarcely restraining tears of mingled anger and vexation, Zschokke left the house. To remain two years longer at the gymnasium, in his present state of mind, appeared intolerable; he had neither father nor mother, with a natural claim on his obedience—none who had earned such a claim by their kindness—and he therefore resolved, since he could not obtain permission to go to Halle, to take what is called 'French leave,' to enter himself as a student at the larger university of the world. It was all before him, and with an enviable freedom of choice he placed the map of Europe on the table to assist his deliberations.

There lay Switzerland, with its glorious Alps, and lakes, and waterfalls, for years the object of his most ardent longings; but the way was long, and his purse, alas! was short:—there Bavaria, the Paradise of monastic life, with its magnificent Benedictine convents, under the shadow of their far-spreading, ancient elms and lindens, where, in vast dim Gothic libraries, lay buried mighty heaps of literary treasure.

The solemn hush of their cloisters, their cool and tranquil seclusion, looked tempting to the feverish restlessness of his mind, and the profession of the Catholic faith, necessary to procure him admission into their walls, seemed a trifle scarce worth hesitating about, to one who, from the heights of his youthful presumption, looked down on all that was positive in religion as mere unmeaning formality.

There was, however, one spot where he

could hope to meet a familiar face, and this, to a heart yearning for friendship and affection, proved an irresistible attraction. In the ducal residence of Mecklenburg Schwerin there dwelt a former companion, who had now attained to the dignity of a court player; and through his assistance Zschokke hoped he might procure admission to the temple of the dramatic art, which, poor as are its accommodations, has often proved a refuge for the destitute.

Accordingly, on a cold foggy morning of January, 1788, the young adventurer quitted his native city and arrived in safety at the goal of his expectations, namely, Mecklenburg Schwerin, and the dwelling of his friend Wachsmann. The first reception was friendly enough, but gradually, as Zschokke unfolded the motives of his journey, and his plan of becoming an actor, the face of Wachsmann grew longer and longer, until, bursting into a scornful laugh, he declared the services of the *primaner* not worth having, even in the candle-snuffing department. 'Sic transit gloria;' here was an end of all his hopes of histrionic preferment through the interest of the court player, and, uttering an indignant philippic on his false friend, he rushed from his house, but stopped outside the street-door to consider where he was to go next. As he stood there, forlorn, and knowing not whither to turn his steps, he felt himself tapped on the shoulder, and greeted by a friendly voice. An unknown gentleman, who had been present at the interview between him and Wachsmann, had followed him into the street, and expressing much interest in his situation, kindly requested permission to introduce him to his family. Through the mediation of this new friend, by name Fahrenheit, he soon found himself placed, on agreeable terms, as tutor in a private family. 'Who now so blithe as he?' A situation which to many would have afforded cause for repining, seems to have been greeted by him as the happiest of mortal lots.

For the first time in his life he revelled in the enjoyment of almost unbounded freedom, and of kindly domestic intercourse; the attachment of amiable pupils, the friendship of their benevolent but invalid father, and of Fahrenheit, and the pleasures of the country, enchanting to one cooped as he had always hitherto been within the walls of a city, who found new sources of delight and wonder in every field and grove, rendered him for a time perfectly happy. The scholar's melancholy faded away like a mist of the morning, and the dark spectres of doubt and fear vanished in the prosperous sunshine.

But the good fortune that had attended

this rather wild freak, seemed, after a time, instead of satisfying, to awaken a new thirst of adventure, and the sweet monotony of his life became disturbed by the longing after new and untried scenes.

"How little, thought I, did I yet know of the magnificence of this beautiful earth! When wandering along the woody shores of the lake, or on the terrace of the castle garden, I stretched out my arms in feverish longing towards those distant unknown lands that lay beyond, and even the old Robinson Crusoe dreams seemed to awake again in my mind. It appeared almost like a sin to have spent two whole years of my life in this little Schwerin, for to a restless lad, such as I was, who, strong in youth and health, feels himself equal to every adventure, the beautiful uniformity of Paradise itself would soon become wearisome."

The end of this was, that he was induced to accept the offer of an acquaintance who had taken on him the management of a theatre, and received the important appointment of correspondent and poet to the theatre at Prenzlau. He was to accompany the troop in a caravan from Schwerin to the appointed rendezvous, and seems to, have enjoyed amazingly the boisterous spirits and mad freaks of his new companions. They travelled in three waggons: one for the men, another for the women, and a third for the baggage: but often dismounting from their vehicles, strolled along in merry groups playing a thousand mad frolics with the country people in the villages through which they passed, now frightening them out of their wits, and now convulsing them with laughter. Gladly, says Zschokke, would he have travelled round the world in such company; but this, like other pleasures, soon came to an end. They arrived at their destination, and as time and circumstances enabled Zschokke to obtain a little insight into the characters of his jovial companions, his taste for their society rapidly declined. They cared nothing for their art, as an art, were always on the look out for patrons, or engaged in intrigues or drinking bouts, and, however indifferent actors on the stage, were masters of all the arts of dissimulation in private life. He fulfilled, however, all the duties of his office, cut down heroic tragedies, patched up worn-out comedies, and altered them to the modern fashion, made the required alterations in such as did not fit the company; and besides giving these proofs of his skill in dramatic tailoring, wrote several sanguinary melodramas, and corresponded with the magistrates of neighbouring towns concerning the improvement of public taste that might be expected to result from any encouragement afforded to this most legitimate drama.

Fearful of exceeding our limits, we must pass with a hasty glance the remainder of his youthful adventures. At the end of a year the players dispersed, and Zschokke, whose liking for theatrical company was now fully satisfied, remained behind in the last town they visited, *Landsberg an der Warthe*, living most frugally on his very scanty means, and studying hard to prepare for the university. His guardian, who had for some time looked on him as entirely lost and given up to a vagabond life, joyfully gave the required permission, and he was accordingly entered as a student at Frankfort on the Oder. He was rather puzzled when asked by the 'Rector Magnificus' what faculty he wished particularly to devote himself to, as his views in repairing to that mart of learning had been merely to accumulate a vast store of wisdom, which he hoped would, in some way or other, turn to use, but at length resolved 'to throw the handkerchief to theology,' principally with the hope of finding in a profounder and more elaborate course of study, a cure for that mental malady which still lay dormant within him.

His academical career was highly successful. The coarse and fantastic follies of the common herd of students seemed to him too absurd and childish to possess any attraction, and but for the accidental circumstance of being called on to deliver a funeral oration over a deceased fellow-student, which occasioned a great sensation, he might have remained a stranger to the greater part of them. Notwithstanding the vast number of students who, on this occasion, drank their 'Schmollis' to him, and professed themselves his brothers, there were very few with whom he formed what might be called an intimacy. It was in a playful poetical contention that took place with one of these chosen few, that he produced a drama, 'Abellind,' which immediately met with the most tremendous success, as the playbills have it, all over Germany, and brought the young author, among other signs of popular favour, a formal invitation from a number of merchants at Stettin, to be present as their guest, and superintend the bringing out of his piece at the theatre in that city.

His modesty, he says, would have hardly been able to resist such an offer, but that an unfortunate deficit in the finance department compelled him to forego the triumph.

His unexpected success as a dramatic author, however, seems never for a moment to have turned his attention from more serious subjects. He toiled earnestly, and without ceasing, to find a way out of the labyrinth in which he had become entangled;

but those who should have guided him on his way, only dazzled him with false lights, or plunged him into deeper gloom. "The rooted scepticism of my tutor, seasoned as it was with attic wit, destroyed at length every hope I had cherished of ever attaining anything like certainty on the highest questions. In this shipwreck of all belief, knowledge, even of opinion, I clung like a drowning man to the plank thrown out by the Sage of Königsberg."

This scarcely served, indeed, to keep his chin above water, but, nevertheless, before long there appeared some hopes of his reaching land, though perhaps but a floating island. "Over the darkness and desolation of my inward world there arose, like a gleam of light from the distance, the idea of the holy, the true, the beautiful, united in triple unity in Christ, as the type of a perfect humanity."

In due time, however, notwithstanding the young scholar's deep consciousness that in all that was really important to know, he was still only a humble seeker after knowledge, he was proclaimed Doctor Philosophiæ and Magister bonarum artium, and had moreover the honour of filling with great approbation for some months the pulpit of the deceased pastor of the church of St. Catherine's, in Magdeburg, whither he had gone to visit his relatives, and where the distinguished young scholar, and moreover the author of 'Abellind,' found a vast number of old friends, which the neglected schoolboy had been all unconscious of possessing.

It was not till the year 1795, when he had reached the age of five-and-twenty, that Zschokke found himself enabled to fulfil his long-cherished wish of visiting Switzerland. He had previously made a pretty extensive tour in Germany, visiting Berlin, Leipsig, Bairuth, Nurnberg, Stuttgart, &c., finding to his great astonishment, that his friend, the bandit 'Abellind' procured him introductions to many most agreeable circles; his respect for the taste of a worthy public, which could relish this production beside the masterpieces of Schiller and Göthe, being nevertheless by no means increased thereby.

At Schaffhausen, in the roar of the Rhine cataract, this promised land gave him her first thundering welcome, and the fever of his youthful romance still ran high enough to induce him to dismount and kiss with joyful reverence the soil of his adopted country.

"In this picturesque labyrinth of green hills, blue streams, pleasant villages, chapels, and ruined castles, Nature seemed to keep everlasting holi-

day, and the sudden transitions from scenes of the most tranquil pastoral beauty, to those of the wildest and most terrific desolation, thrilled me with a sort of rapturous horror. In the sublime deserts of the high Alps, among rocks and clouds, I seemed to look down on palaces and temples, and all the magnificence of the earth, and in the awful silence around me to feel the presence of God. The invincible clothed itself before me in a bodily form as to Moses in the burning bush.

"The striking peculiarities in the manners and social condition of the inhabitants afforded also a never-failing subject of interesting speculation. The standards I had brought with me from Germany I found admitted of no application here. In religion, language, freedom and civilisations in manners, physiognomies, and modes of life, not only did canton differ from canton, but almost every valley from the other. The physical conformation of the country, its mountain chains, its glaciers, its foaming torrents, its lakes, its long winters, render communication difficult, and separate the inhabitants of towns and villages from each other.

"I could not also help being struck with the contrasts in many respects exhibited by the Catholic and Protestant cantons. The numerous festivals and processions, the idleness of all the inhabitants, the pauperism of many, the profound ignorance and blind bigotry to be found in the one, with the comparative industry, cleanliness, prosperity, and mental cultivation of the other."

It is hardly necessary perhaps to remind our readers that before 1798, almost the whole population of Switzerland, with the exception of the inhabitants of a few municipal towns, consisted of subjects, as they were called (Unterthanen), who were not only excluded from every share in the government, but were liable to the most unjust and oppressive treatment. It is not, therefore, surprising that Zschokke's dreams of the republican freedom and happiness of the Swiss were soon put to flight; but he had now, he says, lived long enough to be accustomed to these disenchantments.

The whole country round Zurich he found was in a state of vassalage to the city, the labour of the inhabitants serving little other purpose than that of enriching about 1500 families within its walls. Only the lowest and most indispensable branches of industry were allowed to be exercised in the villages, the higher and more productive being reserved for the citizens. Even for these the country people were compelled to purchase the raw materials in Zurich, and they were prohibited from carrying their manufactures to any other market. No office, not even the lowest, civil or ecclesiastical, could be filled by any but a citizen. The sons of citizens only could enjoy the benefit of the academies, gymnasia, libraries, or museums. There were no roads but such

as led from the frontiers of the cantons to the gates of the city. The overplus, from the revenues of the states, was either placed in foreign funds, or heaped on the favoured few in the shape of lucrative appointments or pensions. In Bern, and the other governing cities, the case was no better. Everywhere the cold shade of the civic aristocracy had blighted the fair fruits that might have been looked for from a hundred-and-fifty years of industry and peace.

The next change of the magic lantern of Zschokke's eventful life shows him in the honourable position of head-master of the seminary of Reichenau, the principal, and indeed almost the only public educational institution for the Grisons and the neighbouring cantons. At the time when Zschokke arrived, this establishment had fallen into a state of grievous decay; a decay proceeding from the same cause as that of the canton itself, namely, the factions and feuds of a few great families. These Alpine Capulets and Montagues had ranged themselves on opposite sides in some disputes that had arisen, and it became evident that the object of their contention must be altogether torn in pieces, unless some measure should be adopted to render it entirely independent of political parties. A few days, during which Zschokke was accidentally delayed at Chur, sufficed to make him acquainted with the President Tschärner, and to procure him the offer of the appointment. That such a proposal should be made to so young a man, after only eight days' acquaintanceship, seemed strange, almost suspicious; but, on further inquiry, it appeared the state did not risk as much in the business as might have been supposed; for besides that, as matters stood at present, the destruction of the school was inevitable, the salary of the head master was to be only 800 florins, and he was required to advance a considerable part of his own little property in the purchase of some lands for the school, which it was thought advisable should not remain the property of the president.

After visiting some of the principal enemies of Tschärner, and ascertaining that it was equally the wish of all parties that he should undertake the office, he very gladly consented, and with cheerful activity immediately set about bringing its affairs into order, arranging not only the whole course of instruction, but also all matters connected with the economical department, and despatching on the wings of the press the account of the new birth of the institution to all corners of the world. In one year the number of pupils rose from fifteen to

seventy, and Zschokke enjoyed perhaps the chief happiness of life in an ample sphere of virtuous activity. The delightful scenery, too, amidst which his labours passed (the castle of Reichenau being placed in the midst of extensive gardens, against whose terraces broke foaming the *Vortier* and *Hinter-Rhine*), his deep interest in the cause of education, his lofty views of the character and office of the schoolmaster, and the tenderness towards his pupils, partly excited by the remembrance of his own friendless youth, made his task seem a labour of love.

But the time had come when the thunders of war were to break in even on this harmless seclusion, and the shock of the great convulsion, which had overturned thrones and temples, was to extend even into the school-room of Reichenau, and the thread of its master's history to become interwoven with that of the world.

It may be recollected that shortly after the breaking out of the French revolution, various parts of the cantons of Switzerland had exhibited movements indicative of discontent, but these isolated attempts at insurrection had been suppressed one after another without much difficulty. The Swiss governments, warned by the fate of the old republics of Venice, Holland, and Genoa, had done their utmost to maintain their strict neutrality, and even after the greatest insults on the part of France, had endeavoured by all means to keep on good terms with the insolent victors.

Vain, however, was their caution; the then rulers of France had determined to remodel Switzerland into an independent neighbour republic, one and indivisible, after the last new Paris fashion, and they had moreover cast a longing eye on the treasures known to be lying in the old coffers of Bern.

In 1798, therefore, without troubling themselves with many unnecessary apologies, they advanced a body of troops into the Pays de Vaud, and shortly after marched upon Bern. Abandoned by her allies, though heroically defended by the oppressed country people of the canton, she soon fell into their hands, and as there had been nothing like a common plan of defence, or any co-operation between the different members of the confederacy, canton after canton followed.

The French, after they had made themselves agreeable by plundering the cities, levying enormous fines on the inhabitants, and taking other measures to prepossess the people in favour of any government they might propose, produced a ready-made constitution brought with them from Paris, and

manufactured there in the manner of the wooden-frame houses sent out to Australia and New Zealand. With this machine they at once set up the Helvetic republic, which was to be divided into eighteen cantons, each sending an equal number of deputies to two legislative chambers, and presided over by an executive directory of five persons. An *invitation* had been despatched to the Grisons to join the new-born republic, but before the compliment could be answered, the troops of Austria were poured into the Tyrol, and an intimation given to the heads of the canton that the emperor would not suffer any arbitrary change in the government. The little defenceless free state, with two hostile armies on its frontiers, and rent asunder from within by contending factions, had not even the prudence to endeavour to gain time, and not knowing which way to turn itself, made a leap in the dark into the arms of Austria. A fierce persecution immediately commenced against all those who had expressed any doubts of the eligibility of this step. Many men, formerly high in favour with the people, had difficulty to escape with their lives. The president Tschärner fled across the Rhine, and the amiable and inoffensive poet, Salis Seewis, was, with his young and beautiful wife, hunted over the frontier, and pursued by armed peasants, who sent some bullets after him. The fiercest quarrels in the meantime arose among the people; village rose against village, and family against family. In this state of things, as may be supposed, parents had anxiously recalled their sons from the school of Reichenau, and teachers begged for their dismissal. The household of the castle, which, with the pupils, had amounted to a hundred persons, was suddenly dispersed, and Zschokke was left almost alone, to wander about the silent halls and solitary gardens, so lately alive with the busy hum of joyous youth, but now deserted and oppressive with their silence.

The young master, now that his occupation was gone, often received in Reichenau a small band of friends, who, dreading above all things the rule of Austria, had recommended, as the less of two evils, joining the Helvetic Republic, on condition that the canton should be spared the presence of French troops, and the rights of property respected. Zschokke had been repeatedly warned that by receiving these obnoxious persons he had rendered himself suspected, but had disregarded these hints, thinking it incredible, that one whose life had been so wholly private, and apart from the scenes of political warfare, could be regarded as

obnoxious to any government, and not choosing to confine himself as he had been advised, to the lands of Reichenau, but continuing his botanical excursions among the mountains as usual. One evening, when he had been all day absent on one of these floral expeditions, he was astonished to find on his return the castle all in confusion, and the court-yard filled with persons who surrounded him with exclamations of joy, and poured out congratulations and questions, "*How he had escaped the murderers?*" whilst at the same moment there arrived a breathless messenger with a piece of paper from a friend, on which was hastily scrawled these words:

"If you are still safe, say so in one word. We have just met a party of peasants going in search of you with loaded muskets. It is said there is a price set on your head."

There was little time for deliberation, and the following morning the 'schoolmaster was abroad' on a timber raft, floating down the Rhine, enjoying with a sort of boyish love of frolic the rapid vicissitudes of his fortune, and fairly laughing outright, as he sat upon the trunk, now his whole worldly estate, so that he was obliged to devise sundry jokes for the amusement of the company, in order to save the credit of his sanity. A few hours carried him beyond the limits of the Grisons to the village of Ragatz, where wandering on the banks of the river, like the forlorn ghosts on the shores of Styx, he found many companions in exile and among them the dethroned President Tschärner. Before Zschokke's arrival it had been determined among them to send off an embassy to Aarau, then the seat of the Helvetic government, in order to obtain an asylum for the victims of the resentment of the Austrian party. There was, however, some difficulty in getting proper persons to undertake the office; some were out of health, and others were out at elbows—for their clothes had been left behind in the Grisons in the hurry of their escape. Tschärner had already offered himself, but it was deemed advisable he should have a companion, and Zschokke arrived just in time to help them out of their perplexity. He had neither father nor mother, wife nor child left behind, who might be compromised by the proceeding, and he was acquainted with many persons of consideration in the place he was to go to. The impatience of the exiles was too great to allow of many formalities, and without waiting to communicate with distant friends and fellow-sufferers, they despatched their messengers with such credentials as could then and there be furnished.

The aspect of the country through which they passed, bore many traces of the political convulsions it had suffered. In every town and village the tree of liberty was planted, whilst its growth was watched by hordes of the insolent and ruffianly French soldiers, by which the country was overrun. The word 'citizen' resounded on all sides, but the bonds of kindred were everywhere rent asunder. The only consolation was that the shock given to the social fabric had also burst the chain of a bodily and mental slavery of centuries' duration, and 'the sword of the avenging Nemesis flashed over the broken seats of magistrates whose pride, ignorance, and selfishness, had mainly contributed to bring about the catastrophe.'

The little town of Aarau was swarming with a motley crowd of French commissioners, generals, officers and soldiers, with popular representatives, senators, and ministers, from all corners of Switzerland, whilst day after day poured in complaints of the disorder, misery and destitution prevailing in every part of the country. The new constitution, manufactured at Paris in entire ignorance of the country on which it had been violently forced, a country whose various districts, differing in language, religion, and social culture, had scarcely one want in common, and the deluge of new laws, and of new magistrates, made confusion worse confounded. The people, perplexed and distracted, were tossed like a ball between contending parties. On one side fanatical priests were pouring out denunciations, announcing the destruction of the church, and preaching a crusade for the faith of Rome; on the other, liberty orators were raving for equality of goods, abolition of taxes, repudiation of debts, compensation for patriots.

Underwalden, which had taken up arms for its religion, had been laid waste by fire and sword. The Executive Directory, the supposed rulers of Switzerland, was in reality bound hand and foot by the French '*liberators*.'

The old Gothic edifice of the confederacy lay in ruins, and the crazy lath and plaster construction so hastily erected had no foundation; whilst any attempt to clear the ground of it, and make room for something better, would be the signal for pouring out the vials of wrath over the whole country, and would make it a battle-field for French and Austrian warfare, without its being possible to foresee what kind of harvest that 'red rain' would help to grow.

Amidst such scenes as these, those who are really able to lend a helping hand are not likely to be overlooked, and the hard

pressed directory of the Helvetic Republic soon cast their eyes upon Zschokke. In the stormy element of active life into which he had been thrown, he had now lost all traces of the contemplative enthusiastic melancholy that had so fitfully clouded the morning of his life, and, as it often happens, his inward world became calmer and clearer, as the outward one became more active and eventful.

War had now broken out openly between Austria and France, and after some sanguinary conflicts, Massena having got possession of the Grisons, the Provisionary government of Chur had immediately effected its union with the Helvetic Republic. The outlaws and exiles were recalled, and reinstated in their civic rights, and Zschokke was honoured with a vote of public thanks. In the meantime, however, the Archduke Charles was advancing rapidly upon Switzerland, and had already passed the Rhine at Schaffhausen, whilst convents, nobles, and priests, were busily intriguing in his behalf, and insurrections had actually broken out in several of the cantons, and had only been repressed by force of arms. In this emergency, the Directory of the convulsed Helvetic Republic appointed Zschokke Plenipotentiary Government Commissioner, or, as it was called, Proconsul, with orders to proceed immediately to Underwalden, 'by wise and energetic measures to produce obedience to the laws, to support the courage of the patriots, and to take away from the evil-disposed all hope of ever succeeding in their undertakings.'

With no directions more specific than were contained in such vague generalities as these, Zschokke proceeded on his mission, attended by a favourite old Reichenau pupil as his secretary.

"I was now," he says, "to try my strength in a new sphere; to repress the anarchy of hardy mountaineers, whose sufferings and whose struggles, had called forth a cry of horror and compassion from all Europe.* * *

"Entirely unacquainted with the actual present condition of the people whose tranquillity I was to restore, whose laws I was to uphold, my first care, on my arrival at Stantz, was to call together all magistrates and official persons from whom I could hope to obtain any information, but in every department I found only the most hopeless and inextricable confusion.

"The people—exhausted by the oppressions and plunderings of the soldiery, and the convulsive efforts of repeated insurrections—quenched in flames and blood—remained sunk in despairing silence. The mountains were swarming with banditti, or with troops of idle vagabonds who were little better, the prisons were filled to overflowing. In the dungeons of Rapperswyl and Aarburg only lay 225 prisoners, awaiting the de-

cision of the new Proconsul. I spent a whole night in going through their sentences with my secretary, and found that many were guiltless of any offence."

In a letter addressed to an old friend he says, speaking of his new office:—

"I think I see your satirical smile, when you hear of my new position; but I take these capricious turns of fortune as they come. The schoolmaster who preceded me at Reichenau was the Duke de Chartres (the present king of France), and now, out of a schoolmaster, they have made, not indeed a duke, but a proconsul. Such is revolution. However, I really labour in my vocation more than some rulers do. I am constantly employed, either at my writing table, at the council-board, or on horseback; hearing reports, giving orders, reviewing troops—one night I passed hard at work at legal business—many a one merely lying in my clothes, on my bed, whilst sentinels kept watch before the constantly open doors. A man with christian compassion in his heart, with some resolution, knowledge of the world, and presence of mind, can really do much good when at the head of a community. The hands and feet, the talents, the knowledge, the virtues of others, stand at his service if he knows how to use them. As a statesman I can, however, boast of only negative merit; I cannot make the people happy, I can merely remove some obstacles to their happiness. The rest they must do for themselves.

"Were you but here, dear friend, neither the ashes nor the graves of Unterwalden, nor even the curses or the tears of the unfortunate people would prevent my enjoying occasionally some cheerful moments.

"But it is indeed painful to witness the naked brutality of passion; the ignorance and stupidity of the common people, brought about as it has been by centuries of misgovernment; the ruthless vandalism of the French heroes; the irreligious bigotry that passes for piety; the total blindness of all to whatever is divine in humanity."

Suddenly, while the new Proconsul was busy with plans of reform, or rather with such measures as would make reform possible, there arose a cry that the French had been beaten in Uri, and that the triumphant Austrians were in full march to Unterwalden. A few companies of Helvetic troops of the line, which had been occupying the heights of Seclisberg and Emmet, fell back upon Stantz. In some villages the trees of liberty were torn down, in others deputations were appointed to wait on the Austrian general. Some were exulting at the change, others struck with terror; men, women and children were hurriedly carrying off the scanty remains of their little property, to hide it in the forests or mountain fastnesses from the rapine of the soldiery. The poor children of the orphan house* were crying

in the street, each with a little bundle under his arm, made up for him by his friend and father Pestalozzi. While the consternation was at its height, despatches arrived from the Directory requiring Zschokke to 'take immediate measures to prevent the further progress of the enemy, and to defend all the mountain passes from the lake of the Four Cantons to Brunig and Haslithal. "If," he says, "the Directory had thought proper to enclose an army in the despatch, I should have no sort of objection to make my debut as a military commander, but as they have neglected to do so, it was not easy to see how these commands were to be executed. Fortunately the present alarm turned out to be a false one, and in a few days general Loison with his brigade, actually arrived in Unterwalden, having been driven out of Uri."

Here, however, was a new perplexity! How to provide food and lodging for the guests! After some delay a stock of provisions was procured from Lucerne, the orphan-house was turned into a military hospital for the sick and wounded, twenty poor orphans, who had remained on the dispersion of the school, because they had no friends to go to, being taken home to his own house by the Proconsul, and the soldiers were distributed, as well as circumstances admitted, among the impoverished inhabitants, often sharing their rations with those under whose roofs they were crowded together. In many instances, indeed, the conduct of the common men in the French army appears to have admirably contrasted with that of their officers.

It will not be thought, perhaps, wholly foreign to our present purpose if we mention an anecdote or two illustrative of the spirit that reigned on both sides during their contest, for it may serve to show what kind of materials Zschokke was called on to work with.

He was riding out one day with a French general to Treib, a little promontory on the lake of the four cantons, on which a battery had been erected, opposite to the village of Brunnen in the canton of Schweitz, where lay the Austrian camp. As Zschokke was looking through a telescope on the opposite shore, he happened to express some wish to

tile to its amiable founder. Zschokke, who warmly appreciated his noble qualities of head and heart, exerted himself much to bring him into higher consideration with the good people of Lucenz, to whose respect, his odd uncouth dress, and plain blunt manners, were insurmountable obstacles. Before taking his arm in public, the Proconsul generally performed for him the office of valet, brushing his coat and hat, and reforming his waistcoat, which was always buttoned awry.

* This establishment was founded in 1798, under the authority of the Directory, but was ruined by the chances of war, and the efforts of a party hos-

see the Austrian troops in motion, when, without more ado, the general quietly went and gave an order to throw a few shells into the camp, and before the poor Proconsul could reach the laughing general, and put an end to the murderous sport, he distinctly saw two men drop.

On another occasion, when a sanguinary skirmish had taken place with a small force under the adjutant-general Porson, Zschokke, while the general was enjoying a comfortable afternoon's nap under a shady tree, wended his way among the dead and dying, to see what might have been gained by the costly sacrifice of human life. He found that the whole advantage gained consisted of a few small field-pieces and some old crazy boats. On congratulating Loison on these splendid results of the victory, the reply was 'Pooh! it wasn't for that: Porson wanted to get mentioned in the bulletin.'

On the other hand, the peasantry were but too well inclined to emulate this savage spirit of warfare, of which a revolting instance is mentioned in the case of a young corporal, who had been sent off with despatches, and having been accidentally observed by three countrymen while he was passing through the lonely district of the Emmet Moos, they fetched their hatchets, and without exchanging a word with him, attacked and murdered him. They then plundered the bloody corpse, and when they had divided the booty, fell on their knees, and prayed devoutly, for the deceased, five Ave-Marias and one Pater-Noster, and then went home well satisfied with their day's work, paying by the way something out of its produce for several masses for the soul of their victim.

To give the slightest outline of the difficulties which Zschokke experienced during the administration of his little territory, and the daily, hourly calls upon his judgment, energy, and readiness of resource, would require us to go more into detail concerning this tempestuous time, to plunge deeper into the weltering waves, than our limits will allow, or than our readers perhaps would be inclined to approve. Whilst the calls upon the government were multiplied a thousand times, all its usual machinery was wanting; whilst the state of society required nothing less than a thorough re-organization, on the most serious and deliberately formed plan, every passing moment brought with it its own imperative demands.

When seizing the first moment of freedom from the burden of foreign troops to organize a national guard in one canton, it becomes necessary to hurry away to another, to save the people from being hunted like wild

beasts in the forests and caverns by an infuriated soldiery, revenging the massacre of their comrades. Whilst providing by various means, day by day, for the necessary daily bread, he is endeavouring to revive the spirit of order and industry, which may enable the people to rise from their miserable condition and provide it again for themselves. Often the Proconsul is harassed by despatches from the Directory, positively requiring him to do what is positively impossible to be done. Often in cases where there is the most urgent need that he should know the wishes and intentions of the central government, he is obliged to act wholly on his own responsibility, without any instructions at all.*

Not among the least of the obstacles to be overcome lay in the idleness and apathy of the people themselves.

The usually powerful incitement of pecuniary gain, in this time of dire distress, seemed to have no power to rouse them. The unwearied Proconsul had discovered rich and extensive turf moors, that lay unemployed in the district of Einsiedeln. He endeavoured to encourage the inhabitants of the country round to turn them to use, gave all the necessary instructions, promised advances of money from the government. All in vain. 'They didn't like that kind of employment.'

In the valley of the Arth he found a bed of coal which had even, at some former time, been partially worked. He turned the attention of the chief people of the district to this treasure, promised to lend money, to send people acquainted with the business. In vain. No one was found to undertake it. With woollen manufactures, which he sought to establish, the case was nearly similar. After great exertion he succeeded in finding master manufacturers, but lo! there were no workmen to be had, and the thing had to be given up.

When the hurricane of war had swept past, the winter approached, and poverty and misery began to put on their most threatening forms; thousands had neither lodging nor clothes nor food. In Einsiedeln and other places dangerous maladies broke out, probably the result of hardship and privation. Houses and buildings, the most indispensable for agricultural operations, had been destroyed during the war by one or other army, and the dwellers in almost inac-

* Thus he left Unterwalden to go to Schweiß, to interfere in behalf of the people, with the French troops, and subsequently received the thanks of the Directory and the appointment to the proconsulate of the four cantons, Uri, Schweiß, Zug, and Unterwalden.

cessible mountain solitudes had been plundered of their only possessions, their cattle and cheese.

Whole villages were sometimes deserted by their inhabitants, who wandered forth to seek a scanty subsistence in foreign countries. When all other means of help had failed, and the central government had confessed to Zschokke the scantiness of their resources, and their absolute inability to afford any assistance to the thousands who were perishing around him from famine, he had recourse to a new method. He wrote an appeal to the Swiss, wherever they might be found, and published it in all the principal newspapers of Europe. It found an echo in Italy, Spain, Germany; but from France, whose government and whose people were mainly responsible for the misfortunes of Switzerland, not a farthing was ever received, although the French papers called the appeal '*un beau morceau d'une noble et simple éloquence.*'

The contributions in money amounted to 34,311 francs, but a far larger amount was sent in, in the shape of provisions, linen and woollen cloths, articles of clothing for all ages and sexes, besides sheets, hemp, flax, &c., &c., and offers were made from those parts of Switzerland which had suffered least, to take upwards of a thousand children whose parents were no longer able to support them.

Long before this time Zschokke had not only restricted his personal expenses within the narrowest possible limits, but had scraped together all the literary productions he could muster; plays, romances, translations, ripe and unripe, good, bad, and indifferent, and sold them for whatever they would fetch, that he might apply the produce to purposes of Christian charity; and he even got advances from booksellers upon works afterwards written, to be applied to the same purposes.

All these efforts and sacrifices were to be made in the midst of the misunderstandings, the ingratitude, the calumny, often of those he was most anxious to serve.

In the beginning of the year 1800, Zschokke was appointed Commissioner for the Valais, by the Helvetic government, with instructions to accompany the First Consul and his army across the St. Bernard. He declined the honour, hoping now to enjoy a short period of retirement and repose in the family of his friend Reding,* whose house and property he had saved from destruction. One day, however, to his dismay, an adjutant of General Moncey made his

appearance at the gate with a summons to repair immediately to Lucerne. Thinking there must be some mistake, he consented to accompany the messenger, and on his arrival at Lucerne was met by the general, who informed him that he was about to penetrate into Lombardy, with a corps of 20,000 men, and that he, Zschokke, had been appointed to accompany it on the part of the Helvetic government.

In vain Zschokke protested, and declared that he had refused the appointment; the general referred him to letters from Bern, in which his appointment was mentioned; declared that there was no time for any other choice; and then taking up the matter in another point of view, exclaimed, warmly, 'That it was strange, he, a foreigner, should have so much trouble to induce a Swiss to protect his countrymen against the evils inseparable from the passage of an army; that he did not speak for the sake of his fellows, who would know how to help themselves, but for the sake of the countries through which he was to pass.'

Upon this hint Zschokke yielded, whereupon the general embraced him, and promised to maintain the strictest discipline, and spare the people as much as he possibly could.

Farewell then once more to the hopes of leisure, domestic tranquillity, and the 'calm delights' of literature and philosophy. The prospect of quiet evenings devoted to music and poetry in the society of his friend's family, to which he had begun to look forward, faded from his sight to an indefinite distance, and he was forced to accept in exchange the noise of the discordant drum, and the 'vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife.'

Having received his credentials in form from the Directory, he set off to join the advanced guard, and found Moncey at a little parsonage-house at Airalo, in a state of distraction. His passage into Italy must not be delayed a single day, and he had neither provisions nor munition of war. Both lay in magazines on the other side of St. Gothard, which at this season was like a vast and impassable wall of snow behind. Of fifteen hundred horses which the Directory had promised to furnish, only two hundred were forthcoming, and all Zschokke could do was to induce the people of the surrounding country, for a sum of 6000 livres obtained from Moncey, to carry the burdens on their backs.

"Thus laden, long troops of both men and women set off across the mountains in stormy weather, through roads frequently crossed by tor-

* The celebrated Aloys Reding, afterwards Landamman.

rents. Never, either before or since, have I suffered so much personal hardship as on this journey. The soldiers, in want of the first necessities, were forced to live at the expense of a country already exhausted by Austrians and Russians. They took whatever they could lay their hands on, and left nothing behind but hunger and dismay. In vain did Moncey, at my entreaty, order sentinels to be placed along the line of the villages (it was impossible to prevent the men escaping to plunder); either the command was negligently executed, or the insubordination was too great for the officers to control. Food, clothing, everything was stolen; and when orders for payment were obtained, it was impossible to get the money.

"The demands made for 20,000 men, it was impossible on any terms to satisfy. The daily supply required was 21,600 rations of bread; 21,500 of rice, 1500 of hay, and 20 head of cattle, 21,600 rations of wine, 16,000 of salt, and on one occasion 3000 pair of shoes.

"One day Moncey wrote me a joyful note, saying he had made a conquest of six hundred sheep, and fifty or sixty cows, which were being conveyed to the enemy. But almost immediately after came a clamorous group of Alpine shepherds, declaring that the sheep and cows belonged to them and had been stolen from them. I must do Moncey the justice to say that as soon as I convinced him of the truth of their story, he ordered the property to be restored.

"In pursuance of the various demands made on me for assistance or protection, I was sometimes in the van, sometimes several hours' journey in the rear; surrounded now by generals, adjutants, and commissaries, now by a throng of loud complaining village overseers, and country people; day and night passed amid quarrels and screaming, entreaties and threats. At length we reached the borders of Lombardy, and it was not till I saw the last corps of the army cross the frontier that I once more breathed freely. There I stood on the shores of the Ticino, as if conjured thither by some wicked fairy.

"Again, as with the Forest cantons, I had to set to work to restore to order the conflicting elements of a political chaos, and to re-model, according to the present constitution of the Helvetic Republic, a country with whose internal affairs I was almost entirely unacquainted."

In accordance with the duties of his new position, Zschokke now proceeded to re-organize the cantons of Lugano and Bellinzona, in which his success is said to have exceeded all that could have been expected under the circumstances. He subsequently resigned his power into the hands of persons whom he himself appointed, and returned to Bern; but was soon after called upon to undertake the administration of the canton of Basle, where an insurrection of a dangerous character had just broken out. Although in this autobiography, he scarcely alludes to the subject; it is said that he displayed great courage and presence of mind in throwing himself into the midst of tumultuous mobs of the insurgents, whom his bold

and eloquent addresses were frequently the means of pacifying.

Zschokke laid down his office when the Helvetic government, at the head of which stood Aloys Reding as Landamman, prepared to re-establish the old federal system.

When at length freed from the turmoil of war and politics, he looked back to the sorrows of his youth, and the doubts and fears that had clouded his mental sight, and darkened his views of Providence and human life, it was as when, in the midst of a bright noon day, we remember the disturbing dreams of the night. He had worked out in real life the problems he had vainly sought to solve in metaphysical speculation. The dark abyss, from which he had shrunk back, seemed to have existed only in his imagination; and from the tempestuous ocean, through which his life's voyage had been made, he had learned to look up, with firm and undoubting trust, to the God whose existence he had failed logically to prove.

Formerly, even while praying, with all the fervour of his nature, to the Being whom his soul aspired after with unspeakable longing, his prayers had been disturbed by the agonizing whisper of the doubt, 'If he indeed exist!' but now he found in the depths of his own soul the irrefragable proof, and no more required any other than for his own existence, which it was equally impossible for him to demonstrate.

The boundless visible universe was no longer as a dark and terrific combination of machinery, but the transparent veil, which hid, while it revealed, the Deity, or like the body, whose movements make manifest the presence of the invisible soul by which it is animated. While thus gradually attaining inward peace, the outward means of happiness were not wanting.

In 1805, he married an amiable woman, who joyfully consented to share with him the modest country life, which was now as much a choice as a necessity. He had neither received nor expected any pecuniary compensation for his services to his adopted country, and only solicited repayment of the various sums he had disbursed in the public service, and of the salaries of his two secretaries, to whom he considered himself responsible. His petition was granted, and in fact, many years after, the arrears of his claims as Proconsul were also discharged. His literary labours had been neither few nor slight, from the time when his release from the most engrossing public duties left him some choice in the disposal of his time. His many admirable novels, which have placed him in the first rank, if not at the

very head of this department of German literature, seem to have been scarcely thought worthy of mention by himself, for it is only here and there in his autobiography that we find the names of a few of them, as having been suggested by various incidents of his life.

Most of his works have been undertaken with little or no view to either fame or profit, nor even, as it often happens, to find a mode of utterance for personal feelings and experiences of which the ear of the public at large may happen to be a more eligible recipient than any private one. The greater part of them have been called forth by some immediate view of serving either his countrymen of various classes, or that large number of sufferers in all countries, who are still struggling in that 'valley of the shadow of death' which he has himself happily passed through.

The first literary work to which more than the slightest passing allusion is made, if we except the renowned bandit, 'Abelind,' is the 'Schweizer Bote,' a periodical paper, undertaken merely with the view of affording instruction to the people of the agricultural districts of Switzerland. As it was written in a style admirably adapted to the simple but shrewd people for whom it was intended, its success was proportionally great, and its influence almost unbounded. The 'History of the Prince and people of Bavaria,' undertaken expressly at the urgent request of the historian, Johannes Von Müller; the 'History of Switzerland for the Swiss People'—a periodical work on geography and physical science, called 'Miscellen für die neueste Weltkunde;' the 'Hours of Devotion' (Stunden der Andacht), published at intervals, and filling twelve volumes, and which has gone through twenty-two editions; the very numerous and admirable works of fiction before alluded to, and many others, of which we do not at present recollect the titles, may serve to show our readers that what Zschokke accounted *leisure*, would pass with many people for hard work, especially when we recollect that he has not found it possible to avoid some occasional public employments, and that he has been the sole instructor of his patriarchal family of twelve sons and a daughter.

The unexpected payment of arrears of salary due from the Swiss government made a joyful epoch in the family of Zschokke, for it rendered possible the fulfilment of a long cherished wish to build a house in the country on a plan of their own.

"On the left bank of the river Aar," he says in

a letter to a friend, "on a sunny slope, at the foot of the Jura, I at length carried into execution my plan for an unpretending, but convenient country house. My Tusculum has indeed turned out prettier than I first expected it to be, and being built in the Italian style, has really a very pleasing effect at a distance, showing between the trees like a temple. I have surrounded it with a hedge containing fifty different kinds of roses. A broad shady verandah behind, and in the midst of the garden a sparkling fountain of crystal water from the neighbouring mountain, a room ready for your reception, commanding an enchanting prospect over the valley of the Aar with the city of Aarau—the broad stream flowing through, and the rocky peaks beyond—if all these things will not tempt you to come and pay us a visit, I have still one more inducement, my large telescope by Frauenhofer, a present from Uzschneider, with which you shall see not only the moon herself, but her belles and beaux promenading and flirting in her lovely valleys."

This beautiful retreat, called the 'Blumenhalde,' lying only a few miles from the town of Aarau, leaves its inhabitants free to keep up whatever communication they please with the world beyond the limits of their Eden, which indeed has been invaded from time to time by more visitors than it was always consistent with the numerous avocations of its venerable owner to receive—scarcely a stranger of any distinction ever passing near that part of Switzerland without finding his way thither.

Tranquil and happy as have been, on the whole, the many happy years that have passed on this enviable spot, it cannot be supposed that its sunshine has been always unclouded. Sickness and sorrow, even death, have thrown their cold shadows across it; but these have all passed away, and left the landscape smiling as before. None of what might be called chronic grief—of such as tinge a whole life with a hue of everlasting regret, or of sufferings embittered by remorse, have ever come near these happy shades; none of the anxieties caused by the over-eager pursuit of wealth, or of that 'fancied life in others' breath,' to which so much real happiness is sacrificed.

Zschokke has now reached his seventy-third year, but no dimness of sense, or decay of mental power, has yet given warning that his bright sunset must sooner or later fade into night. We cannot, however, reasonably hope that his days will be prolonged much beyond a term already so unusual. He stands now on the shores of the eternal ocean, 'the mighty waters rolling evermore;' but whenever the hour of departure shall arrive—so unwelcome to all around him, awaited with such calm and joyful trust by himself—he will leave this world with a

happier consciousness than most men, literate and illiterate, of having fulfilled his appointed tasks in it, and 'finished the work that was given him to do.'

ART. III.—*Cours de Littérature Dramatique; ou, de l'Usage des Passions dans le Drame.* (On the Employment of the Passions in the Drama.) Par M. SAINT MARC GIRARDIN. Paris. 1843.

M. SAINT MARC GIRARDIN is a philosophic statesman, a writer in the '*Journal des Débats*,' and professor at the *Faculté des Lettres*.* The present work consists of the lectures delivered by him at the *Collège de France*, to crowded and enthusiastic audiences; and well did they merit their success. Mistake not, reader, M. Saint Marc Girardin for his namesake, M. Emile Girardin, who married Delphine Gay (la Muse de la Patrie), who shot Armand Carrel, who invented '*la presse à quarante sous*,' who, born poor, has made and dissipated some millions of francs: a man of boundless audacity and of great notoriety, a man not without talent, but a man of very different character and calibre from the professor of the *Collège de France*. M. Saint Marc Girardin is an honour to the journalism of France, an honour to the literature of France. Learned without pedantry, and acute without flippancy, he possesses all the qualities which make a writer estimable. He has keen insight, sound judgment, healthy morality, varied acquirements, and an elegant style. We have not read a work for some time which has given us such satisfaction as the '*Cours de Littérature Dramatique*.' The subject is interesting, the execution brilliant. It is a work which awakens all kinds of pleasant recollections, and rouses attention to some of the most beautiful passages of ancient and modern art. It is a book eminently suggestive. It not only gives new views, but suggests others in abundance; and this, perhaps, is the most valuable quality a book can possess. In this and other respects it reminds us of the '*Laokoon*' of Lessing.

We do not say it equals that incomparable work; but it resembles it in the leading characteristics. The '*Laokoon*' is a model and a masterpiece of critical writing, which surpasses everything in its kind; yet, strange to say, it is comparatively unknown

in England, and the translation, published some years ago, fell still-born from the press. We know of no other work in which such varied learning is so skilfully brought to illustrate such pregnant thoughts. It is as full of thought as an egg is full of meat; and this thought is profound, clear as crystal, and suggestive of whole trains of novel speculation. Then what a style! clear, sparkling, epigrammatic, and felicitous: unceasing in its vivacity, undimmed by a spot of affectation or obscurity. A style such as no other German ever wrote; and which, if Germans would but imitate, they would enhance a hundredfold the value of their works. A style which renders a dull subject attractive; in this the reverse of German writing: which generally contrives to make an attractive subject dull. There are men who profess to think the question of style a trivial one; we confess, to us it is most important. Style is not, as generally asserted, the mere dress of the thought, the outward and insignificant material, which none but coxcombs would compare with the form it clothes. Style is not *dress*, but *form*. It is the shape assumed by the thought. It is the vase which contains the thought, and if made of earthenware, the light of the thought will fail to penetrate it; if made of alabaster it will shine softly; if made of crystal it will shine resplendently. Germans generally use the commonest earthenware; some few alabaster; Göthe and Lessing crystal.

The '*Cours de Littérature Dramatique*' resembles the '*Laokoon*' in the admirable co-ordination of its materials, in strength of argument and clearness of exposition, and in the acuteness and suggestiveness of the thoughts. It also owes something to the '*Laokoon*;' but even in its obligations we see the workings of an independent mind. M. Saint Marc Girardin's object is to examine the manner in which the ancient poets, and those of the seventeenth century, expressed the natural passions of mankind, such as love, parental love, love of life, jealousy, honour, &c., and the manner in which they are expressed by the moderns. His book has a double aim; to point out the true, in a criticism of the ancients, and the false, in a criticism of the moderns. The rules of good taste and sound healthy feeling are exemplified in the one; the excesses of caprice and falsehood are signalized in the other. This work is an invaluable guide to the young poet; because it not only lays down general principles, it illustrates them fully; in this respect, a striking contrast to the lectures of A. W. Schlegel, which we recently examined. We will en-

* He has very recently been elected a member of the Academy.

deavour, in a brief notice, to convey some notion of its contents.

The first condition of dramatic poetry is that its passion be true. And at the theatre no passion is true but that which is general; that which all the world feels. The heart of the audience is to be moved only by that which is common to all men; psychological curiosities, idiosyncrasies, bizarreries, and exceptions may interest, but they do not move. Here lies the difference between the ancient and modern drama, between Racine and Victor Hugo. The old poet selects for his subjects the most universal passions; and these passions, which are simple in their nature, he represents with simplicity. The modern poet, on the contrary, seeks exceptional and bizarre cases with as much diligence as the ancient poet avoided them. Take the example of Love. When the drama has exhausted the emotions which the exhibition of the simple passion excites, it seeks emotions in the painting of singular and fantastic passions: this singularity rapidly leads to extravagance in the incidents, and melodrama triumphs: for what is melodrama but the substitution of physical for mental effects? 'Marion de Lorme' is an example of the over-refining tendency of modern poets. Victor Hugo has there painted the purity of love in the breast of a courtesan; the thing is possible, but not *vraisemblable*: it is an exception, a contrast, and therefore undramatic. Modern literature manifests a striking tendency towards the exceptional in character and passion; it loves to elevate the exception into the importance of the rule; it prefers idiosyncrasies to natural passions; it seizes on a detail, a feature, or a contrast, and out of this makes a character. But idiosyncrasies and exceptions have two great faults: monotony and exaggeration.

Exceptions and curiosities soon become monotonous. Bizarre people are only amusing for an hour: we afterwards become tired of seeing their ideas and sentiments revolving in the same eccentric circle. There is, in truth, something more tedious than being like all the world, and that is being always the same. Commonplace people are more tolerable than monotonous people. Remember also that bizarrerie is easily imitated. Consisting as it does of only one particular *trait*, a detail, not an *ensemble*, it is easily copied. Hence, the multiplicity of Manfreds, Antonies, sentimental villains, and virtuous courtesans.

The second defect inherent in the choice of singularities and exceptions in matters of passion, is exaggeration. When a poet represents a simple natural passion, he has a

rule and measure: he sees how passions act upon men, and what he sees he paints. But when he represents a character which is an exception to the ordinary rules of human feeling, where is his measure? In endeavouring to imagine what *would be* the thoughts and feelings of such a person, he leaves the general grounds of experience to plunge into the regions of fancy; the result is the portrait of a madman. Let us also remember that when the passions are exaggerated they all resemble each other, and lose their distinctive characteristics. On entering a theatre at the close of a modern play, and on seeing the heroine a prey to a convulsive frenzy, on hearing her cries and sobs as she wrings her hands and drags herself along the ground, how are we to know whether it is grief, rage, love, or hate, which drives her to these excesses? Passions are only various and distinguishable from each other whilst they are moderate: they have then their natural language and gestures, and they interest by their diversity. When they become excessive they become uniform; and exaggeration, which is supposed to give relief and contrast to passion, only destroys it.

If, to the foregoing we add, that the tendency of modern art is material, that it seeks to excite the senses more than the feelings, and excites even the feelings only through the senses, we shall have tolerably expressed the general ideas of M. Saint Marc Girardin on the subject. Let us follow him now into some details.

"Every feeling," he says, "has its history; and this history is interesting because it is the abridgment of the history of humanity. Although the feelings do not change, yet they suffer from the effect of religious and political revolutions. They retain their nature, but they change their expression; and it is in studying these changes of expression that literary criticism writes, without meaning it, the history of the world."

His lectures are contributions towards such a history. The love of life is the first passion of which he treats: it is also the most elementary of all. There have been times when fashion has pretended to disown this love of life; when stoicism, or epicureanism, have erected contempt of death into a system; but this has always been an affectation. At all times, and with all men, love of life has been a real and intense passion. At all times when men have given a natural expression to their feelings, they have expressed their love of life. Achilles, the ideal of Greek manliness, and who was always willing to sacrifice his life to something greater, yet when complimented by

Ulysses, who meets him in Hades, on his now commanding the dead, and thereby being greater than when he ruled over the living, Achilles mournfully replies that he would rather be a day-labourer and a slave if alive, than a king among the dead.—(*Od.* xi., 487.)

μη δὲ μοι θάνατον γε παραυδα φαιδιμ' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
βουλομένη κ' ἐπαυροῦς εἶναι θητεύμεν ἄλλω
ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ᾧ μὴ βίος πολὺς εἴη,
ἢ πᾶσιν νεκρῶσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀγασσεῖν.

Compare also, 'hateful old age,' *γηραὶ τε συγγεῖρα* (*Il.* xix. 356), which energetically expresses his love of life. This would appear contemptible to Stoicism, but in their secret hearts all men sympathize with it. M. Girardin selects as illustrations of the love of life, the 'Ajax' and 'Antigone' of Sophocles, the 'Iphigeneia' and 'Polyxena' of Euripides, the 'Polyxena' of Seneca, the 'Iphigénie' of Racine, and the 'Catarina' of Victor Hugo. Let us follow him in his course.

Antigone, Polyxena and Iphigeneia, are three maidens sacrificed in the flower of their age. Neither of them affects a courage or contempt they do not feel; neither of them resigns willingly their youth and hopes; all three weep without shame: weep, and yet resign themselves. We see here a triumph of art, which excites pity without exhausting it; which mixes the plaint with the resignation, that they may excite pity and respect, and that these two feelings may temper each other in the spectator's breast. Antigone is a martyr, sacrificing herself to her religious sentiments; but she has not the resignation of a martyr. In bidding adieu to life she knows and feels what she is quitting:—

Behold me, fellow-citizens:
I tread the last path—
I see the last beam of the sun—
I shall see it no more.
For the all-reposing Hades leads me
To the Acherontic shores.
No hymeneal rites may charm me
No nuptial hymn be sung.*

And she compares herself to Niobe, whom,

like encircling ivy
The eager-growing rock subdued—

a strong illustration of her horror of death. She subsequently reproaches the Thebans with indifference to her fate, and the gods with injustice. Iphigeneia is less proud and less resolute, and her passionate entreaties

for life are expressed without reserve. She, too, regrets the light of the day; she, too, dreads the shades; she, too, revolts instinctively against death: an unhappy life, she says, is preferable to a splendid death: *κακῶς ζῆν κρείσσον, ἢ θανεῖν καλῶς*.^{*} And the audience sympathize with her. So would the reader, could he but read her touching speech; but the splendid original we dare not, and Potter's feeble translation we will not, quote.

Polyxena is more resigned, because she has less to regret. Homeless and fatherless, she can only live to be a slave; and she resigns herself to death, but without pomp, without stoical affectation. The Polyxena of Seneca, on the contrary, invites death with bravado; her magnanimity borders upon fury, and she terrifies Pyrrhus, who is to immolate her:

Audax virago non tulit retro gradum
Conversa ad ictum stăt, truci vultu ferox.
Tam fortis animus omnium mentes ferit,
Novumque monstrum, est Pyrrhus ad cædem piger.†

This is the poetry of stoicism, of disease, of ennui, and affectation. By the stoics, death was considered as nothing. *Mors est non esse*. It is not an evil, but the absence of all evil: *mors adeò extra omne malum est, ut sit extra omnem malorum metum*. There is nothing after death, for death itself is nothing.

Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil.‡

Such was the doctrine. What was the practice? At that period of languor and luxury, as M. Nisard well says, § a period of monstrous effeminacies, of appetites to which the world could scarcely suffice, of perfumed baths, of easy and disorderly intrigues, there were daily men of all ranks, of all fortunes, of all ages, who released themselves from their evils by suicide. Marcellinus || is attacked with a painful but curable malady; he is young, rich, has slaves, friends, everything to make life pleasant—no matter, he conceives the fancy of dying. He assembles his friends, and consults them as if he were about to marry. After discussing with them the project of suicide, he puts it to the vote. Some advise him to do as he pleases, but a stoic present bids him die bravely. He followed the advice and killed himself. Suicide was a fashion. The great teacher of the

* Iphig. in Aul. v. 1252. Compare also 'Troades,' v. 629-30.

† Seneca, 'Troades,' 1151. ‡ 'Troades.'

§ 'Etudes sur les Poètes Latines,' i. p. 95.

|| Seneca, Epist. lxxvii.

*Antigone, ed. Böckh, v. 775.

doctrines ended his contemptible existence according to his precepts; but it was by the order of Nero; during his life he had shown no contempt of life's enjoyments. He had been Nero's pander, and he received a pander's wages. These were not trifles; besides his villas, and superbly furnished palace, his hard cash alone amounted to 300,000 sester-tia, or 2,421,800*l.* sterling of our money. (Tacit. xiii. 42.) After this we may be permitted to doubt the *sincerity* of stoicism: nothing can stagger our conviction of its absurdity.

In the 'Iphigénie' of Racine we see neither the Greek ingenuousness nor the Roman affectation. She is resigned, but without bravado; she regrets life, but without terror, without violence. There is something touching in her respectful submission:

Je saurai, s'il le faut, victime obéissante
Tendre au fer de Calchas une tête innocente,
Et, respectant le coup par vous-même ordonné,
Vour rendre tout le sang que vous m'avez donné:

touching, because this submission is full of mute prayers for life; touching, because the life she sacrifices is dear to her, although her father's will is dearer. Listen to these sweet verses, which have the pathos of those in Euripides, from which they are imitated, together with an impress peculiarly Racinean:

Si pourtant ce respect, si cette obéissance
Parait digne à vos yeux d'une autre récompense;
Si d'une mère en pleurs vous plaignez les ennuis,
J'ose vous dire ici qu'en l'état où je suis,
Peut-être assez d'honneurs environnaient ma vie
Pour ne pas souhaiter qu'elle me fût ravie,
Ni qu'en me l'arrachant un sévère destin
Si près de ma naissance en eut marqué la fin.
Fille d'Agamemnon, c'est moi qui la première,
Seigneur, vous appelai de ce doux nom de père;
C'est moi, si longtemps le plaisir de vos yeux,
Vous ai fait de ce nom remercier les dieux.
Hélas! avec plaisir je me faisais conter
Tous les noms des pays que vous allez dompter;
Et déjà d'Ilion présageant la conquête,
D'un triomphe si beau je préparais la tête.

Pray, reader, notice the art of this passage—not merely the beauty of the verse, but the delicacy of the feeling; notice how fine the transition from obedience to the implied prayer. She offers herself as a victim, because it is her father's will. But can he will it? Can he slay the darling of his eyes, the child who first lisped the name of father, who listened to the warrior's exploits, and flattered him by asking the names of the countries he was going to conquer? The conclusion of her speech is touched with the same delicate hand:

Ne craignez rien! mon cœur de votre honneur jaloux,
Ne fera point rougir un père tel que vous;
Et si je n'avais eu que ma vie à défendre,
J'aurais su renfermer un souvenir si tendre.
Mais à mon triste sort, vous le savez, seigneur,
Une mère, un amant attachaient leur bonheur.

Ma mère est devant vous, et vous voyez ses larmes.
Pardonnez aux efforts que je viens de tenter,
Pour prévenir les pleurs que je vais leur couler.

There is nothing in Euripides at all equal to this. Her prayer has treble force, because it does not seem to be a prayer. She does not lose an inch of her dignity, not a jot of her filial obedience, but she alludes to all that can make life dear, and gently places before her father's mind the extent of the sacrifice which he demands. 'Iphigénie,' says M. Girardin, 'immolates her grief to paternal authority; she is anxious not to offend by too loud a murmur. This is what Christianity has made of the human heart.' Observe that Polyxena, in Seneca, braves death, because she despises life; Iphigénie meets death calmly, because it is her father's will, and for that father she has infinite and reverential love. The Iphigénie of Racine resembles more the Antigone of Sophocles than the Iphigeneia of Euripides; indeed Racine, throughout, has nearer affinities to Sophocles, being the consummate flower of French art, as Sophocles was of the Greek; and we shall find a nearer resemblance to the passions of the Iphigeneia of Euripides in the 'Catarina' of Victor Hugo: nearer, we mean, in respect of its unhesitating expression of the love of life, unmingled with any noble sentiments.

Angelo, the tyrant of Padua, tells Catarina that she must die, and bids her choose between the dagger or poison. She exclaims: 'No: 'tis horrible! I will not! I cannot! Think a little, while there is yet time. You are all-powerful, reflect. A woman, a lonely woman, abandoned, without force and without defence, without parents, without friends! Assassinate her! Poison her in a miserable corner of her own house! O mother! mother! mother! . . . Bid me not have courage! Am I forced to have courage, I? I am not ashamed of being a feeble woman, whom you ought to pity! I weep because death terrifies me! It is not my fault.'

Let us not be understood as comparing this melodramatic rubbish with the poetry of Euripides; our comparison rests on the horror both women unhesitatingly manifest for death. M. Girardin remarks on Catarina's passion, that it is 'the cry of the body in the agony, not the cry of the soul. It is the flesh which revolts against death; but it is a

purely instinctive and material revolt, in which the soul takes no part. I witness the sensations of one condemned to death : I see the flesh quiver, the visage turn pale, the limbs trembling ; I witness an agony. But why is the material death alone represented ? Why do you suppress the most noble, the most elevated emotions of the dying creature, those which address themselves to the real pity of men, the pity which is reconciled with admiration and respect, and not that which borders on disgust ? I am pleased to see Iphigénie regretting 'the light of the sun so sweet to see ;' I am pleased with her terrors at the 'subterranean shades ;' I am touched by her regrets for life, but in her plaints there is something beside the physical fear of death ; and when she resigns herself, what nobility ! what dignity ! How that resignation touches our hearts ; so that our pity can be prolonged for her without becoming a sort of uneasy pain. There is a truth, certainly, in the shrieks of Catarina ; but it is a truth which, so to speak, belongs to natural history. In the plaints of Iphigénie there is a truth more elevated and more human."

To return to Iphigénie, M. Girardin points out the difference of the ideas entertained by the Greek and French poet : a difference indicative of that between ancient and modern society. The modern Iphigénie, daughter of the king of kings, and destined for the wife of Achilles, thinks of the honours which surround her, and these form the principal objects of her regret. The antique Iphigeneia only regrets the loss of the blessed sunshine. Only the daughter of Agamemnon can talk like the heroine of Racine ; there is no dying girl who could not repeat the verses of the antique Iphigeneia, for her regrets embrace those things which are universal benefits, the light, the beauty of the skies, the delight in nature. This is a characteristic of the love of life with the ancients. That which delights them is nature ; that which delights the moderns is society. The Egmont of Göthe, when on the point of death, exclaims, 'No escape ! Sweet life ! beautiful and pleasant habit of existence and activity, must I part from thee !—part so abandoned ! Not in the tumult of battle, amidst the clang of arms, dost thou bid me adieu !' Compare this with the soliloquy of Ajax (in Sophocles), who might also have regretted his arms, his combats, his renown ; but who, like Antigone and Iphigeneia, dwells only on the beams of the sun, the sacred land of his birth, the fountains and the rivers, the fields of Troy, and Athens his second country : and compare this also, as M. Girardin bids us, with

the soliloquy of Hamlet, who speaks only of the whips and scorns of time. 'Thus differently,' exclaims our author, 'do men die in the north and in the south : in the north, bidding adieu to man and to society, with satire or contempt ; in the south, bidding adieu to nature in regrets full of love.' But in Shakspeare, as in Sophocles, the idea of death is one of terror : ergo, the love of life is strong. In Rome not only the stoics, but the other poets, looked on death as a glorious exit.

The truth is, Rome was peopled with soldiers more than men ; these soldiers had their contempt of death formed in perpetual campaigns. How little they regarded the life of others, their whole history shows. The gladiatorial fights, brutal and relentless, must have hardened the minds of spectators ; and there were no softening influences to counteract them. How different were the Greeks ! They did not pretend to despise this beautiful life ; they did not affect to be above humanity. Life was precious, and they treasured it ; treasured it not with petty fear but noble ingenuousness. They loved life, and they said so ; when the time came to risk it for their honour, for their country, or for another, when something they loved better was to be gained by the sacrifice, they died unflinchingly.* The tears shed by Achilles and Ulysses did not unman them ; they fought terribly, as they had loved tenderly. Philoctetes in pain howls like a wild beast, because he is in agony and feels no shame in expressing it ; but these shrieks have not softened his soul : he is still the same stern, implacable, terrible Philoctetes. The Romans, in their dread of becoming effeminate, became marble. They despised death, they despised pain. The gladiator was trained to be wounded, without a muscle indicating that the wound was painful ; he was taught to look at impending death without a change of countenance. To be above pain was thought manly. They did not see that instead of being above humanity, in this they sunk miserably below it. You receive a blow, and you do not wince ? so does a stone. You are face to face with death, and you have no regrets, you despise life ? then are you unworthy of life. In Homer, not only the heroes, but the very gods express their pain, and the wounded Mars goes howling off the field. If it is a condition of our organization that we feel pain, it is only affectation to suppress the expression. Could silence stifle pain it were desirable ; but to stifle the cry is not to stifle the feeling ; and

* Compare the reply of Achilles to Xanthus, who foretells his death. *Iliad*. xix. 420. Compare also Alcestis in Euripides.

to have a feeling and pretend not to have it, is not being above, but below humanity. If you despise pain, why not also pleasure? and if both, wherein are you superior to the vegetable? The same sensibility which causes pain, produces also pleasure; to be free from either is not to be human.

The passion of the love of life naturally leads us to the treatment of suicide in the ancient and modern drama; we will, therefore, accompany M. Saint Marc Girardin in his lectures on the subject. He justly remarks, that the idea of suicide is not an instinctive but a reflective one: the proof is, that fashion generally regulates the form of self-destruction. In ancient times, men died as stoics or as epicureans. In our times, suicides are imitated from the heroes of novels and dramas. The victims are all enthusiastic, melancholy, full of disdain for society, full of anger against the laws: in a word, such as the theatre has made them; for in this respect the theatre does not borrow from society its suicidal ideas and passions, but society borrows them from the theatre.

Together with this species of suicide, wherein philosophy and passion unite, there is another species, which may be found in both ancient and modern society, and which is caused by the vehemence and madness of passion, without any mixture of philosophy. This second species is the one most treated by ancient poets. Phædra, Ajax and Dido, do not argue respecting their right to dispose of their lives; they yield to the counsels of despair, without argument, without subtilizing, without plunging into profound reveries like Hamlet, without experiencing the diseased weariness of Werther, without cursing society, like Chatterton. Their deaths are the explosions of despair, not the conclusions of a philosophic debate. They have been impatient at grief, and in a moment of anguish, they have cast away life

Lucemque perosi
Projicere animas.

But death has quickly cured them of that hate of life! How gladly would they reappear on earth, once more to enjoy the light of day, even at the expense of suffering those evils which they believed insupportable!

Quam vellent æthere in alto
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
Fata obstant.*

In the tragedies of Seneca no one kills himself without asserting a philosophical right; to die in a moment of despair would be un-

worthy and unwise; a man must know that he is at liberty to kill himself if he pleases. Œdipus discusses this point with his daughter. 'I have resigned the empire of Thebes, but not the empire of myself. I have power over my own life and death:

... jus vitæ ac necis
Meæ penes me est.

No one can interdict my death. Death is everywhere: God, in his wisdom, has willed it so. *Ubique mors est; optime hoc cavit Deus.* In Sophocles, on the contrary, Œdipus, though he longs for death, dares not inflict it: he only prays Apollo to hasten the hour of his deliverance.

Seneca's plays are despicable rubbish, if viewed poetically; but there is one light in which they may advantageously be studied; and that is, in comparison with those of Sophocles, with reference to the different feelings and ideas entertained by the Greeks and Romans. Suicide, for example, is never treated in Sophocles as a question of philosophy; in Seneca, always. In the Greek dramatist it is the effect of violent passion: hence dramatic. Even the suicide of Ajax, the most premeditated of all those in the Greek drama, has nothing sententious or declamatory. Ajax, in a fit of insanity, has slain the flock of sheep, believing them to be his enemies. He soon discovers his error, and is overwhelmed with shame. He cannot reappear before the Greeks, and so resolves on death. His resolution is calm but sad. He regrets life, though determined on quitting it.

In the modern drama, suicide is also philosophical and passionate; but the philosophy differs from stoicism. It is directed against society; it is dreamy and melancholy, sceptical and revolutionary. In the monologues of Hamlet, Manfred, and Karl von Moor, we may see the northern tendency of probing the mysteries of existence, and the vague terrors of infinity. In Werther and Chatterton, passion predominates over reflection; but in both suicide is a miserable weakness. Chatterton, in the play of M. Alfred de Vigny, kills himself because a journalist pretends that he is not the author of his own poems, and because the lord mayor humiliates him by the offer of a menial situation. Remark also, that this trivial motive in this contemptible character appears so important to M. de Vigny, that he has not only made a play of it, but a novel also.

As the love of life is the healthy feeling, so is suicide a symptom of disease. If there are frequent examples of suicide daily recurring, it is because our age is full of anar-

* 'Æneid,' vi. 436.

chy and disease. It resembles Rome under the emperors. It has the same widely-spread scepticism, the same egotism, the same ennui, the same social anarchy. In such times quacks flourish, and 'neglected geniuses' complain. Reverie has usurped the place of action. Pretension supplants the fixed and resolute ambition of great men. The age of great deeds gives place to the age of great pretensions: '*Ote-toi que je m'y pose*,' is the general cry. The curse of the young men of the day is *âbûva* (*Unmuth*, as the Germans say), the want of vital energy, the want of faith in energy. They have talents enough, but their progress is rendered impossible by the vastness of their pretensions. This renders them uneasy and fretful: they fancy they belong to the great, because they have not the force of the vulgar. They have so profound a contempt for anything 'mechanical,' for anything like 'drudgery,' that they easily persuade themselves into regarding their idleness and weakness as signs of superiority. Undertaking subjects for which neither education nor experience have qualified them, they look on failure as a personal insult; and the greater the neglect of the world, the bitterer their sarcasms on its malevolent envy and bad taste, and the greater the conviction of their own genius. The less praise the world bestows, the more they give themselves; and thus make up for ingratitude by a liberality which begins where it ends—at home:

Et de ses tristes vers, admirateur unique,
Plaindre, en les relisant, l'ignorance publique.

Boileau.

When, however, a *génie incompris*, exasperated by failure or desperate from poverty, sees that his calling in this world is not acknowledged, he commits suicide, as Chatterton did. Stobæus relates that a young man, forced to attend to agricultural employments, hanged himself, leaving a letter behind him, in which he said that agriculture was too monotonous; that it was necessary incessantly to sow and reap, and reap and sow, in one eternal circle, which made life insupportable. This idleness, affecting a disgust for labour, is a type of the suicides of the present day. Instead of there being anything fine in this recklessness of life, it is to us unspeakably contemptible. Instead of its being made the subject of dramas and tragic tales it should be held up to pitiless ridicule, or stern contempt. It enervates by flattering the worst portions of our feeble nature. It dignifies weakness with the purple and fine linen of sentiment. 'For,' as M. Girardin well says, 'what is both curious and

sad to notice, is that in proportion as suicides become more numerous, the causes become less serious. People do not kill themselves now for the sake of honour, as Pamela wished to do, nor for love, as Werther did; but from vanity, caprice, ennui, imitation. By dint of tending and cultivating the sensibility of our hearts, we have contracted a temperament like that of the sensitive plant: we shudder at the least touch, every movement is a shock, every scratch is a wound, every contradiction is a despair. The soul has become a Sybarite: it can no longer support the wrinkle of a rose-leaf.'

Connected with this subject is the remark of M. Girardin respecting the *goût de la mort*, which he finds characteristic of English literature. All that is profound and indefinite in the idea of death, all that it has of vague terrors, all the horrible—nay, disgusting associations which it excites, seem to have a peculiar fascination for our poets. Shakspeare forms an interesting study in this respect. Not only the melancholy Hamlet, but the young and passionate Juliet, love to dwell on the idea of death. Juliet, about to drink the potion, does not dwell upon her love, upon her husband, or on the delight of once more being in his arms; she thinks only of the horrible tomb:

A vault, an ancient receptacle
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt yet but green in earth
Lies festering in his shroud; where as they say
At some hours in the night spirits resort.
Alack! alack! is it not like that I
So early waking—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth.
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught
And madly play with my forefather's joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

In the novel by Luigi da Porta, when Friar Lawrence proposes the drug to Juliet, he asks her if she will not be afraid of being placed in the same tomb with her cousin Tybalt; 'Oh, if it were necessary to pass through hell to recover my Romeo, I would not hesitate,' she replies. Here is the true Italian lover. This difference M. Girardin has stated with much ingenuity; but he has not understood the cause. He justly says that '*un fils du génie d'Homère ou de Sophocle, un amant Grec ou même Italien*,' would never think Juliet more lovely in death, as Romeo does. Sophocles makes Hæmon kill himself by the tomb of Antigone, as Romeo kills himself by the tomb of Juliet; but Sophocles does not exhibit to the eyes of the audience this scene of love and death:

the lugubrious vaults are antagonistic to the Greek ideas of love ; while, on the contrary, their very horror seems to redouble the ardour of Romeo : who passionately talks of taking up his abode with Juliet and the worms. The English Romeo delights in contemplating Juliet in her tomb, beautiful though lifeless. The Italian Romeo thinks only of Juliet as she *was*, thinks of her beautiful and living.

This difference is both curious and important, and M. Girardin deserves our thanks for having stated it ; but, as we said, he does not appear to us to have quite comprehended the cause. He attributes it partly to Christianity, and partly to the influences of climate. That Christianity, in itself, has nothing to do with this matter, is obvious, from the fact that Italy and Spain are equally Christian countries, and they manifest no love of images of death and horror. He himself has said that in the south, life and beauty are sacred things, from which men carefully shield the idea of death as a sort of profanation ; in the north men willingly call up this idea, as if by force of contrast, to better enjoy the charm of life and beauty. Most true ; but why did this truth not lead him further ? why did he not see that this influence of climate and of race affected the whole constitution of the mind, making the one nation objective and the other subjective ? For a refutation of this notion of the influence of Christianity, and a statement of the mode in which climate and race affect the national spirit, we beg to refer to our article on A. W. Schlegel.* Had M. Girardin seen the extent of his own admission respecting climate, he would hardly have attributed to Shakspeare that *dégoût de la vie*, which he says makes suicide more frequent in England than elsewhere. It is not Shakspeare who has 'altered and perverted Christianity' in this respect ; not Shakspeare, but Shakspeare's nation : had he not uttered the voice of his nation, he would not have filled the world with echoes of his name ; but he was intensely national because supremely great ; he was the greatest of Englishmen, and embalmed in immortal verse the spirit of his nation. Let us not forget this. There is a tendency, in these days, not only to the idolatry of Shakspeare, but to the refining away of all his characteristics. The cant of criticism, not satisfied with proclaiming him the greatest of men, endeavours, by pompous formulas and abstractions, to make him more than man ; unsusceptible of human imperfections, not influenced as other men were, by the accidents

of his time. A stupid attempt. It is because Shakspeare was a man that we admire him : had he been exempt from human imperfections, from human influences, where would be the miracle of his all-surpassing power ? The Germans have absurdly wanted to prove that Shakspeare was a cosmopolitan, not a national poet ; that he belonged to the whole world and not alone to England. They fancy that by doing away with his nationality, they make him greater. It is from no ridiculous nationality that we deny this, and claim Shakspeare as an Englishman ; it is because criticism suffers from errors like the one we combat. Shakspeare pleases in Germany ; he is regarded there almost in the light of a national poet ; but this is because the general character of the English and German spirit is the same. Shakspeare is admired in France and Italy : admired for his unmistakable power, not because he expresses their national spirit. He is not a household god, but a foreign divinity whom they admit into their Pantheon : for Shakspeare is not Italian in spirit, nor French ; but eminently English : in his greatness, English ; in his weakness, English ; in his very buffooneries and trivialities, his recklessness and want of polish ; in his careless prodigality and occasional perversity of dulness, he is English. Homer is not more intensely Greek ; Racine not more characteristically French ; Göthe not more German. If he is for all times and for all men, it is because intensely human, true, national ; it is because his greatness is unparalleled ; it is because his works contain food for all minds and for all ages ; delight for the young and trivial, delight for the old and contemplative, boundless amusement and endless thought : but with all this, English in every fibre ; and the English character in its purest form : before sour puritanism had banished music and painting, and lusty revelry and boisterous mirth ; before the brand of sin had been stamped on the innocent joys of life. Whoever reads Shakspeare, and confounds his spirit with that of any foreign poet, has but dim perceptions of the great boundaries of character.

To return from this digression. Shakspeare did not alter Christianity ; he accepted it as his nation had accepted it : if there is alteration, the causes must be sought in the national spirit. M. Girardin has committed the error of attributing to one man the formation of a national spirit, when it is obvious that man must himself have partaken of the spirit, or the nation would not have listened. The error is not uncommon, but it bears no examination. There is an-

* No. LXIII.

other error, repeated from writer to writer, and accepted by M. Girardin, respecting the love of beauty, and its influence on Greek art, which we may here combat. He thus states it :

"We admire beauty, but we do not adore it.—The Greeks both admired and adored it. They had no gods but those that were beautiful; Pluto himself was beautiful, although the god of the infernal regions. When the Greeks represented men they had the same care of beauty: their painters and sculptors only represented handsome men. 'Who would paint thee,' says an ancient epigram, 'since no one would look at thee?' The Greeks abhorred portraits, *i.e.* the resemblance of ordinary men. The victors at the Olympic games had each a right to a statue; but only he who had thrice been victorious obtained the honour of a portrait; so much did the Greeks dread ugliness in the fine arts. With this horror of ugliness, the painters and sculptors were careful never to represent the excess of passion: the extremes of grief and rage border on contortion, and contortion is ugly. Timanthes, in his picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, veiled the head of Agamemnon; not that he despaired of rendering such grief, but because he could not express it without disfigurement. Sculpture has represented the children of Niobe, some dead, the others dying. But neither the dying nor the supplicants are represented in disordered attitudes, or violent gestures; their countenances and their persons express supplication, suffering, terror, and even death, with striking fidelity, but at the same time with dignity and beauty. Niobe herself, the mother, seeing her children perish, is lovely and majestic; the sculptor has seized on the moment, when having still one daughter whom she entreats the gods to spare, she has not yet arrived at the excess of grief. In truth, as long as grief has a glimmering of hope, the soul, and consequently the human face, preserves a sort of calmness and dignity, which is the moral and physical beauty that Greek art endeavoured to express."

So far so good. M. Saint Marc Girardin has here done little more than adapt some striking pages from Lessing's 'Laokoon'; and as long as he continued in the company of so safe a guide, he was safe himself. But at this point he separated from Lessing, and maintaining an opinion common enough in Germany, but which the whole scope of Lessing's work was to refute: the limits of poetry and painting, the subjects which they could each treat, and the manner of their different treatment, this was the object of the 'Laokoon,' and it was executed in such a style that we may express surprise at any one's ever blundering after it. M. Girardin however says :

"Do not fancy that the antique poetry was bolder than painting or sculpture, in representing the passions in excess. Thus when Niobe has arrived at the last degree of grief, poetry instead of doing violence to art to represent the distraction of this desperate mother, changes her into a rock ;

it prefers the metamorphosis to the disfigurement of man. The ancient imagination believed that when the passion is excessive, the man disappears; a profound idea, which lies at the bottom of the metamorphoses of Ovid. As soon as a passion exceeds the force of endurance, the ancient poet has recourse to a prodigy: preferring a miracle to exaggeration. He changes Biblis into a fountain, because he despairs of expressing the grief of a love at once incestuous and scorned.

"The art of the ancients, whether choosing with admirable tact the moment which precedes the excess of passion, or whether in passing beyond that and arriving at a prodigy which envelopes all in its shadow; this has greater effect on the imagination than modern art, which boldly endeavours to express passions in their excess. The pretension of modern art is to tell everything: what then rests for the imagination to divine? It is often well to trust to the spectator's completing the idea of the poet or sculptor."

There is much ingenuity and some truth in this, but it rests, we believe, on a confusion of ideas. In the first place it is not true that the Greek poets refrained from expressing passions in their excess; it is not true that they avoided the introduction of moral and physical ugliness. Thersites, on the one hand, and Philoctetes or Ædipus on the other, may be instanced to the contrary. As to the expression of passion, we will set the dramatists aside, and only refer to Homer, and Homer's greatest character, Achilles, contenting ourselves with one example. When (Il. xviii. v. 22-35.) the news arrived of the death of Patroclus, Achilles threw himself on the ground, heaped dust and ashes on his head, tore out his hair by handfuls, howled horribly (*σμερδαλέον δ' ὄμωξεν*), and was so frantic, that Antilochus feared much lest he should commit suicide. If this is not passion in excess we know not where to find it. Facts, therefore, are against M. Girardin. But, as we said, his opinion rests on a confusion of ideas: unable to deny the physical ugliness of the disease of Philoctetes, he says 'it would, however, be wrong to fancy that he chose the subject from that love of the deformed which has for some time been one of the manias of modern literature.' Granted: does it follow, however, that because Sophocles had not the modern '*goût du laid*,' therefore the Greeks refused to represent the deformed? Clearly not. The Greeks were too poetical to prefer the deformed; too great artists not to see its occasional value as a contrast.* Misled by this dogma of the adoration felt

* The facts alone that both Æschylus and Euripides had treated the subject of Philoctetes before Sophocles, is sufficient proof of what is advanced in the text. See Dio. Chrys. 52.

for beauty by the Greeks, M. Girardin is led into inconsistency in his critique on the *Philoctetes*. Physical suffering was there too plainly represented to admit of denial; how then to make it accord with the notion of universal beauty? Thus: 'The Greeks,' he says, 'did not fear expressing physical suffering; but they submitted it to the laws of the beautiful.' This is one of those metaphysical phrases in which Schlegel and his followers delight. What meaning can it have applied to the scene with Achilles above quoted? What are the '*lois du beau*' to begin with? and where are they visible in that scene? M. Girardin has a few words in which he endeavours to analyze the impression made by *Philoctetes*: 'the pity which his sufferings inspire is never pushed too far, because it is elevated and replaced in time by another pity, more gentle and more noble, the pity of the soul, inspired by his emotions of joy and gratitude, and even by his anger and hatred. With this art of tempering the passions one by the other, excess, and consequently the moral and physical contortion, become impossible.' This is weak and sophistical; and it applies to the grief and phrensy of Gudule (in the passage quoted from '*Nôtre Dame de Paris*') quite as well as to *Philoctetes*, and not at all to the agony of *Laocoon*, when the serpents enfold him:

Perfusus sanie vitas atroque veneno;
Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit:
Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
Taurus.*

There is no glimpse here either of '*les lois du beau*,' nor of emotions which temper each other and prevent contortion: on the contrary, the pain is physical and the contortion violent. If the reader wishes to learn the reason why the ancients admitted deformity, contortions and excess, in poetry and not in sculpture, let him consult the '*Laocoon*' of Lessing: it is impossible to refuse assent to his reasoning.

The above errors are the only two of any consequence, which struck us in the whole of M. Girardin's work; the books are rare indeed of which we could say as much. Willingly would we accompany him in all his well-selected illustrations of the passions as treated by ancient and modern dramatists, but we have no space to do so. On the appearance of his second volume, we may

perhaps find opportunity for resuming the subject. Meanwhile we cannot do better than close this notice with his reflections on literature as the expression of society.

"Is the alteration in the expression, a sign of the alteration in the generous sentiments of the heart? Do the men of our day love life with a more cowardly and effeminate love than their ancestors did, because Catarina is less resigned to death than Iphigeneia? Are paternal and maternal love less ardent and less noble, because *Goriot* and *Lucrèce Borgia* love their children differently from *Don Diègue* and *Merope*? Are there no simple and truthful sorrows in the world, because novels are full of false despair? In a word, is literature now the expression of society?

"Our age is certainly not the age of violent and disordered passions. Yet, to take our literature as a sign, never were great passions in such honour: our heroes all aim at wonderful energy; it is on that account they please us, for we adore ardent and passionate characters, we even deify vice if it has but a bold appearance. In our novels the lovers are enthusiastic and *exaltés*: the girls are dreamy and melancholy. Nevertheless, in the world, marriages are made more and more according to *convenance*; interest usurps the place of passion. Society indeed writes and talks in one manner and acts in another. The most certain way of misunderstanding it is to take it at its word.

"Shall we then say that society is a hypocrite? No: hypocrisy mimics virtue. Here, on the contrary, society seems to affect the vices which it has not. Its grimaces slander it; but is absolved by its actions: for it acts better than it writes, better even than it thinks.

"This discrepancy between society in its writings and in its acts is a fruitful source of error: for society laughs at the dupes who, in ordinary life, attempt to put in action that ardent and passionate morality which is good only for circulating libraries. It treats morality as the abbés of the eighteenth century treated religion, lived by it and laughed at it; as the audience at the theatre always laughs at marriage, and marries. If, indeed, any one commits any breach of morality, society has no hesitation in submitting him to the penal code: it punishes him for having believed in the paradoxes which it encouraged; and what is remarkable, it often punishes more than it improves, especially if the culprit has sufficient impudence. Effrontery, in our eyes, borders upon greatness; so completely do we, in losing the taste for truth, lose also the sentiment of greatness! A criminal who knows how to produce an effect is no longer scarcely guilty; his crime disappears in the curiosity inspired by the man; and if we condemn him at the assizes, we talk of him so much in our drawing-rooms, that his celebrity almost supplies the place of innocence.

"Thus, so far from modern literature being an image of society, one would believe it wished to present the reverse, so much does society belie, by its manners and deeds, the morality of its literature. Shall we, therefore, say that literature borrows nothing from society? No; these unchecked passions, these hideous characters, these insolent

* '*Æneid*,' ii. 221. Let us also remember the story current respecting the Furies of *Æschylus* having terrified women to death. The story is apocryphal; but that it was ever circulated is a proof that the Furies were terrible to look upon.

crimes, which compose the staple of modern literature, have been taken from the *thoughts*, if not from the *actions* of our age; from our imaginations, if not from our characters.

"I thus arrive at the second point of view.—There are two sort of sentiments in literature, and these correspond with two different phases of the literary history of nations. There are sentiments which man finds in his heart, and which compose the staple of every society; there also the sentiments which he finds only in his imagination, and which are but the altered reflection of the former. Literature begins with one and ends with the other.

"When literature arrives at this second stage, when imagination, which formerly contented itself with painting natural affections, endeavours to replace them by others, then books no longer represent the state of imagination. Imagination loves and seeks above all things that which does not exist. When civil war agitates society, the imagination willingly paints idyls and preaches peace and virtue. When, on the contrary, society is in repose, the imagination delights in crimes. Like the merchant in Horace, celebrating the security of the shore when the tempest lowers; but when in the harbour delighting in storms and roaring seas. Add to this the remembrances still so vivid amongst us of the revolution and its wars, the taste for adventures, the hope of renown and fortune, the contempt of living insignificantly, a contempt more bitter in the hearts of the children of those who have done great things. It is these restless desires and confused emotions which imagination collects and places in literature. Hence the energy of novels, and the terror of the *dramas*; hence that literature which pleases society more, the less it resembles it.

"Another cause aids this separation of society and literature, and that is, the imitation of foreign literatures. When a literature has become decrepid, it begins to imitate, hoping thereby to be re-invigorated. But there are times when this imitation only serves to augment the separation between art and society. What, indeed, can become of the French mind, accustomed, ever since the sixteenth century, to a distinctness of ideas and expressions, which has made the national character, when it is suddenly plunged into the bitter misanthropy of the English, or the dreamy mysticism of the Germans? It may indeed for a moment, for a fashion, make itself dreamy and melancholy; but this will never be more than an affectation. It is in vain that it would fill the eyes with tears, the breast with sobs; it is in vain that it wears long hair and a pale face; all that is but for the theatre and a few boudoirs. But the French *esprit* pierces through all these grimaces of sadness: I feel that the weepers only repeat a lesson they have learned; there is in their very groans a certain irony, which is far from being bitter.

"One more remark. The corruption of the intelligence has not always the bad effects which one might dread: thanks to the inconsequence of man, he acts better than he thinks or speaks. We must not, however, delude ourselves as to the immorality of literature. The bravado of vice is often innocent for the boaster, but pernicious to his neighbours. It hurts by example. By degrees the good sentiments become altered on continually

hearing the bad ones lauded; and it is too great a temptation to human weakness to always afford it an excuse—what do I say! an *eulogium* for every fault."

ART. IV.—1. *The Highlands of Ethiopia*. By Major W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, of the Hon. East India Company's Engineers. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1844.

2. *Voyage sur la Côte Orientale de la Mer Rouge, dans le Pays d'Adel et le Royaume de Choa*. Par C. E. X. ROCHET d'HERICOURT. Paris. 1841.

3. *A Geographical Survey of Africa, its Rivers, Lakes, Mountains, Productions, States, Population, &c.; with a map on an entirely new Construction. To which is prefixed, a Letter to Lord John Russell regarding the Slave Trade and the improvement of Africa*. By JAMES M'QUEEN, Esq. London: B. Fellowes. 1840.

4. *Voyage en Abyssinie, dans le Pays des Galla, de Choa et d'Ifat; précédé d'une Excursion dans l'Arabie Heureuse, et accompagné d'une Carte de ces diverses contrées*. Par MM. EDWARD COMBES et M. TAMISIER. 1835—1837. 4 tomes. Paris. 1838.

EVENTS are at present in progress, which must ere long, in all probability, concentrate much of the attention of the civilized world upon the western shores of the Red Sea. Governments professing towards each other the strictest amity at home, may, nevertheless, be elsewhere carrying on all the while a system of secret hostilities, that is, be endeavouring, by intrigue and negotiation, to undermine and supplant each other, to circumscribe each other's trade, to diminish each other's allies—in one word, to effect by silent arts what the noisy diplomacy of the cannon often fails to accomplish. There is no friendship between states. Leagued together they may be for achievement of some particular purpose, and while this connection continues they may seem to be animated by feelings of mutual goodwill; but where their interests diverge, there instantly arises a divergence of predilections, and the smothered enmity of centuries exhibits itself without disguise. Thus is it now, and thus will it ever be, between Great Britain and France, one of the theatres of whose undying hostilities we purpose to delineate, physically and morally, in the present article.

Abyssinia consists of a cluster of table-lands, supported at a vast elevation above the level of the sea, by chains of mountains which stretch round them like buttresses on all sides, and descend precipitously, verdant and reeking with moisture, into the arid and burning plains of the torrid zone. Within the limits of this extraordinary region lie the once mysterious sources of the Blue Nile and the Hawash. Here, according to numerous traditions, was situated the country of the Queen of Sheba, who, in the reign of Solomon, visited the Holy Land. On the same spot rested one of the earliest cradles of the gospel, and through it, as through a spacious portal, have issued in all ages the collected riches of Central Africa, its ostrich plumes, its ivory, its perfumes, its precious gums, its spices, and its gold.

Of the real value of this country, Europe has, nevertheless, at all times formed but a very inadequate conception. It has been looked upon as the mere threshold of the great continent, of which it ought rather to be esteemed the citadel. Travellers and adventurers have consequently approached it, until very recently, with no projects terminating within its own borders, but merely in the hope of facilitating their entrance into the interior. And wherefore? Simply because Abyssinia is not itself the region of gold and precious stones, of rich dyes and costly odours. But, in the eyes of a civilized statesman, it is something more; gifted as it is with an inexhaustibly fertile soil, abundant water, a temperate climate, varied and beautiful hills and valleys, and every possible requisite for carrying on successfully the pursuits of agriculture. Few tracts on the surface of the globe present more peculiar or picturesque features. Everywhere the eye may rest at once on the productions of the temperate and torrid zones, firs and larches clothing the summits and upper slopes of the mountains, while junipers shoot up to the prodigious height of one hundred and sixty feet on their lower terraces, and pines and bananas nestle in the sultry recesses of the valleys. The advantages offered by the accidents of the ground are, wherever they prevail, turned to account by agriculture. We have here, consequently, a repetition of the system of tillage anciently pursued with diligence in Greece, Palestine, and Peru, and at present in China, the Himalaya, and the countries west of the Indus. Rude walls of stone are carried at different heights along the face of the mountains, to check the downward tendency of the soil, so that the eye of the traveller, in whatever direction it may turn,

beholds a succession of platforms, green with the young corn, or golden with harvest, climbing the precipitous acclivities, by which the conical pinnacles of Æthiopia are usually approached.

Other features co-operate in imparting beauty to these landscapes. Villages and hamlets, in many instances scarcely a pistol-shot from each other, chequer the mountain side; and their clusters of conical roofs, made peculiarly pointed in order to turn off the tropical rains, peeping forth through breaks in the hoary foliage of the juniper or the luxuriant acacia, suggest at once the idea of security and comfort. Numerous tribes of monkeys inhabit the crags and precipices; and birds of the most varied and gorgeous plumage, including the blue heron, the flamingo, and the white ibis of Egypt, bask upon the rocks, or swarm among the branches of the trees. Elsewhere, as in the forests of Gidam, and in the jangal tracts on the banks of the Hawash, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the wild buffalo, and the oryx, the lion, the leopard, and the hyæna, with antelopes in droves, augment the living interest of the scene.

The inhabitants themselves, whatever may be the defects of their moral character, in the picture tell well, artistically considered. Tall in stature, bulky in form, and affecting a flowing and showy costume, they, especially when on horseback with lance and buckler, their long dark hair streaming in the wind, excite mechanically, the admiration of the stranger. To heighten the effect of their exterior, they are generally beheld together, flocking to the court of their despot, or scouring under his lead over hill and plain, upon the military expedition or wild foray. On occasions like these they vie with each other in barbaric splendour. Nations scarcely emerged from the savage state always delight in displays of the precious metals, which, brightly burnished, glitter about their persons, or in the caparisoning of their coursers. When assembled, therefore, in thousands and tens of thousands, in the bright sunshine of the tropics, their spear-blades flashing, their metallic ornaments, and the appointments of their steeds, sending forth, at every movement, coruscations illuminating the surrounding atmosphere, an Amharic host must undoubtedly be a brilliant and exciting spectacle, though inferior, perhaps, in grandeur, to a body of British cavalry clad in scarlet and gold, with polished cuirasses and crested helmets.

Upon a closer scrutiny, however, the Abyssinians show to much less advantage.

Unhappily they have not yet discovered the value of cleanliness. Addicted, man and woman, to the practice of anointing themselves with mutton fat or rancid butter, and feedingly habitually upon raw flesh, which imparts to their perspiration an execrable odour, their approach is always announced by a cloud of a very different quality from that which floated round the gods of classical poetry. What Prior wrote of the ladies of the Cape, is literally true of the Abyssinian dames,

‘ Before you see, you smell your toast,
And sweetest she who stinks the most.’

We have ourselves scented a bevy of African damsels at the distance of a hundred yards, and always, when engaged in colloquy with them, manœuvred to prevent their getting between the wind and our nobility.

In physical conformation, as in habits, the people of Shoa are somewhat coarse. The women exhibited in the slave bazaars of Egypt, under the name of Abyssinians, remarkable for their delicate and finely-proportioned features, for the lightness of their step, and the gracefulness of their figures, are all of them Gallas. Nothing similar is observed in the Abyssinian race, though tradition brings them from Arabia, and fame has blazoned their reputation for beauty throughout the East. Even in the court of the great Kublai Khan poetry delights to place a damsel of this country,—

‘ It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.’

But in contemplating the present inhabitants of Ethiopia, the Gallas, whether converted to Christianity or lingering still amid the prejudices of their Mahommedan or Pagan creed, ought to be regarded as natives, since they, perhaps, constitute a majority, at least, among the subjects of the king of Shoa. And this people, whose history, beyond a certain period, is unknown, forcibly attract our thoughts far beyond the limits of Abyssinia, which they hem round with their settlements, tributary or hostile, while their roving hordes, hovering in the back-ground in savage independence, obstruct at pleasure the great arteries of African commerce. Returning towards the shores of the Red Sea, we meet with the various tribes of the Danakil, the Isah, the Somauli, and the Mudaito, among all of whom a sort of impure leaven of civilisation has been thrown hitherto, not to better

their condition, but to embitter and de-grade it.

A different destiny, however, appears to be in store for them. More than one European state has extended its desires to that part of Africa, which, to all appearances, must shortly be subjected to external influence. It has everywhere, in fact, been the plan of European nations to gird round Africa with a belt of settlements, and then to close in gradually as it were upon the interior, civilizing or conquering as they proceeded. On the eastern coast this process has been obstructed, at the very first step, by the nature of the country, which, arid, burning, and unproductive, has not been deemed worthy of subjugation. Even commercial settlements have not been attempted until lately. But as soon as Aden became an integral portion of the British empire, it was evident to all who could extend their observations thus far, that the light of our civilisation would not be set up in vain on the mountainous promontories of Southern Arabia.* The ‘ Meteor flag of England,’ waving or flapping over our impregnable fortifications, may almost be said to be visible from the African shore, which is visited daily by the sounds of our guns. The natives, however, whether in Asia or Africa, are far from being scared by this music, which instead of inspiring terror and apprehension, suggests feelings of confidence and hopes of protection, and attracts them like swarms of bees to the secure hive prepared for them.

‘Tinnitusque cie, et Matris quate cymbala circum.
Ipsæ consident medicatis sedibus: ipsæ
Intima more suo sese in cunabula condent.’

The force of this attraction will be understood when it is remembered that Aden contained no more than six hundred souls when it fell into our hands, whereas the population now, after little more than four years’ occupation, ranges between twenty and thirty thousand.

The giant strides made in all directions by our Indian empire, our invasion of Afghanistan, our occupation though temporary of islands in the Persian Gulf, our negotiations for Socotra, and our settlements at Aden, roused the jealousy of our political and commercial rivals in both hemispheres. Steps were taken by the United States to arrest our progress on one point, by becoming our competitors for the possession of

* Is it possible, as has been insinuated in an article in the ‘ Morning Chronicle,’ Feb. 10, 1844, that Lord Ellenborough contemplates the abandonment of this all-important fortress?

Socotra; the Imâm of Muscat, friendly to us upon the whole, though perhaps on compulsion, exercised all the arts of diplomacy of which his intellect was capable to supplant us on the shores of the Indian ocean, from Zanzibar upwards; while the French at first under the direction of M. Thiers, and afterwards, with great caution, under the guidance of M. Guizot's more astute policy, endeavoured to counterbalance the advantages we had gained at Aden, by furtively introducing themselves as friends or masters into the various little emporia and harbours on the coast of the opposite continent. As a beginning, by force, fraud, or negotiation, the port of Johanna was taken possession of in the Island of Madagascar. Next a single ship, exceedingly moderate in dimensions, in order that no alarm might be excited, was despatched to the African shore, with instructions to negotiate for permission to attempt the navigation of the Juba. Whether out of fear of all Europeans, however, or from a well-founded distrust of the French in particular, the Mohamedan authorities greeted the adventurous Gaul with a peremptory refusal. But France, prepared for failure on particular points, was by no means discouraged. A small squadron of ships of war, said to have been fitted out secretly in the port of Bordeaux, shortly afterwards entered the Straits of Babelmandeb, not all at once, but dropping in unostentatiously, frigate after frigate, until there was a force in the Red Sea capable of alarming a maritime power less conscious than Great Britain of its irresistible strength. Negotiations were now commenced in downright earnest. Fortunately for the designs of the interlopers, Shereef Hussein, the governor in command of Mocha, entertained extremely hostile feelings towards this country. He believed, whether with or without reason, that we intended to co-operate with the Imâm of Sana in dislodging him from his post, and therefore regarded the arrival of the French as a fortunate circumstance, and threw open to them at once both his port and his affections. Operations were immediately commenced. Berbera they found was hopelessly secured in the English interest. They consequently made their *coup d'essai* at Zeyla, which being in some sort of dependency of Mocha, they reckoned with extreme confidence on obtaining at a blow. The correspondence of the French commander, had it been intercepted, would doubtless have contained very curious revelations, of the very nature of which we are of course wholly ignorant. But it has somehow or another transpired, that Ibn Ismaïl entertained no preference for a French alli-

ance, so that the light of Louis Philippe's countenance was compelled to seek for some spot further north, whereon to diffuse its radiance. One of the subtle diplomatists of the Tuileries, proceeded to Tajûra where the generous and gentle Sultan Mohamed Ibn Mohamed, whose eulogium has been so feelingly composed by M. Rochet d'Héricourt, was expected to yield himself up at once to the seductive charm of French manners. Perverse fatality! Here also the agents of M. Thiers made the disagreeable discovery that the English had been beforehand with them. Nor was this all. Instead of gently declining their alliance, Mohamed Ibn Mohamed unceremoniously and roughly ordered them to depart from his territories, where he caused them very distinctly to understand their presence would be exceedingly offensive to his good old friends of Aden. All this may appear very inexplicable to one acquainted with the circumstances that Tajûra pays from time immemorial, a sort of tribute to Zeyla, while Zeyla again pays tribute to Mocha, which at the period of the above transactions was devoted to French interests. Most readers, however, remember the classical anecdote of Philip of Macedon, who said that no city was impregnable to him, which could be approached by an ass laden with darics. Now asses of all kinds are plentiful in the east, and the English, it is said, are prone to use them, which may in part account for the little success that attended the efforts of M. Thiers' naval missions. But the authorities both of Zeyla and Tajûra were, moreover, sufficiently able to calculate to convince themselves, that the nation which commanded the entrance to the Red Sea, and possessed a line of enormous steamers capable of blowing in one hour the whole of their frail tenements into the air, was far more to be dreaded than a state like France, in whose power they were very slow to believe. The game which thus failed without the straits was now played within, first at Massowah, with no better luck, and next at Eedh, where an exhibition of French probity and faith was made which can scarcely fail to excite the admiration of the civilized world. Upon the arrival of the great diplomatist, the Sheikh was found to be absent, engaged we believe in a pilgrimage to the tomb of his prophet. He had, however, according to custom, left his better or worse half behind him. Here, then, was an occasion for the display of French gallantry. The gentlemen of the mission caused the lady to be informed, that being anxious to establish a commercial residence in the place, they wished to purchase

a small plot of ground whereon they might erect a factory. It was in vain that they were informed in reply, that the Sheikh being absent, there was no person in Eedh possessing the authority to treat with them on the subject. They persisted in their demand; and at length, by the usual display of force and insolence, terrified the poor Arab lady into the disposal of what did not belong to her. An instrument was drawn up in Arabic, making over to them, in consideration of a certain sum, sufficient land for the ground-plot of a house, with perhaps a court or garden. Of the purchase-money, one half was to be paid down, the other at some future time stated in the instrument. According to custom a translation of the document was made for transmission into France, and to this as well as to the original the lady was prevailed upon to set her seal. Instead, however, of adhering to the terms agreed upon in the Arabic document, the honest agents of Louis Philippe, not being exposed to immediate detection, transferred to themselves *one hundred and fifty miles of coast, over which the Sheikh and his wife had as much authority as we have!* This characteristic transaction obviously justifies our neighbours in applying to us, as they constantly do, the appellation of *La Perfide Albion*.

While these creditable movements were in progress on the coast the interior was by no means neglected. Shoals of French spies and emissaries drifted before the policy of the warlike minister into Tigré, Gojam, and Shoa, some intent upon fulfilling the designs of their employers, and some with other projects to which we shall allude anon. It is well known to the public that the English Church Missionary Society had at different times despatched several ministers into Abyssinia for the purpose of diffusing in that benighted country a correct knowledge of Christianity. Of these some were actually there when the French agents arrived. Their presence however, and the influence they exercised, were so wholly incompatible with the views of France, that the first step taken by its unscrupulous emissaries was to dislodge them. The experiment was commenced at Tigré, the cruel and astute despot of which, tolerant not through principle, but through policy, had up to that time favoured them to serve a political purpose. An Egyptian army, it was said, secretly no doubt encouraged and urged on by France, had approached to within three days' march of the frontiers of Tigré, with what views was not publicly stated. Ubié feared, however, that Mohamed Ali contemplated the entire conquest of Abys-

sinia, which in reality was the fact, though a chain of circumstances, guided by a far distant hand, checked the pasha's ambitious enterprise. So long as the Egyptians continued to advance, Ubié exhibited every token of friendship towards the missionaries, because he expected, through them, to obtain from India military assistance against the Egyptian pasha. When, in obedience to the court of St. James's, Mohamed Ali relinquished his designs upon Abyssinia, the ruler of Tigré, not by any means aware to whom he owed his deliverance, began immediately to look coldly upon the English missionaries, and to listen to the insinuations and promises of the French. Among these was a Roman Catholic priest, animated at once by religious and national bigotry, who excited the fanaticism of the Abyssinian clergy against our Protestant brethren by denouncing them incessantly as heretics, and maintaining that they were universally so regarded in Europe. These sectarian denunciations were vigorously seconded by the diplomacy of the secular emissaries. They dwelt upon the encroaching spirit and perfidious policy of England, which, by treachery the most consummate, had established its authority throughout a great part of Asia, and was now pushing its preliminary settlements towards Abyssinia along the shores of the Red Sea. Ubié, suffering himself to be alarmed by these representations, withdrew his protection from the English missionaries, and ordered them instantaneously to quit his country. The same arts were put in practice with more or less success in Amhara, Gojam and Shoa. Everywhere French influence was predominant, and by an artful though extremely sparing distribution of presents and still more liberal promises, a taste was attempted to be excited for French manufactures. Nevertheless, our English goods could not be wholly excluded from the Abyssinian market, their cheapness and superiority obtaining for them an irritating preference. Recourse therefore, was had to other manœuvres, and as a master-stroke of diplomacy, the idea was diligently circulated throughout the country that the English were insidiously making their approaches, in order to abolish the slave trade, and thus in every house, from the palace to the cottage, to arm and animate the servant against his master.

In giving currency to these calumnious reports, numerous agents were busily engaged, and at their head may be placed the Messrs. d'Abadie and the well-known Rochet d'Héricourt. But in selecting this last-named individual, M. Thiers had made a great mistake. Rochet, as Sâhila Selâssi used to call him,

was not a person to be content with the position of an emissary. He formed plans of gigantic dimensions, and aimed high, and if fortune stepped in between him and success, the fact is only to be accounted for by the circumstance that M. Rochet's ambition was very greatly an overmatch for his prudence. Had it been otherwise, his plans might have come to us through the channels of history, which would have had to record how M. Rochet d'Héricourt arrived in Shoa by way of Tajûra; how, by the dispensing of medicine and other arts, he ingratiated himself with the inhabitants of the country, and got together a strong party; how, through his agency, Sâhila Selâssi was sent to sleep with his fathers; how he seated himself on his vacant throne, took the Royal Besabesh into his harem, added thereto the most beautiful among the five hundred concubines of his predecessor, erected his new capital on the summit of one of the loftiest mountains in the country, offered the honours of the patriarchate to Mr. Krapf, the English missionary, on condition he would co-operate with him in carrying out his plans, sent the lazy native priests to cultivate cotton and sugar-canes in the sultry valleys of Gidam, conquered the surrounding Gallas, extinguished English influence, and extended condescendingly the right hand of fellowship to his former most scrupulous and royal master, the King of the French. The reader may smile; but most certain it is that our worthy French adventurer contemplated all we have sketched out, and more. Nor would the undertaking have proved so difficult as might at first sight appear. To project daringly is, in those countries, half the battle, and could Rochet have got hold of all the presents which the Controller-General, M. Combes, and others, pretended to have brought to the coast, he would certainly at all events have commenced the drama.

But this of course was a little episode, not foreseen or contemplated by M. Thiers or M. Guizot. Their object was to extend along the shores of Eastern Africa the chain of forts which they had established on the north and west, and which it is confidently hoped in France will shortly embrace Egypt. At the outset, commercial objects only were ostensibly to be effected by this policy. France was to secure to itself a monopoly in all the productions of the interior of Africa conveyed by caravans towards the Red Sea, through the countries of Enarea, Kaffa, Kambat, Shoa, Gojam, and Amhara, up to the confines of Senaar. What these productions are we need scarcely enumerate in detail. It will be sufficient to mention the ostrich-plumes, the ivory, the rich dyes, the

precious gums, the spices, the coffee, the gold, whether in dust or in bars, the peltries and the slaves, which the lax consciences of our neighbours would have allowed them to smile upon in their passage from the land of their birth to Asiatic servitude. Upon this part of the subject it is unnecessary to dilate. The government of India saw at once the greatness of the interests at stake, and after mature deliberation, determined upon despatching an ambassador to the King of Southern Abyssinia. It should be observed, however, that Sâhila Selâssi, the prince in question, was still more eager to behold such a mission set on foot than the Indian government itself, and while the idea was under discussion at Bombay, forwarded a letter, earnestly entreating that an ambassador might be sent to him. The home government having been consulted upon the subject, Lord Palmerston, always alive to the interest of commerce, approved of the design, and directed that an embassy should proceed without delay to the court of Shoa.

Considering the number of able and distinguished men ever to be found in the military and civil service of India, the government could be at no loss to find an able politician to conduct the business of the embassy. The choice, however, fell upon Major Cornwallis Harris. This officer had not previously, we believe, been engaged in diplomatic affairs. But it was known to all the authorities in the presidency that he had diligently applied himself to the study of politics, and what was of far greater importance, concealed great depth of thought, far-seeing sagacity, and the capacity to detect and counteract the most cunning devices of political Jesuitism, beneath a laughing and seemingly careless exterior. We saw, therefore, that he was precisely the man to represent Great Britain in Abyssinia. His genius, comprehensive and versatile, was equally adapted to the pursuits of peace and war—to the intrigues of the cabinet, and the fierce encounter of wild beasts in forest or jangal. His suite was numerous and well-selected, including officers of high ability and scientific men eminent for their attainments. From the moment of touching on the African coast, the varied powers of Major Harris's mind were called into play. He had sometimes to soothe, sometimes to menace and overawe the subtle and avaricious old sultan of Tajûra; he had to bring his diplomatic arts to bear on the owners of mules and camels, more difficult oftentimes to treat with in the east than the Metternichs of the Durbar; he had to reconcile hostile chiefs, to subdue the rancour and animosity of jealous tribes; now to exercise the forbear-

ance which the highest civilisation teaches, and now to make an exhibition of those arts of destruction which repress the insolence of the savage, and accustom his mind to acquiesce in its own inferiority. In the portion of his work which describes the circumstances to which we have alluded, Major Harris displays the skill of a practised and popular writer. His account of the march through the burning deserts of the Adaiél, from the Bay of Foulness to the foot of the Abyssinian Alps, reports of which reached us from time to time, is one rapid succession of glowing and gorgeous pictures, such as would be vainly sought for in the work of any other modern traveller. Many of his landscapes are worthy of Salvator Rosa. The fire of the climate appears to be infused into the language which describes it. He spreads the burning canopy of a tropical sky over the fancy of his reader, piles around him the rocks and precipices crumbling beneath the rays of the scorching sun, and renders him the companion of the thirsty caravan, toiling in sullen despair through the suffocating ravines and hollows which constitute the home of the cut-throat Danakil, Isah, and Mudaito Bedouins. A tame style would have been absurd and offensive in delineating scenes such as these. They required, to give them verisimilitude, words analogous to themselves, bold, picturesque, and strange, calculated to excite powerful emotions, to give birth to new associations, to raise and transport the mind from the tranquil beauties of a temperate climate into the wild and terrible volcanic creations of that particular section of the torrid zone. To illustrate our meaning we shall here introduce Major Harris's account of his passage along the Great Salt Lake, which our friends the Arabs ironically denominate Bahr Assal, or the 'Sea of Honey.'

"'Twas midnight when the thirsty party commenced the steep ascent of the ridge of volcanic hills, which frown above the south-eastern boundary of the fiery lake. The searching north-east wind had scarcely diminished in its parching fierceness, and in hot suffocating gusts swept fitfully over the broad glittering expanse of water and salt, whereon the moon shone brightly—each deadly puff succeeded by the stillness that foretells a tropical hurricane—an absolute absence even of the smallest ruffling of the close atmosphere. Around the prospect was wild, gloomy, and unearthly, beetling basaltic cones and jagged slabs of shattered lava—the children of some mighty trouble—forming scenery the most shadowy and extravagant. A chaos of ruined churches and cathedrals, *eedgahs*, towers, monuments, and minarets, like the ruins of a demolished world, appeared to have been confusedly tossed together by the same volcanic throes, that, when the earth was in labour,

had produced the phenomenon below; and they shot their dilapidated spires into the molten vault of heaven, in a fantastic medley, which, under so uncertain a light, bewildered and perplexed the heated brain. The path, winding along the crest of the ridge, over sheets of broken lava, was rarely of more than sufficient width to admit of progress in single file; and the livelong hours, each seeming in itself a century, were spent in scrambling up the face of steep, rugged precipices, where the moon gleamed upon the bleaching skeleton of some camel that had proved unequal to the task; thence again to descend at the imminent peril of life and limb, into yawning chasms and dark abysses, the forbidding vestiges of bygone volcanic agency.

"The horrors of that dismal night set the efforts of description at defiance. An unlimited supply of water in prospect, at the distance of only sixteen miles, had for the brief moment buoyed up the drooping spirit which tenanted each way-worn frame; and when an exhausted mule was unable to totter farther, his rider contrived manfully to breast the steep hill on foot. But owing to the long fasting and privation endured by all, the limbs of the weaker soon refused the task, and after the first two miles they dropped fast in the rear.

"Fanned by the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco, the cry for water, uttered feebly and with difficulty by numbers of parched throats, now became incessant; and the supply of that precious element brought for the whole party falling short of one gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A tiny sup of diluted vinegar for a moment assuaging the burning thirst which raged in the vitals, and consumed some of the more down-hearted, again raised their drooping souls; but its effects were transient, and after struggling a few steps, overwhelmed, they sunk again, with husky voice declaring their days to be numbered, and their resolution to rise up no more. Dogs incessantly expired upon the road; horses and mules that once lay down, being unable from exhaustion to rally, were reluctantly abandoned to their fate, whilst the lion-hearted soldier, who had braved death at the cannon's mouth, subdued and unmanned by thirst, finally abandoning his resolution, lay gasping by the way-side, and heedless of the exhortation of his officers, hailed approaching dissolution with delight, as bringing the termination of tortures which were not to be endured.

"Whilst many of the escort and followers were then unavoidably left stretched with open mouths along the road, in a state of utter insensibility, and apparently yielding up the ghost, others pressing on to arrive at water, became bewildered in the intricate mazes of the wide wilderness, and recovered it with the utmost difficulty. As another day dawned, and the round red sun again rose in wrath over the Lake of Salt, towards the hateful shores of which the tortuous path was fast leading, the courage of all who had hitherto borne up against fatigue and anxiety began to flag. A dimness came before the drowsy eye, giddiness seized the brain, and the prospect ever held out by the guides, of quenching thirst immediately in advance, seeming like the tantalising delusion of a dream, had well nigh lost its magical effect; when, as the spirits of the most sanguine faded within them, a wild Bedouin was perceived, like a delivering

angel from above, hurrying forward with a large skin filled with muddy water. This most well-timed supply, obtained by Mohammed Ali from the small pool at Hanlefánta, of which, with the promised guard of his own tribe, by whom he had been met, he had taken forcible possession in defiance of the impotent threats of the ruthless 'red man,' was sent to the rear. It admitted of a sufficient quantity being poured over the face and down the parched throat, to revive every prostrate and perishing sufferer; and at a late hour, ghastly, haggard, and exhausted, like men who had escaped from the jaws of death, the whole had continued to struggle into a camp, which, but for the foresight and firmness of the son of Ali Abi, few individuals indeed of the whole party would have reached alive.

"A low range of limestone hillocks, interspersed with strange masses of coral, and marked by a pillar like that of Lot, encloses the well of Hanlefánta, where each mule obtained a shell full of water. From the glittering shore of the broad lake, the road crosses the saline incrustation which extends about two miles to the opposite brink. Soiled and mossy near the margin, the dull crystallized salt appears to rest upon an earthy bottom; but it soon becomes lustrous and of a purer colour, and floating on the surface of the dense water, like a rough coarse sheet of ice, irregularly cracked, is crusted with a white yielding efflorescence, resembling snow which has been thawed and refrozen, but which still, as here, with a crisp sound, receives the impress of a foot. A well trodden path extends through the prismatic colours of the rainbow, by the longitudinal axis of the ellipse to the north-eastern extremity of the gigantic bowl, whence the purest salt is obtainable in the vicinity of several cold springs said to cast up large pebbles on their jet, through the ethereal blue water."

But, however magnificent this portion of the work may be—and it has seldom, as we have said, been equalled—our business lying with the politics of the undertaking, we transport ourselves at once to Abyssinia. Upon the arrival of the embassy on the frontier, it began to taste the fruits of French intrigue. It is one of the characteristics of barbarians—as all who have had experience in this part of the world can testify—to be utterly ignorant of the boundary line which separates the possible from the impossible. Of this our Gallic rivals were well aware, and, therefore, they laboured, not wholly without success, to implant in the minds of the Abyssinians the most extravagant suspicions and apprehensions of the English. In their reports, we were elevated or degraded into a nation of potent magicians, capable of setting all the laws of nature at defiance. We could, it was said, topple down mountains, bring up gold or hidden gems from the bowels of the earth, depopulate whole kingdoms by the force of spells and medicines, or, if need were, could transport into the region we designed to subdue,

an overwhelming array of infantry and cavalry in boxes! But that which appears to have wrought most powerfully on the imagination of the African highlanders, was the idea that Major Harris carried along with him the Queen of England, no gentle lady rustling in silks and satins, but a monstrous and terrific *ghoul*, who, being let loose, would eat up Sáhila Selássi and all his subjects at a tiffin! Figuratively, perhaps, the thing might not have been beyond the bounds of possibility. Most assuredly, however, our object was not to try the experiment, but to deliver those unhappy savages from their ignorance and prejudice, and raise them in the scale of nations. It is unnecessary to dwell on the numerous obstacles and difficulties which originated in the stupid fables above alluded to. They were, in a short time, completely overcome, and at the very first interview that took place between Major Harris and the king of Shoa, a wound was inflicted upon French influence which it only required the continuance of Lord Palmerston in office to render mortal. The description of this scene, which took place at Machal-Wans, a country palace of Sáhila Selássi, will serve at once to throw light on the manners of the country, and show the high consideration in which the British embassy was held.

"The last peal of ordnance was rattling in broken echoes along the mountain chain, as the British embassy stepped at length over the high threshold of the reception-hall. Circular in form, and destitute of the wonted Abyssinian pillar in the centre, the massive and lofty clay walls of the chamber glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barrelled guns. Persian carpets, and rugs of all sizes, colours, and patterns, covered the floor, and crowds of alakas, governors, chiefs, and principal officers of the court arrayed in their holiday attire, stood around in a posture of respect uncovered to the girdle. Two wide alcoves receded on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats, whilst in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered eunuchs and juvenile pages of honour, and supported by gay velvet cushions, reclined in Æthiopic state his most Christian majesty Sáhila Selássi. The *Dech Agafari*, or state door-keeper, as master of the ceremonies, stood with a rod of green rushes to preserve the exact distance of approach to royalty; and as the British guests entered the hall, and made their bows to the throne, motioned them to be seated upon chairs that had been previously sent in; which done, it was commanded that all might be covered.

"The king was attired in a silken Arab vest of green brocade, partially shrouded under the ample folds of a white cotton robe of Abyssinian manufacture, adorned with sundry broad crimson stripes and borders. Forty summers, whereof eight-and-twenty had been passed under the uneasy cares of

the crown, had slightly furrowed his dark brow, and somewhat grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls after the fashion of George I.; and although considerably disfigured by the loss of the left eye, the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not, in their *tout ensemble*, belie the character for impartial justice which the despot has obtained far and wide; even the Danakil comparing him to a 'fine balance of gold!'

"All those manifold salutations and inquiries, which overwrought politeness here enforces, duly concluded, the letters with which the embassy had been charged—enveloped in flowered muslin and rich gold kimkhab—were presented in a sandal-wood casket, minutely inlaid with ivory; and the contents having been read and expounded, costly presents from the British government were introduced in succession, to be spread out before the glistening eyes of the court. The rich Brussels carpet, which completely covered the hall, together with Cashmere shawls and embroidered Delhi scarfs of resplendent hues, attracted universal attention; and some of the choicest specimens were, from time to time, handed to the alcove by the chief of the eunuchs. On the introduction of each new curiosity, the surprise of the king became more and more unfeigned. Bursts of merriment followed the magic revolutions of a group of Chinese dancing figures; and when the European escort in full uniform, with the sergeant at their head, marched into the centre of the hall—faced in front of the throne, and performed the manual and platoon exercises amidst jewellery glittering on the rugs, gay shawls and silver cloths which strewed the floor, ornamented clocks chiming, and musical boxes playing 'God save the Queen'—his majesty appeared quite entranced, and declared that he possessed no words to express his gratitude. But many and bright were the smiles that lighted up the royal features, as three hundred muskets, with bayonets fixed, were piled in front of the footstool. A buzz of mingled wonder and applause which half drowned the music, arose from the crowded courtiers; and the measure of the warlike monarch's satisfaction now filled to overflowing. 'God will reward you,' he exclaimed, 'for I cannot!'

"But astonishment and admiration knew no bounds, as the populace next spread over the face of the hills to witness the artillery practice, which formed the sequel to the presentation of these princely gifts. A sheet was attached to the opposite face of the ravine. The green valley again rung to the unwonted roar of ordnance; and as the white cloth flew in shreds to the wind, under a rapid discharge of round shot, canister, and grape, amidst the crumbling of the rock, and the rush of the falling stones, the before despised sponge stave became a theme of eulogy to the monarch as well as to the gaping peasant. A shout rose, long and loud, over the pealing echoes which rattled from hill to hill; and far along the serrated chain was proclaimed the arrival of foreign guests, and the royal acquisition, through their means, of potent engines of war."

It may, perhaps, be useful to glance again, in this place, at some few of the details con-

nected with the French system of intrigue in Eastern Africa. M. Combes and the two D'Abadies, who sometimes represented themselves as simple travellers, sometimes assumed the airs of political agents, and threatened all who offended them with the vengeance of their government, had been for a considerable period in the Red Sea, flitting about from port to port, for the purpose of spreading alarming rumours concerning the designs of the English in Africa. At Tajúra M. Combes tried at first the effect of soft words, but these failing, he attempted to land by force; upon which 'ce brave homme' Mohammed Ibn Mohammed collected his people together, assailed the Controller-general, and finally drove him from the harbour. In this rencontre our St. Simonian politician, who was seeking to renew his relations with 'La Femme Libre' of Abyssinia, and also to enact the part of a spy, gave the old sultan to understand that his devotion to English interests would cost him dear, since he would infallibly return with a number of ships of war and blow him to the devil. He had scarcely disappeared from the scene when the Messieurs D'Abadies came forward, and by the hints and suggestions which skilful political emissaries know how to frame, sought to awaken in the minds of the natives the most alarming apprehensions of the English. Nor were their efforts altogether without success. Our recent purchase of the islands of Musshahh affording them a handle, they laboured so skilfully that they contrived to set the Sultan of Tajúra and several neighbouring chiefs completely by the ears. The male-contents retired to the mountains full of wrath against the English, but the people of Tajúra liking the chink of our dollars, proceeded to the ultima ratio with the D'Abadies, and treated them to a taste of lapidation. Fortunately for them they possessed the means of flight; and escaping to Hodeida on the Arabian coast, from thence fulminated their scientific anathemas against perfidious Albion, and her still more perfidious allies, the worthy Danakil of Tajúra. In this quarter, therefore, the sun of France appeared for a time to be set; for, with an obduracy never enough to be reprehended, the English authorities refused to further the designs of their persevering rivals, and left them to fight it out as they best might with the rough diplomatists of the coast. In the interior, meanwhile, French intrigue wore a somewhat brighter aspect. An officer, it is said, had arrived in Amhara with numerous camel-loads of presents, containing, perhaps, among other things additional portraits of Louis Philippe, for the King of

Shoa; and through the agency of a native messenger despatched, it was said, from the sea coast of Tigré, certain trinkets of gold of French manufacture were forwarded to Sáhila Selássi, as an earnest of the fine things that were in store for him, if he would only consent to break off his meditated relations with the English. The Shoan despot could never be accused of inattention to his own interests. Accordingly, so long as the English with their presents were at a distance, while the French were supposed to be pushing forward post haste to adorn his person and enrich his coffers, he regretted that he had sent to solicit an embassy from our presidency, and fancied that the conquerors of Algeria might be more desirable and profitable allies. He was prepared, therefore, to turn a cold shoulder to Major Harris, and for some time after his arrival treated the embassy with marked disrespect. An event, trifling, perhaps, in itself, soon occurred, which occasioned a revolution in the mind of the Shoan king. A Frenchman naked, wounded, and destitute, suddenly made his appearance in his dominions, declaring that he was the only survivor of the escort and embassy which had been charged with the presents of inestimable value, sent by the King of All the French to his Majesty Sáhila Selássi. The story of this individual was strange and marvellous. He had set out, he said, from Tigré in company with M. Combes, the St. Simonian Controller-general, and forty other persons; they had passed through the provinces of Argobba and Lasta, and were already beginning to felicitate themselves upon being almost in sight of their journey's end, when they were set upon by a tribe of Galla, who, like the Chaldeans in the Book of Job, put them all to the sword, "While I," exclaimed M. Alexandre Evan, 'am escaped alone to tell thee.' But it was not by the Wollo Galla alone that M. Evan was endangered. The governor of Efrata, through whose country he passed, cast wolfish eyes upon his plump haunches, and endeavoured to kill and eat him. How he escaped from the clutches of this anthropophagite M. Evan could not explain, but escape he did, and carried, as we have seen, the tale of his disasters to the court at Debrá Berhan. Sáhila Selássi, who knew not until now that he was a king of cannibals, very clearly perceived that there was no further hope of rich presents from France, and looked upon the catastrophe described by his naked guest as a clever little drama, got up by the ingenious M. Combes for his entertainment. However, it did not entertain him; and by the treatment he received M. Evan was soon

made to understand that the bearer of monstrous lies is sometimes less welcome than the bearer of gifts. Though supplied with food, he was compelled to trudge along the highway barefoot, until, on his arrival at the capital, he was entrusted with the honourable and lucrative employment of putting flints into the king's muskets. This occupation he carried on in one of the courts of the palace, where, half-naked, shivering, and hungry, he day after day, as Mr. Krapf observes, knocked the skin from his knuckles, until his hands were covered with blood. But he was pitilessly compelled to persevere, in order to purchase exemption from starving. A shrewd man, nevertheless, was M. Evan. He soon formed a plan of escape, attended, however, in the execution with considerable risk. He desired to be thought a monomaniac, but at the same time so to temper the suspicions he excited that he should not be taken for a dangerous madman, and knocked in the head. His course lay between Scylla and Charybdis; but being no less dextrous than bold, he confidently reckoned upon success. The little culinary project of the governor of Efrata suggested to M. Evan his proper cue. To every person he met he declared that he was detained in a sort of slavery, and that immediately after the feast of the Holy Virgin the king and his family designed to eat him; the royal Pesabesh undertaking, we suppose, the picking of his bones. This crotchet he circulated so widely, that it at length, as was intended, reached the king's ears. Sáhila Selássi did not exactly know what to make of his guest, but it was only when the accusation was formally repeated, through an interpreter, in his own presence, that he became convinced of the Frenchman's madness. Of course, he had simply to do with a spy, sent thither to watch the progress of his negotiations with the British embassy; but this idea not suggesting itself to the royal mind, M. Evan was not only suffered to depart, but supplied liberally with the means of proceeding to Gondar.

The business of the treaty, meanwhile, progressed rapidly. Major Harris reached the court of Shoa in the month of July, 1841. Some of the difficulties which he had to encounter we have hinted at rather than described. Sáhila Selássi at first looked upon him with distrust and apprehension, having somehow or another learned to cherish the idea that wherever the genius of England extends her trade, there she silently but irresistibly lays the foundation of an empire. But the British ambassador, by the exertion of a rare sagacity and an admirable talent for business, completely

changed the texture of the king's thoughts. What representations he made to him, and what arguments he employed, through his unaccountable suppression of all political documents, it is only permitted us to conjecture. It seems probable, however, that as Major Harris soon made himself acquainted with the relations in which the various states of Abyssinia stand towards each other, he was enabled to prove to Sähila Selässi that the power with which Great Britain allied itself must inevitably triumph over its rivals. He may possibly also have alluded to the fact, proved incontrovertibly by experience, that whatever eastern state has hoped to support itself through French influence has found, in the long run, it was leaning on a broken reed. He could scarcely, in fact, fail to show his majesty that the star of England is in the ascendant in the east, and that whatever other approaches it, is soon compelled to 'pale its ineffectual fire.' Whether these were the arguments employed or not, certain it is that Sähila Selässi soon comprehended the difference between the French and English, and resolved to cultivate exclusively the friendship of the latter. He drew between the representatives of the two countries whom he had seen a comparison by no means favourable to our Gallic neighbours. He beheld the one all flattery and compliance, infinitely tolerant of ignorance, superstition, and vice, and big with magnificent promises, which proved, in the end, to be nothing but wind; while the other, somewhat stern, haughty, and stoical though winning withal, overloaded him with presents, consulted his best interests, and promised, by their countenance, to elevate him in power and consequence above all the surrounding despots. Gladly, therefore, did he enter into a commercial treaty with Great Britain.

Let it not, however, be supposed that the King of Shoa comprehended all the advantages which such a treaty, if properly acted on, was calculated to secure both to him and his country. Had he been capable of so much foresight, he would undoubtedly have exhibited greater perspicacity than most of our politicians and merchants at home. Some vague ideas of great profit, of augmentation of power, of extended dominion, of posthumous glory, flitted over his imagination. The extraordinary energy and self-confidence displayed by his British guests communicated themselves, in part at least, to his mind; and so long as they were present with him, he felt as though he had been lifted above himself, and projected, by a single effort, into the sphere of civilisation. Distrust of his own character made him

dread their departure. He knew they had placed him on an artificial eminence, from which he feared it would be necessary to descend so soon as the foreign props should be withdrawn. Besides, the notion always haunted him, that the mission would never retire, unless in consequence of some offence given to it by him, in which case it would probably go over to his enemies, and strengthen incalculably their hands against him.

For these, and various other reasons, it is obviously necessary to maintain a permanent mission in Abyssinia. A careful investigation of the matter, however, has led us to believe that the station of the resident ought not to be in Shoa. To render our view intelligible to others, it may be necessary to enter into some little explanation. There exists, as our readers will doubtless remember, a spiritual power in Abyssinia, closely, in its character and action, resembling the popedom of Rome. This power has, from the earliest ages, been placed in the hands of the Abuna,* or patriarch, who, though shorn of much of his external splendor, still exercises an extraordinary degree of influence over both prince and people in all the states which have been erected upon the ruins of the Æthiopic empire. Fortunately for Great Britain, the present Abuna's leanings are all towards us. He received most of the instruction, which renders him superior to his predecessors for centuries back, from Dr. Lieder, an English missionary residing at Cairo, whence, according to custom, the Abyssinian patriarch is always taken. He, consequently, loves and cherishes the English name, looking, probably, also with some little partiality on the simple grandeur of the Protestant religion, while he strongly dislikes and despises that of Rome. Another circumstance, which may be regarded as favourable, is the extreme youth of the patriarch, who has not yet, we believe, attained his twenty-fifth year. Should Great Britain, therefore, enlist or rather retain, him in her interest, the probability is, that during his patriarchate, which may reasonably be expected to be a long one, we might so completely establish our influence in Abyssinia as to be able to bid defiance to all our rivals. Of this fact the French are so well persuaded, that they already begin to affect a contempt for the patriarch, to depreciate his authority, and to maintain that no benefit could be derived from conciliating him. Properly to effect this, our ambassador should reside in the

* Major Harris, who has adopted a perverse system of orthography, has metamorphosed this classical name into Aboon, just as he has transformed *Négús* into *Negoos*.

same city with the patriarch, through whom he might operate upon the minds of the clergy, and thus, in the end, effect important modifications in the whole system of Abyssinian civilisation. To look, in the meanwhile, after the material interests of our commerce in each Æthiopic state, a political agent ought to be stationed at each court, subordinate to the resident, and responsible, in the first instance, to him. We may seem, perhaps, to contemplate too vast and expensive an establishment; but if the value be considered of the commerce which might thus be opened up with Central Africa—if due weight be given to the power we might thus exercise over the spring heads, as it were, of the slave trade—if we reflect upon the political preponderance which our position in Abyssinia would give us over regions scattered far and wide, including the whole coasts of the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, together with Nubia and Egypt—the price we might be called upon to pay would seem to be as mere dust in the balance. No conception can at present be formed of the extent to which our commerce with Central Africa may hereafter be advanced from that which is now carried on.

Complete information, even respecting the articles with which eastern Africa conducts its traffic with the east, we can scarcely be said as yet to possess. Circumstances, however, have come to our knowledge which may throw some light on the stream of wealth which flows through it towards the Red Sea, enriching every city, town, and hamlet, through which it passes in its course.

Many places in this part of the world owe their being entirely to commerce. In some localities, cities and flourishing emporia may be said to exhibit a sort of phenomenal existence, the duration of which is measured by the actual presence of the trade that gives them birth. At Berbera, for example, throughout a considerable portion of the year, the traveller who chances to land or arrive there discovers nothing but some eighteen hundred or two thousand empty huts, between which the prowling hyenas or jackals in troops scour and howl by night. Man seems to have abandoned the place for ever. The port is as destitute of shipping as the town of inhabitants. On a certain day, however, fixed and known to the disciples of trade, a few white sails appear in the offing approaching the desolate and deserted shore; and on land, probably at an equal distance, clouds of dust spreading and surging up into the atmosphere, announce the approach of what might easily be mistaken for an army. Long strings of camels, mules, and asses, heavily laden, and escort-

ed by warriors on horseback, with matchlock, lance, and shield, emerge from beneath these clouds and make towards the silent streets. In a few minutes doors fly open, tents are pitched, fires are kindled, life of every kind abounds, and Berbera is transformed into a populous city. And what a population! There is scarcely, perhaps, a single people or tribe dwelling within a thousand miles of the spot which has not its commercial representative at Berbera. There you behold the Banian from India peering forth cunningly between piles of rich goods; the Persian, with shawls from Kermân and turquoises from the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea; the natives of Mesopotamia, and Oman, and Hadramut, and Yemen, and the Hejaz, with whatever commodities the soil of Arabia produces; the Egyptian, the Nubian, the Abyssinian, the Dankali, the natives of Susa, Enaria, Kaffa, Kambat, and Zingero; the Hurruri, the Isah, and the Somauli, all surrounded by the productions and merchandise of their respective countries. The whole of this multitudinous assemblage brought together and pervaded by the spirit of gain, is engaged from morning till night in excessive turmoil and wrangling. Honesty, moreover, is a rare visiter among them. Each endeavours to overreach the other, high words arise, quarrels spring up, blows are given and returned, lances flourished and creeses drawn, and here and there a pool of Mussulman or Pagan blood tells of the way in which bargains are sometimes concluded by these rough customers. All the dialects and idioms of Babel pass current there, each man screaming at the top of his voice in order to make himself heard amid the indescribable din, created partly by human tongues, partly by the neighing of horses, the strange grunting of the camel, the bellowing of oxen, and the braying of asses. Dogs, too, of every size and species, lean, hungry, savage, and without masters, prowl about the purlieus of the mart in search of offal, howling and barking to augment the concord of sweet sounds that denotes the whereabouts of the devotees of commerce.

Nevertheless in this strange and discordant hive a prodigious amount of business is transacted, partly by means of barter, partly through the instrumentality of silver and gold. Among the principal articles of traffic in this great fair must be enumerated slaves of all ages and of both sexes, but particularly females. These, whether Christians, Mahommedans, or Pagans, are generally of tender age, children kidnapped from their parents, or sometimes, perhaps, sold by them in defiance of the most sacred instincts of

nature. These are purchased by the Mahomedans to be educated for their harems or employed in household drudgery, and being transported into Arabia and Persia, as formerly into Sinde, soon retain of their parents and their country scarcely a remembrance. We cannot, however, concur with those who think they are the less to be pitied on that account. Not to have dear friends, not to have a country to love, may be reckoned among the greatest ills that flesh is heir to. True, the slaves may become attached to their new country, may even, when well used, learn to entertain some affection for their masters; but these bastard feelings are altogether weak and inoperative compared with the spontaneous impulses of the heart, with the original inspirations of nature, which custom cannot wholly quench or time obliterate. In the heart of the slave, therefore, there is ever a war of emotions, and the gratitude for favours received cannot always subdue, though it may blunt the edge of that revenge which the infliction of intolerable injury never fails to engender. Besides it is to take a very narrow and ignorant view of slavery to confine our regards to the treatment which the captives meet with in a strange land. Have they not mothers, fathers, and brethren, who mourn for them at home, who behold empty the place they were wont to occupy in the hovel, who see dust settling on the basket or the calabash which their tiny hands once carried, out of which their little sable lips once drank the refreshing waters of the neighbouring spring? We have said that parents sometimes sell their children. But nature has provided that crimes so heinous shall be rare. In most cases the heart of man and woman, however hardened or degraded by barbarism, yearns towards its offspring, and will rather share with it the most sordid destitution that voluntarily snap asunder the links of affection. To prove this we need only reflect upon the care and arts put in practice by the wretched inhabitants of the interior of Africa to protect their little ones from the ruthless slave-kidnapper. As a general rule the parents, who live in constant terror of those human vultures, place their children carefully between them in bed at night, supposing it impossible they should thence be stolen. But, as the toils of the day and the heavy influence of a sultry climate usually plunge them in deep sleep, the man-stealer enters their hovels, like the fabled ghouls of the Arabian tales, and, without waking their natural guardians, snatch the infant from the breast and the boy from his father's arms. Sometimes the dread of this leads

the poor hunted African to construct a second story in his hut, where he deposits his children, and imagines them to be there out of danger. But the agents of the slave-trade laugh at his poor precautions. They raise their ladders to the roof, push aside the palm thatch, and without disturbing an individual among the inmates, carry off their slumbering prey. To obtain possession of girls bordering upon womanhood, other stratagems are put in practice. Near the brooks and springs generally found in the vicinity of an African hamlet, the kidnappers lie in ambush about the dawn of day, when the women and maidens generally go forth to fetch water. A number of fleet horses are stationed close at hand. The miscreants having carefully reconnoitred the village, and discovered that no men are stirring, rush forward on their prey, seize, bind, and lift them on their horses, and before the alarm can be given, or their brothers and fathers come forth to the rescue, are already scouring away far upon the plain, heedless of the shrieks and cries of their wretched captives. It may be said, therefore, without the slightest exaggeration, that the curse of the slave trade penetrates through the whole length and breadth of Africa, and envelopes its entire population in a cloud of fears and apprehensions. No man lays his head on his pillow in peace, neighbour views neighbour with suspicion, suspicion engenders hatred, and thus feuds are kindled which are seldom quenched but in blood. Besides, for what are all the sanguinary forays undertaken by one powerful tribe against another? Is it not that the victors may carry away and sell the wives and sons and daughters of the vanquished? Let the reader examine Major Harris's account of the ferocious incursions made by Sáhila Selássi into the territories of the Pagan Galla, and he will understand something of the curse which the slave trade proves to one whole quarter of the world. He will behold villages in flames, fathers, sons, and husbands weltering in blood upon their own thresholds, which they had vainly endeavoured to defend; and yonder upon the burning plains troops of wo-begone and desolate women, exhausted by sobbing, their eyes swollen, their cheeks pale, but bearing still their children in their arms, as, pricked and goaded like cattle, they toil forward to hopeless servitude before the lance of their ferocious captors:

“A succession of richly cultivated plains, dotted over with clusters of conical white houses, in parts surrounded by clumps of towering junipers, stretched away from the foot of the mountain, the very picture of peace and plenty. Embosomed

between the isolated peaks of Yerrur, Sequala, and the far-famed Entotto, lay the wide plains of Germáma, thickly peopled by the Ekka and Finfinni Galla, upon whose doomed heads the thunderbolt was next to fall; and full in its placid silver lakes, like great mirrors, reflected back the rays of the morning sun across sheets of luxuriant cultivation, extending for miles, nearly ready for the sickle. Far beyond, the long wooded line of the Háwash, rolling its troubled waters towards the plain of the Adaiel, loomed indistinctly through the haze; and, in the extreme distance, the lofty blue range of the Aroosi and Ittoo Galla, skirting the mysterious regions of Gurágué, bounded the almost interminable prospect.

"The morning mist, loaded with dust raised by the tramp of the Ambhára steeds over acres of ploughed land, hung heavy on the heaths, green slopes, and partially screening the approach of the locust army, conspired to enhance its success. Twenty thousand brawny warriors, in three divisions, covering many miles of country, and linked by detachments in every direction, pressed on towards the inviting goal; their hearts burning with the implacable hatred of hostile barbarians, and panting to consummate their bloody revenge. Taken entirely by surprise, their devoted victims lay helplessly before them, indulging in fatal dreams of happiness and security, alas! too speedily to be dispelled. Hundreds of cattle grazed in tempting herds over the flowery meads. Unconscious of danger, the unarmed husbandman pursued his peaceful occupation in the field; his wife and children carolled blithely over the ordinary household avocations; and the ascending sun shone bright on smiling valleys, which, long before his going down, were left tenanted only by the wolf and the vulture.

"Preceded by the holy ark of St Michael, veiled under its scarlet canopy, the king still led the van, closely attended by the father confessor, and by a band of priests, with whom having briefly conferred, he turned round towards the expectant army, and pronounced the ominous words which were the well-known signal for carrying fire and sword through the land. 'May the God, who is the God of my forefathers, strengthen and absolve!' Rolling on like the waves of the mighty ocean, down poured the Ambhára host among the rich glades and rural hamlets, at the heels of the flying inhabitants; trampling under foot the fields of ripening corn, in parts half reaped, and sweeping before them the vast herds of cattle which grazed untended in every direction. When far beyond the range of view their destructive progress was still marked by the red flames that burst forth in turns from the thatched roofs of each invaded village; and the havoc committed many miles to the right, by the division of Abogáz Maetch, who was advancing paralled to the main body, and had been reinforced by the detachment under Ayto Shishigo, became equally manifest in numerous columns of white smoke towering upwards to the azure firmament in rapid succession.

"The embassy followed close in train of the Negroes, who halted for a few minutes on the eastern face of the range; and the eye of the despot gleamed bright with inward satisfaction, whilst watching through a telescope the progress of the flanking detachments as they poured impetuously

down the steep side of the mountain, and swept across the level plain with the fury of the blast of the sirocco. A rapid detour thence to the westward, in an hour disclosed the beautifully secluded valley of Finfinni, which, in addition to the artificial advantage of high cultivation, and many hamlets, boasted a large share of natural beauty. Meadows of the richest green turf, sparkling clear rivulets leaping down in sequestered cascades, with shady groves of the most magnificent junipers lining the slopes, and waving their moss grown branches above cheerful groups of circular wigwams, surrounded by implements of agriculture, proclaimed a district which had long escaped the hand of wrath. This had been selected as the spot for the royal plunder and spoliation; and the troops, animated by the presence of the monarch, now performed their bloody work with a sharp and unsparing knife; firing village after village until the air was dark with their smoke, mingled with the dust raised by the impetuous rush of man and horse.

"The luckless inhabitants, taken quite by surprise, had barely time to abandon their property and fly for their lives to the fastness of Entotto, which reared its protective form at the distance of a few miles. The spear of the warrior searched every bush for the hunted foe. Women and girls were torn from their hiding to be hurried into hopeless captivity. Old men and young were indiscriminately slain and mutilated among the fields and groves; flocks and herds were driven off in triumph, and house after house was sacked and consigned to the flames. Each grim Ambhára warrior vied with his comrade in the work of retributive destruction amongst the execrated Galla. Whole groups and families were surrounded and speared within the walled court-yards, which were strewn with the bodies of the slain. Wretches who betook themselves to the open plain were pursued and hunted down like wild beasts; and children, of three and four years of age, who had been placed in the trees, with the hope that they might escape observation, were included in the inexorable massacre, and pitilessly shot among the branches. In the course of two hours the division left the desolated valley laden with spoil, and carrying with them numbers of wailing females and mutilated orphan children, together with the barbarous trophies that had been stripped from the mangled bodies of their murdered victims."—Vol. ii., p. 189—193.

This exhibition of barbarity, so disgraceful to the King of Shoa and his subjects, did not, however, terminate in the usual manner. For, although the influence of the British envoy was not sufficiently powerful to prevent the foray, it at least so far prevailed with the despot as to induce him, when his cupidity had been gratified by seizing on the droves and herds of the vanquished, to offer some reparation to humanity, by liberating upon the spot the whole of the captives. Major Harris by no means seeks to monopolise the credit of this signal transaction. He undoubtedly mentions first the efforts of the embassy, but

is careful immediately to add, that the Reverend Louis Krapf, whom Sáhila Selássi greatly respected, united earnestly in making intercession for the prisoners. It was by the joint efforts, therefore, of our political representative and spiritual minister that the King of Southern Abyssinia was persuaded to bestow freedom on many hundred Galla women and children. Some attempts, we are aware, have been made to throw doubt upon this affair; but the mere harbouring of a suspicion is absurd. Several English gentlemen were present besides the envoy, and their testimonies corroborated the statement of the fact transmitted to the Indian government. Moreover, was there not a missionary of the Church of England on the spot, and that missionary a man jealous of the honour of his calling, and remarkable for the strictness of his integrity? Has he impugned the correctness of Major Harris's relation? Weighing man against man, we should not be disposed to doubt the envoy's veracity, even if he had; but, strengthened by the evidence of such a witness, our reliance on the accuracy of the facts related by Major Harris is complete.

A second occasion soon presented itself of proving the hold which the British envoy had acquired over the despot's mind, attended by much the same circumstances. Nor were these the only striking acts of humanity which, during his residence at the court of Shoa, Major Harris was enabled to perform. In one of those excesses of fury to which despotic princes are liable, Sáhila Selássi issued an ordinance, condemning to slavery and all its concomitant toils every person throughout his dominions who, according to immemorial custom, had intermarried with any of the king's slaves. Upwards of four thousand seven hundred individuals were, by this cruel decree, torn from their families, inscribed on the list of the king's serfs, and constrained by force to labour at the royal works. It is not easy to imagine the sorrow and consternation which this act occasioned throughout the country. There was scarcely a family which, in a greater or less degree, was not affected by it. Still, accustomed to oppression, inured to the odious caprices and violence of tyranny, the Shoans obeyed their master's mandate in sullen silence. There was no insurrection, no riot, no one contemplated the renewal of the Ides of March. The slaves smothered their rage, but, stung nevertheless to the quick, they cursed the king in their hearts. To deliver Sáhila Selássi from the disgrace of this measure, and his subjects from its humiliating consequences, Major Harris repaired to the palace, and, obtaining an audi-

ence, made so earnest and successful a remonstrance, that the infamous order was revoked. The intelligence spread rapidly through Shoa, where, in every family, high or low, blessings were showered on the name of Great Britain.

It is rarely that the political resident at a foreign court enjoys opportunities of triumphing over practices so barbarous as those which excited the successful hostility of Major Harris. Dr. Johnson has celebrated in his 'Rasselas' one of the ancient customs of Abyssinia, which he has invested with a sort of poetical interest, and rendered familiar to the public. We allude to the confinement of the Abyssinian princes, all save him who reigned in what the doctor's somewhat quaint muse denominates the Happy Valley. This barbarous expedient does not, it is well known, trace its origin to Johnson's invention. From the remotest ages the uncle and brothers of the reigning prince were immured, not in a rural paradise, but in a gloomy mountain fortress, surrounded by deep moats and watchfully guarded. Europe owes perhaps the first intimation of this cruel illustration of royal jealousy to Urreta and Baretti, whose account is thus abridged by Ludolf. "The children of the Negús, as soon as they have received their names, are conveyed into a certain delicious place, in the midst of a large mountain, called Amark, where a stately castle is built, encompassed with the River Borohr, and fortified with a strong wall. Thither, as soon as the father is dead, the principal nobility go, and choose the eldest son, unless he be incapable of so great an honour, to succeed to the government. There is there a very large library, of above ten thousand volumes, all manuscripts; a seminary for the education of the sons of noblemen; and a bishop with several of the inferior clergy, for the instruction of youth." The practice varied in different ages, and by some writers it is said to have ceased several centuries ago in Northern Abyssinia. This, however, was not the case in Shoa, where the ancient and wise precaution, as Ludolf considered it, was strictly observed up to the period of the British embassy. During its stay, Sáhila Selássi having been attacked by fever, was so far reduced and dispirited, that he considered himself on the brink of the grave. The consciousness of his many crimes now tormented him. He knew that he had frequently towards his people been guilty of capricious cruelty. He felt that he had behaved with inhuman severity towards his blood relations. He trembled therefore at the approach of death, and was altogether in a frame of mind to make some

reparation for the transgressions of his past life. While such were his thoughts and sentiments, Major Harris pleaded before him the cause of his captive brother and uncle. The result we will permit him to relate in his own words.

"‘I will release them,’ returned the monarch, after a moment’s debate with himself. ‘By the holy Eucharist I swear, and by the church of the Holy Trinity in Koorá Gâdel, that if Sâhila Sellâssi arise from this bed of sickness, all of whom you speak shall be restored to the enjoyment of liberty.’

"The sun was shining brighter than usual, through a cloudless, azure sky, when the British embassy received a welcome summons to witness the redemption of this solemn pledge. The balcony of justice was tricked out in its gala suit; and priests, governors, sycophants, and courtiers, crowded the yard as the despot, restored to health, in the highest spirits and good humour took his accustomed seat upon the velvet cushion. The mandate had gone forth for the liberation of his brother and his blood relatives, and it had been published abroad, that the royal kith and kindred were to pass the remainder of their days free and unfettered, near the person of the king, instead of in the dark cells of Goncho.

"There were not wanting certain sapient sages, who shook the head of disapproval at this fresh proof of foreign influence and ascendancy, and who could in no wise comprehend how the venerable custom of ages could be thus suddenly violated. The introduction of great guns, and muskets, and rockets, had not been objected to, although, as a matter of course, the spear of their forefathers was esteemed an infinitely superior weapon. Musical clocks and boxes had been listened to and despised, as vastly inferior to the jingling notes of their own vile instruments; and the Gothic cottage, with its painted trellises, its pictures, and its gay curtains, although pronounced entirely unsuited to Abyssinian habits, had been partially forgiven on the ground of its beauty. But this last innovation was beyond all understanding; and many a stupid pate was racked in fruitless endeavours to extract consolation in so momentous a difficulty. The more liberal party were loud in their praises of the king, and of his generous intention; and the royal gaze was, with the rest, strained wistfully towards the wicket, where he should behold once again the child of his mother, whom he had not seen since his accession, and should make the first acquaintance with his uncle, the brother of his warrior sire, who had been incarcerated ere he himself had seen the light.

"Stern traces had been left by the constraint of one-third of a century upon the now unfortunate descendants of a royal race, who were shortly ushered into the court by the state gaoler. Leaning heavily on each other’s shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onward with cramped and minute steps, rather as malefactors proceeding to the gallows-tree, than as innocent and abused princes, regaining the natural rights of man. Tottering to the foot of the throne, they fell, as they had been instructed by their bur-

ly conductor, prostrate on their faces before their more fortunate, but despotie relative, whom they had known heretofore only by a name used only in connection with their own misfortunes, and whose voice was as yet a stranger to their ears.

"Rising with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, they remained standing in front of the balcony, gazing in stupid wonder at the novelties of the scene, with eyes unaccustomed to meet the broad glare of day. At first they were fixed upon the author of their weary captivity, and upon the white men by his side who had been the instruments of the termination; but the dull leaden gaze soon wandered in search of other objects: and the approach of freedom appeared to be received with the utmost apathy and indifference. Immured since earliest infancy, they were totally insensible to the blessings of liberty. Their feelings and their habits had become those of the fetters and the dark dungeon! The iron had rusted into their very souls; and, whilst they with difficulty maintained an erect position, pain and withering despondency were indelibly marked in every line of their vacant and care-furrowed features.

"In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ankles of the prisoners, by a chain so short as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the princes had for thirty long years been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of these relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now presented to the king. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that cowered before him; and after directing their chains to be unriveted, he announced to all that they were free, and to pass the remainder of their existence near his own person. Again the joke and the merry laugh passed quickly in the balcony—the court fool resumed his wonted avocation; and, as the monarch himself struck the chords of the gaily-mounted harp presented by his bloated brother Ammon, the buffoon burst into a high and deserved panegyric upon the royal mercy and generosity.

"‘My children,’ exclaimed his majesty, turning towards his foreign guests, after the completion of this tardy act of justice to those whose only crime was their consanguinity to himself—an act to which he had been prompted less by superstition, than by a desire to rescue his own offspring from a dungeon, and to secure a high place in the opinion of the civilized world—My children, you will write all that you have now seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen, that, although far behind the nations of the white men, from whom Æthiopia first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa.’—Vol. iii. pp. 386—390.

Notwithstanding that the principal trade of Africa is in her own children, the other articles which she even now supplies to the commerce of the world are known to be singularly rich and varied. The cotton of Abyssinia, though short stapled like that of

Dacca, is so soft and delicate as to resemble silk, and this even where little skill or care has been bestowed on its cultivation. Were British capital and industry introduced and applied to the raising of it, an unbounded supply might be obtained, which would render us completely independent of the growth of America. To the neighbouring countries Shoa exports hides and grains of all kinds, and the small states immediately to the south and west of it abound in productions of the most costly nature. Here we find frankincense and myrrh equal, if not superior, to those of Hadramaut, with ostrich feathers, and civet, ambergris, and coffee and gold—the coffee, transported on the backs of camels to the sea-coast, and then shipped for Europe under the name of Mocha. There is something curious in the way in which the gold dust is often brought down to the shores of the Indian Ocean and Red Sea. The merchants, while traversing the countries where it is collected, pour it into hollow canes, which they stop carefully at either end, and sometimes, we believe, use as walking-sticks. Another valuable article of merchandise consists of the skins of wild beasts, lions, tigers, panthers, but more especially those of the black leopard, which appear to abound chiefly in the jangal of Guraghe. To these may be added rhinoceros' horns, the ivory of the elephant and the hippopotamus, of which, for many ages to come, an almost unlimited supply may be reckoned on. For, in many parts of the interior, elephants are found in vast droves, which cover the plains and hills for miles; and in the lakes of Shoa, hippopotami are so numerous, that hundreds may frequently be beheld at once, sporting like porpoises on the surface, diving, rolling, or blowing up small jets of water into the air, as though in imitation of the whale.

From what has been said above, it will, we apprehend, be obvious that Great Britain cannot in justice to herself neglect to establish, commercially and otherwise, her influence in Eastern Africa. Other nations, possessing much fewer facilities than are at our command, have for some years past exhibited great industry and perseverance in the endeavour to exclude us from that rich market. Along the whole coast of the Indian Ocean, from Sofala upwards, the Americans have been seeking to establish themselves a footing. They have likewise entered into negotiations to secure to themselves the sovereignty of the island of Socotra, where the East India Company had once a depot, and which it meant, we believe, to purchase. But neither these

manœuvres, nor the efforts of the Imâm of Muscat, need much disquiet us. The only real source of uneasiness is the system of restless and perfidious intrigue carried on in that part of Africa by the French, whose object clearly is to found in Abyssinia an empire, which shall become the rival of our own in Hindustân. To accomplish this design they will spare no pains, and stick at nothing. It is long since French statesmen have bade adieu to all principle, and laughed at frankness and honesty, as things only fit to amuse Englishmen. Fortunately the reach of their understanding is far from equaling the laxity of their political creed; otherwise, through the supineness which England has of late displayed, we might long ere this have been beaten altogether out of the Red Sea. Our position at Aden, France regards with the utmost jealousy and envy, which, not being able to drive us thence, she can only exhibit by depreciating the place, exaggerating its inconvenience, and the sacrifices which its possession demands of us. But if the mercantile interest in this country be true to itself, we shall shortly supply our neighbours with still more painful incitements to envy. It is perhaps not generally known, that a ship destined to attempt the navigation of the Juba, has already doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and that a rich assortment of goods, suited to the markets of the interior, has been despatched overland and up the Red Sea to meet her. The problem, therefore, will probably soon be solved, whether the Juba and the Gochob be the same river; and if so, how far its waters may serve as a road into the interior. Possibly also the Haines river may be found to unite, near its embouchure, with the Gochob; in which case another rich succession of markets may be reached by water. Even the project suggested by a French traveller may not be altogether impracticable—we mean the navigation of the Hawash, which, from the lake of Aussa, would carry barges and small vessels up to the very foot of the Abyssinian Alps, to within a very short distance of the Nile. Much, at all events, may be done, and something must, if we would not behold the largest and noblest field yet remaining for commerce to reap, pass into other hands. Africa has been made to feel she has wants which Europe can supply. Her curiosity has been piqued, and in more than one quarter a glimpse has been obtained of the advantages of civilisation. The name of England, now purified from the stain that once attached to it, operates like a talisman in Africa, awakening the hostility of the vicious, but inspiring

with confidence the humble and the oppressed. To us the slave-trade,* there and everywhere else, must owe its extinction, if extinguished it is to be; and this consideration, united with many others, ought to urge us, without loss of time, to acquire a commanding influence in the Christian, but uncivilized kingdom of Abyssinia.

For the growing interest which is, at present, felt in this subject, the world is chiefly indebted to Major Cornwallis Harris, who has published by far the most important work on that part of Africa which has ever appeared since the days of Bruce. M. Rochet D'Héricourt, in his clever and amusing production, supplies considerable information, though from his consanguinity to Sir John Mandeville and Mendez Pinto, it is less to be relied on than might have been desired.

'Some truth there is, but dash'd and brew'd with lies.'

For example, he tells us that he discovered the sources of the Hawash, whereas we know, from authorities on which we can depend, that M. Rochet, during the Gurâghé expedition, never quitted the king's camp, never saw the sources of the Hawash, and knew nothing concerning them but what he obtained from others. The same observation would apply to several other parts of his narrative. But our object not being to say unkind things, we quit M. Rochet, after having given the above taste of his quality. Of the travels of MM. Combes and Tamisier, it were better, perhaps, to say nothing, since they cannot be put into any decent hands. The authors pride themselves upon having exploded whatever opinions other men hold as most sacred. They are St. Simonians by profession—that is, have every possible tendency to immorality and indecency. When they set out to travel, it was in search of *La Femme Libre*, and they undoubtedly found her in Abyssinia, where it might have been well for public morals if they and their manuscript had remained shut up for ever. A group of savages, who were probably of this opinion, once endeavoured to give them the benefit of what Sir Thomas Brown calls 'the fiery solution'—in other words, enter-

tained the project of roasting them in a hut. But our St. Simonians seem reserved for greater things, that is, to be employed by his most Christian and most moral majesty, Louis Philippe, in disseminating French philosophy among a people sufficiently depraved and degraded already.

As a perfect contrast to these ribald volumes, we ought, perhaps, to mention the journals of the church missionaries, which, though written in an unpretending and somewhat careless manner, abound with valuable information. The object of these travellers was not to pervert the minds of the Abyssinians, but to lead them into the way of truth, to inspire them with a love of holiness, to breathe a spiritual breath as it were into their material system, to elevate them to the level of other Christian nations. From these journals, Mr. M'Queen, in a preliminary memoir, has extracted all the geographical information, which he has condensed and arranged with his accustomed skill and ability, so that it may in some respects be regarded as a supplement to his own admirable work on Africa. To none, however, of the above travellers could we refer for a complete description of Abyssinia and its inhabitants. Whoever would understand that country thoroughly must study the work of Major Harris, which is at once popular in form, and philosophical in substance. Nowhere do we remember to have read a more admirable picture of barbarous manners. The narrative is full of movement, and strewed thickly with anecdotes. The descriptions are vivid and picturesque, and the characters which come before us are delineated with a master's hand. Major Harris's style is that of a man of genius—animated, full of imagery, glowing, and picturesque. That it should be displeasing to some classes of readers we can easily understand. That which is bold and elevated is calculated to excite no sympathy in minds overmastered by the opposite qualities. But the public, free from envy and jealousy, and seeking solid instruction, blended skilfully with amusement, will recur again and again to this admirable work, which we look upon as a permanent ornament to our literature.

One unfortunate defect we cannot, however, pass over. Either through his own fault, or the fault of his position, Major Harris has provokingly kept back every kind of political information. No allusion to French intrigue do we anywhere find in his pages, so that if we have obtained any insight into the matter, we owe no thanks to him. We think this affectation of diplomatic secrecy absurd, especially since Major

* On the subject of the African slave-trade, we beg to refer the reader to the highly interesting and able work of Mr. M'Queen, entitled 'A Letter to Lord John Russell,' now inserted in the introduction to his 'Geological Survey of Africa.' It abounds everywhere with the most valuable information, compiled from authentic sources, and advocates sound and liberal views of policy in whatever relates to African commerce.

Harris must have known that there were numerous other travellers in the country through whom the whole facts of the case would sooner or later be placed before the country. In reality, therefore, the only thing he has succeeded in concealing is the extent to which his own influence prevailed in counteracting French intrigue, which may or may not be matter of regret to the public.

- ART. V.—1. *Svenska Folkets Historia*. Af ERIK GUSTAF GEIJER. (History of the Swedes.) Orebro. 1832—1836. 3 Delar.
2. *Geschichte Schwedens*. Von E. G. GEIJER: übersetzt von SWEN P. LEFFLER. Hamburg. 1832—1836. 3 Bände.

IF we must no longer look on Scandinavia as the great hive of the barbarian conquerors who issued forth from the forests and deserts of Upper Europe, to scourge the pampered and slavish nations of the south, and to found new states and polities on the ruins of the old Roman provinces, there will still remain, in its authentic history, a thousand claims to a more real interest. It is not merely that one would be curious to investigate the religion, the institutions, the manners of those rude but energetic races who possessed prophets, legislators, and philosophers, in times when older communities had sunk under the load of their own vices into utter ignorance and helplessness—it is not merely that the dwellers in the frozen mountains and morasses of the North should have participated in the intellectual activity of the East, when the West and South were dark—nor that they should have discovered America six centuries before Columbus—nor that they should have given the first examples of modern colonization, and founded new thrones and dynasties in Italy, Gaul, Sicily, and Britain. To an Englishman, especially, there are other and perhaps more weighty reasons for inquiry. It is only by questioning our northern kinsmen that we can hope to explain the origin of many customs yet prevailing among us, to settle disputed points in our own legal antiquities, and to throw light on many curious passages in our own history. The coasts of the North Sea and the Baltic were the original seat of many a tribe which found a final resting-place in this island, and from which a large proportion of its present population is descended. The Swede, the Norse, and the Dane, re-

mained more faithful to their traditional usages than their neighbours and brethren of Germany: they preserved them for a longer time free from foreign admixture, and recorded them in the Scaldic poems for the instruction of posterity.

Sweden, the largest and most populous of the three Scandian countries, may fairly claim, in modern times at least, our foremost attention, from the superior importance and grandeur of the scenes which its annals open to us. Fragments of these are familiar to most men from their childhood. There are few who have not followed, in some book of popular biography or history, the heart-thrilling story of her great liberator and reformer, Gustavus Vasa, the founder of that fated line which shared, in these latter days, the doom of the Stuarts and the Bourbons—few who have not watched the star-like path of the great Adolphus, or the more meteoric course of Charles XII. These are names which fill the world, and will live in the hearts and imaginations of all men till time shall be no more. But of the vast tracts of history which lie before, between, and after, little or nothing is known to English readers, except what we gather from an occasional hint in our own historians, or from some imperfect general compilation. Again, by what causes their great measures of civil policy were necessitated, how their warlike enterprises were prepared and matured, by what states of internal peace or feud they were preceded or followed,—as to these and other problems which suggest themselves to the general reader as well as to the student of history, we are left, in the present state of our knowledge, with very dim and unsatisfactory information. Yet it is no petty or vulgar story which the annals of the north unfold. Wars of kings and republics, revolutions, the rise and fall of dynasties, the great contest between the principles of aristocracy and democracy under a new phase, the downfall of heathenism, and the triumph of the cross, the union or separation of three monarchies, are subjects surely not altogether unworthy of curiosity, nor destitute of magnificence.

The history of Sweden, perhaps, can be adequately written only by a Swede. Paucity or inaccessibility of materials, not to mention the difficulties inherent in the nature of those materials, oppose all but insurmountable obstacles in the way of a foreigner. The *Heimskringla* and the *Sagas* give valuable information, hints rather than details, on the early period, but they must be cautiously used, under the constant guidance of a severe and discriminating criticism, versed in the poetic and mythic lore

of the north. The writers of the latter middle age until the time of Gustavus I. are very few; some, like Johannes Magnus, are rather romancers than annalists.* The history of the Swedish middle age, like that of the Scottish, is to be collected chiefly from rhymed chronicles, law books, and charters, or other similar documents, which are susceptible of illustration by the writers and records of Norway, Denmark, and Ireland. In modern times there is great abundance of published collections and unpublished registers of documents. Messenius, Peringskiöld, Rudbeck, Palmsköld, Aldersparre and Hallenberg, are among those who have laboured most diligently in accumulation of materials; Dalin and Lagerbring are the chief among the aspirants to wear the laurels of historical composition, who have gained a place in the standard literature of Sweden. It is to be regretted that their works were not translated into English, inasmuch as they would have dissipated the ignorance which has hitherto prevailed in this country, with all† but a few recluse students, respecting the history of the north. Yet it is probable that they would scarcely have obtained much popularity with our reading public. Both these authors are characterized by the same general qualities. They are mere annalists, tediously minute, and laboriously dull, with but little conception of the grander aims of historical science. Without aptitude for political speculation or taste for the picturesque in narration, they are yet sometimes impressive from a simple earnestness and truth of feeling which finds its way to the reader's heart. In their hands the story wants life, movement, and variety; it is not made dis-

tingent and emphatic by the due collocation of parts, and the apportionment to each of its just share of description. Both follow the old sages with prosaic closeness; a mode of interpretation, we need hardly say, which æsthetic criticism, as well as the interests of historic truth, alike condemn. Dalin took his theory of the diminution of the waters of the ocean and the Baltic for the foundation of his history, and obtrudes it in every chapter with provoking pertinacity. He derived this from crude notions of geological science, which later researches have overthrown.* The mythological and antiquarian dissertations of these writers are encumbered with a weight of fanciful conjecture and misapplied learning,† though it would be unjust to deny that they have laid the ground for the more accurate investigations of recent inquiries. The northern historians have been reproached with neglecting to study the civil institutions of their ancestors (Edinburgh Review, vol. xxxvi), but from this accusation those of Sweden, at least, would have been excepted by any one who possessed a moderate share of acquaintance with their works. A charge to which they might with more justice be pronounced obnoxious is that of prolixity. The warfare of the northern middle age supplies good themes for ballad and romance, but to chronicle at length every border contest or predatory expedition on the shores of the Baltic, is to abuse the patience of the reader, and sacrifice the

* He supposed the waters of the Baltic to stand 160 feet higher than at present in the diluvian era, "shortly before or after the flood" (preface to vol. ii. p. 2), and 78 feet higher at the birth of Christ, vol. i. c. 1, sec. 2. This would have robbed great part of Scania of its inhabitants, and sunk the flats of Livonia and the marshes of Finland far beneath the surface.

† Among all the odd theories to which the lost tribes of Israel have given rise, we do not know that any is more fantastic than that of Dalin, who discovers them in the Finns. Speaking of the Odini and Geloni, whom he places among the earliest occupiers of Scandinavia, he adds (vol. i. c. 3, sec. 3), "These were joined by a race formed from a mixture of Scythians, Greeks, and Hebrews, styled the Neuri, who marched westwards to the rocky shores of the Baltic. Of the Neuri, who are properly the primitive stock of the Finns, Lapps, and Esthonians, we must remark that they appear to be a remnant of the ten tribes of Israel, whom Salmanazar, king of Assyria, led into captivity out of Canaan, and who subsequently, after a journey of a year and a half, reached a country called Arsa-reth, previously uninhabited by man. If we consider here, how much resemblance the old Finnish, Lappish, and Esthonian tongue has to the Hebrew, and likewise that this people formerly reckoned the commencement of their year from the 1st of March, and kept Saturday as their sabbath, it will be plain that the origin of the Neuri was in all probability that which we have stated."

* The acuteness of the Abbé Vertot detected the true explanation of the long catalogues of kings which astonish us in the veracious pages of the historians of this school. "Even," he says, "if some old manuscripts have accurately preserved the names of those lords who have borne sway in Sweden, who shall assure us that they were kings, and not merely princes of some particular district, or perhaps only judges and captains each in his canton? It may even very well be that the greatest part of these chiefs whose names have been preserved, were cotemporary, governing different provinces at the same time, and that historians placed them in their works successively, in order to have a longer list of kings to fill up the void in their chronology," &c.—*Abbrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de Suède*.

† Even one who possessed the varied acquirements and erudition of the late William Taylor, could suppose the Edda to be collected by order of Charlemagne. Historic Survey of German poetry, vol. i. p. 9. See also his most whimsical theory of the origin of Odín's Valhalla, the idea of which he supposes to be borrowed from—what do our readers suppose?—A Roman recruiting-house! Id. p. 30, 31.

true dignity of the subject. The four portly quartos of Dalin* bring us down only to the death of Charles IX. in 1611; Lagerbring,† in about the same space, conducts us only to the administration of Charles Canuteson in 1441. If the more recent and important history were to be written at commensurate length, it would be difficult to say to what length the pile of quartos might not extend. Certainly this is not the way to make the study of a subject generally inviting.

The best work by a foreigner on the history of Sweden is that of Rûhs (Halle, 1801-1810). He devoted a lifetime to its study, for which, as a Swedish subject, he had good facilities. He possessed, probably, a more critically exact knowledge of his theme than any other German scholar of his day. But, besides that many of his views have been attacked by Schöning and other learned northerns, his work does not much differ in character from its Scandinavian rivals. The arrangement is bad, the style languid and diffuse, and, by another coincidence, its fate likewise was to remain unfinished.

The name of Professor Geijer, of Upsala, the historiographer royal of Sweden, cannot be unknown to the readers of this journal. As a member of the legislature, he ranks among Sweden's foremost politicians; as a poet and an essayist, he has long been one of the chief ornaments of her literature. His earlier work on the ancient history of Sweden (the *Svea Rikes Häfödar*), is distinguished by breadth and elevation of views, and has long enjoyed a European reputation. It exhibits the most abstruse and various learning, vivified by a glowing imagination, and applied with judgment and sagacity. The dissertative manner which he has adopted in this work, and which writers on the heathen and catholic period of Swedish history are, from the causes we have indicated, inevitably compelled to follow, is by far the most difficult method of historical exposition. It does not admit of the clear and smoothly flowing stream of narration which charms us in the pages of a Livy or a Hume. The historian who is driven to it must ascend by toilsome and somewhat slow steps the ladder of induc-

tive inquiry to a tottering and uncertain resting-place. Questions, not facts, present themselves at every step, which you must pause to discuss and settle. This mode, therefore, unless in the hands of a man of ardent feeling and fancy, is apt to degenerate into a mere dry analysis. Who will deny, for instance, that the great work of Niebuhr is fairly chargeable with such a fault? Judged by reference to such standards, do we err in regarding the combination of erudition with the imaginative spirit, displayed in the 'Ancient History of Sweden,' as one of the most signal triumphs of modern historical literature? To us it appears that this author, in his inquiries into the origin of the Swedes, the views of Scandinavian ethnography entertained by the Greeks and Romans, the Runes, the poetry of the Icelanders, the mythic and heroic ages of the north, summoning to his aid, as he does, the whole field of learning, classical, oriental, and hyperborean, has elaborated a perfect specimen of what the analytic method of history should be.

Long application to the study of Scandinavian history, an elevated position, and unlimited access to the public records, pointed out Geijer as the man who possessed most qualifications for a task to which preceding historians had failed to do justice.* With such a guide, what reader would refuse to inquire

‘What dangers Odin’s child await,
Who the author of his fate?’

The work before us, written several years back, was first published, at the solicitation of Professor Heeren, in the series of European histories, edited by him in conjunction with M. Ukert. It was translated into German from the author's manuscript, and under his superintendence (Geijer states, in the preface to the German version), by Dr. Leffler. The Swedish original made its appearance nearly contemporaneously with the German translation. Three volumes bring down the history of Sweden to the abdication of Queen Christina, in the year 1654. The continuation was referred to by the German publishers, some time back, as being in an advanced state, and, we pre-

* *Svea Rikes Historia*, Stockholm, 1747—62. “From the beginning to our own times,” the title page says, but the promise was not fulfilled, and the author did not long survive the publication of his last volume. The work was well translated into German, by Dähnert, professor in the Royal Swedish Academy of Greifswald.

† *Svea Rikes Historia*, &c., Stockholm, 1769—1783. The ‘*Biographie Universelle*’ states that it comes down to 1457; this however is an error.

* It may interest our readers to know that Mr. Strinnholm, of Stockholm, has commenced a history of Sweden, of which we have seen the two first volumes, on the early period. We are not aware that any more have been published. Our opinion of the work is not favourable, for which it is possible we may on some other occasion assign our reasons. The author proposes to complete it in ten more parts.

† A favourite phrase of Lagerbring's, for Sweden is ‘the kingdom of Odin.’

sume will not be much longer delayed. There are few things more provoking than the dilatory system of publication which obtains in Germany and the north. Geijer's time has of late years been much occupied with official duties, but we infer that he is busied with the completion of his work, from the fact that the memoirs of Gustavus III., lately disinterred from their entombment in the library at Upsala, have been transmitted to him by the royal desire for his use.

The following noble passage, in which the key-note of the subject is at once struck in a tone of the finest harmony, forms the opening of the introduction. We translate as literally as possible, consistently with a due regard to idiomatic differences :

"The Scandinavian North, almost entirely unknown to the cultivated nations of antiquity, did not, until a late period, find a place in history. Thule, of which Pytheas received information in Britain, about 300 years before the Christian Era, as the most northerly region of the earth, yet not wholly destitute of the arts of culture and tillage, was, in all likelihood, western Scandinavia. Report spoke of an island, 'of prodigious magnitude, comparable to a continent,' not far from the Scythian shore or the amber coast, referring probably to southern Scandinavia. These dark rumours, however, either were fabulous, or soon fell into oblivion, and if the Greek had learned some truth from them, it did not long dwell in the memory of the Romans. Pliny, although acquainted with these accounts, relates as a novelty (he had himself visited the shores of the North Sea), 'that immense islands had been of late discovered, beyond Germany; of these the noblest was Scandinavia, of yet unknown magnitude: the inhabitants styled it another world.*' He speaks of Nerigon (Norway, Norige) as an especially large island, without conjecturing that it might be only a part of the former. These names are first heard of not earlier than half a century after the birth of Christ, and shortly afterwards, Tacitus tells us of 'the Suiones of the Ocean, strong in men, arms, and ships.' The geographer Ptolemy, in the second century, knew of Goths and Danes as inhabiting the southern portion of Scandia. These well-known names resound to us in the voice of antiquity, with more that are unknown, and that for us are not to be known.

"Intercourse with pagan or Christian Rome, with the old empire or the popedom, brought most of the nations of western and northern Europe on the stage of history, and when at length, informed by cultivation, they became familiar with their own position, Roman influences had already intervened between them and their earliest recollections, of which little that was primitive remained. This is true, not only of the nations whose language was Romanized, but in a great measure also of those Germanic peoples who preserved their own. All we know of pagan Germany comes to us through

Rome; its antiquity is without really original recollections, and if attempts have been made in more recent times to supply this deficiency by art, yet can we by no means affirm that they have succeeded. We desecrate a temple in which learning has deified itself, but the voice of the people remains unheard.

"The youngest brother of this great stock it is, whose destinies we have undertaken to relate. The youngest, reckoning from his appearance in history, but the one who has sojourned longest, and can tell us most of the house of his fathers. Of alien influences he knows least; and external impulses, in former times, he more frequently imparted than received. Old Rome in its decline was perhaps better known to him than he was to it; and a thousand years of the Christian era had fled away, before he, the terrible foe of Christendom, was numbered among the sons of the Romish church.

"The recollections, then, which Scandinavia has to add to those of the Germanic race, although of later date, are yet the most antique in character, and comparatively the most original. They offer the completest remaining example of a social state, existing previously to the reception of any influences from Rome, and in duration stretching onwards so far as to come within the sphere of historical light. In this the history of the north corresponds to its physical nature, in whose rocks and mountains the primitive formations lie open to the day, while in southern lands these are covered by others of more recent deposit."—Vol. i. p. 1—3.

The terms of the problem, to speak analogically, are laid down, and the division of the subject given, in the close of the introduction.

"Sweden, in respect to its history, stands in nearly the same relation to Scandinavia generally, as the latter to the rest of Europe. It came latest in contact with the European world. Of its heathen period there remain no such complete accounts as those of the latter days of heathenism in Norway; its middle ages receives less of the light of history, than that of either Norway or Denmark. Its more recent history has cast that of both the others into the shade, and obtained, what neither of these possesses, an historical importance for the whole world, only for the moment indeed, through its great Gustavus Adolphus; yet long enough for undying remembrance. Still the oldest legends, which tell of the north, reports rather than recollections, relate to Sweden. The name of Suiones in Tacitus, denotes a powerful people; that of the Goths sounded throughout the world. With Sweden Snorre Sturleson begins his legends of the ancient kings. In old Suithion Odin and the gods had ruled over Manhem, or the world of men. The Asae, immigrating from the east, greeted the land with this name, which perhaps was not unknown to Pliny.

"In the first part of this history, we propose, I. to consider the accounts transmitted of the ancient period of Sweden, down to the preaching of Christianity in the north; II. to give a summary view of the state of the country and its inhabitants at the end of the heathen period. We will then, III. describe the transition to Christianity, and its influ-

* Compare Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* ii. 108, iv. 13, 16. *Alterum terrarum orbem.*

ence on the older form of society, with the contests of the Swedes and Goths respecting the crown, to the middle of the thirteenth century; IV. the age of the Folkungers, to the middle of the fourteenth century; then, V. the reigns of the foreign kings, and the union of the northern kingdoms, to the times of the Sture, or the middle of the fifteenth century; VI. the Sture as administrators and popular leaders to the massacre of Stockholm in 1520; at which point we will, VII. pause to contemplate the condition of the land and people at the end of the catholic period. In the next part we will proceed to the more recent history of Sweden, beginning with Gustavus Vasa."—Vol. i. pp. 7, 8.

The aboriginal people of Scandinavia are the Finns and Lapps, races which, however different their appearance and manners at the present day, appear to have sprung from a common stock. Their languages are cognate, and the name by which each branch designates itself (*Suomalaiset*, *Sámmelads*, the people of the fens*), is fundamentally the same. The Lapps, as is well known, still cling to those wild superstitious and outcast habits which impart so melancholy and mysterious an interest to their singular destiny; the Finns have long yielded to the mollifying influence, and embraced the settled habits of civilisation. This ancient race would seem to have once dispersedly occupied, not only the great peninsula of Scandinavia Proper, but the whole north of Europe, from the banks of the Vistula, in the neighbourhood of which Tacitus and Ptolemy place them, to the White Sea, where in the time of King Alfred, the monks Ottar or Ohther and Wulfstan, the earliest visitants of those regions, found the Bjarmar, a branch of the Finns. Of the Germanic races in Scandinavia, by whom the indigenous inhabitants were gradually driven into the wide wastes of the interior, the Goths (*Götar*, *Gotnar*), a branch of the powerful nations so widely established on the south coast of the Baltic, are the elder, according to the concurrent testimony of the old sagas, laws, and chronicles. Their chief seat was Gothland,† extending over all that part of the modern kingdom of Sweden which lies between the Mælar lake on the north, and the Baltic on the South. The Swedes (*Swear*, *Sveon*), were a cognate race, who arrived later in the land, under the conduct of their high priest and legislator Odin, with his Asar or Anses, probably in the first century before Christ, to which it is referred by the Icelandic genealogies, since Tacitus, a hundred years afterwards, mentions them ('Germa-

nia,' 44) as already powerful. They came from the confines of Asia, out of the land of the Alans or Asae, whose sway once extended from the mountains of Circassia to the Don, and whose descendants are still to be found in the Caucasus.* They settled in the fertile districts round the Mælar lake, whose magnificent expanse, crowned with beautiful islands and fed by numberless streams, offered a ready and convenient means of internal communication.† Sigstuna and afterwards Upsala, where Frey built a great temple, was their place of Sacrifice, in which, at certain periods of the year, the people assemble to worship their false gods, and the residence of the drott, or high priest and king.‡ The relations between these tribes, occupying respectively the regions of Gothland and Swedeland or Sweden proper, are involved in considerable obscurity. As far as can be collected from the scattered hints of the old writers, they remained for some time separate and independent, generally at amity, though occasionally engaging in hostilities with each other. Geijer conjectures that the arrival of the Swedes drove a portion of the Goths out of Scandinavia, and contributed to propel that great movement of the Gothic populations towards the south and east which ended in the dismemberment of the Roman empire. It is, however, certain, that the Swedes, who gave their name to the country, gradually arrogated the superiority. The religious capital, the central seat of Odinism, was within their territory, and the ecclesiastical primacy of the Upsala king or over-drott led gradually to his civil supremacy. Dyggve was the first of the line of the Ynglings or descendants of Yngve Frey, third from

* Bayer, and more recently Müller and others, have denied any historical weight to the statements of the Sagas, as to the eastern descent of the Swedes. Geijer, however, in the 7th and 8th chapters of the '*Svea Rikes Häfdar*,' has minutely examined the whole question of their origin, comparing the language of the Scalds with that of the late classic and mediæval writers, and with a host of old Gothic traditions. He arrives at an entirely opposite decision. Klaproth has proved that the Circassian tribe of the Ossetes are the descendants of the Alans or Ases. *Reise in den Kaukasus*, i. 66; *Asia Polyglotta*, p. 83. Are not these the Asaei, whom Pliny mentions (*Hist. Nat.* 1, vi. c. 17), in the Caucasus? They were visited in 1699, by Swedish ambassadors from Charles XI. to the Court of Persia, who found the name of the Alans still well known in the Caucasus.

† The boundary between Swedeland and Gothland was formed by the great forests of Tiwed and Kolmard, stretching inwards from the sea to the banks of the Wener lake.

‡ *Drottn* or *drott*, not *drottnar*, as stated by Mr. Sharon Turner (*History of the Anglo-Saxons*, vol. i. p. 442), who has taken the plural for the singular.

* So too the Esthlanders call themselves *Somelassad*.

† The inhabitants of Southern Norway were also most probably Gothic.

Odin, who bore the title of king (*konungr*), and this point marks the transition from the priestly to the military character in the rulers of Sweden.*

Ingjalld, the last of his royal line, found Swedeland divided among a number of petty chiefs or kings, who had sprung up in consequence of the custom introduced at the death of his predecessor Agne, of dividing the kingdom, like any other inheritance, among all the brothers of the family. He caused six of them to be invited to his father's funeral banquet, at which he made a solemn vow to increase his kingdom by one-half its size, towards all the four winds of heaven, or to die. The same night he had them seized and caused them to be burned alive, and he set governors in their stead over their possessions. From this circumstance he derived his surname of Illrada, the bad ruler. Iwar Widfamne, nephew of the King of Scania, whose father had been put to death at the instigation of Ingjalld's daughter, levied an army to avenge him, and marched against the tyrant. On his approach, Ingjalld and his daughter collected all their dependents, and made them drunk with liquor. They then set fire to their log-palace, and perished in the flames with all their servants and property. Such is the account given in the *Ynglingasaga* of the first blow struck at the petty sub-kings, who, however, were not yet entirely suppressed.

The next period, under the descendants of Ivar, is equally obscure with the first, even the order in which the kings succeeded one another being uncertain. It is the age of Sigur Ring, of Ragnar Lodbrok and the sea-kings, who filled every coast of Europe with terror. These adventurers, however, robbers at home, as well as conquerors abroad, were not less dreaded by their own countrymen than by strangers.

"In the ninth century," says our author, "these piratical expeditions were especially formidable. The causes of them are to be found partly in the divisions and weakness of the European states of that day, partly in the foundation laid, during the middle of this century, for an increase of monarchical power in the northern kingdoms; in consequence of which a greater number of warlike adventures were driven out. The evil was, besides, one of long standing. It had already found a channel in the great migration of the nations, until, when this had ceased, and Christianity had begun to change the manners of the barbarians, while the north remained as of old, the warlike attitude of

Scandinavia towards the rest of the world became more conspicuous and alarming."—Vol. i. p. 50.

With the ninth century, a period of less darkness and uncertainty than any of the foregoing, a new phase of Swedish history opens. The historian treads on surer ground: some light is shed around his path by the work of Adam of Bremen and the records of the labours of the first Christian missionaries. We quote the account of the apostle of Scandinavia, by whom was effected the greatest revolution through which this region of Europe has passed since the days of Odin:

"To the Emperor Lewis the Pious, we are told, came messengers, sent from Sweden, who among other commissions, bore tidings to this effect, 'that many of their people longed to embrace the Christian faith, that their king was not ill-inclined to give audience to the teachers who proclaimed it, and it was their wish that such persons might be sent into their country.' At this time lived Ansharius. He was by birth a Frank; at an early age he had taken the monastic vow and became the rector of the school, first in the old monastery at Corbie, in Picardy; afterwards in the more recent foundation of Corbey, in Westphalia. He was a zealous preacher, and from his childhood had felt a lively call to devote himself to the conversion of the heathen. When, in the year 726, Harald, King of Jutland, had received baptism in Mentz, and no one would venture to accompany him to his dominions to preach the gospel in Denmark, Ansharius consented to attend him. Afterwards, when the king, himself in exile, could no longer protect him, he established a school on the heathen frontier. Here he gave instruction to boys whom he had himself redeemed from captivity and slavery; and at this time also he probably acquired his knowledge of the northern languages. Thus more than two years passed away, until the request of the Swedish envoys again attracted notice to the young and ardent teacher. Ansharius was still a young man, not quite twenty-eight years old, when he was called before the Emperor Lewis, who inquired whether he would consent to visit the distant north, hitherto almost unknown, or known only as the terror of Europe, in order to preach the faith of Christ. Accepting the office gladly, he received as companion of his journey a pious brother of his convent, named Withmar, who was still alive when the biography of Ansharius, from which we borrow this account, was composed. They travelled in the society of traders; probably the Swedish envoys were themselves men of this class, who had become inclined to the Christian faith from having held communication with its votaries, and had found in their traffic a motive for wishing to open up a peaceful intercourse between their own country and the Christian world. Trade was still carried on with arms in the hand of the merchant; and the envoys themselves found the advantage of this precaution, since, while on their return, they were repeatedly attacked by the pirates who swarmed in the Baltic. In the last of these combats the merchants were overpowered, lost their ships, and were obliged to flee to land. This was also the fate of Ansharius, who,

* *Yngve* is the poetical name for king generally. The termination *ing*, according to Ihre, is the Swedish *ung*, young. *Konr* is a man of rank; *konungr* *konung*, the son of such a person. *Drottning* is still the title of a Swedish queen—a curious relic of Gothic paganism.

undeterred by misfortune, continued his journey. He passed sometimes through forests, sometimes in a boat over the great lakes, which the narrative compares to the sea, till with his companions he reached Birca, a haven lying on the Mælar lake, or, as the place is also called, a trading village, where rich merchants resided. Here he was welcomed by King Björn, and found the statements of the messengers confirmed, many Christian captives living in these regions who longed eagerly for instructors. These had communicated the knowledge of Christianity to others also, who desired to be instructed and baptized. Among them was a chief man of the place, and counsellor of the king, named Hergeir, who was a zealous Christian, and built the first church. This first journey of Ansharius to Sweden took place in the autumn of the year 829; and the year following, which he spent here, was the first of his Christian labours among the Swedes.

"This King Björn to whom Ansharius came is without doubt the same who is called Björn at Haugi (of the hill), by the Icelanders, who have preserved only his name, with the addition that one of the most renowned heathen Scalds, Brage the Aged, resided at his court. They mention Emund as his colleague in the office of king. On his return to Sweden, Ansharius was inducted into the archbishopric lately erected in Hamburg, for the conversion of the north, but found this new dignity more fertile in danger than in profit. Hamburg, at first only a village, with a castle founded by Charlemagne among the forests on the bank of the Elbe, was surprised by the northern sea-kings and destroyed; the archbishop was obliged to flee. Gautbert, who had been sent to Sweden as a missionary, was at this time expelled by the Swedes. Nithard, his nephew, was killed, and the Christians were persecuted by the above-mentioned King Emund, who having been brought back from his exile by aid of the Danes, had at length made his peace with his countrymen. From his new archiepiscopal seat of Bremen, Ansharius continued the work he had begun, and when no one else would undertake the perilous employment, revisited Sweden himself in the year 853. At this time there was another king in Birca, who was called Olof, and the Swedes, assembled in their *Ting*, or court, had resolved to adopt one of their former kings, named Eric, among the gods of the country. The ancient friends of Ansharius advised him to save his life by flight. He succeeded however, in winning by his gifts the favour of the king, who promised to lay his petition before the people; 'for it is their custom,' says the biographer and follower of Ansharius, who accompanied him on this journey,—'that all public affairs are decided more by the unanimous will of the people than by the power of the king.' It was resolved in the *Ting*, that by means of the sacred lots, a sort of oracle which is mentioned by Tacitus, the old gods should be consulted respecting the new faith. The answer, it is said, turned out favourable to the request of the Christian teachers, and at the *Ting* an old man stood up, and spoke to this effect: 'Hear me, king and people. Of this God it is not unknown that he helps those who put their trust in him, a thing which many of us, in the dangers of the sea and in other perils, have proved. Wherefore then should we reject what is needful and profitable for us, or seek afar

off that which is at home? For some of our people, for the sake of his faith, have journeyed even to Dorstad.* Therefore do I advise that we should receive among ourselves the servants of this God, who is mighty above all, and whose grace will stand us in good stead if our own gods should prove unfavourable to us.' When the people had given their consent, the king expressed his concurrence, yet made the condition that the matter should be proposed and approved at the general diet in the other part of his kingdom, meaning probably the Goths. This having been done, the Christian teachers were permitted by the decree to dwell and give instruction in the country. A church was founded while Ansharius was present, and after he had returned home, he continued, as long as he lived, to provide for the despatch of instructors to Sweden. He inculcated on them the maxim, to ask of no man's goods, but to labour with their own hands for support; he himself used to twist nets. He was simple and lowly-minded, yet very steadfast of heart. His revenues he employed in the support of the indigent and the ransom of captives, and he was generally surrounded by some youths whom he had redeemed from slavery, and to whom he was giving instruction. Captives who had been torn from their homes he also brought back with him from Sweden, and his biographer mentions the emotion with which he restored to a mother her son, of whom she had been robbed by the Swedes. Among his neighbours the Nordalbingians, he abolished the shameful traffic in men, with which so-called Christians defiled themselves. He regarded his dreams as prophetic, was full of reverence for the miracles of the saints, and was himself venerated as a saint after his decease; it was said of him in his life that 'never had so good a man been seen.' That his own labours in Sweden were not fruitless, is shown by examples such as those of Hergeir and Fridburg, and in all likelihood the spark kindled by him was never completely extinguished, although a century and a half elapsed before Sweden received a Christian king, and another period of the same duration passed away in the contest between paganism and Christianity."—Vol. i. p. 128—132.

Olof, called *Skötkonung*, or the Lap-King, because when homage was paid to him on his accession, he was carried in his mother's lap,† was the first Christian king of Sweden.

The death of Olof in 1024, after a short interval of tranquillity, was followed by long and bloody civil wars between the Swedes and Goths, the causes of which are only darkly discernible. The former were obstinate in their adherence to paganism; the latter were followers of the new religion. Another subject of quarrel was the right of electing the king, claimed by the Swedes as

* Formerly a famous place of trade, now a village not far from Utrecht.

† Olof's surname has been translated by Vertot and others 'the tributary,' as having become the tributary of the Pope, by the introduction of St. Peter's pence. This, however, is a mistake. The Swedish for tributary king is *skatt-konung*.

their ancient and exclusive prerogative, and which was sturdily combated by the Goths. During a portion of this period, we find two kings reigning simultaneously, representing and supported by each of the religious parties. These broils and feuds the legendary exposition of the sagas invests with a romantic interest, faithfully reflected in our author's pages. His account of this period, and indeed of the whole history down to the time of Gustavus I., rapid and necessarily somewhat general, yet full of action and feeling, contrasts most favourably with the confused and creeping verbiage of his predecessors, showing, in its whole texture and arrangement, a due appreciation of the relative importance of the matter, as well as a thorough knowledge of his subject. The long contests between the Swedes and Goths had produced two important consequences. They had fused the two races into one people, by the effect of mutual weakness and exhaustion, and they had thrown into the hands of the aristocracy a preponderance of power, greater than any formerly possessed by them. The powerful family of the Folkungers, nearly allied to all the northern dynasties, had possessed, since the commencement of the thirteenth century, the dignity of earl or duke of Sweden, the highest office of the kingdom next to the crown, and which seems, from similar conditions of precedence and privilege at the court of the sovereign, to have borne a near resemblance to that of *maire du palais* under the early Frankish kings. Canute, or Knut Johansson, the head of this house, availed himself, like his prototype Pepin, of the accession of a feeble and weak-minded young king, Eric, called the 'halt' and 'the lisper,' to seize the supreme power of the state, which was held by himself and his successors, either with the reality only, or with the name too of royalty, till the death of Eric, who left no heirs, in 1250. The character of the ensuing period will best be learned from the passage with which M. Geijer begins his fourth chapter:

"The accession of the powerful family now raised to the throne, betokens a new epoch as well for the power of the crown as for that of the magnates. Both gained strength at the cost of the people, but agreed only in one object, that of endeavouring to keep the multitude in check; hence the age of licence for the powerful, is also that of legislation for the people. This legislation, taken literally, shows the old federative system confirmed by the king; but two privileged classes form themselves above its surface, elevated above the law in their most important representatives and usurping the place of the people in council and in the transaction of the public affairs. From this cause, the former contests of the people were now removed to a higher level, and waged between these

legislators themselves. They remind us of builders, who, after having raised some lofty fabric, should throw down one another from the walls. Laws associated with such recollections are not the only memorials which this age has left us. The great 'Rhyme Chronicle,' the chief source for the history of Sweden, during the latter period of the middle age, begins with the revolt of the Folkungers, against King Eric Ericson. It is the production of several writers nearly contemporary with the events, whose names are for the most part unknown, and the oldest of whom lived about the year 1319. The best treatise which the Swedish middle age affords, named 'the government of kings and princes,' the subject-matter being of a moral and political nature, belongs also to a period of the domination of this family. * * * The great Gustavus Adolphus, at whose command this book was first published, liked it so much that he wished it to be used in the education of his daughter, and intended to introduce the perusal of it into the schools. To this time also belong most of our old popular songs. It was the chivalric age of Sweden. The romances of chivalry now found their way to the north, and there are copies of some existing in the Swedish language, of which the German and French originals are lost.

"Birger Jarl, already in the last days of Eric Ericson really possessed of supreme power, was absent on a crusade against Finland, when the throne became vacant. It was speedily filled by the election to the crown of the earl's eldest son, young Waldemar, which was brought about chiefly by the aid of the powerful baron, the Lord Ivar Bla, of Gröneborg, who wished by this expedient, it appears, to avert a civil war. To raise Waldemar to the throne was equivalent to handing the government over to his father. Yet Birger, on his return with his army, showed no small dissatisfaction, and angrily inquired who had ventured to nominate a king? 'I have ventured, replied Lord Ivar; and if thou be'st not content, we already know where a king is to be had.' The Earl was silent for a while, and then exclaimed, 'Whom then would you have to be king? 'Under this mantle of mine,' was the answer, 'a king might well enough be found at need.' So Earl Birger was obliged to be content, and Waldemar, yet a child, who with his brothers was in the hands of the preceptor, was crowned at Linköping in the year 1251."—Vol. i. p. 174—177.

Magnus Ladulas and his son Birger, in the time of our Edward I., appear in the same character as the English sovereign, that of reformers of the municipal laws of their country. These were again revised, and the first general code, superseding the old provincial laws, was promulgated by Magnus Ericson half a century afterwards. Into the history of Swedish legislation, although of the highest value for all who are attracted by the study either of general jurisprudence or of our own laws, we shall abstain from following our author, in conformity with the plan we have laid down for ourselves; it being our wish to dwell, in preference to portions of the work which, from their tech-

nical or local character, possess a more limited interest, on passages describing 'the high actions and high passions' of the personages in the grand drama of national history, and therefore appealing with irresistible force to the sympathies of all who delight in investigating the springs of human character, or in watching the progress and development of national greatness. For the same reason we shall do no more than barely mention the admirable topographical view of the soil, climate, and population, of the country given in the second chapter of the first volume.

A hereditary nobility did not exist in Sweden till the time of Gustavus Adolphus, and the laws were more favourable to the division of property than in most other countries; yet during the middle ages the general aspect of society and the condition of the people appear little different from that of other European kingdoms. Foreign domination was never permanently established in Sweden; thus its laws and institutions were not remodelled by a conquest, nor was a race of alien tyrants introduced to lord it over the natives of the soil. Yet it is curious to observe how the aggregation of large masses of property in the hands of a few, engendered abuses of the same kind, although less intolerable in degree, with those to which the bulk of the people in Frankish Gaul and in Norman England were subjected by their oppressors. Too much importance has been ascribed by recent writers, M. Thierry in particular, to the effects of conquest, a cause which is in its nature transitory. History, indeed, teaches in every page, that the bad passions of men, and the inherent tendencies of power, from whatever source taking its origin, are causes of social wrong sufficiently active, without the superadded stimulus of generic antipathies. The nobles or magnates were surrounded, as in other countries, by bands of disorderly retainers, whose excesses are the frequent subject of complaint by the chroniclers. An ordinance of Magnus Ladulas forbids the exaction of free lodging and entertainment from the peasants by nobles and others travelling, 'whose custom it long has been,' says the ordinance, 'to demand quarters, be they ever so rich, without paying for them, and to consume in a little while what the poor have earned by the labour of a long time.' In 1336, and in previous years, decrees were issued against infractions of the peace, and acts of plunder by armed bands in the service of the nobles, whose castles, during the union, were generally mere dens of robbers. Their power, after the accession of the house of Vasa, though diminished against the crown, pressed with no less weight than formerly on the inferior

classes. The magnates lived like petty princes on their estates, often treating their peasants as if they were their bond-slaves. 'There are many examples,' says M. Geijer, speaking of the reign of Charles IX., 'to show that the nobility considered law and right as valid only for themselves.' The judicial offices throughout the kingdom, with a few exceptions, were gradually engrossed by them, although the old laws prescribed the election of judges and magistrates by the people.* This privilege was first formally recognized by the charter of King John, in 1569. The immunity from taxation, long enjoyed by the nobility, in consideration of military service on horseback (an obligation they never properly fulfilled), according to an ordinance of Magnus Ladulas, was felt as a grievous burden on the other proprietors. The condition of Sweden, during the middle ages, bears in many respects a striking analogy to that of Scotland. Neither country was subjected to a territorial conquest; in the laws of neither is there any trace of predial servitude; yet in both the principles of the feudal system gradually insinuated themselves; the voice of the aristocracy was as potential in affairs of state, and their sway as depressing to the rest of the community, as in any of the great European monarchies.

The outlines of the next period of Swedish history, that of the union of the three northern kingdoms, are generally known from the elegant narrative of Vertot, a lively and pleasing writer, though inaccurate and fanciful.† For 150 years Sweden was consigned to anarchy and wretchedness, degraded into an appendage to Denmark, a country less extensive and powerful than itself. The clearing of the forest, the settlement of the land, the progress of the useful arts, were effectually obstructed. It was the interest of the nobles to maintain the union, because, during the long absences of the Danish kings, there was no one to control them. 'In reality,' says our author, at the commencement of the fifth chapter, 'the king had now disappeared from the Swedish commonwealth, though the name was still to be found in it. The magnates, who could not bear to see this title borne by one of their own number, imposed a foreign race of kings on the country. The domination of the stranger made even such a king as Mag-

* The Lagman (or chief judge of the province), shall be chosen by all the peasants, with God's help, says the law of West Gothland.

† His account of the battle on the ice, in which the Lubeckers in the service of Gustavus fought so valorously against the Danes (*Revolutions de Suède*, v. ii. p. 13—14) is purely imaginary.—See Dalin, note iii. c. 2, s. 6.

nus Ericson to be regretted; and for a long time after his death it was common to hear the people extol his government, when they compared it with the tyranny of the foreigners. The potent nobles decided the fate of the throne and the realm from casual motives, and by such was the well-known union of the three northern kingdoms brought about—a mere event, which bears some resemblance to a design. But of the consciousness of what such a union was, or of what it might become, no glimpse can be perceived, either among its founders or in any other quarter. Hence external conjunction produced dissensions within, and the union is only a great name, which has passed away without a meaning.' (Vol. i., p. 215.) But the slumbering energy of the Swedes was at length roused to battle for the liberties of their country, under Engelbrecht and the house of Sture, to conquer them under Gustavus Vasa. It is in the poor and humble classes of society that the principle of safety is found in all great emergencies of national danger, because it is they who are least warped in their better feelings by considerations of self-interest, and least weakened by the temptations of self-indulgence. We had marked for quotation our author's account of the first rising of the Dalecarlians for liberty under Engelbrecht, which, as well as their subsequent success under Vasa, remarkably exemplifies this great truth; but want of space obliges us, to our regret, to omit the passage. A more splendid scene is before us, and we must hasten on, grieving that within our allotted limits we can do little more than present one or two additional specimens of the work. The reign of Gustavus I. forms a great epoch in the history of Sweden, from the impetus which the king's personal exertions and example gave to the production of the staples of the country, and to the useful arts. Geijer enters minutely into the internal history of his long and comparatively peaceful administration, for which there are ample stores of materials in the Swedish archives. His chief authority, not documentary, is the excellent old work on the history of the reign of Gustavus, by Tegel, historiographer to his son Charles IX. The modifications introduced by this monarch in the constitution, the reformation, which he carried through with far purer motives than Henry VIII. in England, his financial and administrative measures, the strange revolts and pretenders (like our Perkin Warbeck), by which his reign was disturbed, the war by which he curbed the haughty republicans of the Hanseatic league, afford materials for a narrative replete with instruction, and bearing ample testimony to

our author's practical as well as theoretical knowledge of the arts of government and public economy. The torrent of popular enthusiasm which had elevated Gustavus to the throne, never wholly deserted him during his life, and enabled him to accomplish changes which would have proved too great for another ruler. It was this lever of power, combined with talents and popular manners, that made him beloved by his people, which increased the authority of the crown during his life, in a ratio proportionate to the augmentation of regal influence in other European states about the same time,—in England under the seventh and eighth Henries, in France under Louis XI. The nobles and clergy had stood aloof during his struggle for the liberation of his country. He was the child and champion of the people, and they clung to him even after he had imbibed the arbitrary principles of kings, and begun to display them in his administration. 'The person,' as our author remarks in a sentence of weighty brevity, which it is difficult to render without losing some of the force and point of the original, 'the person is an important element in every question; and Gustave's relation to his people was entirely personal.'

The death-bed scene of this great monarch, in which his whole character, and the spirit of his reign seemed to be concentrated in one point, is one in depicting which the Swedish historians task their powers of pathetic eloquence to the uttermost. Geijer has eclipsed both; there is a scriptural beauty in his expressions, which more fully embodies the patriarchal character of his subject; we shall therefore make no apology for presenting our readers with rather a long extract. The materials for the account of the meeting of the diet at Stockholm, and the speech of Gustavus to the estates, are derived from accounts left by his secretary, Sven Elofson, and his confessor.

"On the 16th of June, Gustavus came to Stockholm and caused the estates to be informed that he would meet them at the palace on the 25th of the month. On the day of meeting, he was accompanied by all his sons, King Eric, Duke John, Duke Magnus, and Duke Charles. The last who was still a child, stood at his father's knee, the others on his left, each according to his age. The king greeted the estates, and they listened for the last time to the accents of that eloquence which was so dear to them, that when at a diet the king used to depute his officers to make a proposal, the people were wont to call out that they would hear himself speak. 'They had understood,' he said, 'and those of them who were in years had seen it, too, beneath what oppression and wretchedness their native land had groaned, under foreign domination and alien kings, and at last under that cruel

tyrant King Christian, whom God had punished and driven out by his hands—a divine help and deliverance to be held in remembrance by all, by lord and servant, high and low, young and old. For what manner of man was I, proceeded the king, to set myself up against him, who was so austere a lord, and the ruler of three kingdoms, befriended by that mighty emperor Charles V., and by the chief princes of Germany. But God had done it, and had made him to be a sign of his power, and been his comfort and his help in a government of forty years, the toil of which had brought him with grey hairs to his grave. He might compare himself, indeed, with King David (here the tears burst from his eyes), whom God had made from a shepherd to be the lord and ruler over his people; for never could he have supposed that he could attain to this honour, when he was obliged to hide himself in the forests and desert mountains from the blood-thirsty sword of his enemies. Grace and blessings have been richly dispensed to him and to them, through the true knowledge of God's word (from which might they never depart!) and through the seasonable abundance which was everywhere before their eyes. Yet would he not shrink from acknowledging his faults; for the errors and weaknesses which might be imputed to him during the time of his government—these his true liege-men might overlook and forgive; he knew that in the opinion of many he had been a severe king, yet the time was at hand when Sweden's children would gladly pluck him out of the earth if they could. He needed not to ask the stars of his end; by the signs in his own body he felt that he had not much more time to look for. Therefore, while yet in health, he had caused his testament to be drawn up in the hope that he had good grounds for it, and he requested that they would approve of it. After the testament had been read, approved, and confirmed by oath, the king stood up and thanked them that they had willed him to be father of the line of Sweden's kings. He then committed the government to his son Eric, exhorted his children to harmony among themselves, stretched out his hands in benediction, and so took leave of his people.

"The following day Eric made a speech to the estates in the high church, on the necessity of concluding in person the negotiation relative to the English match, from which great advantages were promised for Sweden. In this explanation he was supported by John, who in return was named administrator of the kingdom during his absence. Gustavus himself was at last obliged to yield to the importunity of Eric, 'after his dear son John had given him a far better answer; and the young king showed himself so eager for the journey, that not even his father's illness could restrain him.' The 14th of August, the day of Eric's departure, Gustavus lay on his death-bed, 'ill of a burning fever and ague, with the malady called diarrhœa,' says his confessor Master Johannes, who with the king's barber, Master Jacob, and the apothecary, Master Lucas, acted also as his physician. Hence, when he began a long discourse of devotion, the king bade him cut it short, and instead of that, give him a medicine for a sick stomach and a burning head. He was heard to exclaim that he had busied himself too much with the cares of this world, but with all

his wealth he could not buy himself physicians. Such of his bailiffs as were incarcerated for debts owed to him, he now set at liberty. His temper was capricious and changeable; he was now harsh and morose, so that his children trembled in his presence: now soft, even to tears; at other times merry and jesting, especially at the endeavours of those who wished to protract his life. When one asked him what he wanted, he replied, 'The kingdom of Heaven, which thou canst not give me.' He seemed not to place very great confidence even in his ghostly advisers; when the priest exhorted him to confess his sins, the king broke angrily out: 'Shall I tell my sins to thee?' To the bystanders he declared that he forgave his enemies, and begged pardon of all for anything in which he had dealt unjustly with them, enjoining them to make known this to all. To his sons he said, 'a man is but a man; when the play is out, we are all equal.' He enjoined them to unity and steadfastness in their religion. The dying king's consort never quitted his side. During the first three weeks of his illness, he spoke often sometimes with wonderful energy, on temporal and spiritual affairs. The three following weeks he passed chiefly in silence, and, as it seemed, with no great pain; he was often seen to raise his hands as in prayer. When the king had received the sacrament, and made his confession of faith, and had sworn to his son John to adhere firmly to it, he made a sign for ink, pen, and paper, and wrote these words: 'once confessed—so persist—or a hundred times repeated—' but his trembling hand could not end the sentence. Sten Ericson Lejonhufvud interrupted the exhortation of the confessor as life was flying. 'All that you talk is in vain, for our lord heareth no more.' Then the priest bent down to the ear of the dying man and said; 'If you believe in Jesus Christ, and if you hear my voice, give us some sign of it.' To the astonishment of all, the king answered with a loud voice, 'Yes!' This was his last breath, at eight of the clock in the morning, the 29th September, 1560."—II. pp. 158-161.

We must hurry over the long interval which elapsed between the death of Gustavus I. and the accession of his grandson Gustavus Adolphus in 1611. The dissensions of his sons, the madness of Eric, the quarrels of John and Charles, the consequences of the reformation, the intrigues of the popish party to regain the ascendancy, the election of Sigismund to the crown of Poland, which led eventually to his forfeiture of that of Sweden, and the reign of Charles IX., an age distinguished as one of national progress advancing in spite of intestine discords and tumults, during which Sweden was collecting her strength for the great exertions which were to be required of her towards the end of his reign and under that of his immortal son; the rekindling of the flames of war at the close of this period,—all these subjects are fertile in matter for narrative or commentary, and the mere enumeration of them is sufficient to

prove that we do not need to pass it over from any dearth of interest or lack of materials.

Geijer's account of the reign of Gustavus Adolphus and the subsequent minority of Christina (under the regency of Oxenstierna and the guardians), forms one of the most valuable accessions to modern history, and supplies a desideratum in literature to which our own Harte was unequal, and which has not been filled up by Hallenberg's voluminous history of the monarch. Many of his materials are drawn from that writer's work, but the narrative derives additional illustration from the author's own researches in the public records. The details of the Danish, Russian, and Polish wars will be almost entirely new to the reader; that of the German war is an admirable complement to the delightful history of Schiller, devoted, as it is, more exclusively to the Swedish achievements. To us, one of the great charms of the narrative is, that the Swedish hero is allowed, as much as possible, to tell his own story, and be the exponent of his own intentions and actions. Copious extracts from his despatches are given, which throw full light on his movements in the war, and the objects with which they were undertaken. In his letters to Oxenstierna, his minister and his friend, he seems to lay bare the inmost feelings of his bosom. They are characterized by the same directness and singleness of purpose, the same promptitude of decision and force of will which we remark in those of other great soldiers; tempered, however, by far warmer feelings, and guided by a deep and pervading sense of religion. Well, indeed, may Sweden be proud of this immortal man, 'the lion of the north, and the hero of the protestant faith,' as his soldiers styled him.* He is, perhaps, the sole example of a just conqueror that modern Europe has produced. He took up arms, not for mere self-glory or the lust of domination, but in the cause of humanity, to protect his fellow-protestants of Germany from martyrdom and slavery, to restore the balance of religious power, and re-establish toleration in the Roman Catholic states of Germany. Nor does it detract from his praise to say he was ambitious, and that schemes of patriotic, or it may be of personal aggrandizement, mingled with other and greater designs. On the renowned field

of Leipsic, or in his triumphal entry into Mentz, the empire tottering to its fall, and the Protestant princes of the Rhine crowding as suppliants to his banners, would he have been a man if he had been deaf to the whispers of interest or the suggestions of patriotism, if he could have entirely forgotten his own worth or his country's sacrifices? Under his glorious standard not the Swedes alone combated, but the fiery and adventurous spirits of all the northern nations, Germans, Hollanders, French Huguenots; and, above all, Englishmen and Scotsmen. And when he died on the bloody plain of Lützen with the shout of victory pealing in his ears, what a world of hopes, and fears, and schemes, were extinguished with him for ever! The stroke which laid him low vibrated to every corner of Europe. As an old poet says of him—

"Therefore thou hadst, instead of passing bells,
The drums' and cannons' thunder for thy knells;
And in the field thou didst triumphing die,
Closing thy eyelids with a victory;
That so by thousands that there lost their breath,
King-like thou might'st be waited on in death,"

Is not this a solemn and reconciling farewell to the hero?

"Gustavus Adolphus fell in his 38th year. Never has the death of one man made a deeper impression on a whole continent. Wheresoever his name was known, a ray of hope for the oppressed had penetrated. Even the Greek dreamed of freedom at his hands,* and prayers for the success of his arms were offered up at the Holy Sepulchre.† What must he not have been, then, for the adherents of his own creed? We may conceive this; nay rather, it is no longer possible to do so. The feeling with which the people of Augsburg, bathed in tears, pressed forwards to the evangelical worship restored by Gustavus; the feeling with which the inhabitants of Saxony, on their knees, stretched out their hands in thanks to the hero who was a second time their Saviour, are become strange to the world in which we live.‡ Then men knew and felt their danger, and were not ignorant how worthily to requite their liberator. We spoke of the people, of whom Gustavus Adolphus was the man, by his cause as

* A plan for the liberation of Greece by Gustavus Adolphus, was transmitted by the Greek Romanus Nicephorus to Adler Salvius, though not till after the king's death. *Palmsköld Collections, Acta ad Hist. Reg. Sueci.*, Appendix, tom. i.

† Cyrilli Patriarchæ Constantinopolitani Litteræ ad Axelium Oxenstierna (manu senili et tremulâ), with complaints of encroachments by the Catholics at the Holy Sepulchre to the prejudice of the Greeks.

‡ In Germaniâ plurimi, presertim rustici, si non palam, saltem secrete, Calvinî aut Lutheri hæresin sectantur, says a Catholic cotemporary, who fought in the emperor's army. *Petri Baptistæ Burgi, Genuensis, de bello Suecico Commentarii*, l. iii, c. 2.

* See Monroe's Expedition with the worthy Scots' regiment, called Mackeye's regiment, London, 1637, a very curious old book on the wars of Gustavus. The author is the original of Walter Scott's Dugald Dalgetty in the *Legend of Montrose*.

well as by his character. The efficacy of both reached far, and broke through even the bonds of hate and prejudice; for he is perhaps the only man, whose image (so great was the might of his virtue), truth invests with splendour even in the portraiture of his enemies. It was not only Axel Oxenstjerna, who said of him, 'he was a prince who had the fear of God before his eyes in all his actions and affairs, to his death.' Lutheran theologians have thought fit to erect him into a kind of saint in their persuasion. If, added to this, he had too much of Cæsar and Alexander, whom he admired, it must be confessed, on the other side, that he was better than his spiritual advisers, and far beyond his age in Christian tolerance.

"That of human destiny which he experienced in the height of greatness he had ascended to, that his designs and plans died with him—belongs, how extraordinary soever he was, to the common lot of mankind, and may silently be added to the immeasurable sum of hopes frustrated. There is a grandeur in his whole life, more easily felt than described; there is that unbounded range of view over the world, implanted in all conquerors. Like all men of coequal mind, he was far from being surprised at his own fortune, however astonishing it might appear to be; and a deep belief in it is conspicuous in every transaction of his life. Nothing hardens the heart so much as good fortune.* That Gustavus Adolphus, notwithstanding, was humble and gentle, speaks most loudly for his worth as a man. He acknowledged in his vocation a guidance from on high; but he was far from looking on himself as indispensable, for he set his aim far beyond his own personality. Therefore was he, like the high-hearted Roman, not niggardly of his great life. 'God, the Almighty, liveth,' he said to Axel Oxenstjerna, in Prussia, when the latter warned him not so rashly to expose himself to death. More cheerful or more heroic courage never walked on earth.

"What beside did he propose to himself? A great monarchy, beyond doubt, for the future pillars of which in Germany, he counted on the young Frederic William of Brandenburg (afterwards the great elector), and Bernard of Weimar, destining the hand of his daughter for the one, that of his niece for the other. Possibly, too, a Protestant empire had often occurred to his contemplation. For the rest, nothing had been determined, even in his own breast. His sphere of vision stretched wide around, and it was his pleasure to hold in his hands the threads of many possibilities. Thus we see him embrace the proposal, that he himself should be chosen King of Poland by the Polish dissidents after the death of Sigismund. Thus too we find him in league with the Prince of Transylvania, the Crimean Tartars, and Russia, to weaken the Austrian interests in Poland as well as Germany.

"Designs so great were not the greatest which were annulled with his life in the field of battle at Lützen. But even in death he conquered. In that he set bounds to oppression of conscience,

* Sylla, the only man, so far as is known to me, who assumed the appellation of "fortunate," was by nature rather sensitive than hard. (See his Life, by Plutarch.) He was cruel through faith in his good fortune.

consists his immortality, and therefore does the human race rank him among its heroes."—Vol. iii., pp. 276—280.

We must now draw to a close, leaving the reign of Christina, comprehending the continuation and close of the thirty years' war, and the transactions which ended in her abdication of the government, entirely untouched. The great extent of the subject has made it impossible for us to do anything more than present a very imperfect view of the work. We shall be glad to see the book transferred to our own language, so that all may be allowed an opportunity to form their own judgment of its merits. On this we will only remark that the translation, if undertaken at all, must be undertaken with an adequate sense of the grave responsibilities of such a task, and the determination to render full justice to the author. We trust that the appearance of the continuation which will bring the work down to our own times, will not be much longer delayed. Professor Geijer ought to remember that advancing years bring many hindrances in their train, and if he wishes to place his own fame on a secure foundation, beyond the reach of contingencies and the cavils of envy, he must speedily complete the structure he has commenced.

ART. VI.—*Das Kaiserreich Russland. Statistisch-geschichtliche Darstellung seiner Kultur-Verhältnisse, namentlich in landwirthschaftlicher, gewerblicher und kommerzieller Beziehung.* (Agricultural, Trading, and Commercial Statistics of the Russian Empire.) Vom FREIHERRN FRIEDRICH WILHELM VON REDEN. Berlin, Posen and Bromberg. 1843.

MORE than eight years have elapsed since the publication of Schubert's 'Staatskunde' (Königsberg, 1835), the best of the few works on Russian Statistics at all deserving of attention. A vast stock of new materials has accumulated within that interval, whilst the resources of Russia have simultaneously acquired a more pointed interest in many respects, both as regards the rest of Europe and the neighbouring states of Asia. It is become matter of passing importance to know what is the real strength of the giant empire of the North, what are its powers of aggression, and what its vulnerable points; to determine whether on the one hand we are to put faith in those exhaustless re-

sources, which tend, according to some, to give that state so fearful a preponderance; or whether we are to believe what others no less confidently tell us of the intrinsic weakness which it conceals under an imposing exterior. The author of the work before us has put forth a great body of well-digested data for the solution of these questions, derived principally from Russian sources.

It is a singular advantage enjoyed by all engaged in such inquiries, that they may confide more or less in whatever facts pertaining to Russian statistics they find recorded by the Russian press: for once it is reasonable to say that a thing is true because we have seen it in (Russian) print. The fact is, that the system of censorship prevailing in the empire, stamps upon everything that issues from its press a sort of quasi-official character. But, besides this, the official returns made by the several departments of the administration, offer a rich store of authentic materials to all who have sufficient diligence, and sufficient knowledge of the Russian language, to turn them to good account. Our author says—

“It is incomparably easier to obtain statistical data respecting Russia than as regards most other European States. There is, in fact, in the administration of that empire (as far as statistics are concerned), but *one* matter on which secrecy is observed, namely, the finance department; and even in this branch of the public service there are so many individual points disclosed, that it is possible, by putting them skilfully together, to arrive in some degree, at a satisfactory result. On all other matters of administration, the yearly reports of the several officers, and the official notices scattered through the many Russian Journals, afford far more clear and ample information than seems to be commonly supposed. The essential thing is to become acquainted with these sources of information, and to make a proper use of them. * * * The Russian official reports may be considered as containing proportionally neither fewer nor more errors than similar publications of other states, if we take into account the extent of the Russian empire, and the means it commands of obtaining statistical information. *Intentional* errors are the less to be suspected, because the supposition of their existence would imply that the head of the state (to whom the reports are addressed) was among those whom it was proposed to deceive.”

The conclusions at which the Baron von Reden has arrived, by an elaborate induction founded on the data above alluded to, are by no means flattering to Russia. The social institutions of the empire, he says, are unfavourable to agriculture, since they render its emancipation from its present condition of bondage impossible. They are hostile to the rise and gradual extension of a vigorous and unforced system of manufac-

tures, since they impede the formation of a popular class, in which this form of occupation would take wholesome root. They are opposed to the adoption of a better system of trade, since they give the monopolizers so great a preponderance in the government councils, that the government would probably find itself unable, under existing circumstances, to introduce any change of system.

The administrative institutions of Russia are a clog upon the natural development of agriculture, because (except on the crown lands and in the Germanic Baltic provinces), the imperial functionaries are no otherwise at all interested in its prosperity than in so far as it may enable them to send in showy reports, and to make a specious but hollow display of figures: their influence, too, over the agricultural serfs belonging to private persons is but trivial. Those institutions are noxious to manufactures; for with all their manifold aids and appliances, they call forth no self-subsisting body of manufactures, they produce nothing but sickly hot-house nurslings. They are pernicious to the foreign trade of the country, because the frontier blockade—without having actually effected its proper object, and notwithstanding a triple customs' line—has transformed lawful commerce into an illicit one, that demoralizes all concerned in it, or into a monopoly of importation in the hands of certain privileged persons.

After a long series of fluctuations in the commercial legislation of Russia, a decisive step was made by the Empress Catharine II., in the year 1766, towards the extinction of all monopolies injurious to the national industry, and towards establishing a system of free trade. This auspicious state of things lasted but a short while: the government conceived a childish alarm at the rapid augmentation of imports which it had occasioned (they rose from ten to thirty millions rubles' worth in forty years), and it altogether overlooked the fact that the Russian exports had increased within the same period from thirteen to forty millions rubles' worth, besides other considerations which should have induced it to regard the former result as very desirable for Russia. These erroneous views led to the adoption of a system directly opposite to that of the Empress Catharine, and tending strongly to discourage importation. The most important result of this exclusion of foreign manufactures, was a very unfavourable turn for Russia in the course of exchange; although it must be admitted that the depreciation of her paper, and the impediments caused to navigation by war, likewise contributed to that end. But, instead of seeking out the true source of the evil the government thought it had not yet done

enough; accordingly, the system of prohibition and high duties was carried out still further and more rigorously towards the close of the eighteenth century.

Under these circumstances, the excellent measures instituted by the Empress Catharine II., for the furtherance of industry and internal trade, could bear little fruit. Agriculture languished; manufacturing industry could not grow or thrive in a country so destitute of hands, skill, and capital; the means of internal communication were merely in their infancy; the administration of justice was very far from what it should be, and there was no remedy for the corruption and caprice of the local authorities; the monetary affairs of the empire were in a most wretched state, and the exorbitant rate of interest (not unfrequently 168 per cent.) stifled all petty traffic.

The Emperor Alexander strenuously exerted himself to remove these evils; but though his reforms alleviated the mischief, they did not go the length of abolishing the high duty system, which underwent few changes until March 31, 1816. By the tariff then published, the importation of 188 articles, and the exportation of six, remained still prohibited, whilst only thirty-two articles under the former head and forty-one under the latter, were declared free of duty. Still the avowed object of this tariff, 'the introduction of some salutary changes into the prohibitive system, after the restoration of free political and commercial intercourse between the European powers,' seemed the more likely to be fulfilled, as the prohibition against importation was to be in force only for twelve years.

The statesmen who were then at the helm had become convinced, by the experience of later years, that the interests of the country urgently demanded a close and amicable intercourse with their German neighbours. A reciprocal treaty of commerce was entered into in 1818, between Russia, Austria, and Prussia; and a new Russian tariff of the 20th of November, 1819, reduced the number of prohibited articles from 188 (imports) to five, and from six (exports) to three; it augmented the number of articles, free of duty, from thirty-two (imports) and forty-one (exports) to sixty-one and sixty-six; and it diminished (in some cases considerably) the duties on most articles of importation.

But only two years and a half had elapsed before Russia thought fit to break through her engagements with her neighbours; and on the 12th of March, 1822, there appeared another tariff, with immoderately high duties. This tariff prohibited the importation of 301, and the exportation of 22 articles, and it augmented from 100 to 200 per cent.

the duties on many articles, the importation of which it did not entirely prohibit. This tariff remained in force—with partial changes which almost every month brought forth to the detriment of commerce—until the 11th of November, 1831, when, by an imperial ukase, all the existing duties were further increased $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

On the other hand, the duties on some articles were lightened on the 18th of December, 1836, but with an express intimation, that 'no change of system was contemplated.' This hint was fully justified by the last tariff of November 28, 1841, which enacts the further augmentation of a great number of duties.

Before we proceed to expose the injurious effects resulting to Russia herself from the foregoing measures, let us glance briefly at the commercial relations between that country and our own. Here we see two countries which, though neither can dispense with the productions of the other, nevertheless excessively clog the interchange of those productions between their respective subjects. In the early part of the current century, and for some years after the general peace, Russia and England each offered a continually expanding market for the other's merchandize (allowance being made for the effect of war and of the continental blockade); nor did even the Russian tariff of 1816 make much alteration in this state of things. After this, Russia put forth her tariff of 1822, and England either anticipated or speedily followed her example in the imposition of high duties. The trade between the two countries soon displayed the natural effects of such violent disturbing causes. The importation of English manufactures into Russia, instead of keeping pace with the augmenting demand in that empire, rapidly declined; that of cotton and woollen cloths and hardware sank into utter insignificance. Russia would have ceased altogether to be numbered among the customers of England, if she could have dispensed with English twists. Her cotton manufactures, called into existence and protected by the prohibitive system, could afford to pay the high import duties, and the importation of cotton twist increased, therefore, between 1820 and 1839, from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ millions' worth; it now constitutes $\frac{1}{3}$ of the whole imports from England into Russia. How comparatively insignificant these are will appear from the following comparison. If all the exports of Great Britain collectively be taken at 1000 parts, Russia receives of these only 37, while the United States of America take 181, Germany 101 $\frac{1}{2}$, the English possessions in Asia 74, British West India 69.6, Italy 60, Holland 60, Brazil 55, and the

British possessions in North America 46.6. The Russian exports likewise could not fail to experience the injurious effect of the prohibitive system, and the high duties imposed on their admission into England previously to 1840, must have ended in their exclusion, had not this tendency been counteracted by very peculiar circumstances. No country can meet so abundantly or at so low a rate as Russia, the large and constant demand of England for tallow, hemp, flax, linseed, bristles, and tar.

Let us now follow our author in his summing up of the effects of the Russian tariff, on the internal economy and the wealth of that empire itself.

The latter part of the eighteenth century was a period comparatively favourable for Russian agriculture, because the European kingdoms were not then closed as now against foreign raw produce. But notwithstanding this, the exports, particularly of corn, increased but slowly, because the condition of the husbandmen in the interior of Russia was by no means favourable to production; and even in the German provinces of the Russian empire agriculture was still, in general, on a very low footing. Matters assumed a better aspect in the beginning of the current century, in consequence of the continued demand created by the new trade opened with the United States, and above all by the warlike operations on land and sea. On the other hand, an unfavourable turn set in after the general peace, and particularly since 1820, which showed itself in the continuous decline in the prices of agricultural produce. The causes of this change were the diminished demand from abroad in consequence of the peace, and of the new duties imposed in many states—the excessive debts of the landed proprietors—the partial cessation of distillation—deficient means of transport and communication in many parts of the empire—the oppressive burdens on trade; and, lastly, the scarcity of circulating medium, and the locking up of the capitals deposited in the banks.

Prices have indeed improved within the last twelve years, but another evil has pre-

sented itself, namely, great scarcity of corn in many years in certain parts of the empire, whilst there has been a superfluity in others. The corn warehouses furnish but a partial remedy for this inconvenience.

It is worthy of note that the average corn produce of Russia appears, from official investigations, to be by no means on the increase. The yearly average, from 1816 to 1820, is reckoned at 281,000,000 tchetverts (about 536,000,000 quarters) of all kinds of grain, the population being 48,000,000; in 1839 and 1840 (the population being 58,000,000) the average was not quite 200,000,000 tchetverts; this would even seem to indicate a decline in agriculture, if the numerous bad harvests were not admitted as the sole cause of the deficiency.

It needs no great science to comprehend how exceedingly injurious it must be to agriculture, if in a country reckoning, on an average, only 170 inhabitants to the German square mile, a portion even of this small productive force be diverted from the culture of the soil to manufacturing labour.

Even cattle-breeding is, on the whole, by no means in a thriving condition in Russia, comparatively speaking, for the steppe provinces alone have a sufficiency of stock; neither are good cattle abundant. In all probability, no improvement in the quality of Russian cattle can take place, so long as there exists no independent body of small landed proprietors. If we look into the statistics of horse-breeding in Russia, the conclusion forces itself upon us that even the Imperial military and court establishments for the rearing of horses, can show but a very small return to set off against a considerable outlay. The former of these, for example, cost the government altogether 1,580,000 Prussian dollars from 1834 to 1841, and turned out only 2894 serviceable horses, so that the average first cost of each of these animals amounted to 540 dollars (about 135*l.* in round numbers).

The following table exhibits the average exportation of certain kinds of agricultural produce, calculated according to the periods in which the several tariffs were in force:

YEARS.	Wheat tchet- verts.*	Flax poods.†	Hemp poods.	Linseed and hemp. seed tchet- verts.	Tallow poods.	Linseed oil and hemp oil poods.	Wool poods.	Bristles poods.
1800 to 1810 inclusive	686,571	1,457,651	3,061,198	302,933	1,478,104	192,949	18,312	40,260
1811 — 1815 “	457,515	1,163,299	2,688,072	576,447	1,567,515	259,083	31,037	54,557
1816 — 1819 “	1,815,753	1,145,523	2,432,194	489,705	2,161,968	336,288	4,370	43,953
1820 — 1821 “	1,126,147	1,626,777	2,328,214	381,445	2,638,178	434,614	26,105	56,861
1822 — 1834 “	1,124,409	1,990,608	2,622,590	493,727	3,756,847	316,872	69,677	64,058
1835 — 1841 “	1,634,000	2,600,000	3,015,000	905,000	3,644,000	227,000	345,050	71,000

* The tchetvert is equal to about 19-10 quarters.

† The pood is equal to 40 lbs.

Remarks on the above Table. Column 1: Wheat.—If we take into consideration that the two periods in which wheat was most largely exported, though separated by an interval of sixteen years, show nearly the same returns, whilst the increase in the population during the same interval was from thirteen to fourteen millions, we shall hardly be inclined to admit that there has been a real advance in this branch of exportation.

Column 2. Flax.—Here there has certainly been an increase, and that of ninety per cent. in forty years: but this article is so indispensable that no tariff can affect its consumption.

Column 3. Hemp.—Forty years have made scarcely any change in this branch of exportation. The population of Russia has increased 24,000,000: the consumption in Europe and Russia has become considerably greater; but the quantity of hemp exported from Russia has remained almost stationary.

Column 4. Linseed and Hempseed.—These likewise are articles so indispensable, as to be independent of all changes in the customs; for the Russian and Prussian ports on the Baltic supply nearly three-fourths of the consumption of Europe.

Column 5. Tallow.—The exportation of this article increased rapidly until the tariff of 1822; since then it has been nearly stationary, or rather on the decline, although an interval of nearly twenty years must have considerably increased the stock of cattle in the country, and the quantity of tallow produced.

Column 6. Linseed and Hempseed Oil.—Here there has been a falling off for the last

twenty years, a period too long to allow of our attributing the decrease to the temporary fluctuations to which this article is no doubt peculiarly liable.

Column 7. Wool.—In the year 1830 began a rapid decrease in the breeding of the better kinds of sheep, the natural consequence of which was a great increase in the growth of wool. It is deserving of note, that notwithstanding the exclusion of foreign woollen stuffs, the home consumption of wool does not appear to have very much increased, for the quantity of imported wool has hitherto remained stationary; and of the exported wool, about a third is superfine.

Column 8. Bristles.—A very small increase, if we consider that Russia is almost the only country in Europe that supplies the article.

These data are far from supporting the conclusion, that the export trade of Russia generally has prospered during the last twenty years; for had its progress encountered no artificial hindrances, the exports of raw materials would have doubled, inasmuch as the demand for them made by the manufactures of the rest of Europe has doubled within twenty years. That the increased consumption of these raw materials in home manufactures does not account for this deficient exportation, will be manifest from the data we shall furnish as to the manufacturing industry of Russia.

Another fact that speaks very unfavourably for Russia, is the continual decline in price of most of its exports, since the adoption of the prohibitive system. Take the following examples:

Annual average prices in paper rubles at St. Petersburg.

YEARS.	Hemp Oil, the cask.	Potash, the cask.	Russia Leather, the pood.	Flax, the berkovets.*	Iron, (best) the pood.	Yellow Wax, the pood.
1820.....	10.25	82	54	156	9	69
1824.....	6	77	35	152	4.90	63
1828.....		60		125	3.75	
1830.....	6.60	70	32	131	4	38
1834.....	8	62	38	156	4.20	
1835.....	11	95	36	155	5.70	60
1836.....	8.50	97		140	6	
1837.....	7.70	72	37	115	4.65	63
1838.....	9.50	70	42	115	4.50	48
1839.....	7.50	61.50	45	117	4.60	58
1840.....	10	66.65	46	125	5.25	56
1841.....	7		44	124	4.55	52

Tallow (yellow), wheat, rye, and bristles, are the only articles that show higher prices.

The above table of prices furnishes us with the following general results:

I. A sudden, very considerable fall in prices was the result of the prohibitive tariff (1820 and 1824 were years of average

prices).—II. The depreciation continued, with scarcely an exception, until the year 1831.—III. After that year, most articles experienced an improvement, though they did not again reach the prices they had commanded before the tariff of 1822.—IV. The prices of those articles which encounter

* The berkovets is equal to 400-lbs.

competition in foreign markets, experienced a considerable depression.—V. Those exports alone, with respect to which Russia has no rivals, or none of a formidable character, remained stationary, or rose in price.

The special aim of the Russian scheme of customs, as over and over again officially declared, has been ‘to create and foster a national manufacturing system, for the purpose of turning the raw materials of the country to account, and of supplying the inhabitants, as far as possible, with all kinds of manufactured goods, and also for the purpose of exportation, at least into Asia.’”

All the means possessed by an absolute government, are employed to attain this end: the course adopted has been pursued with rigid consistency up to a point from which it will be no easy matter to return; until at last Russia has been forced to confess (in a semi-official article of the Northern Bee of 1837), that, *notwithstanding fourteen years of monopoly* (in addition to the imperial monopolies), *but very few articles of manufacture had exhibited an improvement in quality, and that the few that had made some progress were those which were compelled thereto by foreign competition* (e. g. woven goods).

That, on the whole, a considerable increase in quantity has taken place in manufactured productions, may easily be accounted for from the increased consumption at home, the exportation to Asia, &c.

The Russian official reports upon the several branches of manufacture, afford most valuable materials for the confirmation of the above confession; and nothing but the circumstance that these reports (particularly the less recent ones) have so seldom found their way into foreign journals, can account for the fact that the statist of Europe usually confine themselves to general reflections on the injurious effects of the Russian prohibitive system on its commerce with other nations, without pointing to the infinitely greater evils which that system entails on Russia herself. We must not suffer ourselves to be misled by the quantitative increase of Russian manufactures, this being a necessary and inevitable result of prohibition; but we must also take into consideration the value of the manufactured productions, the domestic demand keeping pace with the increase of population, and the amount of exportation and importation.

WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES.

Value of the Woollen Goods produced in the Years	Paper Rubles.	Population of Russia during the same Years.
1824.....	60,000,000	49,000,000
1831.....	50,000,000	52,000,000
1839.....	56,000,000	58,000,000
Being 4·1 per cent. of the whole production of Europe.		Being 23·3 per cent. of the whole population of Europe.

Exports (to Asia).

1826.....	236,000 arshins.*	Value 628,521 paper rubles.
1829.....	455,000 “	“ 1,161,384 “
1838—41 average.....	1,300,000 “	“ 3,900,000 “
Increase, 250 per cent.		

Imports on an average of Years.

	Paper Rubles.	
1800—1810....	5,323,143	
1811—1815....	560,154	
1816—1819....	14,305,708	Increase, since the
1820—1821....	25,606,615	introduction of the
1822—1834....	8,575,146	prohibitive system,
1841.....	13,259,000	about 50 per cent.

Proportion to the whole cotton manufactures in Europe:—

In cotton twist.....	2·7 to 100
In cotton cloths.....	6
Proportion of the population } to that of Europe..... }	23·3

Exports (almost exclusively to Asia) of cotton cloths, valued in the years

COTTON MANUFACTURES.

Value of wrought goods.

	Paper Rubles.
1820.....	37,000,000
1824.....	48,000,000
1831.....	104,000,000
1839.....	113,000,000

	Paper Rubles.
1823 at	1,850,912
1826 “	2,346,880
1830 “	2,371,012
1839 “	3,597,041
1840 “	4,919,785
Increase about 160 per cent.	

* The arshin is equal to 28 inches.

Importation, yearly average :

	Cotton twist.	Cotton cloths.
	Poods.	Paper Rubles.
1800—1810....	58,852	4,752,748
1811—1815....	129,323	6,920,893
1816—1819....	176,714	14,589,060
1820—1821....	213,847	20,965,433
1822—1834....	409,072	11,042,869
1835—1841....	577,000	13,716,000
	Increase since the beginning of the prohibitive system about 160 per cent.	Increase since the beginning of the prohibitive system about 24 per cent.

HEMPEN AND LINEN CLOTHS.

Manufactured value.

	Paper Rubles	
1824.....	10,689,504	Proportion to the whole linen manufacture of Europe (that is of such as finds its way into the market) 2.8 per cent. Proportion of the population to that of Europe 23.3 per cent.
1831.....	22,615,940	
1839..... about	31,000,000	

Exports of linen cloths, yearly average.

	Pieces.	
1820—1821....	116,697	Increase about 40 per cent.
1822—1834....	186,905	
1835—1841....	198,000	

Average price per piece in paper rubles on the exchange of St. Petersburg.

	Sail-cloth.	Ravens-duck.	Linen.
1822.....	76	40	61
1824.....	72	32	41
1826.....	78	28	40
1828.....	73	25	35
1830.....	60	24	34
1832.....	45	21	31
1835.....	50	21.50	32
1837.....	54	23	31
1838.....	56	23	34
1839.....	61.50	26.50	35.50
1840.....	58	24	30
1841.....	60	22.60	28
Depreciation about, pr. ct.	24	42.5	51

Imports of linen goods, average yearly value in paper rubles.

1800—1810.....	197,931
1811—1815.....	247,061
1816—1819.....	220,923
1820—1821.....	1,987,733
1822—1834.....	751,266
1835—1841 about.....	1,125,000

Increase since the beginning of the prohibitive system 43 per cent.

These examples will suffice to establish that :—I. The system of exclusion has effected comparatively little during the twenty years it has subsisted *even as regards the quantity and gross value* of the manufactured productions of Russia ; II. That Russia still occupies one of the lowest grades among manufacturing nations ; III. That even its exports to those parts of Asia where its manufactures are absolutely free from all competition, have, comparatively speaking, made no great advance ; IV. That the manufactures of Russia (that is to say, those called into existence by the tariff, *not* the productions of its old natural industry, as, *e. g.* various linen stuffs, leather, and iron) are incapable of sustaining any foreign competition ; V. That notwithstanding the prohibitive duties even the *lawful* imports which figure in the customs' lists, have been constantly on the increase since their recovery from their sudden fall in 1822 ; wherefore, VI. The competition of many foreign articles, must press so hard on the Russian manufactures, even in the markets of that country itself, that still more stringent prohibitive measures will probably be called for and enacted.

The Russian manufacturers, moreover, are with respect to very many articles, in no condition to produce them at a cheap rate or of finished quality, even though they do their best. They cannot produce them at a cheap rate on account of the excessive cost of the raw materials—another consequence, for the most part, of the tariff. The following are the prices of some leading articles employed in manufactures in the beginning of October, 1842, reduced to Prussian currency and German customs' weight (Zollgewicht).

	Moscow.		Hamburg.	
	Rtln.	Sgr.	Rtln.	Sgr.
American Cotton.....	24	9	16	10
	26	18	21	15
	29	6	25	0
Indigo, Bengal.....	325	0	166	0
	292	12	100	0
" Java.....	292	12	150	0
Quercitron.....	9	0	2	20
Cochineal, grey.....	227	12	209	0
Gallipoli oil.....	29	6	16	0
Redwood (Lima, Brazil)	8	3	5	0
Logwood (English)....	4	21	1	15
Spanish wool (washed in the fleece).....	71	12	60	0

The Russian manufacturers cannot furnish goods of finished quality, because ordinary wares alone are demanded in their

principal markets, and by their chief customers; because the high duties of their tariff protect them only against foreign goods of inferior and medium quality; and, because in spite of the high duties imposed on them, foreign goods of superior quality are preferred to those produced at home.

The following may serve as a specimen of the operation of the contraband trade, to which the tariff holds out such vast encouragement. The Russian duty on foreign cloth amounts to 150 per cent. *ad valorem*; or an ell of cloth which costs two dollars on the frontiers, cannot be sold in Russia in the lawful course of trade, for less than five dollars. The natural consequence is, that foreign cloth finds its way into Russia for the most part through the hands of the smuggler, or by bribes paid to the custom-house officers. The expense of this bribery is usually reckoned at 25 per cent., but many things contribute to swell the charges on the contraband trade up to 60 or 70 per cent., which is therefore to be considered the real protecting rate in favour of the Russian manufacturer—an exorbitant protection indeed, even though it fall short of the 150 per cent., which serves no other purpose than to keep the coffers of the state empty. Now with this 60 or 70 per cent. in their favour, the Russian cloth manufacturers cannot overcome the competition of the foreigner, whose merchandize continues to be smuggled into the country in increasing quantities. Thus, in other words, the Russian manufacturer cannot produce for 4½ dollars, cloth equal in quality to that which may be had beyond the frontiers for 2½ dollars.

This fact settles the question as to the character of the whole system. That system narrows the revenues of the state, and robs it of much needed means of improvement in many fields; it immoderately enhances prices, and diminishes consumption in a proportionate degree, and is a bar to the progress of industry; it affords the existing manufacturers of Russia neither a stimulus to improvement, nor an outlet and room to expand. The depreciation of agricultural produce presents the most glaring contrast with the exorbitantly high cost of manufactured goods; and as if it was deliberately proposed to base the commercial system of the country upon an inversion of the whole natural order of things, high export duties are imposed on many articles of raw produce.

If the benefits accruing to the agriculture of a country from a sound and healthy body of manufactures are unquestionable, Russia,

on the other hand, affords a melancholy example of the opposite condition. The value of landed property in Russia, is to that in Prussia as 1 to 3, often even as 1 to 4; hence, supposing the nominal price of manufactured goods were the same in both countries, their real cost to the Russian consumer would be three or four times greater than to the Prussian. Furthermore, Russia grows the finest wheat, and all kinds of cattle can be reared there three or four times cheaper than among its western neighbours. If, then, the same amount of capital might be employed with six or eight times more profit in agriculture than in manufactures, what a mischievous perversity it must be to force it from the former application to the latter; to call a few manufactures into a sickly and stunted existence, and to leave whole tracts of land scarcely cultivated, or utterly waste and useless.

The advocates for the existing system of duties in Russia, appeal to the lists of exports and imports, for proof that the system works well. Those lists certainly show a considerable *absolute* increase; but when we compare them with those of other countries, all the seeming advantage disappears. The following table gives the average value of exports and imports during a period of forty-eight years. The first two money columns are taken from the government returns; and they show, for the twenty years' duration of the prohibitive system, an increase of about 30 per cent. in importation, and of about 40 per cent. in exportation. Now this hardly does full justice to the consumption and production of Russia: for the fact is that the increase has been more considerable than would appear from the official returns, although they have been made with much care ever since 1802, and are deserving of confidence so far as regards the legitimate commerce of which it is possible for the government to obtain official statements. But they labour under several defects, of which we will name two: first, they adopt the paper ruble as the standard of value, whereas its proportion to the silver ruble ranged between 80 and 25½ per cent. between 1793 and 1841; and, secondly, they do not take into account the very considerable quantity of goods, comprised in the smuggling trade. Now in order to afford fair play to the system we are arguing against, we must remedy the first defect by reducing the paper ruble to its real money value in each period, and the second, by conjectural estimation. The last two money columns show the result of the first of these rectifications.

YEARS.	OFFICIAL VALUES.		CORRECTED VALUES.	
	Imports.	Exports.	Imports.	Exports.
	Paper Rubles.	Paper Rubles.	Silver Rubles.	Silver Rubles.
From 1793 to 1795.....	32,533,666	35,200,000	23,100,000	24,992,000
“ 1802 “ 1805.....	54,279,245	65,468,534	40,709,250	49,101,000
“ 1819 “ 1822.....	177,626,500	207,189,500	46,182,760	53,869,140
“ 1823 “ 1826.....	175,610,075	194,130,612	47,614,700	52,415,370
“ 1827 “ 1832.....	186,236,808	226,573,445	54,008,730	65,706,170
“ 1833 “ 1836.....	229,713,311	238,642,770	63,630,501	66,104,111
“ 1837 “ 1841.....	259,060,448	298,959,321	73,832,100	85,203,315
These numbers show an increase during the twenty years' duration of the prohibition system of about.....	30 per cent	40 per cent	38 per cent	37 per cent

In no country in the world, Spain perhaps excepted, has smuggling ever reached to such a high degree of organization as in Russia and Poland. Yet in no other state are there so many frontier guards employed in the preventive service, and that at so very moderate a cost. The whole expense of collecting the customs amounts but to between 7 and 8 per cent. on the gross income. This striking fact may be thus accounted for. The preventive service on the European frontiers is filled chiefly with Cossacks, who being bound to render military service without pay, receive only a small gratuity from the government, which for a long time did not exceed three silver rubles yearly (about 12 shillings English). Under such circumstances it was natural that these men should look out for some bye-way to better their fortunes, and this their employment on the frontiers readily afforded them. The smuggler found in them very active assistants, content with moderate remuneration. The consequence was that contraband traffic increased to such a pitch that the government was forced to change the plan of the preventive service. Some years ago the Cossacks were removed to make way for a specially constituted body of frontier guards, and from that moment dates the decline of the frontier trade, because it cost as many ducats to bribe the

new men as it had cost paper rubles to bribe the Cossacks, and few contraband articles could bear this increased charge. From that time, likewise, the complaints against the Russian prohibitive system, became more loud and vehement; and even the new smuggling arrangements that were speedily brought into operation, were insufficient to silence the clamourers, because the high rates of charge made by the frontier guards had the effect of wholly excluding many articles of small value.

But this was not the only bad effect of the change; another came home to the government itself in the shape of diminished revenues from the customs, because the new preventive force was incomparably more expensive than the Cossacks. This was probably the chief reason why the latter appeared once more on the frontiers; and now the contraband trade, notwithstanding a few modifications, proceeds in all essential respects as it did before.

These considerations, as we have already said, prove the necessity of further rectifications in the foregoing table. Taking every modifying circumstance into account, we may set it down that the population and commerce of Russia have increased in the following ratio since the commencement of the prohibitive system.

YEARS.	Population.	Imports.	Exports.
From 1820 to 1830.....	5 per cent	13 per cent	20 per cent
“ 1830 “ 1840.....	15 ditto	27 ditto	24 ditto
“ 1825 “ 1840.....	20 ditto	40 ditto	44 ditto
The same items are for England.			
From 1825 to 1840.....	15.5 ditto	36 ditto	48 ditto
For France.			
From 1825 to 1840.....	7.5 ditto	51 ditto	34 ditto

Thus we see that the commerce of Russia is far from having increased in the same proportion as that of France or England, both of which countries were fettered by

onerous duties (England in 1840), though in neither was prohibition carried out to the same extent as in Russia. Now had the three started under like circumstances in

the race, Russia must necessarily have outstripped both the others, because it naturally possesses many more undeveloped capabilities than England or France, in both of which consumption and production had already reached a high pitch before 1825.

A Russian population of 49,000,000 exported twenty years ago goods to the value of 54,000,000 of silver rubles; with a population of 61,000,000 it now exports the worth of 85,000,000 silver rubles. Hence the value of the Russian exports relatively to the population in the former period was 1. 12 silv. rub. per head; that in the present day is 1. 39 silv. rub.: increase 0. 27 only.

There are two points on which the commercial legislature of Russia exhibits an indulgent spirit greatly at variance with its generally arbitrary tenour, namely what relates to foreign merchants and traders and navigation. The result speaks strongly for the advantages which the commerce of the country would derive from a more liberal system. The number of foreign guests is continually on the increase, and the Russian shipping has increased relatively to that of foreign nations, notwithstanding the unfavourable influence of the tariff.

According to the foregoing calculations (including the contraband trade), it appears that during the period of the prohibitive system, the value of the Russian imports has increased about 40 per cent., and that of the exports about 44 per cent., making together a total increase of 83 per cent. If we deduct 30 per cent. from this for the contraband trade (which is carried on in the most costly articles), there remains a net increase of 54 per cent. for the lawful traffic of the country. The gross customs' revenue has increased 58 per cent. within the same period. This would certainly be a satisfactory result for Russia had the rates of duty remained unchanged throughout the whole interval; but so far was this from being the case that they underwent an augmentation of from 100 to 150 per cent. Now though it is not at all extraordinary that the increase of the duties was not attended with an exactly proportionate augmentation of the gross customs' revenue, still the discrepancy between and advance of 58 per cent. in the latter case, and of 100 or 150 per cent. in the former, is anything but satisfactory. And then, it is hardly necessary to remark that the considerable revenue diverted from the coffers of the state through the operation of the contraband trade, is a farther very serious loss, and one which the crippled finances of Russia can very ill afford.

The following words occur at the conclusion of a work in the Russian language, published at St. Petersburg, in the year 1816, and entitled, "On the Manufactures of Russia and on the Tariff."

"It is an incontrovertible fact that no nation can be considered in a really thriving condition, unless it be in a state to supply all its prime necessities *from within itself*, and even to satisfy every requisite towards the reasonable comforts and pleasures of life. It follows from this that agriculture must be carried to the highest pitch of perfection, whilst at the same time manufacturing industry must be called forth and fostered by vigorous support and adequate protection."

The system of isolation recommended in this work was begun six years afterwards, and has now lasted two-and-twenty years. What efforts have been produced by this experiment, in combination with the rest of the constitutional and administrative system of the empire? According to our author they are as follows.

I. Russia has estranged herself from the rest of Europe and especially from her neighbours; for commerce is not only the nurse of peace and civilisation, but also affords under ordinary circumstances the best measure of the approximation and intercommunion of interests between two nations.

II. The state revenues of Russia, hardly sufficient to defray the expenses of the country in time of peace, allow of no possible augmentation to meet the exigencies of war.

III. The capacity of the inhabitants to pay taxes (the only sure source of national revenue) has not been able sufficiently to unfold itself, so as to comply with any increased demand which the exigencies of the state may occasion.

IV. The morality of the whole class of functionaries has manifestly made no such progress as the common welfare demands.

V. Agriculture, for which nature has done so much in the greater part of European Russia, has, to say the best of it, experienced no enlargement or amelioration.

VI. Manufactures, though forced by every possible artificial means, cannot rise above the condition of infancy; and even the *old* manufactures of Russia no longer make any progress.

VII. Lawful commerce is painfully hampered and shackled; the illicit is, on the contrary, in a comparatively thriving state, and has already grown too strong for the administration.

VIII. The consumers labour under the

double disadvantage of high prices and in-different goods.

IX. The system has shown no intrinsic evidence of success, since it has been necessary continually to increase its stringency.

X. The system has given no intrinsic evidence of durability; for, not to mention that the first war on the European frontiers must sweep it away, it must come to its natural end at that not very distant point at which overstraining begins.

XI. The system has brought about a state of things which is utterly incapable of any moderately speedy change without violent convulsions; a state of things which in fact scarcely admits of the most insignificant alterations.

XII. The prohibitive system has placed the Russian government in a distressing state of dependence on the artificial industrial system it has itself created.

ART. VII.—*Barzas-Breiz. Chants Populaires de la Bretagne, recueillis et publiés, avec une Traduction Française, des Eclaircissements, des Notes, et les Mélodies originales.* (Popular Songs of Brittany, &c.) Par M. DE LA VILLEMARQUE. 2 tom. Paris. 1839.

In a recent article on the habits and superstitions of the Bretons,* we prepared our readers for the subject upon which we now propose to enter. In that article we depicted the social and moral characteristics of the Bretons; their 'way of life,' primitive, antique, and uniform, presenting in the midst of the refinements and transitions of modern civilisation, a sort of petrified specimen of the middle ages; their religious enthusiasm, their aboriginal hospitality, and their superstition. (An inquiry into the Popular Poetry of the Bretons will form a proper pendant to that picture.) The poetry that exists familiarly amongst a people, giving a voice to their domestic affections and national usages, is generally the safest, as it is always the most confidential, exponent of their history and character.

It would carry us out of the line which, for the sake of clearness, we have prescribed to ourselves in this paper, were we to venture at large into the general subject of Breton poetry. It will be as much as we can now accomplish to lay before the reader a complete view of the ballad poetry of

Brittany; which, however, like ballad poetry in general, amongst races who continue to preserve their early simplicity, embraces in its various forms nearly every aspect of their poetical genius. By this strict limitation of our design, we escape the half-historical problems which lie on the borders of the old Breton romances, and reserve for future and separate consideration the longer, but intrinsically less interesting poems of a still earlier age, and which, in fact, exercise very little present influence over the tastes or feelings of the people. It is more true of the Bretons, perhaps, than of any other distinct race in Europe, that their ballad poetry—comprising the songs of every class, serious and humorous, religious, festive, and mournful—presents a perfect epitome of their whole literature. Indeed the Bretons possess no other living literature. All the rest is ancient and traditional, while this alone goes on receiving occasional accessions, but without undergoing the slightest modification in style or spirit.

Before we touch upon the collection of ballads, to which, in the volumes of M. Villemarque, we shall presently refer in detail, it will be desirable to say a few words about the popular poetry of the Bretons generally, by way of introduction to the examples we shall adopt from his pages.

When Brittany was united to France, she lost much of her peculiar physiognomy by the change. With her independence went something of her individuality as a separate people; and, although, to this hour, Brittany is so essentially different from the rest of France, that the moment the traveller crosses the bridge of Pontorson, which separates Brittany from Normandy, he becomes as conscious of a new race as if he had passed into a new atmosphere, yet the Bretons themselves are sensible of the influence of altered institutions, increased intercourse outwards, and the rush of a strange moving population, with unfamiliar costumes and ever-shifting fashions, through the very core of their territory. This influence has not been without its visible effect upon the people in the immediate neighbourhood of the great highways; while in the remote interior very little external modification of the primitive manners can be detected, notwithstanding that some movement of decay or progress must have set in everywhere over the country.

But whatever changes may take place, or may possibly be fermenting in a nation, its poetry is always the last to forsake the soil. It even lingers long after the sources of its inspiration have perished, long after its allusions have ceased to be understood, or its

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peculiar forms preserved; and when it is no longer a living principle, it continues to haunt the old place in the shape of a tradition. Thus it was, and is, with the poetry of Brittany. The higher classes had abandoned their nationality, sold it, bartered it for places or for honours, for they are always the first to be reached or corrupted by foreign influences:—the poor cherished their nationality still. With their old national rights and usages the rich gave up also their old poetry. What business had they with a Muse who could only remind them of the associations they had relinquished, of the reverend customs and traditional faith they had renounced? Turned out of doors at the châteaux, like an acquaintance of former days who had all of a sudden gone out of fashion, or out at elbows, and of whom people of rank and station had grown ashamed, this discarded Muse knocked at the doors of the cabins, and was received with joy and enthusiasm. There she has lingered ever since, lovingly protected in the hearts of the peasantry, the companion of their solitary thoughts, and the intimate participator in their woes and pleasures.

Surviving thus, however, in the domestic affections of the people, it still became necessary to change something of her habits or style. She was still the same Muse as ever, faithful to her nationality, but she was now placed in a new state of society, and surrounded by new forms and new classes of men. She had no longer to speak to chevaliers about the historical glories of their houses, the prowess of their ancestors, their loves, their feats of arms,—or to fine ladies about their vows or their beauty—but to the common people, in a common language they could universally understand. Instead of being the muse of princesses and knights in arms, this poor fallen Muse of Brittany was compelled to be satisfied with being simply the Muse of men and women; she was obliged to lay aside her fine spangled court suit, and go to work in a blouse with real nature. It is needless to say how much she gained by her fall, by the loss of all that fictitious splendour in which she was wont to bask; how much more natural and truthful she became; how much healthier and sounder, how much more vigorous and elastic. Hence all the Breton poems that have descended from that period, are distinguished by their freedom from artifice, their naked truth, and bold simplicity. Here and there a few traces of the old *lais* may be detected—just as a broken light may seem to linger on the summits of hills long after the sun is actually set—but their traces are nothing more than reminiscences of the

antique spirit, breathed unconsciously into the comparatively modern verse.

The ballads which grew up under those circumstances, and which, consequently, do not date farther back than the close of the fifteenth century, still survive amongst the people in all their early purity, and in such numbers, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to form anything like an estimate of their extent. They exhibit great propriety of diction, perfect regularity in the stanza, and a metrical elegance that could scarcely have been expected from such sources. Those which are written in the Celtic language (and which, of course, refer to a very ancient period) are almost invariably found in association with some well-known national air; the music in such cases forming so completely an integral part, or original element, so to speak, of the composition, that it is never to be traced in a separate state of existence from the words, nor could the words be recovered by the singer except by the help of the music. These pieces are always sung throughout, from the commencement to the end, which frequently involves a very laborious operation, as they are sometimes of a most extravagant length. Souvestre confidently asserts that in some cases, a man could not finish one of these songs in a day. The only circumstance which can possibly entitle such productions as these to the name and functions of song is the shape, musical and metrical, in which they are written.

Of the more modern ballads, the great majority are composed without much system, and sung, as birds sing, out of a kind of impulse, with a remarkably melodious instinct, but, at the same time, an entire independence of all rules. The singer is, in most cases, the composer; generally a young candidate for the priesthood, under the influence of a love-melancholy,—a village schoolmaster, taking advantage of his superior attainments to astonish the natives—some forlorn, dreamy country youth, inspired by the wild and desolate scenery amidst which he is bred up—or, as very frequently happens, a poor sailor who superadds to his land-crosses the hazy superstitions of the sea. It is a remarkable feature in these songs, that the last stanza usually announces the name and profession of the singer or composer, with such family particulars as he may consider desirable for general circulation. The simplicity of all this is abundantly apparent.

The best way to judge of these quaint old ballads, is to listen to one of them on a still summer evening, as they are sung, with responses from rock to rock, in the

presence of old Druidical ruins, and feudal monuments massed into deep shadow, and recalling to mind, by their dark and broken outlines, their cumbrous forms and dismal grandeur, the modes of the antique life to which they refer. It is like a dream conjured up in the imagination out of Ossian.

Metre and rhyme form the basis of Breton prosody. The songs are written generally in distiches or quatrains of equal measure; indeed, the uniformity of the measure is very striking. The most popular form is that of couplets, consisting of seven-syllabled lines; but sometimes the lines consist of six, and sometimes of eight or nine syllables; occasionally extending even to twelve, thirteen, and fifteen. The cesura is observed with as much distinctness in these Breton lyrics as in legitimate French verse, with which they are in some instances identical in this particular. In lines of twelve syllables, the cesura falls on the sixth—in those of fifteen, on the eighth. There is another peculiarity worth noticing in these poems—that every stanza, line, and even hemistich, is perfect in itself, so far as the sense is concerned, very rarely trespassing, for the completion of its meaning, upon the stanza, line, or hemistich, which follows. The object of this scrupulous exactitude in the structure of this species of poetry, seems to be the attainment of such an accurate balance of sound and sense, as may be most easily seized upon by the ear, and committed to memory. Every incident that enters into the formation of the Breton songs, favours the final purpose of the composers; and it is, no doubt, with an especial view to this end, that the rhymes are invariably consecutive, there not being, we believe, a single instance—at least M. Villemarqué, who is an unexceptionable authority, never met with one—in which the rhymes are alternate, or, to use the French expression, in which they cross each other.

Amongst some of the ancient ballads there are other peculiarities, which seem to have been engrafted upon them, such as alliterations in the body of the verse, and the employment of tercets, instead of couplets and quatrains, artificial forms which are certainly irreconcilable with the simple character of popular poetry. These strange introductions are of rare occurrence, and would be scarcely worth noting, if they did not indicate something like a correspondence with other literatures, which might, possibly, afford the historical student some help in his arduous investigation into the chronology of these compositions.

But investigations of this kind are not

now likely to be attended with very satisfactory results. One writer asserts that the Bretons have had a regular literature, containing three distinct species of popular poetry, the historical, the amatory, and the religious, since the sixth century:—this is M. Villemarqué. Another says that, with the exception of some of the religious pieces, which he throws back as far as the third century, the great bulk of the poetry is not more than from two to four hundred years old:—this is M. Souvestre. Both these gentlemen are Bretons: both have mixed largely with the people, are familiar with their habits, dialects, and literature; and both are credible witnesses. “Who shall decide when doctors disagree?”

The method of investigation is by no means determined in questions of this nature. Every historical antiquary thinks he has laid down an infallible mode of testing the age of literary productions; yet when we come to compare the results of these infallible standards, we find them totally irreconcilable with each other. Now, as it is quite clear that only one can be right, it is equally certain that all the rest must be wrong. But the difficulty is to know, not which are those that are wrong, but which is the one that is right. M. Villemarqué's mode of proceeding is excellent, as far as it goes. The objection to it is, that it is applicable only in special cases. Like certain poison tests, it will detect the presence of the element it seeks, if the element be there; but if it be not, the test is useless. He finds his method of investigation into the age of popular poems upon his own definition of the character and attributes of popular poetry. The principle of this poetry, he thinks, is the soul, unsophisticated in its good faith and native candour; destitute of the resources of knowledge, and stimulated by an instinctive want to confide to some traditional monument the records of contemporaneous events, of religious dogmas, or the adventures of heroes. If this definition be correct (and we have no desire to say anything against it, except that it is *very* French), then it follows that popular poetry in general must be contemporaneous with the facts, or the sentiment, or the tradition of religious belief of which it is the organ; and that, consequently, the date of such compositions may be determined by the age to which their allusions apply. There is no gainsaying this. The same rule may be addressed with equal propriety to every work of art, in which any such allusions can be traced. But what is to be done where there are no such allusions? M. Villemarqué's method is evidently una-

available in such cases. It is fortunate, however, that the Breton poetry contains numerous local and historical references, by the aid of which the industrious antiquary is enabled to speculate with some confidence on the age of the composition. In some instances the date is actually fixed by the poet himself in that declaratory stanza, in which he confides the secret of his birth, parentage, education, and calling, to his intimate friend, the reader. Satisfied, then, that M. Villemarqué has applied to the Breton poetry a test peculiarly applicable to a large portion of it, and convinced, moreover, that he is ably qualified in all other respects for his task, we are disposed to accept his estimate of the antiquity of some of these ballads in preference to that of M. Souvestre.

It is hardly necessary to observe, however, that the age of each song is determined by its own internal evidences; and that all we can here be considered to concede or admit is, that M. Villemarqué makes out a good case for the existence of this class of poetry, in its different forms, thirteen centuries ago. We have never, ourselves, had any doubt whatever upon that point—independently of the proofs of it we find scattered through the works of native writers; but how much of this ancient literature has been preserved in its original purity, how far it has been interpolated and tricked out in its progress down the stream of time, and to what extent the existing traditional ballads, in which no direct vouchers of antiquity can be traced, may be taken upon trust, or by analogy, are questions with which we must not, at present, venture to meddle.

To a people like the Bretons, lyrical poetry must at all times have been an absolute necessary of life. How could such a people—ignorant of art, utterly unrefined, living in a state of the rudest simplicity, and cowering down under the shadows of the darkest superstitions—how could such a people, in the absence of all other means of giving a current language to their sympathies and wants, exist without a locomotive poetry? To such a people, the song is as essential as the crop of buck-wheat: it sustains their spiritual vitality just as their animal vitality is nourished by their black bread—and they could almost as easily dispense with one as the other. The Breton of to-day is, in this matter of song-necessity, much the same man he was at the earliest date of his musical budget. There are somewhere about 1,200,000 of this singing buck-wheat cultivating race, thinly dispersed over the face of the province once known as Brittany (earlier still as Armorica), but

better known to the mere traveller, *en route*, by the departmental names of the Cotes du Nord, Finistère, Ile et Vilaine, Loire Inférieure, and Morbihan. Of this 1,200,000 people, it is tolerably certain that, with a very insignificant exception, there is scarcely one who knows how to read or write. Throughout all Christendom, at this hour, there is not another race; we suspect, so entirely dependent upon traditional lore for such intellectual pleasure as they are able to obtain. To them the popular ballad is everything—it represents the consolations of religion, the delights of the fête, the communion of the affections: it carries love messages from commune to commune; it warns, exhorts, and rewards; it even supercedes the laws themselves, than which, amongst this primitive people, it is ten thousand times stronger.

Here, then, are 1,200,000 living and thinking beings, speaking no language but the old, uncouth Breton tongue, wholly uneducated, having no other cultivation than the moral instruction they receive from their clergy, and no other wealth than their legends and their lyrics; and who are unavoidably thrown upon the singers for all the leisurely mental pleasure within their reach. It is not surprising, therefore, that this class of persons—the wandering singers—should occupy at this day in Brittany a position really as important, although, in this altered age of the world, not so formal and imposing, as that which in the elder times was held by the bards. These singers, or poets, for they are generally both, discharge for the Breton population the complicated offices of historian, novelist, story-teller, poet, and singer. This very circumstance stamps upon their productions the fresh and immediate impress of popular feeling. He who lives to please, must please to live. The travelling rhymester selects for his theme such subjects of recent or fugitive interest as happen to be familiar to everybody. The multitude, in fact, indicate to him the subject he is to illuminate with his happy genius: it is to their tastes, their instincts, their passions, he must address himself—he expresses their ideas, translates their opinions, identifies himself completely with them throughout. This condition of adaptation to surrounding circumstances is imperative, and not to be trifled with. He must please the people at any price—it is a question of life and death with him. If he select a topic remote from the manners, or epoch, or tastes of the people, he may as well sing to the mountain torrents. He will not have a single listener, instead of undergoing a greater squeeze than any one may find any night in the sea-

son in the crush-room of the Opera. He must either write for the people, or not write at all. His audiences are not only critical in their tastes, but inexorable in their decisions. Hence all really popular songs are destined to a long existence, because they are born under circumstances peculiarly favourable to traditional preservation, having their roots literally laid in the popular mind and affections. They are very appropriately compared by M. Villemarqué to those delicate plants which are crowned with flowers only when they have been sown in ground previously prepared for them.

We adverted, in a former article already mentioned, to the rather curious custom in Brittany, by which this art of popular song is universally identified with particular classes of the population—almost with particular crafts, only that the pleasant rogues who profit by this identification seem to profess certain crafts without practising them. Thus the tailors and millers, *par excellence*, the collectors of old rags, and the beggars, are generally recognized as the authors of the current ballads, although in many instances it is not unlikely that they are only the singers and retailers of them. Notwithstanding, however, their nominal classification, these poetical vagrants all lead the same sort of wandering life, making the tour of the whole country, visiting cities, towns, and villages, calling at manors and farm-houses, resting alike with the poor and the rich, attending at all the fairs and markets and festivals, collecting news and gossip which they put into doggerel, and sing as they go along from place to place; and this song, thus composed, and thus cast like seed upon the winds, is carried on the wings of the jingling *refrain* from one end of Brittany to the other. The beggars appear to confine their humbler labours to the accumulation and repetition of these songs, for there is no evidence that they ever ascend to the loftier ambition of composing rhymes of their own. Yet, humble as their ministry of poetical delight undoubtedly is, they are regarded with universal honour and affection. Villemarqué tells us that the most *naïve* and tender expressions are habitually lavished upon them: such as ‘*bons pauvres*,’ ‘*chers pauvres*,’ ‘*pauvrets*,’ ‘*pauvres chéris*,’ or simply ‘*chéris* ;’ and sometimes a more elaborate phrase, which we may venture to put into English, ‘friends or brothers of the good God.’ They are always sure of an asylum wherever they go—at the largest mansion on the hill side, or the pettiest cabin buried in the wintry depths of the pine wood. When their well-known voice of prayer and entreaty is heard at the door, or

their approach is announced by the bark of their dog—for they are frequently blind, and come guided in this way—the inmates run out, and bring the venerable man into the house, relieve him of his stick and wallet, and, placing him snugly in the chimney-nook, set before him the best repast they can afford. When he has appeased his hunger and had a little rest, he repays all their kind offices by long gossiping stories and snatches of the last new songs. Looking closely into the working of this system, as a thing of every day and every hour occurrence in Brittany, and as occupying a conspicuous space in the social life of the people, it cannot fail to be regarded as a singularly expressive and deeply interesting trait in the national manners.

But it must not be supposed that these vagrant rhymers engross the whole field to themselves, and that there are no real ambulant poets to be found in this weird land of modern antiquity. On the contrary, there is a distinct class of poets who are always on the tramp, who are emphatically called the *barz*, and upon whom, in short, the mantle of the bardic order has distinctly fallen. As far as the changed habits of the country will permit, these ambulant poets perform precisely the same offices as their ancient namesakes, going about in like manner to ceremonies and public festivals, and recording the loves and misfortunes, heroic deeds, sacrifices, and penances of their contemporaries in suitable bursts of wild lyrical verse. Like the bards of old, also, they sometimes relieve their rather monotonous voices by striking a rude instrument of three cords, called a *rebek*, with a sort of fiddle-stick, or bow. This instrument is said to be exactly the same as one which was in use in the sixth century. Indeed, the resemblance between the *barz* and the bard is so strong in every essential point, that a sketch which M. Villemarqué gives of their position to-day might, with the greatest propriety, and without altering a single word, be inserted bodily into the history of the bards who flourished in Wales or in Ireland some twelve or thirteen centuries past. “In fine,” he says, “like the ancient bards domesticated amongst the Welsh, they are the ornament of all the popular fêtes; they sit and sing at the table of the farmers; they figure in the marriages of the people; they give away the future bride in virtue of their art, according to immemorial usage, and that even before the religious ceremony has taken place: the priest seems to be only the consecrator of the nuptial benediction which the bard has already bestowed. They have their share, also, in the marriage gifts. They

enjoy unlimited liberty of speech, and great moral authority; they are beloved, sought after, and honoured, almost as much as were their predecessors, whom, in a less elevated sphere, they so nearly resemble." And this, too, in the nineteenth century, amongst a people embraced in the girdle of the most artificial and inconstant nation in Europe, and occupying a territory within a few hours' sail of the shores of England!

The consequence of all this is the predominance of song, as a great social agent, over all other means of inter-communication amongst the Bretons. Like all primitive people, they are enthusiastically fond of music. With them it is the language of the passions, and the whole of their literature is more or less under the influence of this musical spirit. Songs perform for them all the functions of the journal and the telegraph; and passing from hill to hill, from valley to valley, they diffuse intelligence with incredible rapidity. Innumerable instances might be related in illustration of the extraordinary sway they exercise over the minds of the population, on matters in which the decrees of the established authorities produce no effect whatever. A case of this kind occurred when the cholera was raging throughout Brittany. Official instructions how to deal with the dreadful malady were industriously distributed in the shape of circulars, and affixed in all directions on the doors of churches and cemeteries, but in vain. The peasant passed on with his hat slouched over his eyes, paying no more attention to the official warning than if it were a notice to the gendarmerie of the *arrondissement*. In the meanwhile, the plague ravaged the country side, the peasantry taking no heed to prevent its approaches, or to subdue it when it came. At last a travelling poet bethought him of putting the official instructions into the shape of a song. In one week the ballad might be heard in every farm, hamlet, and town, chanted to one of the well-known national airs. The best of it was, that the foolish *prefet*, feeling the dignity of his office insulted, refused to circulate the song by means of the communal mayors, because it was not signed by a physician! The public health was, therefore, confided to the mendicants, who hawked the death-sickness from village to village, while the *prefet* continued to write his circulars. In the same way, the vice of drunkenness, common to the whole Celtic stock, and to which the Breton, habitually sober, abandons himself on his fête-days, has been sensibly diminished in a particular canton by a ballad, wherein the poet confesses himself to have been once addicted

to that habit, the evil effects of which he energetically points out, exhorting the people to follow his example, and abjure the destructive indulgence. The Breton song is, in short, the condensed expression of public opinion. Where the laws fails in its office, the song supplies the penalty; where the law exceeds the strict measure of justice, the song is at hand with its compensation. It not only expresses public opinion, but frequently creates it.

Let us now glance at the divisions into which the lyrical poetry of the Bretons may be properly distributed. In this arrangement we shall not follow the order of M. Villemarqué, who satisfies himself with the simpler but less distinctive divisions of historical, amatory, and religious.

There are four classes sufficiently distinguished from each other by style and subject to demand separate enumeration. These are, 1, Canticles; 2, Guerz; 3, Songs; and 4, Chansons, as the miscellaneous popular songs may be called for distinction. We will give a brief description of each.

1. The Canticle is an exceedingly popular form of song. It relates exclusively to heaven and hell—rewards and punishments—sin and expiation—the hope of pardon and the fear of condemnation. These Canticles are always written by the priests. They present a curious combination of the more ecstatic and spiritual elements of the hymn and the love-song, and a strange mixture of the ballad and the legend. Without wholly losing the dramatic feeling of the ballad, they are more grave in manner and more imposing in structure. The narrative predominates over the action, and from the constant presence of the poet, moralising and reasoning in the verse, they acquire something of a clerical and didactic character, while they still retain for the populace all the fascinations of music and saintly story.

2. The Guerz might be correctly described as the historical ballads of the Bretons, were it not that they also include, in their wide range, other and different, although not dissimilar, subjects. Some of them are the oldest of all the poems extant in the lyrical form in Brittany. Even M. Souvestre thinks that a few of them may be traced to the third century. Many belong to the sixteenth century, but the great bulk of them are scarcely more than two hundred years old. These Armorican Guerz are of various kinds, and relate legends of saints and old chronicles; stories of apparitions and miracles; the *fabliaux* of the middle ages, which are quaintly called the *guerz plaisant*; and historical events. They offer no

material contrast to the old ballads of most other countries, except in that remarkable regularity of form, which imparts, indeed, to all these productions so peculiar a character.

3. The sonnets are unquestionably the most interesting and extraordinary of all the popular shapes into which the minstrelsy of the Bretons throws itself. They are lyrical dirges, generally composed by the young candidates for the priesthood, in which the writers confess their human weakness, the disappointments of the heart they have met, and the final dismissal from their thoughts of the women who used to haunt and torture their souls. In fact, these pieces are their leave-takings of society, and are frequently inspired with a charming simplicity, and full of touching poetical images. They form a sort of eternal and continuous memory of cloistered love, to which each abbé adds his page before he breaks for ever with the world.

The young ecclesiastical students who compose these sonnets are called, in the Breton, *kloers* or *clercs*—corresponding exactly with the *kler* of the Welch. In order to enter truly into the spirit of such compositions, it is necessary that we should bring before us the peculiar circumstances of the authors, and the influences, often painful and conflicting, which surround them, and which constantly communicate so tristful a spirit to their poetical legacies. They belong, for the most part, to the class of the peasantry, or of the small tradespeople of the cities and villages; and come up in bands from the remotest parts of the country to the episcopal towns, where they enter upon their studies. The appearance of these uncouth youths is singularly striking in the streets of the comparatively civilized cities, with their strange costume, long hair, and unfamiliar dialects. The majority of them are not less than from eighteen to twenty years of age. They live together in the faubourgs; the same garret (says Villemarqué, who drew the picture from personal observation), serves them for bed-room, kitchen, dining-room, and study. It is a very different sort of existence from that to which they had been accustomed in the open fields. A complete revolution has taken place in them; and in proportion as their bodies grow enervated and their hands white, their intelligence becomes developed, and their imagination takes new liberties with life. At last, summer and the holidays come, and they return to their villages: it is the season of fêtes and pleasures, 'when the flowers open with the hearts of the young!' Seldom does the poor *kloer* go back to the city

without carrying with him the germ of a first passion. Then the storm rises in his soul, and the struggle begins to take place between love and religion. Everything contributes to heighten the rebellious feeling—the contrast between present servitude and the freedom of the woods—his isolation—his regrets—the *mal du pays*. Sometimes love triumphs, and then the scholar throws his books into the fire, swears against the city and the college, renounces the ecclesiastical state for ever, and returns to his village. But more frequently the church secures the victory; in which case the misery of the young priest finds a congenial vent in poetry; the muse becomes the confidant of his tears and his memories; and he pours into the melancholy sonnet the story of his sacrifice. The intimate sincerity of these elegies gives them the attraction of truth; and the fresh and incipient scholarship of their authors inspires them with something of a refined and finished air. Sometimes, indeed, they rise into classical grandeur, and the tenderness of the young priest becomes oppressed under the weight of the whole Roman mythology.

It is a curious trait in the popular history of the Bretons, showing how closely their religious sentiments are identified with the lives of the priesthood, that these sonnets are the universal love elegies of the country. There is not a village, nor a farm-house that has not its sonnet, the work of a friend or relative, transmitted by tradition from generation to generation. It is the romance of Bretagne—the passionate inspiration of her poets—the literature of the youth of the country.

4. The peculiarity of the chansons consists principally in this, that, unlike French songs in general, they are rarely of a lively turn. Their mirth, when there is any, is heavy and cumbersome. In this, however, they only reflect the humour of the people, who are, constitutionally, too grave for the sparkling points and trivial pleasantries of the vaudeville—which, by the way, oddly enough, had its origin in the neighbouring province of Normandy. Even in their most exciting compositions, there is always a piece of seriousness lurking at the bottom, and dragging down the sluggish merriment. The Bretons, like other people, have their varieties of temperament, but they are never gay, *sans y songer*, as we see other Frenchmen. When they laugh they must know the reason why. They have had their popular chansons for at least three hundred years, yet it would puzzle a conjuror to find a verbal joke, or a flash of heedless vivacity of any kind in any one of them. The fact

is there is no such thing. They do condescend sometimes, however, to be merry after their own fashion; but it is a fashion not very likely to find favour elsewhere, nor is it always intelligible out of the immediate district to which it especially applies. This merriment, if it may be called so, consists in quaint philosophical quibbles, broad jokes, often of the coarsest kind, adroitly addressed to the actual mode of living and direct experiences of the people, and allusions that are sure to tell amongst the hearers, although, lacking the universality of wit, they are little else than conundrums to everybody else. It is doubtful whether the Bretons could give expression to more aerial pleasantries, even if they had them in their songs. Their style of delivery is heavy and solemn; they are too grave and ponderous for the light and rapid passages of the ordinary French *chanson*.

Such are the principal characteristics of the popular poetry of the Bretons. From this general introductory view, the reader will be better prepared for a few selections from the volumes of M. Villemarqué, which we shall now introduce without further commentary.

Perhaps we ought to explain to the English reader the meaning of the title adopted by M. Villemarqué. Barzas-Breiz is pure Breton, and may be rendered into a 'Poetical History of Bretagne.' Now the work is certainly not a poetical history of Brittany, and the title is therefore a misnomer. But it contains a valuable collection of Breton popular lyrical poems, and may be accepted as something better than a history. Well-selected specimens of a national literature, with such judicious notes as our author has industriously supplied, will be found more acceptable to most readers, as they are unquestionably more curious and instructive, than an elaborate historical disquisition on speculative questions, frequently founded in error, and generally ending in smoke.

This collection had its origin upwards of thirty years ago, and has been accumulating ever since. M. Villemarqué's mother had her attention drawn to the subject by a poor mendicant singer who had received some kindness from her, and who desired to express her gratitude in a song. Madame Villemarqué was so struck by the beauty of the poetry, that she cultivated a closer acquaintance with these wild lyrics; the collection rapidly increased, but she died in the midst of her labours. Thus this anthology was born. M. Villemarqué succeeded to the treasures and the enthusiasm of his mother, and embarked in the design with a larger ambition

and greater means of execution. For many years he traversed every corner of Brittany, entered thoroughly into the pastimes and reunions of the people—their fetes, religious and festive, *pardons*, fairs, and wakes:—the bards, beggars, millers, labourers, were his most active *collaborateurs*; and he frequently consulted with advantage old women, nurses, and young girls; even the children, in their plays, sometimes revealed information unconsciously to him; and he adds the curious fact, already referred to, that while the degrees of intelligence varied amongst his informants, he confidently affirms *that not one of them knew how to read*.

The quantity of ballads he thus gathered was immense. He obtained enough of matter to fill twenty volumes—all oral traditions of the country, collected from the lips of the peasantry. From this vast mass, he has made the selection which occupies the two volumes before us—a selection distinguished by excellent judgment and good taste. A glance at a few of the more remarkable will convey a tolerably correct notion of the predominant features of the whole.

There are four distinct dialects in Brittany—the dialects of Tréguies, Leon, Cornouaille, and Vannes. The songs are all composed in one or other of these dialects (some of which have close affinities), and are given by M. Villemarqué on one page in their original words, and on the opposite page in modern French. Here is a specimen from the dialect of Léon. The piece, of which these are the opening lines, is called 'Ann Eostik,' 'Le Rossignol,' or the nightingale:

Ar greg iaouank a Zant-Malo,
Toull hé fenestr deac'h o wêlo:

—Sioaz! sioaz! me-d'ounn fallet!
Ma éostik paour a zo lazet!

La jeune épouse de Saint-Malo
Pleurait hier à sa fenêtre:

—Helas! hélas! je suis perdue!
Mon pauvre rossignol est tué!

This specimen will be enough to show the essential difference between these dialects and modern French; a difference which will be found to be much greater in other cases. The extraordinary metrical precision of the original is, also, worthy of observation. We have not found an instance throughout the whole work in which these songs violate this structural regularity.

As might be expected, Merlin, the famous enchanter, is celebrated amongst these songs; but he does not make a very conspicuous figure after all, and is by no means so distinguished a personage in Armorica as he is in Wales. It has been remarked by a

German critic* as rather a suspicious circumstance, calculated to throw a doubt upon the antiquity of the Round Table legends, that Arthur and his companions are nowhere alluded to in the Breton popular poems. This is a mistake, and we may, probably, avail ourselves of another opportunity to discuss the question involved in the doubt of the German critic. But we may observe, *en passant*, that the inference he draws from his assumed fact,—namely, that the Round Table must therefore be a fiction of the middle ages,—is curiously fallacious, seeing that the most of these very poems are themselves of a still later date.

Merlin does not seem to have much credit as a sorcerer in Brittany; but to be remembered rather as a sage and a bard, with a sort of vague reverence, hinting rather than avowing a faith in his super-humanity. There were, in fact, two Merlins, and the Breton traditions seem to have confounded them, so that it is not very easy to distinguish which of them is intended to be embalmed in the ballads. One of them lived about the tenth century, and was the son of a vestal and a Roman consul, and became distinguished as one of the greatest soothsayers of his time; the other, who lived in the sixth century, had the misfortune to kill his nephew in battle, lost his reason in consequence, and buried himself for the rest of his life in a wood, passing in history under the name of Merlin the Savage. The Welsh possess fragments of the poetry of Merlin, but the Bretons know him only by the ballads in which he is commemorated, and these are not numerous. M. Villemarqué gives us two. From one of them called 'Merlin the Bard,' we will give one or two passages, rendered into the metres of the original with as much verbal fidelity as the different genius of the language will admit. The poem opens with an appeal from a young man to his mother, to let him visit a fête about to be given by the king:

"Oh! listen, mother dear! to me—
The fête I long to go and see:

"The fête, and then the races new,—
By grace of our good sovereign too."

"—Now neither to the raree show,
Nor to the races shall you go.

"You shall not see the foolish sight,
For you have wept the live-long night.

"You shall not go—I have my fears;
Why, even your dreams were full of tears!"

"Nay, mother, if you love me, hear—
Ah! let me go, sweet mother dear!"

"—You'll go with songs of merry strain—
But tears will bring you back again!"

The youth springs on his red filly, and flies off to the festival. The horn sounds just as he arrives at the field, and the herald announces, that whoever clears the barrier at a single leap, shall have the daughter of the king in marriage. Of course the red filly performs this feat to admiration, and the youth claims his bride. The king is indignant, thinking that a filly could not make such a leap except by sorcery; but his royal word is pledged, and so, throwing what he believes an insurmountable difficulty in the way, he tells the youth that he shall have the princess if he will bring him the harp of Merlin, which is suspended over the head of the bard's bed by four chains of fine gold. The love-stricken boy goes back to his mother in despair.

"Dear mother, if you love me, speak,
For my poor heart is nigh to break!"

"If thou hadst bent thee to my will,
Your heart would be untroubled still.

"But weep not, my poor child, behold
This hammer—'tis of molten gold—

"Its blow is dumb—no living ear
Its noiseless stroke shall ever hear!"

Armed with this hammer he succeeds in obtaining the harp, and returns in triumph to the court. But the king is not satisfied yet. He requires also the ring which Merlin wears on his right hand. It will be remembered that the harp and ring were the emblems of the bards of old, the harp being the gift of the king, and the ring that of the queen. This still more difficult task the old lady enables the youth to accomplish, with the help of a palm branch with twelve leaves, which she declares she had been seven nights to seek in seven woods, in seven years. At the crowing of the cock at midnight, the bold feat is accomplished, and the youth goes back again to court, pretty confident this time, at least, that he shall have his bride. The king, however, is inexorable. Nothing will satisfy him now, but that Merlin himself shall consecrate the marriage in person. One would think it was all over with the youth now; but there are endless lucky contrivances for lovers in ballads.

"Oh! Merlin, whither dost thou go,
With dress and air disordered so?"

"Where go you thus, 'tis all unmeet,
With naked head and naked feet?"

"Old Merlin, whither dost thou wend,
Thy stick of holly in thy hand?"

* Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur, 1843.

He is searching for his lost harp and ring; and thus he is hospitably waylaid by the youth, who prevails upon him to enter his cottage, and finally he is carried to the court. His approach is announced by loud cries of joy that awaken the royal household; and the king, finding it useless to contend any longer, runs out himself and calls up the crier to summon the people to the wedding.

"Get up, good crier, from thy bed,
And quickly clear thy sleepy head—

"Let every one be welcome guest,
Invited to the bridal feast,

"The bridal of the princess—she
In eight fair days shall wedded be.

"Bid to the bridal, to a man,
All gentlemen throughout Bretagne,

"All gentlemen and ministers,
And priests and knightly chevaliers,

"And counts imperial—rich and poor—
The lord, the merchant, and the boor—

"Quick, scour the land o'er wood and lea,
And swiftly hasten back to me."

The crier accordingly goes forth, summons all the people 'great and small'—and so ends the ballad of Merlin.

The fairies occupy a large space in the superstitions of the Bretons, and, consequently, make a very important figure in some of their songs. One of the most popular of these is '*L'Enfant Supposé*.' The story itself is common, with various versions, to the fairy superstitions of nearly all countries; and, according to the most approved narrative, which is more circumstantial than that preserved by M. Villermarqué, runs thus:—it is founded upon the strange passion attributed to the fairies for exchanging their own hideous children—poulpicans, as they are called—for real flesh-and-blood infants, when they can catch them unguarded. A fairy happening to hear a child cry one day, as she passes by a house, peeps in, and seeing a beautiful fair child in a cot, is so attracted by its rosy mouth and blue eyes, that she thinks it would be no bad thing to make an exchange for her own son, as black and spiteful as a cat. No sooner said than done. The false child grows up, the poor mother never suspecting the imposition. As it grows in stature, so its genius for evil trickery expands, confounding lovers at their secret meetings, tying logs to the tails of cattle, overturning honest women's pitchers, and doing all sorts of mischief. At last the distracted mother begins to think that it is a sheer impossibility such a destructive imp can be her natural-born child, and she

communicates her doubts to her husband. But he, good, easy man, stretches his great hands before the fire, knocks the cinders out of his pipe, strokes his beard, and—says nothing. Then comes a butcher with a horse and a calf one evening, when the poulpican is alone, and knocking at the window, inquires is there a beast to sell. The poulpican seeing their heads through the window in the twilight, and supposing them to belong to one person, screams out, 'Well! I'm a hundred years old, and I never saw the like of that!' The butcher runs away, and informs the mother of what he has heard. Her fears are now almost wrought into certainty; but in order to make all sure, she breaks a hundred eggs, and arranges the shells before the fire-place; then hides and awaits the sequel. The poulpican, perplexed at so strange a proceeding, and fairly taken by surprise, screams out again, 'Well! I'm a hundred years old,' &c. Fully confirmed now, the mother rushes upon the wretch, and is about to kill it, when the fairy appears and ransoms her offspring by restoring the proper child. In the version of M. Villermarqué these details are omitted, the mother receiving her child by pretending to dress a dinner for ten labourers in an egg-shell. The poulpican is betrayed into a sudden burst of astonishment—'What! dress a dinner for ten labourers in an egg-shell! Well, I have seen many things,—but—

"I've seen dear mother, Gramercy!
The egg before its progeny,
The acorn first, and then the tree;

"The acorn first, then sapling straight—
I've seen the oak grow tall and great—
But never saw the like of that!"

It is rather a remarkable characteristic of the Breton fairies that, although they are allowed on all hands, to possess a great genius for music, and even fine voices, they never dance. They are the only fairies in the world that resemble the 10th Hussars in this particular; that they don't dance. Then again, at night they are beautiful—in the day, wrinkled and ugly. Like certain other fascinating people, they look best by candle-light. The popular notion amongst the peasantry is, that the fairies are great princesses who refused to embrace Christianity when it was introduced into Armorica, and who were struck with the divine malediction for their obstinacy. The Welsh believe them to be the souls of the Druids compelled to do penance. The coincidence is striking. The prohibition against dancing, however, does not extend to the *nains*, or dwarfs. This happy, mischievous, rollick-

ing race take infinite pleasure in their mid-night gambols. They go about with leather purses in their hands, are the hosts of the Druidical altars, which they profess to have built, and dance their merry round by the light of the stars, calling out *lundi, mardi, mercredi*, sometimes adding *jeudi* and *vendredi*, but always keeping clear of *samedi*, which is the virgin's day, and above all of *dimanche*, which is still more fatal to them. We can fancy them, when they come to Friday, breaking off with a scream of terror, lest by some sudden impulse, they might be tempted to continue the enumeration. The following ballad is an amusing illustration of this class of superstitions. In rendering it into English, we have clung closely to the text, so that nothing must be looked for in the shape of poetical refinement. The measure is that of the original Breton.

THE TAILOR AND THE DWARFS.

On a Friday evening see
Paskou creep forth stealthily,
To commit a robbery.

Out of work, his customers
All are gone to join the wars
'Gainst the French and their seigneurs.

With his spade, into the groat
Of the fairies he has got,
Digging for the golden pot.

Well too has his labour sped !
With his treasure he has fled
Home like mad, and gone to bed.

"Shut the door, and bar it well,
How the little devils yell !"

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,
Thursday also, Friday—hue !"

"Shut the door, good people, do !
Crowding come the dwarfish crew !"

Now they gather in the court,
Dancing till their breath grows short.

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,
Thursday also, Friday—hue !"

To the roof they clamber all,
Scratching holes in slate and wall.

Friend ! thou'rt taken by the rout—
Throw thy treasure quickly out.

Ah ! poor Paskou's kill'd with fear—
Sprinkle holy water here—

Pull the sheet above your head,
There—keep still—and lie for dead !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! they roar and mow ;
He'll be fleet who 'scapes them now.

"Here is one—God save my soul !
Pops his head in through a hole :

"Fiery red his blazing eyes,
Down the post he glides and pries.

"One, two, three—Good Lord !—are there,
Dancing measures on the air !

"Frisking, bounding, tangled, jangled,
Holy Virgin ! I am strangled !"

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,
Thursday, also, Friday—heu !

"Two and three, four, five, and six,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,—nix !"

Tailor, tailor, every pore
Seems to snifle and to snore.

"Hilloa ! tailor, Master Snip !
Show us but your nose's tip—

"Come, let's have a dancing bout,
We will teach you step and shout !

"Tailor—little tailor, dear,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—hear !

"Tailor, thou, and robber too,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—hue !

"Come again—come back to us,
Little tailor villainous !

"You shall dance until you crack
Every sinew in your back.

—Fairies' coin doth value lack !"

The tailors—that is to say, the working tailors—as a craft, are regarded in Brittany much as they are in England ; and the old scrap of ridicule prevails there just as it does among ourselves, that it requires no less than nine tailors to make one man. The above story, in different shapes, may be found in the fairy mythologies of most countries. In one version, the thief is a baker, who, with more cunning than the tailor, strews hot ashes round his house, so that when the fairies come they scorch their feet ; for which indignity, however, they take ample vengeance by breaking all his pans and ovens. A similar trick is played off upon the German fairies, in a tradition called 'The Fairies on the Rock.' In the Irish version of the legend, the poor fellow, who is suddenly surrounded in the moonlight by a troop of fairies, dancing and singing, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday," &c., finding the refrain rather monotonous, adds, "Saturday and Sunday," &c., whereupon the whole company vanish with a scream. There is also a French version to the same effect, only that instead of vanishing, the horrified fairies stamp with their feet, and utter such tremendous cries that the traveller is ready to die with fear. Had he only added, 'And thus the week is ended !' the penance of the poor fairies would have ended also. The moral of the tradition ought to be borne in mind by all persons who may hereafter contemplate thefts on the 'good people,'—namely, that their money is of no value. It is worthy of note, in connection with this point, that the Welsh assign this story to the Coraniens, a race whom they accused of the practice of coining false money ; and that in

designating the false money they use the very same terms employed by the Breton poet—terms for which neither the Welsh nor the Breton dictionaries furnish any satisfactory explanation. It is a curious incident in fairy lore, this identification of the fairies with the false coiners.

The Breton fairies seem to possess one distinctive characteristic—their close relationship with Druidical reliques and traditions. This is easily accounted for in a country where the remains of the Celtic worship are so numerous. The grottos of the fairies are always amongst the monuments of the Druids, and one of the names by which the fairy is popularly known—*Korrigan*—is borrowed from them. The ballad called ‘*Lord Nann and the Korrigan*’ affords us a glimpse of the fairy in her grotto by the side of her fountain or well—both of which, the altar of stones and the spring of water, were anciently objects of the superstitious worship of the Druids. The Lord

Nann goes into the green forest to hunt a roe for his young wife, and seeing a white hind, he follows it through the woods with such ardour that he grows hot and exhausted. Evening is now setting in, and discovering a little stream running from a well, close at the foot of a fairy grotto, he descends to drink. The *Korrigan* is seated by the side of her fountain, combing her flaxen hair with a comb of gold. She is outraged at his audacity in troubling her waters, and gives him his choice, either to marry her on the instant, to linger pining away for seven years, or to die in three days. He tells her he cannot marry her, because he is already married; that as to the seven years, he must die when it shall please God; but that in any event he would rather die at once than marry a *Korrigan*. The vindictive *Korrigan* pronounces his doom, and in three days the young wife begins to question her mother.

“Oh! tell me, mother, why the bells ring out so loud and slow?
And why the priests, all clad in white, are chanting sad and low?”

“A poor unfortunate, my child, to whom we shelter gave,
Expired last night, and now the priests are chanting at his grave.”

“Oh! tell me, mother, of my lord—oh! tell me where he’s gone?”
“He’s gone into the town, my child, and he’ll be here anon.”

“Oh! tell me, mother, shall I wear my red robe or my blue?
For I would go to church to-day, to church to-day with you.”

“Oh! neither blue nor red, my child, nor any colours gay;
The mode is changed, and you must go to church in black to-day.”

Then passing through the churchyard ground, amidst funereal trees,
And cemetery monuments, her husband’s tomb she sees.

“Now, which of our dear relatives is laid here with such care?”
“I can no longer hide the truth—your husband, child, lies there!”

The news has fallen upon her heart, and struck her to the core,
She throws herself upon her knees, and never rises more.

Oh! it was wondrous in the night, which follow’d the dead day
When they interr’d that lady bright where her dead husband lay,

’Twas wondrous in the night to see, in the night-time dark and drear,
Two oak-trees o’er that recent tomb, spring up into the air;

And in their branches two white doves, all gaily through the night
Sing even till the dawn of day, then heavenwards plume their flight.

This fanciful notion of trees springing up with doves singing in them, is of frequent occurrence in the old tragic ballads. Sometimes, as in our English ballad of ‘*Lord Lovell and the fair Ouncebell*,’ two briars or yews grow up to a brave height, and tie themselves at the top into a true lover’s knot. This was a very common resource of the poets of the middle ages. This story of ‘*Lord Nann and the Korrigan*’ is familiar, in other shapes, to the poetry of Sweden, Denmark, Servia, and other countries, and the reader may probably remember an old

Scotch ballad to which it bears a close resemblance.

Although the Bretons supply their fairies with fountains and running streams, we do not find that they people their inland waters with any other description of poetical spirits. There are no naiads or dryads in Brittany. But they seem to have transported into the interior some of their salt-water phantasies, and to give an honourable reception to syrens and mermaids in their lakes and ponds. One of the most remarkable instances is that of a syren who is said to in-

habit the pond of a duke near Vannes, which is so close to the sea that she may enjoy whenever she pleases, the sight of those terrible calamities which were said, of old, to have been so grateful to her sisterhood. This beautiful nymph comes out of a morning to take the air, and spread her green tresses in the sun. According to the tradition, a soldier surprised her once on the summit of the hill, and was so charmed by her aspect, that he could not resist the temptation of approaching her, when she seized him in her wiry arms, and plunged with him to the bottom of the water. If you ask for the story of this syren, they will tell you that she was formerly a princess to whom these waters belonged; and that she refused to marry a noble suitor, the owner of the Lake of Plaisance. One day, fatigued by his entreaties, she hastily said to him, believing the thing to be impossible, that she would become his wife when the waters of the Lake of Plaisance should join those of her own domain. Her lover took her at her word, and constructed a canal, by which the miracle was accomplished. Having finished his work, he invited her to a grand fête at his château, and, to crown his triumph, conveyed her in a barge with great pomp along the canal, demanding the fulfilment of her promise at the end of the journey. The princess was in despair; and, seeing no escape from a marriage she loathed, being all the while secretly attached to another, she threw herself head-foremost into the lake—an effectual recipe for the manufacture of syrens. Of course she was never seen again: but from that day to the present, the lake has been haunted by a syren, believed to be the said princess, who takes particular pleasure in making her appearance on the rocks in the fine summer mornings, deliberately combing out her long hair, and weaving coronals of water-lilies.

Whenever any of these ballads touch upon the domestic affections, they exhibit considerable delicacy of treatment and truthfulness of feeling. The ballad of 'The Baron of Jauioz' is a conspicuous instance. The Baron himself is an historical character. He flourished in the 14th century, participated in most of the public events of that period in France, and served in the Holy Land. The ballad relates to circumstances which occurred during his stay in Brittany, where it is said, he *bought* a young country girl for gold from her family, and carried her off to France, where she died of grief. The ballad opens with the young girl sitting by the river side, when the death-bird (a Breton superstition) tells her that she is sold to the Baron of Jauioz. She comes home and

asks her mother, is it true? Her mother refers her to her father—he desires her to ask her brother, who avows at once that they have sold her, that the money is received, and that she must go instantly. She asks her mother what dress she shall wear; but her mother tells her it is of no consequence: a black horse waits at the door to convey her. As she goes she hears the bells of her village, and weeps and bids them adieu! Passing a lake she sees small boats filled with crowds of the dead in winding sheets. She is overwhelmed with grief and terror and nearly loses her reason. At last she reaches the château.

That fearful lord—his beard is black
As plumage on the raven's back:

His hair is blanched—a wild flash flies
Like light of firebrands from his eyes.

"Ha! pretty one, thy company
I've long desired! Come, sweet, and see

"My wealth: come, range my chambers o'er,
And count my gold and silver store."

"I'd rather to my mother forth!
To count her faggots by the hearth."

"Then, let us, for a bliss divine,
Retire to taste my costly wine."

"I'd drink my father's ditch stream first,
Where even his horses slake their thirst."

"Well, come with me and search the town,
To buy a handsome fête-day gown."

"I'd rather have a petticoat
Of stuff by my dear mother wrought."

Finding her inconsolable, the noble lord begins to repent his bargain. But it is too late. Her heart is broken. The rest of the ballad is very melancholy.

"Ye birds, that on the wing rejoice,
I pray ye, listen to my voice.

"Ah! ye shall see my village,
To which I never more may come!

"Ah! happy birds, so joyous there,
While I am banish'd in despair.

"To all my friends at your next meeting,
Present my sad, but tender greeting;*

"My mother who gave birth to me,
And him who rear'd me lovingly;

"My mother, dearly loved and prized;
The priest, by whom I was baptized;

"To all I love—adieu—adieu—
And, brother!—pardon even for you!"

Two—three months had pass'd away;
The family in slumber lay—

* This is very characteristic in the French version: *Faites mes compliments à tous mes compatriotes quand vous les verrez!*

'Twas in the midnight, still and deep,
The family were sunk in sleep—
No sound the solemn silence broke,
When at the door a low voice spoke—

"Oh! father, mother—pray for me—
For God's sweet love—pray fervently!

"Get mourning, too, my parents dear,
For your poor child is on his bier!"

This ballad is one of the most affecting in the collection. It is also strongly coloured with national feelings. A striking and highly appropriate effect is produced, as the poor young girl goes away from her home, by the sound of the parish bells, calling up so many cherished associations, so many happy domestic memories. In Brittany, where the bells of the churches are drawn into all the ceremonies of life and death, the pathos of this little passage touches the universal heart.

Amongst other subjects treated by the Breton poets, in common with the popular writers of nearly every literature in Europe, is that which is best known to the majority of readers by the 'Leonore' of Bürger. There is a Danish version, a Welsh version, and even a modern Greek version of this,

famous story. The Breton poem is not destitute of a poetical energy, and breadth of style worthy of so striking a theme. It is called 'The Foster-Brother.' Gwennolaik, the heroine of this ballad, is an orphan. Her father, mother, and her two sisters, are all dead. She lives in the manor-house with her step-mother, who ill-treats her, and puts her to drudgery. She has only one friend in the world, her foster-brother; but he has been at sea for six years. She is constantly watching for his return. One dark night she is sent to draw water at a fairy well, when a voice asks her, 'Is she betrothed?' She answers 'No;' and receives a bridal ring, and a pledge that a chevalier returning from Nantes, where he was wounded in a combat, will come back for her in three weeks and three days. She runs home, looks at the ring, and finds that it is the same which her foster-brother wears on his right hand. In the interval, her step-mother resolves that she shall marry a stable-boy. This relentless determination is carried into effect; but on the night of the wedding, the bride disappears, and nobody knows where she is gone.

The manor-house in darkness lay; its inmates soundly slept;
But at the farm the poor young girl her lonely vigil kept.

"Who's there?" "'Tis I, thy foster-brother, Nola." "Can it be?
It is—it is—my brother dear—Ah! welcome sight to me!"

She leaps behind him on a horse, a horse as white as snow,
And trembling twines her arm, her right arm round him as they go.

"Oh! God, how rapidly we ride!—ten leagues at least an hour!
But I am happy close to thee—ah! ne'er so blest before!

"I long to see thy mother's house—oh! tell me is it near?"
"Cling closely to me, sister mine! and we shall soon be there."

The owls fly hooting o'er their heads, and savage creatures break
Through wood and stream like madden'd things, to hear the noise they make.

"How like the wind thy steed flies on!—an arrow on the gale!
Why, brother, thou art very grand!—how brightly gleams thy mail!

"How grand thou art—but tell me, is thy mother's mansion near?"
"Cling closely to me, sister mine! and we shall soon be there."

"Thy heart is frozen—and thy hair, thy hair is wet and chill—
Thy hand's like ice!—thy hand and heart!—dear brother, art thou ill?"

"Cling closely to me, sister mine! the house is very near—
You hear our bridal songs already—listen, sister dear!"

Unlike the hero of the German and Greek ballads, our lover conducts his mistress to a charming isle, filled with crowds of happy souls dancing merrily, and singing for joy, where she finds her mother and two sisters, and where her nuptials, we are left to infer, take place under the most auspicious circumstances. This delightful spot is no other than the Elysium of the Druids, which, according to the Welsh tradition, is the Isle of Avalon, now called Glastonbury, a large orchard of apple-trees completely

surrounded by running streams. The belief in this old tradition still holds good in Brittany; and, as it is a part of the articles of faith that no soul can obtain admission until the funeral honours have been duly performed, the Bretons exhibit an exemplary rigour in discharging all offices of that nature. Their funeral rites are precisely the same now as they were in the earliest times.

The story of Heloise and Abelard forms a favourite subject in the popular poetry of Brittany! For many years those lovers, so

famous in the rhymes of all countries, lived at the village of Pallet, near Nantes; and they soon acquired in their own neighbourhood such a reputation for wisdom and knowledge, that it is nothing very surprising to find them in that credulous and exaggerating age, converted by popular wonder into something over and above the average of humanity. But the English reader will scarcely be prepared to find them transformed into a pair of sorcerers. Yet such is the actual substance of the popular ballad in which Heloise, speaking in her own person, celebrates her love and her learning. There is a curious mixture of the ridiculous and the profane in this ballad, from which we give the opening verses, following the original nearly word for word.

"At twelve years old, not fearing either scandal or reproof,
To follow my dear Abelard, I left my father's roof.

"And when he went to Nantes, my God! sweet Abelard and I,
I knew no language but the one we speak in Brittany.

"I did not even know, my God! the way to say a prayer,
When I was in my father's house—so ignorant they were.

"But now I am instructed well—in all things perfect quite—
I know the Greek and Latin tongues, and I can read and write:

"And read in the Evangelists, and write both well and fast,
And speak and consecrate the host as well as any priest."

But this is nothing. These are amongst the smallest of her powers and accomplishments.

"And I have power to change myself, as every one may know,
Into an ignis fatuus, a dragon, dog, or crow.

"I know a song would rend the heavens, and make the tossing sea
Heave as with sudden tempests, and the earth roll fearfully.

"I know all things that through all time, in all the world were known,
All things that ever happen'd yet, or ever shall be done."

She then goes on to recite some of her means of sorcery; as how she has three vipers sitting on the egg of a dragon, which is destined to desolate the earth, and how she nourishes her vipers, not with the flesh of partridges or woodcocks, but with the sacred blood of innocents. Having such tremendous resources at her command, she threatens to overturn the world at last—if she only live long enough.

"If I remain upon the earth, and my sweet clerk with me,
If we remain upon the earth, one year, or two, or three—

"Yet two or three, my Light and I, ere they have swiftly flown,
My Abelard and I shall make the earth turn upside down."

The poet finding his imagination running a little too far, and apparently afraid of the consequences, steps in at this critical point, and winds up the song with a sort of religious moral:

"Take care, oh! Heloise, and think upon your soul's abode;
For if this world belongs to you, the next belongs to God!"

There are several songs in this collection to which we would gladly direct attention, either for their traditional and historical interest or their poetical beauty. Amongst these may be mentioned the celebrated ballad of 'Geneviève of Rustéfan,' 'Our Lady of Fulgoat,' 'The Heiress of Kéroulaz,' the 'Elegy on Monsieur de Nêvet,' 'Lez-Briez,' the historical song of the Bretons, 'The Exiled Priest,' several of the short tender love songs, and some songs of the feasts, festivals, and seasons. But we have already extended our notice of these lyrics to as great a length as we can reasonably spare;

and the reader will probably be sufficiently enabled to estimate their general characteristics from the specimens we have laid before him.

There is another subject of great interest connected with the literature of Brittany, and still less known beyond the frontiers of the country—the Drama of the Bretons. Upon this strange class of productions—certainly the most curious of their kind and form now existing in any part of Europe—we may take another opportunity of offering an extended notice.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Le Nouveau et Parfait Cuisinier François, enseignant la Manière de bien apprester et assaisonner toutes les sortes de Viandes grasses et maigres, Legumes et Pâtisseries, &c. Augmenté d'un Traité de Confitures seiches et liquides, et autres délicatesses de bouche.* Par le Sieur de LA VARANNE, Ecuyer de Cuisine de Monsieur d'Uxelles. A Rouen. 1692.
2. *Le Cusiniér Gascon. Nouvelle édition. A laquelle on a joint la lettre du Pâtissier Anglois.* A Amsterdam. 1747.
3. *Les Dons de Comus; ou, l'Art de la Cuisine, réduit en pratique.* A Paris. 1758.
4. *Almanach des Gourmands, par UN VIEUX AMATEUR.* A Paris. 1803. 10 tomes.
5. *Physiologie du Goût; ou, Méditations de Gastronomie transcendante; par UN PROFESSEUR.* A Paris. 1828.
6. *L'Art du Cuisinier, par A. BEAUVILLIERS.* A Paris. 1816.
7. *The Gentlewoman's Companion; or, a Guide to the Female Sex, containing Directions of Behaviour, in all Places, Companies, Relations, and Conditions, from their Childhood down to Old Age.* By HANNAH WOOLLEY. London. 1673.
8. *The Practice of Cookery, adapted to the business of every day life.* By MRS. DALGAIRNS. Edinburgh: Cadell and Co. 1829.
9. *The French Cook.* By LOUIS EUSTACHE UDE. London. 1829.
10. *A New System of Domestic Cookery.* By a LADY. Sixty-seventh Edition. London: Murray. 1843.
11. *The Original.* By THOMAS WALKER, M. A. London. 1834.

THE old and familiar proverb tells us, 'it is good to make hay while the sun shines;' and if we may draw an illustration from the food of horses, in speaking of the food of man, we may be permitted to observe, that the moment of the '*Entente Cordiale*' is the most fitting opportunity to speak of French and English cookery and cookery books.

We are, in the matter of the kitchen, no admirers of the 'wisdom of our ancestors.' The traditions of classic cookery may be said to be nearly effaced; but sufficient remains recorded to afford grounds for comparison, and he must be prejudiced who hesitates for an instant to award the palm to the moderns. An impartial person need but to glance over the ten books left us under the name of Apicius,* to come to the conclusion of the inge-

nious Jean le Clerc, who says that 'the work contains receipts for extraordinary dishes and strange ragouts, which would ruin the stomach and burn up the blood.' One of the most nauseous of the condiments which entered into the Roman ragouts was the *garum*, by some supposed to be the expressed brine of the anchovy; while others contend it was an acrid decoction of the mackerel. This abominable sauce has now been banished Christendom, yet has found a refuge in the congenial cookery of 'our most ancient ally,' the Turk. Such of our readers as have visited Turkey and Constantinople, will recur with no pleasurable sensations to the pilau seasoned with this acrid and ill-savoured preparation.

Though the feast of Trimalchio, so graphically told in the pages of Petronius, is somewhat overcharged, and too Asiatic in style and taste to be true to the letter, yet it gives us an idea of the domestic economy of the Romans, and supports the opinion we have been propounding as to the superiority of modern cookery; but if more positive evidence were wanting in support of our views, it might be found in a passage of Macrobius, the description of a supper given by Lentulus. For the first course, says the officer of the household of Theodosius, there were sea hedge hogs, raw oysters and asparagus; for the second, a fat fowl, with another plate of oysters and shell fish, several species of dates, fig-peckers, roebuck and wild boar, fowls incrustated with paste, and the purple shell fish, then esteemed so great a delicacy. The third course was composed of a wild boar's head, ducks, of a *compôte* of river birds, of leverets, roast fowl, and Ancona cakes, called *panes piceces*, which must have somewhat resembled Yorkshire pudding. There is one secret, however, which we may well desire to learn from the Romans, namely, the manner of preserving oysters alive, in any journey however long or however distant. The possession of this secret is the more extraordinary, as it is well known that a shower of rain will kill oysters subjected to its influence, or the smallest grain of quick lime destroy their vitality.* It will be seen from what we have stated, that epicurism is an ancient vice; but all the French authorities, nevertheless, agree in thinking that the Greeks and Romans, notwithstanding their luxury and civilisation, were mere children in the preparation of their viands. The reason of this, says Carême, is, that they sacrificed too much to sugars, fruits and flowers, and that they had not the colonial spices and learned sauces of mediæval and

* We understand an edition of Apicius, with notes and comments, has been given by Dr. Lister, physician to Queen Anne; but we have not been able to meet with a copy.

modern cookery. It is true that the 'officers of the mouth' of Lucullus and Pompey were possessed of secrets to stimulate the jaded appetite, and give tone to the debilitated stomach: but notwithstanding all their profusion, we are still inclined to think that Carême and the corps of French cooks are right in their disparaging observations touching ancient cookery.

Cookery is eminently an experimental and a practical art. Each day, while it adds to our experience, increases also our knowledge, and as we have come long after the Romans, and have had the benefit of their experience, it is no marvel that we should have greatly surpassed them. The characteristic of ancient cookery was profusion; the characteristic of modern is delicacy and refinement. In the fifth century all trace of the Roman cookery had already disappeared. The barbarians from afar had savoured the scent of the Roman ragouts. The eternal city was invested and her kitchen destroyed. The consecutive incursions of hordes of barbarous tribes and nations had put out at once the light of science and the fire of cookery. Darkness was now abroad, and the 'glory' of the culinary art was, for a time, 'extinguished,' but, happily, not for ever. 'Lorsqu'il n'y a plus de cuisine dans le monde, il n'y a plus de lettres, il n'y a plus d'unité sociale,' says the enlightened and ingenious Carême.

But the darkness of the world was not of long duration. The monks—the much-abused and much mistaken monks—fanned the embers of a nascent literature, and cherished the flame of a new cookery. The free cities of Italy, Genoa, Venice, Pisa, Florence, the common mothers of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture, contemporaneously revived the gastronomic taste. The Mediterranean and the Adriatic offered their fish, and the taste for table luxuries extended itself to the maritime towns and other cities of the Peninsula, to Cadiz, Barcelona, St. Sebastian, and Seville.

Spain had the high honour of having furnished the first cookery book in any modern tongue. It is entitled—'Libro de Cozina, compuesto por Rubezto de Nola.' This work is exceedingly rare. The cookery professed at this epoch was no longer an imitation of the Greek or Roman kitchen, or of the insipid dishes and thick sauces of the Byzantine cooks. It was a new and improved and extended science. It recognized the palate, stomach, and digestion of man. The opulent nobles of Italy, the rich merchant princes, charged with the affairs and commissions of Europe and Asia, the heads of the church—bishops, cardinals, and popes, now cultivated and encouraged the culinary art.

Arts, letters and cookery revived together, and among the gourmands of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, some of the most celebrated pontiffs and artists of the time may be named, as Leo X., Raphael, Guido, Baccio, Bandinelli, and John of Bologna. Raphael, the divine Raphael, did not think it beneath him to design plates and dishes for his great patron and most holy father. While Italy had made this progress, France, the nurse of modern, if not the mother of mediæval cooks, was in a state of barbarism, from which she was raised by the Italian wars under Charles VIII. and Louis XII. The Gauls learned a more refined cookery at the siege of Naples, as the Cossacks did some hundreds of years later in the Champs Elysées of Paris. Here ends the parallel, however; for while the people of France, like most apt pupils, surpassed their masters, we have yet to wait for the least glimmering of culinary art at Moscow, Kieff or Novogorod, or even at that fag end of Finland (which is not Russia) called St. Petersburg.

It was under Henry III., about 1580, that the delicacies of the Italian tables were introduced at Paris. The sister arts of design and drawing were now called into requisition to decorate dishes and dinner-tables. How great was the progress in the short space of 150 years, may be inferred from an edict of Charles VI., which forbade to his liege subjects a dinner consisting of more than two dishes with the soup: 'Nemo audeat dare præter duo fercula cum potagio.' At this period the dinner hour was 10 o'clock in the morning, while the supper was served at four. The social, friendly, and agreeable humour of Henry IV., in a succeeding reign, contributed to the spread of a more kindly spirit and a better cookery. This monarch was eminently of a frank and cordial nature, and his personal qualities contributed to the security of his throne, to his successes both in negotiation and war, and to the social comforts and material prosperity of his subjects. His benevolent wish that every peasant in his dominions might have a fowl in the pot for his Sunday dinner, discloses a warm and affectionate heart, and was not lost on a nation combining the greatest share of intellect with sensuality. The *cabaret* then was what the *café* is now, and was the rendezvous of *marquis* and *chevalier*, and people of condition. Men learned to pursue the pleasures and enjoyments of life in the *cabaret*, and their wants became multiplied and their desires extended. It was Henry IV. who first permitted the *traiteurs* to form a community, with the title of 'Maitre queux cuisiniers porte-chapes,' in 1599.

The first regular cookery book published

in France was, we believe, printed at Rouen in 1692, the very year in which Sir George Rooke struck so signal and successful a blow against the marine of our neighbours. It was the production of the *Sieur de la Varranne*, Esquire of the kitchen of M. d'Uxelles. It is dedicated to MM. Louis Châlon du Bled, Marquis d'Uxelles and of Cormartin. The first sentence of the dedication is a curiosity in its way, and sufficiently indicates the immense distance which feudalism then interposed between an esquire of the kitchen and a French *marquis* and lieutenant-general, holding the rank of governor of the citadel of Châlons-sur-Saône. 'Monseigneur,' says the book, 'bien que ma condition ne me rende pas capable d'un cœur héroïque, elle me donne cependant assez de ressentiment pour ne pas oublier mon devoir. J'ai trouvé dans votre maison, par un emploi de dix ans entiers, le secret d'apprester délicatement les viandes.' The preface is not less curious than the dedication. The author begins by stating that, as it is the first book of the kind which has been published, he hopes it will not be found altogether useless. A number of books, says he, have been published containing remedies and cures at small cost; but no book has yet been printed with a view of preserving and maintaining the health in a good state, and a perfect disposition, teaching how to separate the ill quantity of viands by good and diversified seasonings, which tend only to give substantial nourishment, being well dressed. These are things conformable to the appetite, which regulate corpulency, and ought to be no less considered, &c. He expatiates on the thousand-and-one vegetables and other 'victual' which people know not how to dress with honour and contentment ('avec honneur et contentement'), and then exclaims that, as France has borne off the bell from all other nations in courtesy and bienséance, it is only right and proper that she should be no less esteemed for her polite and delicate manner of living (pour la façon de vivre honneste et delicate'). We regret we have not space to extract a few of M. La Varranne's receipts. Many of them are curious, and some of them useful; but what we are chiefly struck with, is the frequency with which he introduces capers into his cookery, an article for which we believe we are indebted to Barbary, and rarely introduced into the cookery of modern France, except in sauces for turbot and salmon, and in a few *entrées*, *liaisons*, and *ragouts*.

La Varranne, after having given hundreds of other receipts, consoles himself, at the conclusion of his labours, with the reflection, 'That as all other books, as well ancient as

modern, were composed for the aliment of the mind, it was but just that the body should be a little considered,' and therefore it was, says he, that I meddled with a subject so necessary to its conservation. Enjoy, then, my receipts, dear reader, he exclaims, 'Jouissez en, cher lecteur, pendant que je m'étudierai à vous exposer en vente quelque chose qui méritera vos emplois plus relevez et plus solides.'

The first edition of that remarkable cookery book, the 'Dons de Comus,' appeared about 1740, and is in every respect a superior work to the droll production just mentioned. It was composed by M. Marin, cook of the Duchesse de Chaulnes. The very learned and ingenious preface, signed de Querlon, is by Father Brumoy, the Jesuit, the translator of the 'Théâtre des Grecs.' An Italian author calls a preface the sauce of a book, 'La Salsa del Libro,' and certainly never was there a more piquant and spicy sauce than that of the erudite Father. He has brought ancient and modern literature to bear on the matter in hand. Not content with citing orators, poets and historians, he has also summoned the doctors, in the persons of the Frenchman Hecquet and the Englishman Cheyne. His comparison between ancient and modern cookery is ingenious.

"Modern cookery," says he, "established on the foundations of the ancient, possesses more variety, simplicity and cleanliness, with infinitely less of labour and elaboration, and it is withal more *scavante*. The ancient *cuisine* was complicated and full of details. But the modern *cuisine* is a perfect system of chemistry. The science of the cook consists in decomposing, in rendering easy of digestion, in quintessencing (so to speak) the viands, in extracting from them light and nourishing juices, and in so mixing them together, that no one flavour shall predominate, but that all shall be harmonized and blended. 'This is the high aim and great effort of art. The harmony which strikes the eye in a picture should in a sauce cause in the palate as agreeable a sensation.' There is nothing new under the sun. A friend has recently lent us a copy of St. Augustine, in which is the very same thought, 'Omnia pulchritudinis formæ unitas est,' says the learned father. The following is Father Brumoy's idea of a perfect cook: 'A perfect cook should exactly understand the properties of the substances he employs, that he may correct or *render more perfect* (corriger ou perfectionner) such aliments as nature presents in a raw state. He should have a sound head (la tête saine), a sure taste, and a delicate palate,

that he may cleverly combine the ingredients. Seasoning is the rock of indifferent cooks (*Pecueil des médiocres ouvriers*). A cook should have a ready hand to operate promptly, and should assiduously study the palate of his master, wholly conforming his own thereto.* All this is excellent in its way. It is rare to find history, metaphysics and chemistry, the tone of a man of the world, the taste of an erudite classic, and the talent of a really good cook, so happily blended. Father Brumoy is the very opposite of that Greek cook, of whom Pausanias makes mention, whom all the world praised for his running, but whom no one praised for his ragouts; for in the three volumes before us there are a variety of admirable receipts, which have made the stock in trade of many cookery books more vaunted and better known than Father Brumoy's.

The '*Dons de Comus*' was followed by a spruce little satire, intitled '*Lettre d'un Pâtissier Anglais au nouveau cuisinier Français*,' in which the *soi-disant* pastrycook deals some hard blows to the Jesuit.

In the '*Dons de Comus*' there had been much dissertation about quintessences, and the giving the largest portion of nutriment in the smallest possible compass. Hereupon the '*Pâtissier Anglais*' says, 'Thus the more the nourishment of the body shall be subtilised and alembicated, the more will the qualities of the mind be rarefied and quintessenced too. From these principles, demonstrated in your work, great advantage may be reaped in all educational establishments. Children lose an infinity of time in learning the dead languages, and other trash of that kind, whereas, henceforward, it will only be necessary, according to your system, to give them an alimentary education, proper for the state for which they are destined. For example: for a young lad destined to live in the atmosphere of a court, whipped cream and calves' trotters should be procured; for a sprig of fashion, linnets' heads, quintessences of May bugs, butterfly broth, and other light trifles. For a lawyer, destined to the chicanery of the Palais or who would shine at the bar, sauces of mustard and vinegar and other condiments of a bitter and pungent nature would be required.' Appended to the '*Pâtissier Anglais*' was '*Le Cuisinier Gascon*,' an excellent and valuable little work, now extremely scarce. There are many admirable receipts in this little volume, to which Mrs. Rundell was deeply indebted. She has borrowed largely from it without acknowledgment.

'*La Science du Maître d'Hôtel Cuisinier*' was the next published in point of chronological order. This was an attempt to render cookery the handmaid of medicine, and had great success. The plan, though not new in the conception, for the germ of it may be found in Terence, '*Coquina medicinæ famulatrix est*,' (Donat. in *Terent. Andr.*, Act i, Sc. 1), was undoubtedly so in the execution; and the associated booksellers reaped a profitable harvest.

The cookery of France at this epoch, and indeed from the time of Louis XIV., was distinguished by luxury and sumptuousness, but, according to Carême, was wanting in 'delicate sensualism.' They ate well, indeed, at the court, says the professor of the culinary art, but the rich citizens, the men of letters, the artists, 'were only in the course of learning to dine, drink, and laugh with *convenance*. Vatel, of whom so much has been said,' says Carême, 'had only a mind deeply intent on his subject, you but see in him the conscientious man of duty and etiquette. His death astonishes, but does not melt, you (*sa mort frappe mais ne touche pas*), for he had not reached the highest elevation of his art.' You cannot think, you who read these lines, that any one of our cooks of the present day, brought up by Carême, could ever fall into his faults. For whatever may happen, a cook, like a commander, and, indeed, like the great masters of the art, Laguipière and Carême, 'should always have splendid and imposing reserves.'

This dictum of Carême must be taken, like many of his dishes and sauces, *cum grano salis*. Molière lived and wrote at this period; and though it would be unfair not to concede that he was greatly in advance of his age, and, like Shakspeare, seemed to be universally informed; and by intuition, yet on the other hand we scarcely need a better description of a gourmand than is to be found in the '*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*,' Act iv., Sc. 1. The language of the art, too, is as much superior to the jargon of professional cooks, as Paques is (the pun was inevitable) to Carême. But here is the passage, *in extenso*, from which our readers may judge:—'*Si Damis s'en étoit mêlé, tout seroit dans les règles; il y auroit partout de l'élégance et de l'érudition, et il ne manqueroit pas de vous exagérer lui-même toutes les pièces du repas qu'il vous donneroit, et de vous faire tomber d'accord de sa haute capacité dans la science des tous morceaux; de vous parler d'un pain de vin à biseau doré, relevé de croûte par-tout, croquant tendrement sous la dent; d'un vin à séve velouté, armé d'un vert qui n'est point trop commandant; d'un*

* '*Namque cocus domini debet habere gulam.*'—Martial.

carriré du mouton gourmand de persil; d'une longe de veau de rivière, longue, blanche, délicate, et qui, sous les dents, est une vraie pâte d'amande; de perdrix relevées, d'un fumet surprenant; et pour son opéra, d'une soupe à bouillon perlé, soutenue d'un jeune gros dindon, cantonnée de pigeonceaux, et couronnée d'oignons blancs, mariés avec la chicorée." It should also be observed that St. Evremont, a man of letters as well as a soldier and a gentleman, rendered himself celebrated even in 1654, for the exquisiteness of his taste in cookery, and that the coterie in which he lived were equally famous for their good cheer. The dinners of the *Commandeur de Souvré*, of the *Comte d'Oloure*, and of the *Marquis de Bois Dauphin*, were celebrated for equal refinement and delicacy. Lavardin, Bishop of Mans, in speaking of the clique, says, '*Ils ne sauroient manger que du veau de rivière: il faut que leurs perdrix viennent d'Auvergne: que leurs lapins soit de la Roche Guyon.*'* The same thought may be found in the fifth Satire of Juvenal, though somewhat differently expressed.

Mullus erit domino, quem misit Corsica, vel quem Taurominitanæ rupes, quando omne peractum est, Et jam deficit nostrum mare.

With the qualifying restrictions previously made, we may fairly admit that it is not to the *Grand Monarque*, but to the Regent Orleans, that the French of the present day owe the exquisite cuisine of the eighteenth century. The *Pain à la d'Orléans* was the invention of the regent himself; the *filets de lapereau à la Berry* were invented by his abandoned daughter, the Duchesse de Berri, who plunged into every sensual excess, and whose motto was '*Courte et bonne.*' Her suppers were the best, and, it must be added, the most profligate in Paris; and if the scandalous chronicles of the time be not mere fables, the regent her father frequented her table and her boudoir for more vicious purposes than mere gluttony.

The suppers of the Duke of Orleans, says St. Simon, became a school of libertinage. When the hour of the repast arrived, the prince and his acolytes barricaded themselves in the apartment, and however serious the affair, or however imminent the danger, express orders were given that his orgies should not be interrupted. He ate in the company of the strangest sort of people, with his mistresses, with opera girls, often with the Duchess of Berri, some women of equivocal reputation, and some people of note remarka-

ble for their wit and profligacy. The cheer was exquisite; the past and present gallantries of the court and of the town were discussed alternately, while ever and anon smutty stories were told. Neither men nor women, persons nor things, were spared. Much and good wine was drunk; the company grew more unrestrained each moment, obscenity and filth and impiety were openly proclaimed, and when this delectable coterie were no longer able to stand or to sit, they retired to bed. In a word, says the garrulous but graphic duke, 'le prince s'enterra tout entier dans l'orgie.'

As the Duchesse de Berri, the daughter of the regent, was 'gourmande' as well as 'gallante,' she is deified by the race of cooks and epicures, one of whom tells us that the alimentary art owes to her fertile genius a great number of receipts. Nor was she the only female who distinguished herself at this era in cookery, for it became *à-la-mode* to be the creator of a *plat*. The '*filets de volaille à la Bellevue*' were invented by the Marquise de Pompadour, in the château of Bellevue' for the '*petits soupers*' of the king. The '*poulets à la Villeroy*' owe their birth to the *Maréchale de Luxembourg*, then Duchess of Villeroy, one of the most sensual 'gourmandes' of the court of Louis XV. The '*Chartreuse à la Mauconseil*' has been transmitted to us by the *Marquise de Mauconseil*, celebrated alike by her taste and her gallantries. The '*vol au vent à la Nesle*' proceeded from the fertile brain of the Marquis de Nesle, who refused the peerage to remain premier marquis of France; and the '*pourlarde à la Montmorency*' was the production of the duke of that name. '*Filets de veau à la Montgolfier*,' are so named because they are of the shape of balloons. The '*petites bouchées à la reine*' owe their origin to Maria Leczinska, wife of Louis XV., whose devotions, however self-denying in other respects, never prevented her from relishing a good dinner. All the *entrées* bearing the name of Bayonnaises were invented by the Maréchal Duke of Richelieu. The '*perdreux à la Montglas*' acknowledge as their father a worthy magistrate of Montpellier, whilst the '*cailles à la Mirepoix*,' were imagined by the marechal of that name, who in gourmandize, but in gourmandise only, rivalled the Marechal de Luxembourg; and last, though not least, the '*cotelettes à la Maintenon*' were the favourite dish of that frigid piece of pompous and demure hypocrisy, Madame de Maintenon.

From what we have said, it may be concluded that the regency and the reign of Louis XV. were among the grand epochs of French cookery. The long peace which

* Amsterdam, 1726.

followed the treaty of Utrecht, the large fortunes made by the tribe of financiers, who, in ruining the state, enriched themselves—the tranquil and voluptuous life of a monarch who gave himself more concern about his personal pleasures and enjoyments than his royal renown—the character of the courtiers and public men of the time—all, all contributed to stamp an intensely sensual character on the age of Louis XV. A taste in English equipages and horses was now introduced, and our puddings and beef-steaks were also imitated. The example of the regent was refined on and extended in this reign. The *petits soupers* of the king were cited as models of delicacy and *gourmandise*. The kitchen in France, as all the world over, requires ‘the cankers of a calm world and a long peace,’ to sustain and support it; while the troubles of the League and the Fronde, the temperament of Louis XIV., and the despotic and tempestuous character of Richelieu, interfered with its progress in former reigns. There were great cooks as well as great captains in the reign of Louis XIV., notwithstanding the disparaging remarks which Carême casts on the memory of Vatel; but a witty author maintains that the only ineffaceable and immortal reputation of that time handed down to us in cookery, is that of the Marquis de Bechamel, who introduced into the sauce for turbot and cod-fish an infusion of cream. The ‘Bechamel de Turbot and de Cabillaud’ still maintain their popularity, though kings, dynasties, and empires have fallen, and half the globe has been revolutionized.

In the royal kitchen of Louis XVI., the art as an art declined, but the sacred fire of cookery (to use the inflated language of some of the craft) was preserved in many old houses, as, for instance, in the establishments of Marshals Richelieu and Duras, the Duke of La Vallière, the Marquis de Brancas, the Count de Tessé, and some others, who equalled in the delicacy of their tables the elegant sumptuousness of the reign of Louis XV. The excesses of some of the French nobility of this day would now appear incredible. One hundred and twenty pheasants were, at this period, weekly consumed in the kitchens of the Prince de Condé; and the Duke de Pen-thievre, in going to preside over the estates of Burgundy, was preceded by one hundred and fifty-two *hommes de bouche*! Can any, after this, wonder at the excesses of the Revolution? The unexpected death of Louis XV. (says a gourmand of the succeeding reign, and who survived the Revolution and the Consulate) struck a mortal blow at cookery. His successor, young and vigorous,

ate with more voracity than delicacy, and did not pride himself on (the words are untranslatable) a ‘*grande finesse de gout*’—an exquisite delicacy of taste in the choice of his food. Large joints of butchers’ meat, and dishes essentially nutritive, represented his ideas of good living. His enormous appetite contented itself in satisfying hunger; learned efforts were not necessary to stimulate its vast cravings.

The Revolution at length broke forth, and the historians of the kitchen speak with mournfulness of its effect on the science, which Montaigne quaintly calls ‘*l’art de la gueule*.’ The kitchens of the faubourg St. Germain and the Chaussée d’Antin no longer smoked, the perfume of truffles was exhaled and vanished, the great and noble of the land were obliged to fly for their lives, and too often to dine with Duke Humphrey, or at best to dine frugally and sparingly. The financiers, who aped the luxuries and mimicked the extravagance of the court, were all ruined or denounced. The stoic’s fare—the radish and the egg, the *Jus nigrum* of the severe Spartans, and the black bread of the Germans of the middle ages, scarcely fit food for horses, were now revived. For three long years, this spare Spartan régime continued. Had the Goths and Vandals gone on a little longer, says a witty epicure, who survived the Revolution, the receipt for a fricassee of chicken had been infallibly lost. The markets were no longer supplied. Beef, mutton, ham, and veal, had disappeared; as to fish, it was preposterous to think of it.* Not a good turbot, or salmon or sturgeon, says Grimod, appeared during the Revolution. Fowls and game had become a ‘sick epicure’s dream,’ not a solid reality. Nor were these miseries confined to Paris alone. ‘You might go into a country market,’ says the same author, ‘with a ream of assignats in your hand, and not be able to buy a sack of flour.’ A return to a gold currency produced a visible alteration in the *Rescibaria*. The louis and the five-franc pieces again peopled the markets with a populace of poultry and partridges. Cooks again began to talk in the language which the Italian *maitre d’hôtel* of Cardinal Carnaffa addressed to the pleasant and witty Montaigne, language which the laughing author has imperishably recorded in those inimitable volumes, which will be read and admired so long as the French language and literature endure. ‘*Il m’a fait un discours de cette science de gueule avec une gravité et contenance magistrale comme s’il m’eût parlé de quelque grand point de théologie.*

* ‘*Almanach des Gourmands*,’ 6me année.

Il m'a déchiffré une différence d'appétits ; la police de ses sauces ; les qualités des ingrédients et leurs effets, les différences des salades. Après cela il est entré sur l'ordre de service plein de belles et importantes considérations, et tout cela enflé de riches et magnifiques paroles ; et celles mêmes qu'on employe à traiter du gouvernement d'un empire.'

The oxen of Auvergne and Normandy were now again marched slowly and gravely up from the provinces, to be slaughtered. The sheep of Beauvais, of Cotentin, and the Ardennes, were again, as under the old régime, cut up into cutlets, and the cooks soon appeared. Instead of serving as *chefs de cuisine*, butlers, intendants, and *maître d'hôtels*, they now were called *citoyens*, *pensionnaires*, and *rentiers* ; for there were no *grand seigneurs* to employ them. For a while there was some inconvenience, but a Frenchman sooner accommodates himself to circumstances than any other human being, and such of the *cuisiniers* as had saved somewhat from the shipwreck of the Revolution, formed eating-houses, taverns, and *restaurants*. These establishments have since become the temples of good cheer and gourmandise, in which our wandering countrymen spend and have spent millions upon millions of money ; but it is an historical fact known to few, that the greater number of these restaurants owe their origin to the Revolution.*

The complete overthrow of the French kitchen, the work of three centuries, might have been effected at this season, had not its traditions been preserved. Happily there were Acolytes and Neophytes sufficient in existence, says one of the historians, to catch and perpetuate the scientific flavour of the ancient 'flesh pots.' In such a loss as this, weightier interests had been imperilled than mere cookery. More than half the intelligence, and nearly all of the French agreeability of the past age, had been in a great degree promoted by the French cuisine. The cook of the Condés and the Soubises contributed in no mean degree to give a zest and a vivacity to the dinners at which Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, Helvetius, D'Al-

embert, Duclos, and Vauvenargues so often met ; and this remark applies, in a great degree, to the suppers of Madame du Defard, the dinners of the Baron D'Holbach, and the dinners, suppers, and pic-nics of the agreeable Crawford of Auchinames, whose 'Tableau of French Literature' is not sufficiently known nor read in our day. It was at these social *réunions*, that French conversation, then indeed a 'style parlé,' became animated and improved by the exquisite cheer which the 'cunning hand' of the cook provided. A few hours of delightful, easy, unrestrained conversation between polite and well-informed men, did more to advance the progress of the human mind than the labours of a wilderness of speculative book-making academies. The solution of many great and grave questions—the propagation of new and enlarged views, the production of ingenious essays and instructive memoirs, are all owing to that elegant and agreeable body of men and women, kept together in a main degree by the exquisite attraction of *petits soupers* and luxurious dinners.

From the moment of the Executive Directory, 1794, to the period of the 18th Brumaire, all the historians among the great cooks admit that their illustrious art was under the greatest obligations to Barras, that well-born tribune of the people, of whose family it was said, '*noble comme les Barras, aussi anciens que les rochers de Provence.*' Whether as Commissary of the government of Toulon, at whose siege, by the way, he first became acquainted with Bonaparte, or as Director, or as residing as a private gentleman at his château of Grosbois, Barras always exhibited those Epicurean tastes, which were either natural to him, or which he had acquired from a residence at the French settlement of Pondicherry.

During the most ferocious periods of the Revolution, there were but two splendid exceptions to the self-denying ordinances of the time. That desperate demagogue Danton loved and copiously indulged himself in morels, and is recorded to have given dinners at 400 francs a head ; and Barras when in the Directory, had his button mushrooms conveyed to him en poste from the *Bouches du Rhone*.

Napoleon, who may be said to have succeeded to power at the epoch of the 18th Brumaire, is falsely represented as an enemy of the pleasures of the table. It is true, a love of good cheer was not a dominant passion with him ; he did not exhibit the crapulous gluttony of an over-fed sensualist, but he was not insensible to the pleasures of

* Previous to 1789, says the '*Almanach des Gourmands*,' tom. i., p. 162, there were not 100 restaurateurs in Paris. Now (in 1803) there are five times as many. We dare say, speaking at random and without book, there are at present 4000 or 5000, great and small. The author of the '*Almanach des Gourmands*' falls into the strange mistake of attributing the increase of restaurateurs to an Anglomaniæ. 'It is well known,' says he, 'that the English almost always dine at a tavern.' What inconceivable ignorance !

good eating. M. de Bausset,* the prefect of the Imperial palace, has handed down in his most interesting work some of the emperor's ordinary bills of fare. They are distinguished by simplicity and moderation, but there is also a pervading suitableness and taste very significant of the man, and of the nation over which he 'reigned and governed.'

M. de Cussy, also attached to the kitchen and household of the emperor, and who obtained from his patron, or assumed, the title of Marquis de Cussy, has also left us interesting details on the subject. 'One day at breakfast,' says he (this was some time after his marriage), 'Napoleon, after having eaten, with his habitual haste, a wing of chicken *'à la Tartare,'* turned towards M. de Cussy (who was always present at the emperor's meals), and the following dialogue took place between them: 'The deuce! I have always hitherto found chicken-meat flat and insipid, but this is excellent.' 'Sire, if your Majesty would permit, I would desire to have the honour of serving a fowl every day in a different fashion.' 'What! M. de Cussy, you are then master of 365 different ways of dressing fowl?' 'Yes, Sire, and perhaps your Majesty, after a trial, would take a pleasure *à la science gastronomique.*

All great men have encouraged that science, and, without citing to your Majesty the example of the great Frederick, who had a special cook for each favourite dish, I might invoke, in support of my assertion, all the great names immortalized by glory.' 'Well, then, M. de Cussy,' replied the emperor, 'we shall put your abilities to the test.' The case, we think, might be left to a jury of gourmands on this evidence, and sure we are the emperor would be convicted, if not of 'gourmandise,' at least of 'friandise.' Who will, however, deny the 'gourmandise' of his arch-chancellor, Cambacères, or of his minister of foreign affairs, Talleyrand? 'The first clouds of smoke (says Ude) which announced the resurrection of cookery, appeared from the kitchen of a quondam bishop.' Napoleon himself was in the habit of saying, that more fortunate treaties, more happy arrangements and reconciliations were due to the cook of Cambacères than to the crowd of diplomatic nonentities who thronged the antechambers of the Tuileries. On one occasion, the town of Geneva sent to the

arch-chancellor a monster trout, together with the sauce, the expense of which was verified by the *Cour des Comptes* as amounting to 6000 francs, or 240*l.* of our money.

We are now arrived at a rare epoch in the history of cookery. We allude to the publication of the first number of the '*Almanach des Gourmands,'* which appeared in the beginning of the year 1803, and which the late Duke of York called the most delightful book that was ever printed. The sale of this work was prodigious. 22,000 copies of the first four years were speedily disposed of, and the work subsequently went through new editions. As the book is very scarce everywhere, and not to be found in England, we may be pardoned for dwelling on it. Gastronomy became the fashion of this day. Every one spoke on the subject; many wrote on it. Cookery passed from the kitchen to the shop, from the shop to the counting-house, from the counting-house to the studies of lawyers and physicians; thence to the salons and cabinets of ladies and statesmen. The object of life, according, at least, to our simple English notions, seemed reversed. People in England eat to live; in France they appeared to live only to eat. This was in consonance with French character and practice.

To return, however, to the '*Almanach des Gourmands.*' Each volume contained an almanac for the year in which it was published, and a species of nutritive itinerary of the different *traiteurs, rotisseurs, restaurateurs, porkmen, poulterers, butchers, bakers, provision, sauce, and spice shops, milkmen, oilmen, &c.* Nor were the *cafés, limonadiers, glaciers, nor wine and liqueur merchants* neglected, for ample and amusing accounts of almost all the principal *magasins des comestibles* are given. The volumes are generally written in a playful, humorous style, and occasionally indicate originality and research. The first four numbers are far the best, though there are passages in the seventh, eighth, and ninth equal to anything which appeared in the preceding numbers. The author and editor was Grimod de la Reynière. His father, a 'fermier général,' was choked, in 1754, by rather too voraciously attempting to swallow a slice of a *pâté de foie gras.* The son inherited the hereditary passion for the pleasures of the table, joined to a sprightly yet quaint humour, which rendered him a general favourite. It must be admitted that while he inspired a taste for cookery, he ennobled its language. As a specimen of his manner, we shall begin by giving a short extract from the second volume, under the head of the health of cooks.

* '*Mémoires Anecdotiques sur l'intérieur du Palais, et sur quelques Evénemens de l'Empire, depuis 1805 jusqu'au 1 Mai, 1814, pour servir à l'Histoire de Napoleon,*' par L. F. J. De Bausset, ancien Préfet du Palais Impérial.

"The finger of a good cook (says our author), should alternate perpetually between the stew-pan and his mouth, and it is only thus in tasting every moment his ragouts, than he can hit upon the precise medium. His palate should therefore have an extreme delicacy, and be in some sort *virgin*, in order that the slightest trifle may stimulate it, and thus forewarn him of its faults. But the continued odour of ovens—the necessity under which a cook lies to drink often, and sometimes of bad wine, the vapour of charcoal, the accumulation of bile, and many other things, each and all contribute to interfere with his organs of sense, and most quickly to derange and alter his sense of taste. His palate becomes indurated; he has no longer that tact, that finesse, that exquisite sensibility, on which depends susceptibility of taste. His palate at length becomes case-hardened. The only means of restoring to him that flower which he has lost (*cette fleur qu'il a perdue*), and recruiting his strength, his suppleness, and his *delicatesse*, is to *purge him, despite of any resistance he may be induced to make*; for there are cooks deaf to the voice of glory, who see no need to take physic when they are in health. Oh, ye then who wish to enjoy at your daily board delicate and *recherché* fare, *cause your cooks to be purged frequently (faites purger souvent vos cuisiniers)*, for there is no other means to accomplish your wishes."

In another volume, published in 1806, the author tells us that in Riom, in Auvergne, there was an innkeeper named Simon, who had a special talent for dressing frogs. The process of feeding and dressing them is given at length, admirably and graphically told, but at far too great a length to extract. 'What proves the goodness of the dish, and the impossibility of counterfeiting it,' says Grimod, 'is, that the author has gained 200,000 francs at this art, though he gives you for 24 sous a dish containing three dozen of frogs.'

The three 'Frères Provençaux,' we learn in the same volume, were even thus early renowned for Provençal ragouts, and, above all, for their 'Brandades de Merluche;' and the veal of Pontoise was then, as now, fed on cream and biscuits, and carried to Paris in carriages made expressly for the purpose. It is in this year's almanac also that the author speaks of the death of a celebrated gourmand and friend of his, Doctor Gastaldy, physician to the late Duke of Cumberland. The last dinner which he partook of was on Wednesday, the 20th December, at Cardinal Belloy's, Archbishop of Paris, where, having eaten three times of the belly part of the salmon, he died of the effects of this invincible gluttony. The doctor would have gone to the belly part a fourth time, but that the prelate 'tenderly upbraided him for his imprudence, and ordered the desired dish to be removed' (*le reprint tendrement de son imprudence, et fit enlever ce sujet de convoitise*).

But alas, it was too late—the gulosity of Gastaldy caused his death, and he was hastily buried the day after his demise. Let this be a warning to priests in high places, whether Protestant, Popish, or Presbyterian.

Our author has a long chapter on the opening of oysters, from which we can only extract the concluding portion.

"It is not until the oyster is detached from the under shell that it ceases to live. The real lovers of oysters (such, for example, as the late M. Grimod de Verneuil), won't allow the oyster women to open their fish, reserving to themselves the important privilege of performing this operation on their own plate, in order that they may have the pleasure of swallowing alive this interesting fish."

It is in this volume that the important secret is disclosed that the flesh of beasts slaughtered, and fowls and game killed by electricity, is much more tender than if killed in the usual manner. 'The discoverer of this important truth,' says Grimod, 'was a Dr. Beyer, of the Rue de Clichy, who deserves to be ranked with the Rechaud, the Morillon, and the Robert, who had so worthily illustrated the culinary art, towards the end of the last century; and who, like the Raphaels, the Michael Angeloes, and the Rubens, have been the founders of the three great schools of good living.'

Here also do we find a dissertation on asses' flesh, wherein the author states that, during the blockade of Malta by the English and Neapolitans, the inhabitants, having had recourse to horse-flesh, dog-flesh, cats, rats, &c., at length tried asses' flesh, and found it so excellent that the gourmands of Valetta preferred this strange diet to the best beef and veal. When an ass was killed, there was great competition for the prime bits. 'Your ass,' says Isourd, father of the musical composer of that name, 'should not be more than three or four years old, and fat.'

Speaking of Malta reminds us that there is also an account of a seasoning used by the gourmands of Terra Nova, a small town situated on the southern coast of Sicily, between Gergali and Scoglietti, on the sea-shore. This is a white grease, extracted from the fig-pecker, much sought after by the gourmands of Sicily and Naples. At Malta all respectable families use it in lieu of oil and butter. An immense number of birds, taken in nets, are necessary to produce so much grease. When killed they are thrown, in immense heaps, into an enormous oven, and the fat is thus melted out. It is bottled, and the carcasses of the birds thrown away.

The 'Manuel des Amphytions,' by the author of the almanac, is as curious and

amusing, and a more succinct work than the 'Almanach des Gourmands.'

We are now arrived at the epoch of the Restoration, and the first work of any note, published in 1814, was that of Beauvilliers. The author had been cook to the Count de Provence (Louis XVIII.), but at this period followed the business of a restaurateur in the Rue de Richelieu. Any eulogium on such a work would be supererogatory. The artist, who had been many years cook to the inventor of the 'Soupe à la Xavier, that consummate and gouty gourmand, Louis XVIII., and who had often served and satisfied the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., the inventor of the 'ris de veau à la d'Artois,' must have been a cook of surpassing merit.

The 'Physiologie du Goût' appeared in 1828. The author was M. Brillat Savarin, 'Conseiller en la Cour de Cassation.' He had been bred to the bar, and was already in practice when the Revolution broke out. By the suffrages of his townsmen he was sent as a deputy to the Constituent Assembly. But in 1793, having resisted the progress of anarchy, he was forced to emigrate. He embarked for the United States, and established himself at New York, where he remained for two years, giving lessons in the French language, and filling nightly one of the first places in the orchestra of the theatre; for, among his other accomplishments, he was distinguished as a musician. During the Directory he returned, and the last twenty-five years of his life were spent in the Court of Cassation. It was in the leisure which this honourable retreat afforded him that he composed this work. It is, however, more a scientific essay, or a book of aphorisms, in the short and sententious style of the ancients, than a practical work on cookery.

Some of the statistics of this book are curious. It appears that, from the first November to the end of February, there is a daily consumption of 300 turkeys, making, in all, but 36,000 turkeys. The work also contains a number of witty and curious anecdotes, from which we venture to extract one.

"M. de Sanzai, Archbishop of Bordeaux, was an agreeable man and a respected prelate. He had won from one of his grand vicars a truffled turkey, which the loser seemed in no haste to pay. Towards the close of the carnival, the archbishop reminded his subordinate of the lost wager. 'Monseigneur,' said the vicar, 'the truffles are good for nothing this year.' 'Bah, bah!' replied the archbishop, 'that's a report spread by the turkeys,' (*c'est un bruit que les dindons font courir*).

A vast number of editions of the 'Cuisinière Bourgeoise' have appeared both in France and Switzerland, and, to speak truly, we know of no more useful work. A greater number of copies have been sold, for the last seventy years, than even of the 'Fables' of La Fontaine. The receipts are by no means expensive, and there is no better cookery for the middle classes of all countries. Even in England the dishes might be adopted among the better classes, occasionally abridging any undue portion of garlic or onion. This work was pirated at Neufchatel, in 1798, by the celebrated Fauche Borel, employed in many delicate negotiations by the emigrants, and he made a large sum by the piracy.

The 'Cuisinier Royal,' published by Barba, is also a good work. It is of a more ostentatious character than the 'Cuisinière Bourgeoise,' but the receipts are very numerous and varied, and there are no learned disquisitions on the art, which many would consider an advantage.

We have now gone through the chief culinary works of France, and it remains for us to speak of English cookery and cookery-books. And first of the former. The traditions of English cookery are faint, few, and far between. In the earlier comedies there are few allusions to the art, and even in Shakspeare himself, though we find mention of barley-broth, of calves' head and capon, of collops, cod's head, soused gurnet, and salmon tail, of roasted pig and rashers, of beef and mustard, and 'thick Tewkesbury mustard,' of hot venison pasty and hodge pudding, and lastly (we suppose in ridicule of foreign cookery) of 'adders' heads and toads carbonadoed,' yet still from these names we can draw no other inference than that such dishes were in vogue. From the reign of Elizabeth to the Revolution, the style of cookery was undoubtedly heavy and substantial. Chines of beef and pork smoked on the early dinner tables, and were eaten cold, and washed down with foaming tankards of ale on the following morning.

The age of Anne was distinguished by an extraordinary burst of intellectual vigour and great progress in the culinary art. Though the comedies of Congreve, Wycherly, and Vanbrugh, are fair specimens of the society of that day, still they throw little light on the social habits of the people. From the manner in which Lady Wishford drinks, in the 'Way of the World,' and the exhibition of Sir Wilful Witwoud's drunkenness, in the same piece, we would infer that immoderate inebriety was the characteristic of the time. Valentine, in 'Love for Love,' calls for a bottle of sack and a toast; and Careless, in

'The Double Dealer,' exclaims, 'I'm weary of guzzling.'

The pages of Pope throw an important light on the cookery of his time. His imitation of the 2d satire of the 2d book of Horace has a value which cannot always be affixed to his more important pieces. A light is not only thrown on the personal habits of the man, but on the social characteristics of the epoch.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
Though cut in pieces as my lord can eat;
Yet for small turbot's such esteem profess,
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!

The hog-barbacued is a West India term of gluttony. It was a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice and basted with Madeira wine. Allusion is made to this dish in Foote's 'Patron,' where Sir Peter Pepperpot says, 'I am invited to dinner on a barbacue, and the villains have forgot my bottle of chian.'

It is plain from every line of these imitations of Pope, that the science of cookery had made great strides in the reign of Anne, nor is this to be wondered at. "*La Reine Anne,*" says a French author, "*était très gourmande; elle ne dédaignait pas de s'entretenir avec son cuisinier, et les dispensaires Anglais contiennent beaucoup de préparations désignées à la manière de la Reine Anne.*" The following glimpse at the table of the poet himself has an attractive interest:

Content with little I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends, tho' poor, or out of play,
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbot's dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

To Hounslow Heath I point, and Bansted-Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own.

From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall;
And grapes, long lingering on my only wall;
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine.

The bill of fare at this time often consisted in this month of April of the following: green geese, or veal and bacon—haunch of venison roasted—a lumber pie—rabbits and tarts. Second course: cold lamb—cold neat's tongue pie—salmon, lobsters, and prawns—asparagus.

But in other months the following dishes were given—brawn and mustard, hashed shoulder of mutton, broiled geese, minced pies, a loin of veal, marrow pie, venison pasty, a lambstone pie, Westphalia bacon, a Westphalia ham, artichoke pie, neat's tongue, and udder roasted, a roast turkey stuck with cloves, and for a second course, Bologna sausages, anchovies, mushrooms, caviare, and pickled oysters, in a dish together.

And now a word as to English cookery books. The 'Queen's Closet Opened,' published in 1662, is the first English cookery book we have been able to meet with, for the 'Treasure of Hidden Secrets, or Good Huswife's Closet,' published in 1600, is but a congeries of receipts for perfumes, essences, and candies. Some of the dishes in the 'Queen's Closet' maintain their popularity to the present day,—as, for instance, chicken and pigeon pie, boiled rump of beef, and potted venison; but others have wholly passed away,—as, for example, a baked red deer, a capon larded with lemons, a steak pie with a French pudding in it, a fricase (we retain the spelling) of campigneons, a salet of smelts, flounders, or plaice, with garlick and mustard, an olive pie, and dressed snails.

The 'Gentleman's Companion,' published in 1673, is the earliest work of the kind we have been able to meet with after the 'Queen's Closet,' for 'May's Cookery,' 'The Ladies' Companion,' or even 'Mrs. Glasse,' written by Dr. Hill, and which has become exceedingly scarce, we do not possess. To what a civilized and social state our gentlewomen had attained 171 years ago, will be apparent from the following extract from Mrs. Woolley.

"Some choice observations for a gentlewoman's behaviour at table, p. 65. "Gentlewomen, the first thing you are to observe, is to keep your body straight in the chair, and do not lean your elbows on the table. Discover not by any *ravenous gesture* your angry appetite, nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more that way than your throat can swallow. In carving at your own table, distribute the best pieces first, and it will appear *very comely and decent to use a fork, if so, touch no piece of meat without it.*

"I have been invited to dinner, where I have seen the good gentlewoman of the house SWEAT MORE IN CUTTING UP A FOWL, THAN THE COOK-MAID IN ROASTING IT, and when she had soundly beliquored her joints, HATH SMELT HER KNUCKLES, and to work with them again in the dish; at the sight whereof MY BELLY HATH BEEN THREE QUARTERS FULL, BEFORE I HAD SWALLOWED ONE BIT!

Page 71. "Do not eat spoon-meat so hot, that the tears stand in your eyes, or that thereby you betray your *intolerable greediness*. Do not bite your bread, but cut or break it, and keep not your

knife always in your hand, for that is as unseemly as a gentleman who pretended to have as little a stomach as she had a mouth, and therefore would not swallow her peas by spoonfuls, but took them one by one, and cut them in two before she would eat them.

"Fill not your mouth so full, that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bag-pipes."

Many remarks are made by our countrymen and women about the filth of the French, but we ask Englishmen to read the following, written about a century and a half ago, for the guidance of their own countrywomen.

Page 72. "It is unseemly to rub your teeth in company, or to pick them at or after meals, with your knife or otherwise, for it is a thing both indecent and distasteful."

The following is the advice "to the female younger sort," pp. 19 and 20.

"You will show yourself too saucy by calling for sauce or any dainty thing. Avoid smacking in your eating. Forbear putting both hands to your mouth at once; nor gnaw your meat, but cut it handsomely, and eat sparingly. Let your nose and hands be always kept clean. When you have dined or supped, rise from the table, and carry your trencher or plate with you, doing your obeisance to the company."

Some insight into the cookery of 1754, may be obtained from the pages of the 'Connoisseur.' The fools of quality of that day 'drove to the Star and Garter to regale on macaroni, or piddle with an ortolan at White's or Pontac's.' At Dolly's and Horsman's beef-steaks were eaten with gill ale; and behind the Change, a man worth a plum used to order a twopenny mess of broth with a boiled chop in it; placing the chop between the two crusts of a halfpenny roll, he would wrap it up in his check handkerchief, and carry it away for the morrow's dinner.

The 'Art of Cookery,' by a Lady, was published by Miller, Tonson, and Strahan, in 1765. There are many good receipts in the work, and it is written in a plain style. The author sensibly says in her preface, 'The great cooks have such a high way of expressing themselves, that the poor girls are at a loss to know what they mean.' This book has one great fault; it is disfigured by a strong anti-Gallican prejudice.

An attempt was made by Longman & Co. to start a sort of 'English Almanach des Gourmands,' in 1815, but it was a complete failure. It was called the 'Epicure's Almanack.' We believe only one number was published.

The 'Cook and Confectioner's Dictiona-

ry,' which appeared in 1747, contains a vast deal of curious west country and Cornish cookery. It is a rare book, and was obligingly lent to us by that perfect purveyor of wines, Mr. Cyrus Redding, who deserves the gratitude of all for his intrepid and successful attempts to introduce a pure sherry at the English tables. Mr. Redding has now formed a permanent connection with the house of Gorman and Co., of Cadiz.

Mrs. Delgairns' is one of the best of cookery books we know for persons in the upper class of life not overburdened with wealth. It ought to be an invaluable book to the middle classes. We have heard, and believe, that Sir Walter Scott contributed largely to this work. The only fault with which we can reproach the worthy old lady is, that she is somewhat over national and exhibits too palpable an addiction to Scotch dishes. This is a prevailing peccadillo—if not the heinous fault of all Picts, old or young, male or female.

'Scott's Dictionary of Cookery,' is a pretentious failure, published in 1828 by Colburn. The author was, we believe, a Scotch doctor practising at some small continental town. The work seems to have been got up with the view of rivalling Mr. Murray's publication.

The 'Cook's Oracle,' by Dr. Kitchener, was first published in 1817. It had great success, but never did a book less deserve renown. Totally destitute of arrangement and originality, it is an odd confused *olla podrida* of receipts, observations, maxims, and remarks, drawn from all sources, ancient and modern, foreign as well as domestic. It is written in a vain-glorious, assuming style, and filled with gasconading vulgarisms and obsolete pedantry. The attempts at wit are ludicrously heavy and unsuccessful. It is a reproach to the national taste to have patronized a book of no theoretical, and of little practical, worth.

The greater part of these observations also apply to that exceedingly indigested posthumous book of scraps and patches, called the 'Housekeeper's Oracle,' published in 1829.

The 'French Cook,' by Ude, 'officier de la bouche,' first to the Earl of Sefton, and afterwards to Crockford's Club, has gone through many editions. The tenth, published in 1829, is now before us. It contains a disquisition on the rise and progress of cookery, which is not without merit, but the greater portion of it is taken from the 'Cuisinier des Cuisiniers.' The partiality of our countrymen for melted butter in a variety of shapes is happily hit off, and is about as reasonable in point of taste as the

antipathy of that choleric Frenchman, who exclaimed, 'Je deteste ces vilains Anglais, parcequ'ils versent du beurre fondu sur leur veau rôti.'

The work of Ude is intended for the higher ranks, and for people of fortune. We conceive the book and the cook to have been overrated. It is neither French nor English—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. For the rest, Lord Sefton, who was too much of a mere glutton, would have perverted the taste of any cook, however good, who had been long in his service.

We know not a more amusing and racy volume than 'The Original,' by Mr. Walker, formerly of Trinity college, Cambridge, and afterwards a police magistrate. Although several extracts have been already made from the book in the 'Quarterly Review,' we think our readers will thank us for the following:

"To order dinner is a matter of invention and combination. It involves novelty, simplicity, and taste; whereas, in the generality of dinners, there is no character but that of dull routine, according to the season.

"Anybody can dine, but very few know how to dine, so as to ensure the greatest quantity of health and enjoyment—indeed, many people contrive to destroy their health; and as to enjoyment, I shudder, when I think how often I have been doomed to only a solemn mockery of it, how often I have sat in durance stately, to go through the ceremony of a dinner, the essence of which is to be without ceremony, and how often in this land of liberty have I felt myself a slave.

"There are three kinds of dinners—solitary dinners, every day social dinners, and set dinners. All these involving the consideration of cheer, and the last two of society also. Solitary dinners, I think, ought to be avoided as much as possible, because solitude tends to produce thought, and thought tends to the suspension of the digestive powers. When, however, dining alone is necessary, the mind should be disposed to cheerfulness by a previous interval of relaxation. As contentment ought to be an accompaniment to every meal, punctuality is essential, and the diner and the dinner ought to be ready at the same time. A chief maxim in dining with comfort, is to have whatever you want when you want it. It is ruinous to have to wait just for one thing, and then another, and to have the little additions brought, when what they belong to is half or entirely finished. To avoid this, a little oversight is good, and, by way of instance, it is sound practical philosophy to have mustard on the table before the arrival of toasted cheese. This very omission has caused as many small vexations in the world as would, by this time, make a mountain of misery. Indeed, I recommend an habitual consideration of what adjuncts will be required to the main matters; and I think an attention to this, on the part of females, might often be preventive of sour looks and cross words, and their anti-conjugal consequences. There is not only

the usual adjuncts, but to those who have anything like genius for dinners, little additions will sometimes suggest themselves, which give a sort of poetry to a repast, and please the palate to the promotion of health.

"The present system of dinner-giving I consider thoroughly tainted with barbarism and vulgarity, and far removed from real and refined enjoyment. As tables are now arranged, one is never at peace from an arm continually setting on or taking off a side dish, or reaching over to a wine cooler in the centre; then comes the more laborious changing of courses, with the leanings right and left, to admit a host of dishes, that are set on only to be taken off again, after being declined in succession by each of the guests, to whom they are handed round; yet this is fashion, and not to be departed from. With respect to wine, it is often offered when not wanted, and when wanted, is perhaps not to be had till long waited for. It is dreary to observe two persons, glass in hand, waiting the butler's leisure to be able to take wine together, and, then perchance, being helped in despair to what they did not ask for; and it is still more dreary to be one of the two yourself. How different when you can put your hand upon a decanter the moment you want it! I have been speaking hitherto of attendance in its most perfect state; but then comes the greater inconvenience, and the monstrous absurdity, of the same forms with inadequate establishments. Those who are overwhelmed with an establishment, are, as it were, obliged in self-defence to devise work for their attendants, whilst those who have no such reason are an example which under the most appropriate circumstances, is a state of restraint and discomfort, but which, when followed merely for fashion's sake, becomes absolutely intolerable. I remember once receiving a severe frown from a lady at the head of her table, next to whom I was sitting, because I offered to take some fish from her, to which she had helped me, instead of waiting till it could be handed me by her one servant; and she was not deficient either in good breeding or sense. It is one of the evils of the present day, that everybody strives after the same dull style, so that, when comfort might be expected, it is often least to be found. State, without the machinery of state, is of all states the worst. In conclusion of this part of my subject, I will observe that I think the affluent would render themselves and their country an essential service, if they were to fall into the simple, refined style of living, discarding everything incompatible with real enjoyment, and I believe that, if the history of overgrown luxury were traced, it has always had its origin from the vulgar rich—the very last class worthy of imitation."

The 67th edition of 'Domestic Cookery, by a Lady,' has been published in the present year. This is perhaps the most popular and practical work of the kind which has ever appeared in England, but it is exclusively a middle class book, and intended for the rich bourgeoisie. The compiler, Mrs. Rundell, had spent the early part of her life in India, and the last edition of the work is

enriched with many receipts of Indian cookery. It is on the whole a succinct and judicious compilation, but though well worth its price, it is yet far from being a perfect production. For many years, if report speaks truly, it has produced 1000*l.* a year to the publisher, and he is said to have very liberally presented the authoress with a present of 2000*l.*

We have not hitherto spoken of the 'Cookery Book of Carême,' nor did we notice it among the French works on cookery, for two reasons: first, because Carême had been cook to George IV.; to, we believe, the Marquis of Wellesley, to the Marquis of Londonderry; and had spent a considerable portion of his life in England, or in the service of Englishmen: and secondly, because the book has been translated by Mr. Hall, 'cook to T. P. Williams, Esq., of Temple House near Marlow, and conductor of the parliamentary dinners of Lord Canterbury.' The translation is very clumsily and sometimes incorrectly executed, but as the translator is himself a cook and a conductor of dinners! (the office seems to us new and original) it will be more convenient to take his version of the original. Mr. Hall has at least one requisite for his task, namely, admiration of his author. 'I conceive (says he in his preface) I am laying before my readers the productions of a man whose abilities transcended the generality of writers in the art, whose imagination greatly enlarged the variety of entrées and entrémêts previously practised, and whose clear and perspicuous details render them facile not only to the artist who has already an advance in his profession, but also to those whose knowledge of the higher code of the kitchen has been necessarily limited.' The following are Carême's notions on large dishes of fish, not rendered certainly into very pure and unde-fined English by Mr. Hall. The sense and substance of the author are however preserved:

"OF LARGE DISHES OF FISH.

"I had remarked," says M. Carême, "at the grand dinners of Prince Talleyrand, that the larger pieces of cookery of the first course never corresponded with the elegance of the bronzes, the glass, and the plate. Delivering myself up entirely to cookery, I promised myself that I would reform an infinity of old usages, though practised as they were by the greatest masters of the art. When I became chief of the kitchen of the Emperor Alexander, I commenced this great reform. In the years 1816 and 1817 I was in England with the Prince Regent, and I was there gratified, for this truly royal table was always served in the French manner, and the service of silver was so superb and elegant that I was struck with wonder. It appeared then,

that it would advance my reputation to commence the reform that I had proposed. What could be more ridiculous and absurd than, for instance, to see served pike or carp à la Chambord, the garnitures of which were composed of larded sweetbreads, young pigeons, cocks' combs, and kidneys? But such was, however, the practice of men highest in reputation.

"When at Vienna with Lord Stewart (now Marquis of Londonderry), his Britannic majesty's ambassador at the court of Austria, I for the first time served the carp à la Chambord, surrounded with my new garnitures of fish: this large piece was noticed, and the nobility of Vienna, as well as my illustrious employer, approved this novelty; for it is certain that in the Austrian capital, until then, the French cooks in reputation there had preserved the ancient customs of Paris. *I think that a cook can never make too many pecuniary sacrifices to accelerate the progress of his art.* I each day feel a grateful satisfaction in my work, from the flattering encouragements I receive from the noble personages I serve, but to accomplish it *I have not only made great sacrifices in money, but every day have meditated on some new thing: this work will afford proofs of it.*"

The following is Carême's idea of our English turtle soup:

"TURTLE SOUP.

"This soup is, without contradiction, the most lengthened in its details of any that are known; the composition of its seasoning claims *an able hand and a strong memory.* The palate of the cook who executes it should be very fine; none of the ingredients should predominate, not even the cayenne or allspice, which the English cooks inconsiderately employ."

How well expressed is this! What parliamentary language! An able hand and a strong memory; and then the 'inconsiderate' use of spices is as delicately and dexterously hinted as though Carême had taken practical lessons of Sir Robert Peel for the last fifteen years, or studied Hamilton's Parliamentary Logic for the last thirty.

Notwithstanding the dictum of the author of the 'Manuel des Amphitryons,' that 'Un grand cuisinier ne doit point se livrer à la pâtisserie, dans laquelle il ne pourroit jamais être que médiocre,' it is in pastry and such small trifles that Carême chiefly shines. His work is altogether unsuited to the mass of even the higher classes in this or any other country, and its use must be limited to persons of colossal fortunes, who have thousands a year to expend in magnificent entertainments. The sale of such a work must, under any circumstances, be extremely limited, even though the price did not amount to the extravagant sum of twenty-one shillings.

Having now gone through the principal cookery books of England and France, we may be indulged in a few remarks on the

cuisine of both countries. The cookery of England is, with the greater part of the nation, an object, not of luxurious desire or morning meditation, but of plain necessity and solid and substantial comfort.

‘Due nourishment, we seek, not gluttonous delight,

to use the words of Milton. Men dine to satisfy hunger in England, and to sustain and strengthen themselves for those avocations, professional, parliamentary, and commercial, into which they throw more eager energy, more properly directed vigour, force, and intensity, than any other nation under the sun, not even excepting the Americans. It may be a humiliating confession, but in England we are free to admit, no learned treatises have been written on the art of dining or dinner giving; we are wholly without ‘meditations’ or ‘contemplations gastronomiques;’ we do not spend thousands of pounds in the gingerbread gilding of cafés and restaurants; nor have we any ‘magasins de comestibles,’ in the style of Chevet and Corcellet. Our inventive powers are not turned in the direction of luxury, nor do we make our bill of fare our calendar, nor measure the seasons by their dainty productions. We talk little of dining or dishes, however much the most luxurious and sensual among us may think about it. We can knead and bake, and roast and boil, and stew plain food, as well, perhaps better than our livelier neighbours; but we are not so expert in *petits plats*, in *entrées*, *entrémets*, and ragouts, and are therefore justly obnoxious to the pert remark of Voltaire, that though we have twenty-four religions, we have but one sauce. We can compare, combine and search out causes in morals, science, and legislation, but we have given no heed to the canons or combinations of cookery. We have given birth to a Bacon, a Locke, a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Watt; but we are without a Vatel, a Bechamel, a Lagupierre, a Beauvilliers, or a Carême. We have perfected rail-roads, steam-boats, and canals, but we cannot make a *suprême de volaille* in perfection, nor arrange *des petits choux en profiteroles*. We have produced the best quadrants, the best sextants, the best achromatic telescopes, and the best chronometers; but the truffles we grow in Derbyshire and Hampshire are pale and flavourless, and we cannot make larks *en gratin*. We have built the best steam-ships, the best steam-carriages, the best vehicles of every description for draught, business, pleasure, and amusement; but we cannot fatten frogs with the science of a Simon, and we do not render our mutton tender by electricity. We

have beaten the nations of the earth in fabrics of linen, woollen, and cotton; but we are ignorant of epigrams of lamb, and know nothing of *Salpicons à la Vénétienne*. We have invented the safety-lamp, the stocking-frame, and the spinning-jenny; but hopelessly try our hands at *filets de lapereaux en turban*, and ignominiously fail in *Salmis* of partridge *à la bourguignote*. We have excelled in everything requiring a union of enterprise, energy, perseverance, and wealth; but we have no *pâtés de foies gras* of home invention, and no *Terrines de Nerac*. We have discovered and planted colonies which will perpetuate our name, our language, our literature, and our free institutions, to the last syllable of recorded time; but cannot make *veloutés* of vegetables, nor *haricots blancs à la maître d’hôtel*. We have given liberty to the slave, and preached the pure word of the gospel to the nations subjected to our dominion and sway; but we still eat butter badly melted with our roast veal, and we have not invented three hundred and sixty-four ways to dress eggs. Our school-master has indeed been ‘long abroad;’ but though he has so far yielded to innovation and reform, as to cast off the cauliflower wig of the time of the great Busby; yet he will not hear of *choufleurs au gratin*, or *au jus*, but will still eat his esculent boiled hard in plain water. But a truce with comparisons, which are somewhat odious. Mankind undoubtedly owe to our neighbours many ingenious culinary processes, by which the productions of nature are artfully and pleasantly disguised—many delicate combinations of sauces by which the palate is alternately stimulated and palled; but though we are indebted to the French for these nick-nackeries—though we owe to them hats and hair-powder, bonbons and busks, caps and coats, stays and swaddling-clothes, and sabots, wigs, and waistcoats, filigrams and foulardes, gold thread, gloves, and the guillotine—yet we fear the world is but little their debtor in any invention which does not turn on vanity, Epicurism, or sensuality. They are a people who, according to their own historian, De Thou, discovered how to make tapestry before they had learned how to make broad cloth.

The metropolis of England exceeds that of France in extent and population; it commands a greater supply of all articles of consumption, and contains a greater number and variety of markets, which are better supplied. There are also some articles of meat and some articles of cookery in which England exceeds France. Though we are also undoubtedly inferior to the Gauls in the articles of veal and fowl, yet we greatly surpass them

in mutton, produce better beef, lamb, and pork, and are immeasurably superior both in the quantity and quality of our fish, our venison, and our game.

This was admitted by St. Evremond one hundred and eighty years ago in some stanzas, entitled 'Les Avantages de l'Angleterre,' wherein he says—

"Roche-guyon, Bene, verfine,
Ne vantez plus votre lapin ;
Windsor en fournit la cuisine
D'un fumet encore plus fin."

In the same poem, he alludes to the profuse supply of woodcocks, snipe, pheasants, and larks, and to the fine flavour and colour of the Bath mutton. It is in fish, however, that we have been always most pre-eminent.

The turbot brought to Billingsgate in the last month (March) in large quantities from the sand-banks, on the coast of Holland and St. George's channel, sufficiently attest our energy and enterprise. The coasts of Holland, and the sea beyond our western coast, are as open to the French as to the British, yet when has any Paris market disclosed such a supply of fish as may be seen daily at Billingsgate, even after the hundreds of thousands of retail fishmongers have been supplied? In a few soups, such as turtle, which we possess in the greatest perfection, owing to our colonial trade, and ox tail, mock turtle, giblet, hare, pea, and mutton broth, we also surpass the French,—but in the making of the latter admirable broth for invalids, there is still much to desire at coffee-houses and clubs. We scarcely know a public establishment where it may be eaten in perfection, excepting at Brookes's in St. James's-street. It were most desirable that we should learn how to make a French *bouillon* or a *lait de poule*, for here indeed we are ignorant and at fault. In the boiling of all plain fish we surpass our neighbours. There is nothing in Paris equal to a first rate English turbot, cod-fish, haddock, John Dorey, or Southampton water, or Severn salmon; but we think the sauces used for these fishes in France infinitely preferable. It is, we believe, a remark of Lady Holland, that no fish should be eaten with another, and, therefore, lobster sauce is excluded from her table. Dutch sauce is unquestionably more favourable to the flavour of all boiled fish.

The French certainly beat us in sturgeon cutlets, filets de sole, and Bechamels of fish. The oysters of Cancale, of Etretat, of Ostend, and Marenne, are, we freely admit, superior to the generality of English oysters, because they are less artificially fed, and have not their flavour washed away. But if

the London tradesmen would spare their oatmeal and fresh water, we have no doubt the Milton native oyster would be found fully equal to its Gallic brother. The Carlingford and Burren oysters are fully as good. In other shell-fish also we have a decided superiority. The corpulent, respectable, full-fed crab is almost unknown to the Gauls, and they have but a small quantity of lobsters and prawns, but they cultivate the smaller cray fish in great quantities, which is not common in England. Nor is there anything in French cookery equal to our barons of beef, our noble sirloins, our exquisite haunches, and saddles, legs, and loins of Southdown mutton; our noble rounds of boiled beef, and those prime five guinea haunches of venison, which one sees from June till September, at the establishments of the Messrs. Groves, at Charing-cross and Bond-street. In cutlets of all kinds, in fricassees, ragouts, salmis, quenelles, purées filets, and more especially in the dressing of vegetables, our neighbours surpass us; but we roast our game more perfectly, and can hash mutton and venison better than any one of the myriads of French cooks. In bread, cream, butter, eggs, whether with reference to size or freshness, England has not to compare with France; and a French poularde of La Bresse or du Mans is worth all the Dorking fowl hatched since the time of the deluge. Though, therefore, we admit that the French cuisine be more luxurious, more varied, more palatable, more fair and dainty to look on than our ruder, more simple, more frugal, and less luxurious kitchen, yet we apprehend our aliments (with the single exception of our vegetables) are infinitely more nutritious, and to English stomachs, at least, just as easy of digestion—perhaps, indeed, easier, than the more refined and *recherché* fare of our livelier neighbours. It were undoubtedly desirable that we should learn a little from them in the way of white and brown sauces, in *veloutés*, in the dressing of vegetables, in the making that simple, excellent thing, an omelette, in cooking beef steaks, real cutlets, and mutton chops, in the seasoning and flavouring with ham instead of with salt; and in a more profuse use of eggs, oil, and butter. The great objection to the more general employment of these good things hitherto has been the expense, but now that the extended operation of the tariff has rendered all kinds of provisions cheaper, we look forward to a great improvement in the kitchen even of the middle classes. Within the last twenty-five years great improvements have been introduced into the domestic cookery of the highest nobility, and within the last ten years, owing to frequent inter-communication, such has been the rapid progress

that one may fancy oneself dining in the Rue de Bourbon, the Rue de Grenelle, or the Rue St. Florentin, instead of in Grosvenor or Belgrave-squares or Park-lane; but still while anything is imperfect, something remains to be done, and with the continuation of peace, we look forward with hopefulness, not alone to a more extended commerce and a firmer friendship, but to an improved cookery. We do not desire to see Englishmen gluttons, gourmands, or refined sensualists, but we do desire to see them adopt some few culinary improvements which would contribute to their material comfort, to their physical health, and, we may say, to their mental enjoyment. 'Comer à gusto y vestir al uso,' is philosophy in England as well as in Spain. We fear that we have trespassed to an unseasonable extent on the reader's time and patience, but the theme is a copious and inviting one. Dr. Johnson declared that the subject on which a man most frequently and most earnestly thought was his dinner, and we have no doubt the great leviathan spoke truly in so far as he was personally concerned. 'I could,' says he, 'write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles; I would tell what is the best butcher's meat, the proper season for vegetables, and then how to roast and boil and to compound.'

Would that the doctor had lived to complete the task! The work would have been as useful, as popular, and as well executed as the dictionary; and there can scarcely be a doubt that it would be comprehensive and cosmopolitan in its character, and lucid and well arranged in its details. Such a work yet remains to be written, and the only wonder is, that it has not been long since attempted and accomplished. When we consider that no body of men in this our country, from a parish vestry to the imperial parliament, can meet on any public occasion without dining together—that the Whigs dine with Lord John Russell, the Conservatives with Sir Robert Peel, and the Radicals with any leader of theirs, if any such there be, with a good house and cellar and a good cook—we must consider that the art of dining ('l'art de la gueule,' as Montaigne says) is one of the most important bases of representative government, and it should not be without its professors, historians, and exponents. We have here endeavoured to make the subject of a neutral character, and to show the respective merits of French and English cookery. Substantial solidity and simplicity are the distinctive marks of the one; variety, delicacy, and harmonious combination, is the character of the other. Both are excellent in their way, but a fusion of

the two kitchens rejecting what is coarse and barbarous in the English, and too gross, Gascon, and Provençal in the French, would be the perfection of good living. Though we are personally no admirers of French manners or French morals—though we put no faith in French equality, abhor French centralization, loathe from the very bottom of our hearts French tyranny, and think French military glory—which is but a velvety euphemism for French brigandage and French invasion—should be put down by the comity of nations, and the strong will and strong arm of mankind—yet we are of opinion that there is much in the French kitchen which might be advantageously transplanted and successfully imitated in this country. But as nations cling with constancy to their old culinary customs, and as systems of cookery often survive systems of policy, we are not very hopeful as to any immediate change. A new cookery book, however, pointing out the respective merits of the French and English culinary art, is a work greatly and urgently wanted. The Peel Tariff will never have a fair trial till such a publication sees the light. The right honourable baronet should favour the project, and hold out some prospect of patronage to any writer who undertakes this task. No man has made a greater impression on his supporters by his good dinners than our present premier; and if we were asked, whether his followers are more charmed by his expositions in St. Stephen's or by his *entrées* in Privy Gardens, we should unhesitatingly point to the well filled, smoking table in his private residence, and not to the floor of the House of Commons.

ART. IX.—*L'Inde Anglaise en 1843.* (British India in 1843.) Par le Comte EDOUARD DE WARREN, Ancien Officier au Service de S. M. Britannique dans l'Inde, Presidence de Madras. Paris. 1844.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, in the history of mankind, more extraordinary in itself than the establishment of our Indian empire. It forms, therefore, very naturally, the wonder of all surrounding states. But in proportion as they experience surprise at our daring and good fortune, their envy also is excited. They imagine themselves possessed of no less merit than we, and look upon our great

achievements in arms and statesmanship, as more the result of accident than of superiority in valour and political wisdom. The next step, of course, is to the belief, that in order to wrest the brilliant prize from our grasp, little more is necessary than boldly to attempt it. We are almost inclined to wish, that they who entertain this notion would make the experiment. They would then be delivered from a delusion, which must at present be a source of unceasing affliction to them. We allude more particularly to Russia and France. The latter, indeed, is not itself in a condition to indulge its lust of empire in the farther East. It made the desperate trial in the eighteenth century, and, after many ineffectual struggles, was driven out of India at the point of the English bayonet. Hopeless, therefore, of success in its own proper person, it now seeks to transfer the task of vengeance to another power, which, sooner or later, will probably venture upon the enterprise, and experience a defeat equally disastrous and humiliating.

The work of M. de Warren, which appears just now to afford our neighbours considerable satisfaction, is a laborious political pamphlet, the precise object of which the author himself, while writing it, did not very well understand. Sometimes it seems to be his aim to prevail on the Emperor Nicholas to march eastward without delay, and annex India to his dominions. Anon, however, he relents, and condescendingly points out to Great Britain the means by which she may protect herself from the gripe of the Russian bear. Presently he relapses into his former views, and confidently predicts our downfall, which, if his interpretation of our policy be correct, would, doubtless, prove a great blessing to humanity. M. de Warren, however, is far too sentimental to be a consistent politician. Towards the conclusion of his work, fascinated by our magnificent qualities as a nation, he protests that he owes us no ill-will, that he does not seriously in his heart desire our overthrow; that all he has said of our weakness, and the overwhelming force of Russia, is not meant to be understood literally; that, in one word, his only purpose throughout is to scare us into the arms of France. Ah, M. de Warren! If the case be really as you say, why have you, in a hundred places in your book, been so very indiscreet as to prove our utter unworthiness to govern Hindostan? For if our rule be a curse to the natives, it cannot be converted into a blessing by the course of proceeding you recommend. It will profit the poor Hindos nothing to learn that England has bestowed on France, Egypt,

and Malta, and the Ionian Islands, and all the provinces west of the Rhine. And yet these, we are told, are the only terms on which France will consent to guarantee to us the possession of our Asiatic conquests. Not one syllable is to be urged by her in behalf of our unhappy Indian subjects. She abandons them entirely to our mercy, provided we will gratify her ambition, and enable her to tyrannise over a larger extent of country than at present owns her sway. What, after all, becomes then of the tender sympathy of France for India? How is she to be delivered from the sadness which the contemplation of our wickedness occasions her? By what means is the revolting trade which it is said we are carrying on in the East to be converted into an honest occupation? All, it seems, may be accomplished by abetting the usurpations and wrongs of France, by gratifying her cupidity, by administering to her fierce desire of self-aggrandisement, by admitting her, as it were, into partnership of empire, and recognizing her, instead of Russia, as the second power in the world.*

There is nothing new in the observation that national prejudice blinds and bewilders the judgment. Each work on India which successively makes its appearance in France tends, however, to prove the justness of it; though it would be impossible to cite a more complete exemplification than the two volumes now before us. The author, by extraction an Irishman, served nine years in the Madras army, and necessarily during that period picked up some kind of information respecting the country and its European rulers. He then grew weary of fighting or marching

* "Nation sage et grave, ouvrez enfin les yeux sur vos véritables intérêts; ne vous méprenez point sur le rôle que la Providence vous a marqué par votre stabilité et votre gloire. La France qui sait estimer vos efforts pour le progrès de l'humanité, qui a su en tout temps se sacrifier elle-même pour la civilisation et la liberté du monde, pourra peut-être se résigner à n'être que la seconde en influence réelle, pourvu toutefois qu'on lui conserve par courtoisie la place d'honneur. Mais c'est une reine déchuë dont la susceptibilité n'en est que plus jalouse: elle peut vous pardonner ses malheurs; elle ne vous pardonnera jamais son opprobre. N'espérez point qu'elle acceptera jamais le troisième rang, où vous voudriez la faire descendre. Ne vous flattez point surtout, qu'elle consente à vous laisser partager les dépouilles de l'empire Ottoman sans elle et avec sa rivale; ce serait pour elle un abîme d'infamie. Elle secourrait plutôt toutes les entraves, même son gouvernement, s'il était capable de vouloir l'arrêter! Elle s'arracherait de ses fondemens pour tomber sur vous! Elle vous enlèverait plutôt dans ses bras puissans, et vous entraînerait avec elle dans le précipice que vous auriez creusé pour elle, et où vous péririez toutes les deux!"—Tome ii., p. 402.

under British colours, and proceeding to France, his adopted country, betook himself to the business of politics. It is perfectly easy to discover what feelings were uppermost in his mind when he exchanged our service for that of Louis Philippe. His vanity had been wounded and his pride humbled by the aristocratic manners of our countrymen in the East. Being nothing but an adventurer, he had, no doubt, always been looked upon and treated as such. This insult, *alta mente repostum*, it was impossible for M. de Warren ever to pardon. Eagerly, therefore, and strenuously did he apply himself to the composition of a book, through the pages of which his long pent-up feelings of revenge might exhale and display themselves before the world. In 'L'Inde Anglaise,' we have the result of this agreeable process, and no one can fail to confess, that it is every way worthy of the inspiration in which it originated.

The work consists of two parts, one made up of personal narrative, interspersed with sundry smart reflections, the other simply a compilation from the worst possible sources, eked out with some of the most extravagant views of politics which we ever remember to have met with. Nevertheless, the periodical press* of France is not ashamed to put forward this offspring of ignorance, vanity, and vengeance, as a production of rare merit, from which the French public may derive enlarged and correct ideas of British India. We strongly compassionate those persons, whether in France or elsewhere, whom haste or ignorance may betray into the adoption of M. de Warren's views. Into more monstrous errors they could not possibly fall. Almost every opinion he maintains, with the exceptions we shall presently point out, is at variance with the facts of history, nay, in direct contradiction with every man's daily experience who has set his foot on the shores of India, or had the pleasure to meet with a native of that country in any part whatsoever of the East. Such being the case, it will not be expected that we should refute all his assertions, the most ridiculous and extravagant of which are servilely repeated by the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' The most remarkable among his perversions of fact, are his audacious misrepresentations of the East-India Company's government, and his impudent libel on the native Indian army. To obtain belief on these two points, which he considered it important to establish, he is careful to adhere to truth in another part of his subject, which, coming

under the observation of all mankind, he could not successfully misrepresent—we mean the splendid equipment, matchless discipline, and indomitable valour of the English army. The Irish blood still in his veins, would not suffer him to detract from the character of his father's countrymen in these particulars. On the contrary, with a frankness and an earnestness which cannot fail to excite very unpleasant sensations in the breasts of thousands on the other side of the channel, he maintains that, on the field of battle, the British infantry is, in all respects, the first in the world. He denies, indeed, its aptitude for marching; but, doubtless, he means marching with its back to the enemy, for in the other direction it has seldom failed, as the whole history of Europe and Asia can sufficiently testify. In matters of this kind, however, M. de Warren is singularly capricious. He expects, it is to be presumed, that we should set some value on his compliments to the military class of our countrymen; and yet, when English writers let fall anything in favour of French intrepidity, he refuses to accept our testimony, from the characteristic persuasion that it must have been prompted by some sinister motive.

But topics such as these are only calculated to amuse the weak and puerile of both countries. We can well afford to dispense with adulation, foreign or domestic, on the subject of our achievements in war; but it is important that we should inspire the rest of Christendom with the belief that, in governing our distant colonies and dependencies, we are guided by the principles of justice and equity. The task, we are aware, is not an easy one. Our rivals are, of course, interested in misunderstanding our motives, and misrepresenting our conduct, both to themselves and others. It mitigates the consciousness of inferiority. To rail is always the privilege of the weak. We are, consequently, not surprised that the French and Russians should indulge in this pleasure. They behold us masters of the East; they perceive our authority more and more firmly established every day, where they have hitherto vainly endeavoured to introduce their own; they see province after province, and kingdom after kingdom, reduced to our obedience; they learn with vexation that the vast population of India is gradually, under our paternal government, consolidating into one mass, and receiving the impress of our energetic character; they observe the various nations we have subdued growing more submissive and content, and more reconciled to our ascendancy, because better governed and more abundantly supplied with the necessa-

* See 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' for February, pp. 542-572.

ries and comforts of life; and witnessing all these things, it is only to be expected that they should be scandalized at our success.

Even here at home, it has been too much the fashion to indulge in invectives against the East India Company. Party feeling, however, will, in some cases, account for this, while in others we must seek the causes of the anomaly in accidental combinations of circumstances. We ourselves are far from contending that the Company's policy has invariably been just and upright. Errors there have been, and faults there have been, and it is by no means our intention to apologise for them; but we do most strenuously maintain that, upon the whole, a more humane, considerate, and equitable government than that of the East India Company has seldom been witnessed in any country. It may suit very well the purposes of M. de Warren and the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' to impose their own false views of this subject upon the ignorance of France. Russian gold, we know, is liberally distributed at Paris, as well as elsewhere in Europe, and one of the objects which Nicholas has most at heart, is to give the widest possible circulation to every diversity of libel against the Anglo-Indian government. Everywhere the majority of ordinary readers are easy to be deluded, and in France more easy than anywhere else, because of the national inaptitude to reason, and proneness to be carried away by whatever flatters its prejudices or its vanity, or ministers to its unappeasable hatred of Great Britain. Considerations such as these can alone account for the popularity of so wild a rhapsody as that of M. de Warren, abounding everywhere with the grossest caricature, with wilful perversions of fact, with evidences of unpardonable ignorance, seasoned and rendered piquant, however, by the most rancorous animosity against his former benefactors. He has, perhaps, properly estimated the credulity and aptitude to be duped of the reading public in France, where no statement is too absurd to obtain belief, no rhodomontade too contemptible to excite admiration.

Still, we are very far, of course, from regarding his voice as the voice of France; otherwise, we should be compelled to entertain a far worse opinion of our neighbours than we actually do. He, for example, represents the French people as a horde of base mercenaries, from whose minds every trace of magnanimity, justice, equity, and every other virtue, has been utterly erased; who, from their post in the centre of Europe, hold up their swords and offer them to the best bidder,* regardless whether the cause

to which they sell themselves be that of liberty or despotism, of equity or iniquity—in one word, of Great Britain or Russia. He tells us that the day of chivalrous feeling has passed; that if France ever was frank and manly, she has now recovered from her paroxysm of simplicity, and is determined to make the most of her hireling valour; that in short, she is swayed entirely by selfishness, and will dispose of herself to those who can offer most. This, we suspect, is saying too much; for, although the French have never been remarkable for their disinterestedness, they are still not wholly unsusceptible of generous feelings, and may occasionally, therefore, suffer themselves to be swayed by them. But this is altogether their own affair, and we leave them to settle it as they best may with M. de Warren. Our business is to refute the accusations which he has ignorantly preferred against our Indian government and subjects.

And, first, for the government. One of the most unequivocal signs of oppression and misrule which society ever puts forward in any country, is the affectation of poverty to which wealthy men are driven, in order to conceal their opulence. Now, during every period of the Mogul empire, as must be well known even to the most superficial student of Indian history, the rich men among the Hindûs were always in the habit of secreting their treasures, or converting them into jewellery, for the convenience of more easy transport, in case circumstances should render it necessary for them to fly to some other country. In the same causes, originated the mean and forbidding exterior aspect of their houses, which, in Shikarpûr and other Mussulman cities, still distinguishes them. They run up dull brick walls in front of their dwellings, in order to suggest the idea of gloom and wretchedness; the first exterior court corresponds in appearance with this wall; but as you penetrate farther and farther into the dwelling, additional indications of luxury and splendour meet your eye, until, in the sacred

comes so very poetical, and so very flattering to us as a people, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting the passage. He divides, after his own fashion, the world between us and France. "*A vous tout l'empire de Neptune, à vous l'Océan sans limites; à vous le commerce universel dont vous êtes dignes par votre industrie; nous vous les abandonnerons sans trop de regret. Mais à nous le beau lac qui baigne nos rivages, qui nous sépare de notre colonie, où notre génie peu aventurier qui n'aime pas les lointains voyages, mais passionné pour le soleil, la nature, et les arts, pourra se livrer à ses rêves sur les eaux dorées du Bosphre, aux voluptés dans la baie embaumée de Naples, à l'étude et la science sur les rives classiques d'Alexandrie.*"

* In another part of his work, M. de Warren be-

apartments of the zenana, you witness the utmost magnificence at the command of the owner. The English had not been long masters of India before this taste began gradually to disappear. At first, as being yet uncertain of the future, the Hindüs put forward, timidly and sparingly, the tokens of their riches. They could not immediately persuade themselves that the old order of things had really passed away. But when they made the discovery that men were taxed by the British government according to just and settled principles, and not pillaged because they might happen to be rich, they gave free vent to their natural predilections, and surrounded themselves openly with a blaze of magnificence. From the erection of superb and spacious houses, the Hindüs proceeded to the formation of gardens and the laying out of grounds. They cultivated a taste for flowers, they delighted in beautiful exotic shrubs, they created parks and plantations, and indulged their Brahminical feet with the soft turf of lawns. At present, accordingly, there are thousands of lovely gardens in Bengal, to the adorning of which the Company has supplied, gratis, innumerable specimens of costly plants and flowering shrubs from its horticultural establishments at Calcutta. Besides, if M. de Warren had inquired, he would have found that, all over India, the breeds of domestic animals have been wonderfully improved, and that the natives now apply themselves with extraordinary ardour and success to the higher and more expensive processes of agriculture—a state of things wholly incompatible with that universal wretchedness and misery to which he fancies all India has been reduced. Again, on the subject of famines, he is either extremely ignorant, or, knowing the facts, thinks proper to misrepresent them. Under the governments of the Mogul emperors and native rajas, dearths were notoriously frequent, the crops failed, the people, discouraged by poverty and despotism, had not, and could not, have made provision for the evil day; and thousands, consequently, were swept to a premature grave. Such calamities happen but seldom now. First, because the country is better and more extensively cultivated; secondly, because the authorities watch more assiduously over the welfare of the people; and thirdly, because commerce, better understood and more judiciously encouraged than formerly, is now able to relieve the distresses of one province by the superfluities of another. Had M. de Warren properly used his eyes when travelling, he would here and there have discovered the vast granaries of the Company, erected expressly to prevent

the recurrence of those awful sacrifices of population which, under the emperors whose munificence he lauds and magnifies, happened so frequently.

Our limits absolutely forbid us to enumerate all the great benefits which the Company's government has conferred upon India; nor, in fact, is this the place to enter into minute details. We may, nevertheless, point out to our persevering detractors some few circumstances which, if properly weighed, may enable them, if they be so disposed, to acquire a more correct idea of what we have done for the Hindüs, and in what light we are consequently regarded by them. The native governments, whether Hindü or Mus-sulman, neither provide now, nor ever did provide for the security of life and property. To a certain extent the prejudices of the populace induce them, notwithstanding, to pay respect to rulers who own the same creed with themselves, or who bow before the same idols. This is one of the most inveterate failings of human nature, if a failing it be. But time and opportunities being granted for experience, the professors of Islamism and Bhraminism come at last, however reluctantly, to the conclusion, that justice and good government are better from a Christian than their contraries from pagans and true believers. In obedience to this conviction, the inhabitants of the frontiers of all native states, gradually, one after another, migrate into our territories in search of ill-usage, according to M. de Warren, but in their own opinion to escape from it. Sometimes the turbulence and anarchy prevailing in their own country, send them over the borders in droves, and urge them to appeal as supplicants to the British, to deliver the unhappy land of their birth from the tyranny that scourges and desolates it. All this happens, of course, in the case of the honest and industrious. The hordes of military adventurers that infest India tell a different story. Leading a life of idleness and subsisting by plunder, they prefer that scheme of society which most favours them, and troop towards those unhappy sections of Hindüstan, in which, by the culpable moderation of the company, unsightly fragments of the old despotic institutions are still suffered to exist. We may instance the state of Gwalior. That of course, as enjoying the blessings of native rule, M. de Warren and the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' would consent to reckon among happy and fortunate communities. The prince in a state of degrading pupillage; a female regent swayed entirely by an insolent and rapacious minister; troops unpaid, and subsisting on the plunder of the peasantry; incessant altercations among the

chiefs; mutiny in the ranks; discontent and poverty among the people; dread of external invasion; conscious incapacity to resist it—such, to the inhabitants of Gwalior, were the recommendations of native government. Similar in former times was the condition of Cutch, when the English undertook in that country the exercise, not of authority, but of predominant influence. Presently, the storm of anarchy subsided, violence disappeared, the balance between the revenue and the expenditure was restored, and commerce and industry, enjoying the protection of the government, flourished in every town and village, until the whole land became the abode of plenty and contentment. Nearly the same thing has occurred in a hundred places in India, where on the frontiers the same difference is observable between the Company's territories and those of the native chiefs, as in the valley of the Nile between the cultivated land and the desert.

We esteem it no slight matter that, through the indefatigable exertions of our countrymen, the revolting system of *T'huggee* has been almost extinguished. Most persons have been rendered familiar with the organized body of murderers denominated *T'hugs*. They existed in nearly all parts of Hindūstan and the peninsula, and were so numerous, and conducted their assassinations with so much secrecy and success, that to travel alone became an enterprise of the greatest danger. In every conceivable disguise murderers presented themselves to the wayfarer, accompanying him cheerfully and merrily until the favourable moment for action occurred, when they strangled or stabbed him. At present even M. de Warren himself might revisit that country, and travel along the Queen's or Company's highway without danger of the noose. Major Sleeman has almost annihilated the Bhraminical disciples of Hassan Sooba, who imitate the devotees of the Old Man of the Mountain, without any of those romantic accompaniments which diffused a certain poetical air round the atrocious antagonists of the Crusaders.

It is not, however, as we said, our intention even to glance, on the present occasion, at one-tenth part of the benefits we have conferred on India. Vulgar observers imagine we have made no progress, because all our improvements are not effected with sound of trumpet.* To civilize a country,

according to the ideas prevalent in France, is to visit every district of it with *ghazziās*, to shock all the cherished notions of the people by sinister innovations, to upset whatever was previously established, and to establish whatever the natives most dislike. This is the enlightened plan of civilisation pursued in Algeria, and obviously recommended by M. de Warren to our imitation. Right or wrong we have certainly traced out for ourselves a wholly different route in Hindūstan. All the institutions of the country, hallowed by antiquity, and venerated by the natives, have been left unmolested by us, save when their influence was directly hostile to our political supremacy. In this respect, indeed, even statesmen have condemned us as too indulgent; but when it is considered that one false step might have rendered the taking of a second impossible, we shall, probably, in the end, be acknowledged to have acted wisely; cautious at all events we have been. Whole generations passed away before the diabolical rites of suttee were abolished. Against infanticide we exerted ourselves earlier, and more strenuously, because it originated in no positive law and constituted no part of the aboriginal religion, but was merely the vicious offspring of prejudice and the pride of caste. Again, it was not without much hesitation that we espoused the cause of those persecuted sections of the community whom the accident of birth had rendered infamous. We felt our way, and convinced ourselves that it was perfectly safe to innovate before we undertook it. Nevertheless, whoever contemplates, through the aid of history,

be proud. No conquering people ever before did so much for the country they subdued; and although there still remains much to be done, we may even now confidently challenge the scrutiny of humanity. M. Stocqueler, in closing his account of our benevolent establishments at Madras, has the following expressions, which we quote for the benefit of M. de Warren, and all our other detractors, foreign or domestic: "We conceive it to be impossible for any Englishman to behold the above array of admirable institutions without strong emotions of pride and pleasure. They furnish magnificent evidence of the noble purposes to which various classes of our countrymen appropriate a portion of their wealth in India, and give the lie to the insinuation that they resort to the country to pluck the golden fruit from its trees, and leave it bare and miserable. The orphan, the native female, the outcast, the illiterate, the destitute—all are cared for, provided with asylums, clothed, fed, and taught. Were we to be driven out of India to-morrow, we should have left behind us in the results of instruction, and in the moral example set to our successors, more enduring monuments of worthy rule, than the finest productions of the sculptor's chisel or the architect's ingenuity."—P. 572.

* In M. Stocqueler's excellent hand-book of India, the reader will find a tolerably complete list of the charitable and educational institutions which the English have founded in India for the benefit of the natives. It is a list of which the East India Company, or rather the whole British nation, may well

the face of society in India before Great Britain set up her tabernacle there, and compares it with the aspect which it now presents, will perceive that a prodigious change has been achieved. A thousand prejudices which then seemed so deeply rooted in the native mind that they must be everlasting with it, have altogether disappeared. Members of the sacerdotal caste now, without repugnance or hesitation, follow the British banner across the sacred river, to combat in countries, the visiting of which would have formerly occasioned them the loss of all worldly privileges. In our ranks, again, the Hindû and the Mussulman, the Brahmin and the Pariah, fight side by side; the Company's uniform being supposed to ennoble whoever wears it. Education, moreover, and even the language of Great Britain, is making rapid way among our Indian subjects, who enjoy the luxury, altogether recent in the east, of a native press, which diffuses through every rank of society the knowledge of what is done by every other. Through the instrumentality of this press the Hindûs learn, or may learn, with how great solicitude the British government watches over their welfare, how promptly the slightest insult to them is punished, how sedulously the well-being of their countrymen in arms is ensured by the East India Company, which, even according to the confession of M. de Warren himself, provides for the old and disabled soldier in a manner unknown in other countries, ensuring to him the respect of all classes, and smoothing by every possible comfort and indulgence, his passage to the grave. Nor has the boundless charity of Great Britain shrunk from performing its sacred duties in India. On the contrary, institutions everywhere abound there, which must command the gratitude of the native, whatever may be his religion or his caste. The ministers of our religion infuse something of the spirit of the gospel even into war itself. Revenge is unknown to the Englishman. He conquers, and on the field of victory his vindictiveness quits him, and his companionship and example have frequently inspired the Hindû soldiers with equal heroism. In illustration of this, we may mention a circumstance which occurred during the war in Beloochistan. While our muskets and artillery were playing on the enemy, a number of Belooch women, with Korans on their heads, rushed into the interval between the armies, and threw themselves in front of their countrymen, crying out for quarter. In an instant the English and native troops ceased firing, and the enemy, now in full retreat, were suffered to effect their escape without another shot being fired after them.

And this brings us to the consideration of the second part of M. de Warren's accusation, which is levelled against the Sipahi. During his nine years' service in the Madras presidency, he must have doubtless seen many thousand native troops of all arms. We should, therefore, were he a conscientious writer, be wholly at a loss to discover the sources of the absurd opinions which he seeks to propagate concerning the Indian army. As it is, we experience no difficulty. He describes not what really is, but what he wishes to be; and his object is to encourage the Russians to the onslaught, by diminishing the difficulties and dangers they will have to encounter in the attempt to subjugate India. He is, in fact, conscious that his misrepresentations will produce no effect anywhere else. In one of his sentimental passages, after comparing himself to Cassandra and to a crow, in our opinion most appropriately, since there never existed a more persevering croaker, he exclaims, that possibly no one will listen to him save a certain prince on the banks of the Neva, who industriously culls from all quarters the rankest specimens of abuse of Great Britain. M. de Warren is too modest. His dulcet notes have charmed the ear of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' as they will, doubtless, charm Nicholas's, and whatever ravings he utters against the English, that upright periodical is ready to vouch for.

Our author's principal object being, as we have already observed, to diminish the apprehensions and stir up the courage of the Muscovites, he is careful to sketch such a picture of the Sipahi, as may tempt the doughty subject of Nicholas to march three or four thousand miles for the mere pleasure of crushing him. The Hindû soldier, according to M. de Warren, is wholly destitute of courage, together with those muscles and animal spirits which commonly inspire it. His arms have neither thews nor sinews, his legs no calves, and another disciple of Lemuel Gulliver, M. Jacquemont by name, completes the caricature by describing what should be a chest in the Hindû animal economy as a mere cavity! It is certainly true, we believe, that the Madras troops are recruited among a smaller race of men than those which elsewhere abound in our Indian empire. They are tough, active, and serviceable soldiers, who have seldom proved themselves wanting in the day of battle, but in physical organization and external appearance are inferior to the athletic recruits of Hindustan, where the armies of Bengal and Bombay are chiefly levied. It is admitted, however, that the armies of India can never be in lack of men to fill their ranks. Mil-

lions, on the contrary, are described as always ready to engage in the service of the Company, tempted partly by the pay it offers, partly by the superior condition of the soldier's life, and partly by the liberal pension which, as we have already stated, is secured to his old age. But if M. de Warren acknowledges that the candidates for military honours are numerous, he is careful immediately to describe them as good for nothing, ragged and half-starved; they have, he contends, no other resource, and enter the ranks only to run away on the first fitting opportunity. The Duke of Wellington, who has also had some experience in India, speaks of a totally different state of things. In his evidence before parliament he remarks, that thousands of supernumeraries follow the Company's armies, eager to secure to themselves the privilege of enlisting; and these supernumeraries, he says, are not the hopeless and destitute ragamuffins described by our French adventurer, but men capable of subsisting on their own resources for months; in fact until it is convenient for the Company to avail itself of their services.

On the subject of courage also, M. de Warren has the misfortune to differ from innumerable competent and rather respectable authorities, among whom we may mention General Nott and Sir Charles Napier. These officers, to be sure, may be supposed to be interested in placing the Sipahi on that lofty pedestal, from which our author is determined, he says, to remove him. Still readers in general will be apt, we fancy, to prefer the testimony of those gallant and distinguished commanders before that of a mercenary subaltern, who having been granted the unmerited honour of wearing the British uniform, is now endeavouring to turn this circumstance to the disadvantage of those who employed and supported him. Be this as it may, M. de Warren maintains that the Sipahi is a coward, and when brought face to face with Russian troops will immediately take to his heels, abandoning his chivalrous officers, who, he confesses, will never fly, to perish fighting in the midst of their enemies.

Whoever is acquainted with the physical qualities of the Russian will not be tempted to consider him superior to the Afghan and the Belooch, men of immense proportion, and vast muscular power. Nevertheless, in the battles of Meanee and Hyderabad the Sipahi overthrew these bulky combatants, though they were in number as eight to one; and General Nott, comparing the Hindû soldiers with the Affghans, gave it as his deliberate opinion that the former, under all circumstances, were equal to five times the amount of the latter. How lofty then must

M. de Warren's estimate be of Russian prowess! He surely imagines them to be superior to all other men on the face of our mother earth! But no, it is the English that he places in this category. For after having depreciated the Hindû to the lowest grade, and exalted the subject of Nicholas as high as he thinks possible, he yet admits reluctantly enough, that one Englishman, even when his powers may have been somewhat abated by the burning sun of India, is at any time worth two Russians. *Parbleu*, M. Warren, we believe it, and while that continues to be the fact, we shrewdly conjecture that Nicholas will never be very forward to try conclusions with us there.

Let us, however, come to M. de Warren's calculations. On this point it is well worthy of remark, that our author agrees exactly with that other great man, Napoleon Buonaparte. The latter, in that very curious document, found in the government bureau at Paris upon the accession of the Bourbons, and brought by Sir Robert Wilson to this country, estimated the united Russian and French force necessary to subjugate India at 70,000 men. M. de Warren having made profuse independent calculations, countenances the accuracy of Napoleon's views, and is condescending enough to agree with him also, on the subject of the route which the invading army should follow. He brings them partly down the Caspian; from Astrakhan, partly, we suppose, through Ghilan and Mazanderan to Asterabad, whence their leader is to set forward, like his great prototype of La Mancha, to overthrow the English wind-mills on the plains of India. It just occurred, however, to M. de Warren that some little difficulty might be experienced in traversing Affghanistan; but being wholly unacquainted with the state of society in that country, he badly cuts the Gordian knot, by supposing that the Affghan government, in revenge for our late invasion, would receive the Muscovite conquerors and unite with them heart and hand in subduing themselves, and inflicting chastisement on us. Our worthy speculator is obviously not aware that the government at present existing in Affghanistan, if there can, in reality, be said to be any such thing as a government there, exercises scarcely any authority whatever over the people, and cannot march a force from any given point to another for any purpose, but more especially when engaged in the collection of revenue, without being attacked by the natives, and treated like a public enemy. Not long ago a bloody battle was fought between the partisans of Dost Mahommed and one of the native tribes, in which the former was far from being victo-

rious. In fact, society is completely disorganized throughout the country, so that if the Russians were supported by the nominal government, that would be the best of all reasons why the people should fall upon them and destroy them. Let M. de Warren, therefore, disabuse, as fast as possible, the magnificent prince, who, absorbed in the contemplation of his own greatness and dignity, squats silently on the banks of the Neva, watching diligently for oracles from the *comptoir des imprimeurs-unis*. The fifteen thousand Affghan cavalry, which M. de Warren has promised him, he will assuredly not get. On the contrary, every man and horse from Herât to Peshawar, will actively oppose his march, probably of their own accord, but if not, we will pay them to do so; and the Affghans have proved themselves at all times quite as willing to touch the gold of the Company, and to do service for it, as any other Oriental whatsoever.

But let us suppose the obstacles overcome, and the Russians in their snow-boots fairly on the banks of the Indus—what are the objects which they are likely to perceive there? Including their French mercenaries, they may amount, we will suppose, to seventy thousand men, since no accidents are to be allowed to diminish them by the way. Well, then, say seventy thousand. But are they to find themselves there alone? Is there to be no enemy on the opposite banks, no flotilla on the stream, not a single Englishman or Sipahi peeping forth from between the stems of the jangal? What has become of Lord Ellenborough? Will he not seize upon this opportunity to launch a brilliant proclamation at the head of Nicholas? M. de Warren has determined exactly how things are to happen, and sketches with a bold and masterly hand the history of the expedition.

"With an army such as we have described," he says, "the Russian general should be instructed to act as follows. In the first place, he must offer battle to the Anglo-Indian army as soon as he shall come up with it, if the nature of the ground permit an attack, and commence the engagement as soon as he has reconnoitred the ground. The English part of this army will be that which it will behove the general to study most carefully, in order that all the respect due to it may be shown. Wherever he finds European infantry confronted with him, it will be necessary to prepare a second line in reserve, in order to rally the debris of the first, and to take its place as soon as it shall have given way before the British bayonet. When, however, Sipahis only are opposed to him, he is to march upon this rabble (*canaille*), without counting it. They will not wait the shock, their European officers will die alone in the Muscovite ranks,

and then, being *hors de combat*, the Sipahis will not again make their appearance, but, throwing away their arms, will disperse to rally no more.

"But if an advantageous position enable the English to avoid a battle, the Russian commander must continually offer himself, and endeavour to bring about some sharp skirmishes, which may lead to a general engagement. If those means fail the enemy, lines of communication must be occupied. A combat will then be forced on, and the desired moral effect produced on the Sipahis. As soon as the fighting begins, and the first rounds of shot are discharged, the natives will take to their heels. All that will remain now, will be to overcome the nucleus of English, whose resistance will be terrible, heroic. That must be expected. They will die, but not surrender. According to the admirable motto of one of their regiments, the 57th, *they will die hard*; but their place cannot be supplied before two years, and one year will suffice for the total destruction of the English power in India.

"If I were asked what route would furnish most resources to the army of the Czar, and at the same time most suit his policy, I should point without hesitation to that of Caboul, Peshawar, and Lahore, towards Delhi, where a short pause should be made to reconstruct the throne of the Great Mogul, and to raise up his standard once more. A second battle will have to be fought before reaching it, either at Loodiana, on the Sutledge, or on the famous field of battle of Paniput, where already so many bones have been left. But the Anglo-Indian army will now only consist of about twenty or twenty-five thousand men, with five or six thousand Europeans at most. A few hours, therefore, will suffice for the destruction of these reserves.

"At Delhi the first act of this great drama should be ably closed. Then must be restored a venerated throne, before which the invaders must humble themselves to increase its lustre. A chord will then be touched which will vibrate to the hearts of sixteen millions of Mahomedans. To conciliate likewise the Hindûs, must become, on the other hand, the sacred cause of Benares. Liberty and independence must be restored to its Raja. Advantage must be taken at the same time of the general panic and confusion to inundate all Hindûstan with incendiary proclamations. Hurcarus or messengers will present themselves in crowds to fulfil such a mission: fakirs, joghies, kalendars, will be so many zealous apostles of insurrection, which will soon spread from one extremity of the peninsula to the other with electrical rapidity. In all proclamations, however, one idea must present itself—the restoration of the independence of India, and the destruction of the British power. Above all things, the jealousy of the people must not be excited by allowing it to be perceived that Russian authority is to be substituted for English. All ambitious projects must be veiled under a studied disinterestedness. On every flag must be inscribed: 'We come to deliver, and not to conquer. We are the envoys of Allah and the Emperor of Russia, to do justice to all. People and Kings of India, Mussulmans, Hindûs, Rajpoots, Jats, Mahrattas, Polygars, Rajahs, and

Nawabs, expel the usurper, and be reinstated in all your rights and all your possessions; *Apnie Apnie daoubut, toumarah, toumarah malouk leleo.* It must be inculcated with the greatest care, that it is absolutely necessary for Russia that the English power in India shall be uprooted. The ground must be well cleared before any attempt is made to plant a new domination. But to succeed in this undertaking, the assistance of the people is necessary; and to insure this, all the old consecrated names of India must be replaced on their worm-eaten thrones. It will always be easy to take them down when policy requires it."—Tome ii., pp. 365–375.

During the performance of this exquisite drama the English government at home is to be fast asleep. Our ambassador at St. Petersburg is to give us no notice of the designs of the Czar. He is to get up his army in secret, he is to march in secret, and he is to arrive secretly on the banks of the Indus. Otherwise it is more than probable that this country might disturb, in some slight degree, the movements of his majesty the Emperor of All the Russias. We possess fleets and seamen that used to inspire terror in more quarters of Europe than one, and it is quite possible that with their assistance we should be able to draw his Imperial Majesty's attention to certain important points on the European coasts of his empire. However, we shall not now digress from our original topic, but consider the amount of force that might be marched upon the north-western frontiers in case of invasion. These, from whatever points we might draw them, would in all probability amount to a hundred and thirty thousand men at least, of which fifty thousand would be English. Calculating, therefore, upon M. de Warren's principles, which establish that one Englishman is worth two Russians, and we will add, two soldiers of any other country, the friendly solicitude of our neighbours over the water respecting the fate of our Indian empire, may at once be relieved. The plains of the Punjaub and the sands of Rajpootana would easily afford graves for thrice as many Russians as Nicholas could bring into the field, and we would not deny them Christian burial, though the whole expense should fall upon ourselves.

One word on the political moralities of M. de Warren, and we have done. He joins right earnestly in the cry, common in the mouths of his countrymen, against the perfidy of Great Britain, which, according to them, is wholly indebted for its success, in

peace and war, to the crimes of its diplomatists. We originally chased France out of India through the force of our protocols, and we keep Russia at a distance solely by the same means. By our protocols, proclamations, and other magical documents, we subdue the minds of the natives of India, whether Muslems or Hindüs; in short, we are the great political jesuits of the world, the true successors and representatives of ancient Rome, though we have separated ourselves from the modern. This doctrine, we dare say, is extremely edifying on the continent. But while declaiming against our moral turpitude, M. de Warren should have taken care not to be affected by our example. He, at least, should have come into court with clean hands. But, alas! let the most lax of political casuists examine the ethical principles enunciated in the passage we have above cited, and he will candidly confess, that even Lord Ellenborough himself could scarcely propound anything more monstrous. Only think of seducing one hundred and fifty-eight millions of men into rebellion against their lawful rulers by the distribution of incendiary proclamations, promising them deliverance and independence, but resolving all the while to fix upon their necks a yoke a thousand times more galling than that from which we originally emancipated them! Yet this is the ethical achievement seriously recommended to the Emperor Nicholas by M. de Warren. Truly, the heart of this writer may well palpitate as often as he beholds the scarlet uniform, not, however, with enthusiasm or joy, but with the most humiliating shame, for never yet did there beat beneath that uniform a heart less alive to those feelings of honour, justice, and patriotism, which ought to distinguish the natives of these islands and their descendants in whatever land their lot may be cast. We blush for our demi-countryman. Let him hasten to change his name, that when he writes again, his page may have no trace upon it to show that he has drawn one drop of his blood from Ireland. The Irish will repudiate him to a man; for if Hindüstan be invaded, he may be sure that there will be thousands of Irishmen there, and that they will fight as valiantly as the best among their neighbours, in defence of that great and glorious empire which they have so mainly aided in building up.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Histoire Critique du Rationalisme en Allemagne, depuis son Origine jusqu'à nos Jours. (A Critical History of Rationalism in Germany, from its Origin to the Present Time.) Par AMAND SAINTES. 2me Edition, revue et augmentée: Paris. 1843. London. Williams and Norgate.

THE author of this volume has also written a History of the Life and Works of Spinoza, '*Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Spinoza*,' but does not appear to us to possess eminent qualifications for appreciating or setting forth any of those great movements of mind, which, by their internal force, if not in their very nature, depart from recognized modes of thought or established phraseology. On such topics no one is fit to write who cannot, whatever he may think of the abstract truth or error involved in his subject, so enter into the opinions, aims, and sympathies of a writer or a class of writers, as to be able to contemplate the works which he has under his eye, from the point of view in which they were first designed, and afterwards executed by their authors. At least, it is essential to the formation of a just estimate, that the critic should have a mind large enough to be able to recognize merits which are extraneous or foreign to the school to which he himself belongs. The setting up and the maintenance of one unvarying standard of truth and excellence, whether in literature or theology, betrays a narrow heart and but a partially cultivated intellect. Diversities there are and ever will be in every department of human inquiry—the more numerous if not the more marked, the greater is the mental activity which prevails, and the more earnest is the spirit with which that activity is inspired. Any attempt, therefore, to establish a rigid and inflexible test, applicable under all circumstances, and in every land, to the productions either of art or of religion, must be no less nugatory than unjust, and shows a mind little conversant with the history of man. The error becomes more gross and offensive when the attempted test is taken from the peculiarities of thinking which belong to a single individual. A standard which comes recommended by the consent of millions, and the authority of successive ages, may be regarded with respect, even while it is not admitted as a criterion; but the obtrusion of my thoughts or yours, though they vary from the ordinary types of thinking, as the sole models of truth and goodness, is an act which can be saved from ridicule only by the gravity of the subjects which are under consideration.

Somewhat such, however, is the position in which Monsieur Amand Saintes has placed him-

self in his review of German Rationalism. Departing more or less from the established formularies of Christian doctrine, he has his own little orthodoxy wherewith to measure truth, and discriminate heresy, and finding, as might antecedently have been expected, little in the history of the German theological mind during the last century, that squares with his own favourite notions of right and wrong, he proceeds in almost every page of his book to brand authors, and condemn works, of a character far superior to anything to which he can himself pretend. There is in any fair mind a presumption that the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba of German theology, and as the deliberate result of his researches declare 'all barren'—must labour under some incapacity of mind or perversity of vision. To both of these disqualifications is M. A. Saintes subjected. The haziness of his style, especially in those parts in which the exposition of a system of philosophy, or the appreciation of a religious or theological tendency, required special perspicuity; the occasional haziness of his style, the too frequent length and discursiveness of his sentences, the want of a graphic power—a pencil which shall show the reader what is meant, by one or two bold touches, and the general coldness of his manner, unite to prove that they are but ordinary talents which he has brought to a task which only the highest abilities, especially in a foreigner, could be expected to fulfil. But his chief defect is found in that narrowness of vision, which can see nothing good except in the reflected images of itself.

We have intimated that our author's report is uniformly of an unfavourable description. This requires some qualification. M. Saintes finds some good, but his preferences are nearly as strange as his condemnations are unjust. For example—a pantheistic writer, or a pantheistic movement, is treated with indulgence, and presented to the reader in a manner, which is, at least, in effect excusatory, while another writer, or another movement, which expressly acknowledges a personal Deity and a divine revelation, is severely handled, and indiscriminately condemned, because the representative of it does not conform to our author's standard of a right faith.

It is not, therefore, surprising, that M. Saintes' book should have been received in Germany with decided tokens of dissatisfaction in several quarters. The learned theologians of that country may well have felt that the author, if he possessed learning, was destitute of the moral requisites for the office he had undertaken; and may justifiably have thought themselves aggrieved in finding the writer throughout the work, imputing to them a deliberate design to destroy the authority of scripture, and undermine the

Christian faith. The defence of those theologians we could not indiscriminately undertake, but we protest against the unjust and unscholar-like tone of M. Amand Saintes. And much as we regret some of the results of the Rationalistic tendency in Germany, we are bound to admit, that the works to which it has given birth, have emanated from an earnest and commendable love of truth, and a strong desire to serve the best, because the permanent interests of religion. But, in truth, we deny that these results are so generally or so greatly injurious as M. Saintes implies or declares; indeed, did we think on the point as he appears to think, or concur in all the representations he has given, we should utterly despair of the cause of the Gospel, considered as a system of divinely revealed and supernaturally sanctioned truth, and feel ourselves hopelessly bewildered to account for the conquest which, according to our author's view, falsehood has achieved over truth, and evil dispositions and designs over the ark and the sanctuary of God.

Without going more into detail with our objections, we add that the work displays a commendable industry, and a by no means inconsiderable acquaintance with the best authorities. It has, too, a merit in the historical method which it pursues, so as to present to the reader a cursory view of the chief works, tendencies, and influences which have appeared in Germany since the Reformation down to the present day. It is, however, to be regretted, that we are perpetually made aware of the absence of that impartiality, as well as that breadth of vision, which are indispensable in every one who aspires to the high character of an historian. Still, failing any work at once so accessible to English students as the present, and of a less exceptionable character, we recommend M. Saintes' work, subjoining, that those who remain content with the impressions which the book produces in the mind, will do justice neither to themselves, nor to a very important subject, nor to a class of men, whose equals for industry, research, and learning, the world has never seen.

M. Saintes having given some idea of what he understands by Rationalism, and traced those influences in the Reformation to which, in his opinion, the system owes its existence, passes on to the formation of the several confessions of faith which the Reformation occasioned, and then falling on the methodistic tendencies to which, under Spener and others, the theological mind of Germany owes the commencement of the present movement, proceeds to speak of modern philosophy in its relations to theology and religion, and so to discourse on Descartes, Spinoza, Malebranche, Leibnitz, Wolf; thus addressing himself to the first great error, the *πρωτον ψευδος*, the *fons malorum* which, setting the theological studies off from a wrong basis, and making them aim at absolute instead of probable truth, has misdirected the mind, falsified conclusions, and proved the prolific parent of difficulties, doubts, and denials. In the tenth chapter of his first book, the author traces the transition into Germany of our English deism of the eighteenth century, which did not prove less baneful by being mixed up with the gross materialism and withering scorn, of what the French denominated philosophy. The

second book enters more directly on the subject proposed to be considered. Ernesti and Semler are put forward as the immediate parents of Rationalism, who were succeeded by other distinguished biblical critics, such as Michaelis, Dæderlein, and others, who are scarcely supposed by English theologians to take rank with so reprehensible a class as M. Saintes thinks proper to place them in. Kant and his school of philosophy next enter on the stage, to confirm and extend the already existing rationalistic tendencies. A class of modern Socinians follow, and are roughly handled. Some account is then given of a feeble resistance offered to Rationalism by some writers who were, however, half with the enemy themselves. The jubilee of the Reformation celebrated with so much and so general an enthusiasm in its native country, called forth a more lively and a more vigorous opposition, which, however, was succeeded by a reaction that left Rationalism master of most of the field of battle. Then ensues an account of the union of the Lutheran and reformed churches, and this is shown to aid forward the same long-continued tendency of Rationalism. A review is then given of the labours of the celebrated Eichorn, and of some bad imitators in his school, till at length there springs up the rival, the supernatural school which Hengstenberg, Ranke, Hävernich, &c., continue to guide. In connection with critical researches on the New Testament, the names of Eckermann, De Witte, Strauss, pass over the stage. Then comes a new school of philosophy—Fries, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Jacobi. Philosophy boldly assumes the mastery, and weds theology; these twain become one flesh, but do anything rather than live on terms of equality. Indeed philosophy has taken up that infallibility which was once the peculiar function of religion, and whatever of truth or trustworthiness religion has, she borrows it all from her lawful spouse, 'her lord and master'—'divine philosophy.' This unhappy wedlock was consummated in Schleiermacher, whose writings and influences are its legitimate offspring. The position of Neander is described. Then follow Markeinecke and the much talked of Strauss, with his 'tail,' or representatives of what in Germany is called 'the left,' that is, the negative side of the Hegelian philosophy in its application to theology, namely Feuerbach, Bruno, Bauer, and Ruge. The author terminates his work by a general review of the course over which he has gone, and of what he considers the results of the German theological movement, describing according to his manner, the actual state of theology and religion; and having entered for a brief period into the domains of the Catholic church, and spoken of the modifications which even it has undergone, especially in the land which bore Rationalism, and has nurtured it into manhood, he adverts to the remedy which he would apply to the maladies that he deplores. His cure indeed is not very clearly stated, but seems to consist in the restoration of some sort of church authority, designed and constituted so as to bring back and restore a certain conformity of opinion with, we know not what order of orthodoxy. Into the consideration of this specific we have not now space to enter, but content ourselves with saying, that it has an empirical aspect, and

could hardly do more than mock the ills it is intended to remove. Far better to trust to Scripture, reason, truth, and Providence; what is erroneous they will correct; what has been perverted they will make straight; what has been rashly rejected they will restore; meanwhile establishing on durable foundations the true, the pure and the good. Already are there evidences in Germany of a disposition, if not to return to the old paths, yet to avoid extremes, to assert and maintain a positive form of religious conviction, to labour rather for the restoration and strengthening than the disintegration of the temple of Evangelical truth.

Illustres Médecins et Naturalistes des Temps Modernes. (Distinguished Physicians and Naturalists of Modern Times.) Par M. ISID-BOURDON. Paris. 1844.

M. BOURDON, himself a brother of the craft, has here given us pleasant biographical notices of twenty able and eminent individuals, of various merit and various fortunes, and belonging to different periods of history, from the sixteenth century to the present times. Hence the book derives a two-fold interest, that which attaches to the record of individual efforts and chances, and that which is found in glimpses of the vicissitudes that befall the pet doctrines of the learned dispensers of physic, and the notions prevailing among the unlearned, who have nothing to do but to swallow what the others put into their mouths. We have incidental notices of theories, true and false, from Harvey down to Hahnemann. Fagon is set before us, of whom Fontenelle says, that 'he maintained a thesis on the circulation of the blood, and that the old doctors thought he showed a great deal of cleverness in defending that *strange paradox*.' But had he nothing better to recommend him than this, he would have made little way in the estimation of 'the old doctors,' or of the public. On the other hand, we find scattered through the volume numerous instances confirmatory of the author's remark that, as regards the sciences, more reputations have been founded on memorable errors and on false systematic views, than on real discoveries. The observation is a just one, and might have been extended further. Humboldt says, that the greatest of geographical errors (the belief in the proximity of Spain to India), led to the greatest of geographical discoveries—that of America.

The personal anecdotes and the *mots* related by M. Bourdon are numerous and amusing. The hideous face of Bouvart, the physician, was further disfigured by a frightful scar, 'which,' said Diderot, 'he inflicted on himself in awkwardly handling the scythe of death.' Madame Boivin, the celebrated midwife, to whom the university of Marburg granted an honorary diploma as doctor of medicine, was disappointed in her hopes of being admitted a member of the Académie Royale de Médecine. She avenged her wounded vanity by merely saying: '*Les sages-femmes de l'Académie n'ont pas voulu de moi*.'

Corvisart was not personally known to Bonaparte, nor did he owe his important appointment as physician to the first consul solely to the voice of public fame. It was Josephine who presented him, with the most flattering encomiums, to her husband. 'Tell me, doctor,' said Josephine, 'what disease is the general prone to, in your opinion?' 'He will die of an aneurism of the heart,' was the point blank reply of Corvisart.—'Ha!' said Bonaparte—'*and you have written a book on the subject?*' 'No, not yet, but I will.' 'Do so, do so quickly,' said the great man, with some earnestness, 'we will talk it over together if there is yet time.'

At the time when Napoleon was meditating the design of divorcing Josephine, he one day thus accosted Corvisart, 'Doctor, may a man entertain at the age of sixty any reasonable hopes of becoming a father?' '*Sometimes, sire!*'—'But at seventy, monsieur le baron?' 'Oh! sire, at seventy, *always!*'

The most important memoir in the volume is that on Cuvier; but we could not condense its contents within the limits prescribed to us. We will abridge the author's account of the celebrated surgeon Dupuytren.

Guillaume Dupuytren, the most renowned surgeon of his age, the most vilified during his life, and the most regretted after his death, the most favoured by fortune, and the constant object of envy, though unhappy, was born of parents in a very low rank of life at Pierre Buffière, October 6th, 1777. As a child he was so good-looking, so intelligent, and always apparently so neglected by his family, that he was twice taken from them; first, at the age of four, by a rich lady, a traveller, who took a violent fancy for his pretty patois and his glossy locks; and afterwards, in his twelfth year, by a cavalry officer, whose brother was superior of the college of Lamarche in Paris. In that institution he received the first rudiments of his education, both general and professional. But though he pursued his medical studies with zeal and success, he cut but a sorry figure in his humanities, and he acquired the character of a refractory subject, a rake and a gambler, a character which was perseveringly attributed to him in after life, when in all probability he had ceased to deserve it.

He had the good fortune to secure, early in his career, the strenuous support of two powerful patrons, Thouret, member of the constituent assembly, and the celebrated surgeon, Boyer. When Dupuytren was defeated in a competition with M. Roux, in 1803, for the place of junior surgeon to the Hôtel Dieu, Boyer covered his retreat by appointing him inspector of the university. Malicious tongues gave out that the favour was not disinterested, that the place was given in lieu of a dowry to the intended son-in-law of the donor. Be this as it may, the day before the marriage should have taken place, Dupuytren formally rescinded the engagement.

The professorship of operative surgery having become vacant in 1812, a brilliant *concours* took place between Roux, Marjolin, Tactra, and Dupuytren, who, on this occasion, was successful. The victory was hotly contested; the emulation of the rivals degenerated into personal rancour; they openly insulted and defied each other, and cartels were even exchanged between

them. Dupuytren, who composed slowly and with difficulty, was unable to deliver his thesis at the appointed time. His competitors demanded that he should retire from the contest, and he ought in fact to have been put out of the lists in accordance with the terms of the regulations. But his publisher came forward like a *deus ex machina*, and with an eye at once to business and to his country's glory, he parried this terrible stroke of ill-fortune. The delay, he said, was altogether the fault of the printers, and he made a number of compositors swear, that one of the forms had broken up. It was to this unscrupulous piece of complaisance that Dupuytren owed a place essential to his high fortune.

Dupuytren was rather above the middle height, his complexion was dark, and his large bushy head sat rigidly on a pair of broad shoulders. His stern and overbearing glance would make a pirate cower: it is certain he owed many an enemy to the expression of his eyes, and that his scornful and provoking smile increased the number. His voice was sometimes gentle and affectionate, but always guarded and mysterious, as though he feared to wake a sleeping infant, or to rouse the ire of a tyrant. His hesitation proceeded from no defect in his ideas or want of reliance on his own resources, but from distrust of other men: he looked on all men as malevolent critics or mortal enemies. When he entered a room, large or small, public or private, he invariably put his left hand to his mouth, and gnawed his nails to the quick; the right hand was free to perform whatever gestures the occasion might require. When he spoke, he always addressed himself exclusively to a small portion of those around him; those who were thus honoured, listened with gratified vanity, and the rest from emulation.

Arriving at the Hôtel Dieu at six in the morning he seldom left it before eleven. His stern and reserved demeanour imposed the strictest order and silence on all around him. The least breach of decorum or of duty on the part of any pupil, was instantly visited by him with signal and public contumely. On visiting a patient for the first time, he began by casting a scrutinizing glance, and then he usually put three questions in a kindly tone of voice. But if the answers were not to his liking, the colloquy was at once broken off, and Dupuytren left the patient in a passion, and with a full conviction that all he had heard was a tissue of falsehoods. On accosting a sick child, an instantaneous change took place in his whole aspect and manner. His influence over children was magical. He had such a winning way of saying to them, '*Souffrez vous, mon bon ami*?' that the poor little things, for fear of distressing him, almost always answered, 'No.' Any one who should have seen him playing in the large halls of his hospital with his little convalescents, would have thought him the kindest-hearted man in the world.

"Antoine Dubois operated more rapidly and with more dexterity than Dupuytren; Dessault was more brilliant, more majestic; Boyer, more prudent, gentle, and humane; Roux, more erudite in his art, more elegant in his movements, more nimble-fingered; Marjolin was a man of more mature reflection; Lisfranc was as stern, and more expeditious; but

no surgeon possessed a more unfailing *coup d'œil*, a sounder judgment, or a firmer hand; no one possessed a mind more imperturbable, or more prompt in perilous emergencies. It has happened to him to commit blunders; he has been known to open an aneurism, mistaking it for an abscess: his coolness and presence of mind on such occasions was incomparable. Putting his finger on the open artery, and smiling in the patient's face to beguile his attention, or to re-assure him, he looked round with a countenance almost serene on the spectators, and then quietly said to his assistants, 'A bandage,'—whilst looks of stupefaction were stealthily exchanged all round him.

"One day, a patient from whose neck he was cutting out a wen, fell dead under the knife; a vein had been opened, and the air drawn into it by the act of inspiration had suddenly paralyzed the heart. Well, it will be supposed, perhaps, that Dupuytren was shocked and agitated by this catastrophe: he was less affected by it than myself, who was but a spectator. But seeing in this fatal event a surgical fact until then unknown, he immediately harangued his pupils on the causes of the startling accident they had just witnessed, and the extemporaneous lecture was, indeed, an admirable one.

"Let us not, however, charge on Dupuytren as a crime, that gift of impassibility which made him the first surgeon of his age. Without that force of mind, without that disregard for blood, without that profound indifference for pain and its noisy manifestations, there can be no true surgeon. I am even inclined to believe, that the revolution of '92 produced in some of our great surgeons that impassible serenity to which they owed their renown and their fortune. Times of sedition and popular terror are not merely fruitful in atrocities; they impart to certain souls a cold energy, and an habitual disregard of danger. Revolutions bring forth first-rate surgeons, as well as intrepid soldiers and eloquent orators: now, we must recollect that Dupuytren arrived in Paris in 1789."

With all Dupuytren's excellence as a surgeon, much of his skill appears to have been a personal and incommunicable endowment which perished with him. He read little, wrote ill, and was the author of few important innovations in his art. His life was unhappy; he was the mark of incessant calumny, for which his morose temperament afforded cause and aliment; and he was so unfortunate in his domestic relations, that the sufferings they occasioned hastened his end. He died in Paris, Feb. 8, 1835, in his fifty-eighth year, leaving his daughter a fortune of seven millions of francs, the fruits of his professional labours, in addition to two millions he had given her when she married;—this was tolerably well for a man who was reported all his life long to be a desperate gambler.

M. Bourdon's work is written in a fluent and agreeable style, and may be perused with pleasure and profit by the general reader, as well as by the man of science.

Lettres Politiques, par M. CHARLES DUVEYRIER.
2me édit. 2 tom. Paris. 1843.

We English, who are thought to be a political people, are usually contented with unburdening our minds in the shape of leaders; in France,

ministers are counselled, defended, or reprimanded in octavo volumes, as ponderous as folios. M. Charles Duveyrier is a well-meaning man, who would fain reconcile his warlike countrymen to inglorious repose by showing them the more honourable trophies they may reap from the labours of peace. At the same time he has so much of the Gaul in him, that he can see neither rhyme nor reason in France remaining altogether in the 'stand at ease' position; and therefore has bethought him of a notable plan by which she may regain that influence among the nations which it pleases Frenchmen of all shapes and sizes, and of all orders of intellect, to imagine she is now deprived of. So he proposes a *tertium quid* between conquering the world, and remaining, like naughty children, in the corner in which she has been put. This is neither more nor less than a new Holy Alliance; founded on the plan of the Germanic Confederation. Thus he would have France, Austria, and Prussia, enter into a solemn league and covenant with each other, and with all the secondary powers of Europe; so that the three first shall bear the same relation to Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Württemberg, Bavaria, Switzerland, Sardinia, Tuscany, the Papal States, Naples, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Spain, and Portugal, which Prussia and Austria now do to the lesser German States, and *vice versa*, the secondary Powers to bear a kindred relation with these to Prussia, Austria, and France. In this league England and Russia are to have neither art nor part; an arrangement of which the author naïvely remarks, they surely cannot complain. He delicately refrains from pointing out what they are at liberty to do; but his expressive silence seems to hint that they are perfectly welcome to 'fight it out,' if it so list them, on the ancient battle-fields of Asia.

We have pronounced M. Charles Duveyrier to be well-meaning; although a surer plan than this of his—supposing the thing possible, and Prussia and Austria troubled with a fit of insanity—for plunging France into war, the point against which he now wishes to guard, could not be devised. But the fact is, he sins from over anxiety and excess of honesty. He pants for the glory of France, sees the impossibility of her legions again over-running the world, and driven to his wits' end to lull the belligerent spirit of his nation by a sufficient sop of peaceful glory, has struck out a scheme which, could it be carried into act, would inevitably wreck his dearest hopes.

He has a minor scheme for attaining the same end, which consists in France and Austria uniting to cut canals across the isthmuses of Suez and Panama. Sure are we, that no Englishman will say them nay. China, too, he would have visited by a French literary, scientific, and commercial mission: Amen!

M. Charles Duveyrier's chief panacea for the internal regeneration of France, is the principle of association; that is, of masters and workmen taking their respective share of profits, in a certain defined ratio, instead of the present system of hire and wage—a principle which, we need hardly say, has entered, more or less, into every plan of social reform.

In brief, our author has more heart than head—though far from deficient in intellect and information. His theories, too, must have had a charm for our lively neighbours, since, although propounded in two formidable octavo volumes, the second edition is now before us: a proof, indeed, and a strong one, of the restlessness of the public mind in France. Strange, that a people, whose intellectual greatness, delightful social requisites, chivalrous valour, and national strength, are respected by all other people—should be so uneasy on the subject themselves!

1688—1830, ou *Parallèle Historique des Révolutions d'Angleterre et de France sous Jacques II. et Charles X.* Par M. le Comte MAXIME DE CHOISEUL-DAILLÉCOURT. Paris. 1844. London, Bossange & Co.

SCARCELY perhaps can there be found in the whole field of history another parallel so striking, and so curiously exact as that between the fortunes of the Stuart kings and of the latter Bourbons. Even before the death of Louis XVI. an analogy was traced between the state of France in his times and that of England under Charles I.; but after that event the experience of every day seemed to confirm the belief, that one had only to study the annals of England to be able to predict the future history of France. The Comte de Maistre, pursuing such a train of induction, published in 1796 his '*Considérations sur la France*,' in which he foretold the return of the Bourbons, and which long served to comfort and keep alive the hopes of the emigrants. After the fall of the French Cromwell, the politicians of the country reverted to this theme. Benjamin Constant regarded the return of Louis XVIII. in 1814 as 'a happy combination of the two English revolutions of 1660 and 1688, joining to the legitimacy of Charles II. the guarantees obtained under William III.' Well, this blessed Charles II. and William III. rolled into one, was snatched away from his loving subjects, and was succeeded by a second edition of our James II. Thereupon the parallel in question was more eagerly discussed than ever; it was no longer used as a means of adroit flattery, but as an offensive weapon, wielded with good effect by the liberal party. From the accession of Charles X., until his expulsion in 1830, the opposition writers never ceased to harp upon this key, accustoming the minds of their readers to regard the approaching dethronement of their king as an inevitable fatality, and pretty clearly intimating to them in what quarter they were to look for another William of Nassau. These prophetic hints, as usually happens in the case of successful prophecies, were themselves in a great measure the cause of their own fulfilment.

And now the drama is acted out; the *dénouement* is before us. If we are to push the reasoning that has held good for the events of fifty years to its natural conclusions, we must suppose that the restoration of the elder Bourbon line is utterly hopeless. But the henriquinquists will not hear of this; their fervent loyalty

disdains the old lessons of history; it will not yield to philosophy, necessity, or fate. The rightful king must and shall have his own again; and to that end they set themselves resolutely to work to spike their adversaries' great gun; they declare that the much talked of parallel has no real foundation, that it is mere moonshine. This is the gist and purport of the essay before us, the production of a member of the Institute. It was published during the Duc de Bordeaux's recent visit to this country; and it must be admitted, that such a show of maintaining his ground as the author makes, though he has not a leg to stand upon, is a feat truly commendable, and well worth witnessing.

Annuaire des Voyages et de la Géographie pour l'année 1844, par une réunion de géographes et de voyageurs, sous la direction de M. FREDERIC LACROIX. Paris. 1844.

THIS is the first of a promised series of little works to be published annually, and which are to comprise a popular survey of whatever, worthy of note, shall have been done in each year towards extending and enriching the field of geographical knowledge. The design is excellent, and the execution of this first part is, on the whole, very creditable. As a specimen of cheap literature it is a marvel, even as considered with reference to the average rate of price for French publications. The body of the work opens with a 'Résumé des Voyages de l'Année,' occupying fifty pages. Next we have fourteen articles (170 pages), either original essays, or extracts from books of travels not yet published, some of which are highly interesting. The rest of the volume is taken up with reviews of recent works, of which twenty-seven are noticed, and with useful tabular matter, lists of books, &c. The following statement, put forth on the authority of M. Hommaire de Hell, is startlingly at variance with opinions hitherto received. That traveller spent five years in exploring the countries between the Black Sea and the Caspian. His work has recently begun to be published in parts; we purpose giving our readers some account of it when it shall have reached a more advanced stage of publication.

"M. Hommaire has ascertained that the difference of level between the Sea of Azov and the Caspian, is 18.304 millimètres (7.3 English inches) not 103 mètres (354 English feet) as asserted by Parrot and Engelhart in 1812, nor 25 mètres (82 English feet) as declared in 1839 by three members of the Academy of St. Petersburg. He proves that this difference of level is not the consequence of a depression in the land, as some geologists suppose, but results simply from the diminution of the waters in the Caspian. This diminution he traces partly to the separation of the two seas, and partly to the loss sustained by the waters of the Oural, the Volga, and the Emba, since the Oural mountains have been denuded of their forests, and the regions along the banks of the Volga have been brought into cultivation. Everything combines to prove that the Caspian was formerly connected with the Black Sea, in a line passing through the basins of the Manitch and

the Kouma; and this junction would be renewed were the Bosphorus suddenly blocked up, as is found by an easy calculation of the amount of evaporation from the surface of the Black Sea, and of the quantity of surplus water that flows from it into the Mediterranean. The numerous salt lakes covering considerable spaces in the provinces of southern Russia, prove that the Caspian was formerly much more extensive than it is at the present day. It was the gradual retirement of the waters of that sea that left behind those remarkable hollows from which the Russians extract vast quantities of salt."

We recommend our next extract to the special attention of our readers. Speaking of Aden, the editor says—

"Commander Jéhenne informs us that this English colony is in a fair way to become the entrepôt and point of transit of the commerce of Arabia and Abyssinia, to the detriment of Moka, the ruin of which may be henceforth looked on as certain. Aden is unique as a military position. As a Roman commercial colony, in the time of Constantine, it was famous for its impregnable fortifications, its great trade, and its excellent ports, which received vessels from all parts of the known world. Scarcely two centuries and a half ago Aden was still a very important dependency of the Ottoman empire. Soliman the Magnificent, justly appreciating its value, caused vast works of great utility to be erected there. There can be no doubt, that, in the hands of England, this colony will recover its prosperity and its supremacy over all the surrounding countries, more particularly over Yemen. *It will be a stumbling-block in the way of the future commercial relations between France and Abyssinia.* . . . Speaking of Tadjoura, at which he touched, Commander Jéhenne informs us it is not true that this maritime town has been purchased by the English East India Company." [No: but we have done what is better, we have purchased the islands of Mussahh, at the mouth of the Bay of Tajura.] "It is probable, however, that the English have but postponed their design. As soon as that port shall have become a British possession, the productions of Abyssinia will take their way thither, to be conveyed to Aden, and thence to the presidencies of India."

We repeat the question we have put in another place: 'Can there be found one Englishman infatuated enough to propose the abandonment of the Gibraltar of the East?' 'Hoc Ithacus velit et magno mercentur Atridæ.' Apropos of this matter, we find from a recent statement of the 'Moniteur Parisien,' that Captain Des Fossés is under orders for the Madagascar and Bourbon station. 'The administration of the navy,' adds that journal, 'in establishing a station, with its distinct chief, thus gives it a much greater importance. Captain Des Fossés, having under his orders five or six ships of war, will exhibit our flag along the whole coast of Africa and on the Arabian seas. He will endeavour to extend our good relations with Abyssinia, and our influence in Madagascar.'

In a paper on the United States, we light upon an amusing anecdote. Bougainville, the same who afterwards became so celebrated as a navigator, having been sent by the French governor of Canada to the court of Louis XV., to request aid for the province in men and money, against the English; the minister, who had enough on

his hands at home, replied, 'What, when the house is on fire, would you have us think of the stable?'—'Parbleu,' returned the witty officer, 'nobody can say that your excellency talks like a horse' (*on ne dira pas que votre excellence parle comme un cheval*).

A Grammar of the Icelandic, or Old Norse Tongue. Translated from the Swedish of ERASMUS RASK. By GEORGE WEBER DASENT, M.A. London, Pickering. 1843.

WE do not plead guilty on behalf of our age to the charge M. Dasent brings against it, of regarding with indifference what was done before it, of being so eagerly bent on going forward, that it cannot spare a glance behind. On the contrary, we think one of the most peculiar characteristics of our times is an earnest desire to search out the forms and the spirit of the past, and to apply its lessons to the present. We are rushing eagerly onwards, but with fearfulness and doubt, and we do cast many an anxious look behind, to see if haply we may gather from the dim light of ancient days some means of piercing the deeper obscurity of the future. We trust that the reception given to the work before us, by English scholars, will be such as to convince M. Dasent that he has not bestowed his valuable labour on a thankless generation. We need not dilate on the importance of his work to all zealous investigators of English history, tradition, laws, language, and institutions. A knowledge of the old northern tongues is indispensable to the English archæologist. No better guide to the treasures of the Old Norse literature need any man desire than Rask, the author of the well-known 'Anglo-Saxon Grammar;' and Rask may congratulate himself on having fallen into the hands of such a translator.

The Literature of Germany from its Earliest Period to the Present Time. By FRANZ L. J. THIMM. Edited by WILLIAM HENRY FARN. London. Nutt. 1844. 18mo. pp. 300.

THIS little book will supply a want much felt by incipient students of German literature, and will be useful even to more advanced scholars as a compact manual; an index, as it were, to the more voluminous guides to the literary history of Germany. Astronomers are in the habit of annexing a small telescope to each of their larger instruments: with the former they sweep rapidly over a wide range of the heavens, and so having discovered the star they want, they bring the focus of the more unwieldy instrument to bear upon it. Besides its compactness, this modest little book has another merit. Unlike many works of its class of greater pretensions, it is not tinctured by the prejudices of an individual or of a school. English readers may smile at some of the opinions put forth in it; but if these are, as we believe them to be in general,

faithful transcripts of the notions predominating in Germany, they then have an obvious value irrespective of their absolute truth; and equally obvious must be the convenience of being able to lay our hands upon them so readily.

The Heretic. Translated from the Russian of LAJÉTECHNIKOFF, by THOMAS SHAW, B.A. 3 vols. Blackwood. London. 1844.

SHALL we at last have done in good earnest with the wearisome repetition of general remarks on Russian literature, remarks equally vapid and false, taken up at third or fourth hand on the faith of some obsolete critical tradition? May we hope that the remarkable volumes before us will be followed by many others from the same field, to be presented in an English dress by the same able translator? Nothing can be more erroneous than the commonly received opinion, that Russia has no indigenous literature, none that has its root in native popular ground, that her writers put forth only translations or imitations of foreign works, and that their genius is but a pale and cheerless reflection of that which glows and gladdens the hearts of men in other European lands. Young as is the literature of Russia, it has outgrown the infant stage of imitation, and has already begun to walk in its own strength. If our readers desire some proof of this assertion, let them turn to 'The Heretic;' they will find it to be a work purely and intensely national. It is a historical novel, and so far the author is a follower of Scott. But he is no servile follower. Is Sam Slick the less original because there were 'Lettres Persanes' and 'Citizens of the World' before him?

Voyage en Orient, fait en 1839 et 1840, avec Horace Vernet. Texte et desseins par GOUPILO FESQUET. Paris. 1843.
Journal d'un Voyage en Orient. Par le Comte JOSEPH D'ESTOUMEL. 210m. Paris. 1844.

WE notice these two works only to record our strong dissatisfaction with the present generation of scribbling-tourists in the East. Their numbers and their unfortunate inefficiency make them a positive nuisance. Flippant platitudes or wearisome repetitions of what has been better said a hundred times over, are all we get from the great bulk of them. All this is wholly their own fault, not that of their subject. The old East is not exhausted, perhaps it never will be—certainly never by such investigators as MM. Fesquet and d'Estournel. We are indebted to these gentlemen for a few engraved sketches of scenery and costume not without merit, but why have they encumbered the gift with such a monstrous burden of dull letter-press? The title of the work first named above, looks very like a book-making trick. M. Fesquet travelled no doubt with Hor-

ace Vernet, but that eminent artist has contributed nothing to the work besides his name thus questionably paraded on the title page.

The Minor Poems of Schiller, of the Second and Third Periods, with a few of those of Earlier

Date. Translated for the most part into the same metres with the original. By JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE, Esq., F.S.A. London. Pickering. 1844.

THIS work not having reached us until we were on the eve of publication, we content ourselves for the present with announcing its appearance.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

AUSTRIA.

THE Austrian 'Press-Tarif' (as it is termed) for the current year contains, as usual, a list of the foreign journals and other periodicals which are permitted to circulate in the imperial dominions. With respect to the German journals the list remains the same as that published in the beginning of 1843. The legitimatist French journals, such as 'La France,' 'L'Echo Français,' and the 'Quotidienne,' are admitted: but the 'Presse' and the 'Journal des Débats' are prohibited. English journals of all parties are allowed to circulate. Free entrance is permitted to the Servian journal published at Belgrade; and likewise to the 'Athina,' and the Greek government journal published at Athens.

Count Kolowratz, the Austrian Minister of the Interior, has presented to the emperor a petition in behalf of dramatic authors in Austria, praying that they may obtain such encouragements and rewards as will induce them to write for the national stage. The petition suggests: 1st, That theatrical managers should be bound to pay to the authors of plays which have been successfully performed, fees similar to the *droits d'auteur*, as established in France. 2d, That the state should grant to celebrated dramatic poets some honorary pension (Ehrensold), and that they should be deemed worthy to receive as high honours and rewards as are granted to other citizens who have rendered signal services to their country.

A Vienna journal mentions a circumstance which reflects great honour on the celebrated singer Madame Hasselt Barth. That lady has recently erected, at her own expense, a monument over the too long neglected grave of Mozart. On a tablet of grey marble are inscribed in letters of gold, the words, 'Jung gross, spät erkannt, nie erreicht.' (Young great, late acknowledged, never equalled.) This inscription, briefly characterizing the talent of Mozart, is surmounted by a medallion head of the great composer. It may here be mentioned that the hitherto unauthenticated dates of Mozart's death and burial, are now verified beyond a doubt. The uncertainty which prevailed respecting the place of his interment is now also removed. His grave was supposed to be in the Matzlemdorfer church-yard, but it is now certain that his ashes repose in the St. Marxer burial-place.

BELGIUM.

The population, according to the last census, amounts to 4,073,162 souls: in 1832 it numbered 3,785,814.

By a recent decree of the Minister of the Interior, normal schools are to be established in every district of the kingdom. This is hailed as a wise and necessary measure on the part of the government; for though Belgium possesses universities, academies of science and art, colleges, seminaries, and schools of engineering, mining, commerce, and manufactures, yet there has heretofore been a total want of institutions for the diffusion of solid elementary education among the people.

A Brussels paper mentions that a plan is in contemplation in the commune of Hornu for constructing an iron church. The structure is to be of vast dimensions, and in the Greek ogival style of architecture. Columns, capitals, ogives, all the architectural ornaments, together with the whole of the internal parts of the church are to be made entirely of iron.

A further discovery of some manuscripts of Abailard has recently been made in the Royal Library of Brussels. It may be recollected that some time ago the discovery was made of a number of MS. hymns, the composition of Abailard, together with a letter which had been sent along with the hymns to Heloise. This letter, of which a copy was published in 1841, had the appearance of having been broken off unfinished. Two more manuscripts have now been found, forming the continuation and conclusion of that curious document, which is divided into three distinct parts, corresponding with the classification of the hymns. The letter is a complete treatise on hymn composition, and is worthy to be a pendant to the letter in which Abailard expounds to Heloise the laws of monastic life.

FRANCE.

The death of Casimir Delavigne, which occurred about the end of December, was quickly followed by the decease of two other academicians; viz., MM. Campenon and Charles Nodier. Of the three late academicians, Nodier was the most generally admired as a writer. Among the humble classes of society, he enjoyed extensive and well-earned popularity. A proof of this occurred at his funeral; a young man

stepped forward from among the crowd of spectators and presented to M. Mennessier, the son-in-law of the deceased, a garland, requesting that it might be laid on the coffin of Charles Nodier as an expression of feeling on the part of the working classes. Nodier used to take pleasure in mingling with the humbler ranks of the people, and regularly visited the schools of the district in which he resided. His death occurred on the 27th of January.

A vast deal of interest was excited some time ago by the announcement that M. Eugene Sue was engaged in dramatising his much talked of 'Mystères de Paris.' Its first performance, which took place on the 13th of February, attracted such a crowd to the Porte St. Martin, that not more than half the persons assembled at the doors could gain admittance. The majority of the audience was composed of persons eminent either for high rank or literary distinction. Balzac, Jules-Janin, and Victor Hugo, were in the orchestra; whilst the Duc de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville occupied places in the *avant-scènes*. The centre boxes were, at an early hour, filled by persons who had paid an exorbitant price for places. For one of these boxes the sum of 150 francs was paid, and the increase of prices caused the receipts of the evening to amount to 14,000 francs. In adapting his novel to the stage, Eugene Sue found it requisite to make many material changes in the characters as well as in the incidents. The piece does not appear to have been very successful. A critic in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' considers this dramatic attempt as the most effectual means that could have been taken to extinguish the spurious popularity of the romance.

M. Thiers lately announced to his friends, that he had completed his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' It appears, however, that it is not his intention to place the manuscript in the hands of his bookseller for some months, as he wishes to make a careful revision of the whole before it is sent to press. The work, which is to consist of ten volumes, is to be published by the bookseller Paulin. The capital required for bringing out this publication has been raised by three or four wealthy individuals, one of whom is understood to be Mr. Cerfbeer, the banker. M. Thiers will receive, on delivery of the MS., 500,000 francs, without any deduction for the maps, books, and documents of various kinds, which he has required in the course of his labours. The expense of those objects, amounting it is said to about 200,000 francs, is to be defrayed by the publisher. It is somewhat curious to look back on the fate (considered as a book-selling speculation) of the first work of M. Thiers, 'The History of the Revolution.' The first volume of that publication appeared about the year 1824 or 1825; and it came out as the joint production of MM. Bodin and Thiers. The name of the former, however, speedily disappeared from the title-page. M. Thiers then occupied an humble lodging in the Rue Montesquieu, and his means of subsistence were scanty and precarious. After the publication of the first volume, he agreed with the booksellers, Lecointe and Durey, to dispose of the whole of the manuscript, then far from completed, for 16,000 francs—but subsequently the importance of the work

augmented in proportion as the author rose to eminence, and the price of the manuscript was fixed by mutual agreement at 30,000 francs. After the events of 1830, when the vast sale of the 'History of the Revolution' made the fortune of the publishers, the latter added 70,000 francs to the 30,000 previously paid.

The Historical Museum at Versailles contains 5000 specimens of painting and sculpture. They are distributed through 147 galleries, saloons, vestibules, and cabinets. This is said to be the largest collection of works of art in the world.

The celebrated chemist, M. Gay Lussac, recently met with rather a serious accident in the laboratory of the Jardin du Roi. He was in the act of unstopping a bottle to prepare for an experiment, when the contents became ignited by the sudden contact of the air. A violent explosion ensued. M. Gay Lussac was knocked down, and his hands and face were much injured by the fragments of broken glass.

The collected works of La Place are in the course of publication at the expense of the French government. The two first volumes have just issued from the press.

Two new journals have recently been started in Paris, the one entitled 'La Regence' and the other 'La Monarchie.' Alluding to these journals, and to the improbability of their enjoying any protracted existence, another paper, 'La Reforme,' remarks, in true republican spirit:—*'On sait bien que "la Regence" et "la Monarchie" n'ont pas d'avenir !'*

The French Academy of Science, in its sitting of the 22d of January, voted the great Monthyon prize of surgery to Dieffenbach, of Berlin, and to Dr. Stromeyer, of Gottingen. Dieffenbach was the first who performed the operation for Strabismus on the living subject, and Stromeyer had been the first to ascertain the possibility of the operation by experiments on the dead subject.

The sale of M. de Solcinne's rare collection of dramatic works took place about the end of February. Some were bought for the Bibliothèque Royale, and others were purchased by private individuals. The whole proceeds of the sale amounted to 46,000 francs. The 'Théâtre de Pierre et Thomas Corneille, édition des Elzevirs et de Thomas Wolgank,' was sold for 615 francs. Corneille's Tragedies, with the names of the actors, written in Molière's hand, was bought for 465 francs. Several old editions of Molière's works (printed in the years 1682, 1739, and 1773), produced from 600 to 820 francs.

The model for the tomb of Napoleon is now finished. It has been determined by the committee that the monument shall bear no inscription except simply the name of Napoleon. The emperor's sword and hat, the imperial crown, and the decoration of the legion of honour, worn by him at St. Helena, are to be laid on the tomb.

The inauguration of Molière's monument, an event which the Parisians had looked forward to with eager anticipation, took place on the 15th of January. The ceremony attracted vast crowds to the Rue Richelieu, and to all the adjacent points from whence a view of the monument could be obtained. At 12 o'clock the procession moved from the Théâtre Français headed by M. Rambuteau, the Prefect of the Seine,

M. Etienne of the French Academy, and MM. Samson and Arago. Next followed a numerous body of Academicians and literary men, together with the principal performers of the different theatres. The house in which Molière resided in the Rue Richelieu was hung from top to bottom with purple velvet fringed with gold. On an escutcheon, surrounded by a wreath of laurel, was an inscription stating, that the house was the dwelling-place of the illustrious dramatist; and recording the dates of his birth and death. Four speeches were delivered; the first by M. Rambuteau, as the representative of the city of Paris, the birth-place of Molière; the second by M. Etienne, in the name of the French Academy; the third by M. Samson, the president of the committee for arranging the monument; and the fourth by M. Arago, in the name of the associates of the Théâtre Français. These addresses being ended, a man stationed at the back of the statue, and in such a position as to be concealed from the spectators, placed a crown of laurel on the head of the modern Aristophanes. Immediately every head was uncovered, and Etienne having uttered the words *Honneur à Molière!* they were repeated from mouth to mouth, and re-echoed from the further end of the Rue de Richelieu. The medals struck in honour of the occasion, and the speeches of MM. Rambuteau, Etienne, Samson, and Arago, written on parchment, were deposited in an iron box, beneath a stone in front of the monument. The statue represents Molière in the costume of his time, seated in an arm chair. In the right hand he holds a pen and in the left some sheets of paper. In the evening the 'Tartuffe' and the 'Malade Imaginaire' were performed at the Théâtre Français.

An error of orthography, which, strangely enough, escaped detection until the day of inauguration, called forth a host of sarcastic jests at the expense of those who had the superintendence of the monument. One of the figures of the fountain, representing a Muse, holds in her hands a list of Molière's comedies. In this list the *Avare* was by some unlucky oversight spelt with double *r*. The blunder was, of course, immediately rectified.

A body of the students of the university of Paris, who formed part of the procession on the inauguration day, having requested the poet Beranger to head them, he replied to this solicitation by a letter, in which he said, that his character, his inclination, and his habits, had always kept him apart from the public ceremonies, at which he always felt himself out of place, the more especially as he possessed no oratorical power. He closed his letter by observing, that he still continued to employ himself in poetic composition; and that his writings will prove to the rising generation that the glory and happiness of France were the objects which occupied his thoughts to the end of his days.

The prize offered by the 'Académie Française' for the best poem on the monument, was won by a lady, Madame Louise Colet. This poem, which has called forth very high eulogium, was read at the 'Théâtre Français' on the evening of the inauguration day.

The 'Moniteur' has given a circumstantial re-

port addressed by M. Mynordos Mynas to M. Villemain, who, during his first administration, sent M. Mynas on a literary mission to the East, with instructions to direct particular attention to Greek manuscripts. The report states that the Greek revolution of 1820, and the entrance of the Turkish soldiery into the Greek monasteries, occasioned great havoc in the libraries of Mount Athos, especially in the richest of all, that of the monastery of Ibiros. Moreover, ignorance and superstition were continually busy in destroying those heathenish manuscripts which were supposed to be dangerous to Christianity, or in preventing them from being multiplied by copies. Many of the manuscripts were used for making cartridges, and employed by the fishermen for bait, whilst large quantities were sold to the bookbinders. In the year 1820, a learned priest, of the Monastery of Ibiros, named Charalampos, assured M. Mynas that he had seen a manuscript copy of Homer, written in fine characters on parchment. Its date was stated to be some time in the sixth century. M. Mynas immediately instituted a search in the monastery of Pantokrator; where it was alleged the manuscript had been seen, but all trace of it had disappeared. The treasures are now carefully guarded, and their value is fully appreciated by the monks. The acquisitions with which M. Mynas has enriched the Bibliothèque Royale, are exceedingly numerous, and they possess a value beyond their mere numerical importance. Among them is a manuscript copy of 'Æsop's Fables' in Choriambics, written by Balebrias or Babrias. This manuscript contains several thousand lines hitherto unknown. It is about to be printed at Didot's press. There are two other manuscript copies of fables by Æsop in prose.

GERMANY.

Göthe's monument, by Schwanthaler, is completed, and will probably be erected in Frankfurt in the course of next autumn. A great deal of discussion has been maintained respecting the most appropriate site for this monument. The square in front of the theatre seems to be the spot most generally approved. In Stuttgart and Salzburg a similar degree of embarrassment prevails respecting the erection of the monuments of Schiller and Mozart. The good people of Antwerp afford another example of this sort of indecision; for though the statue of Rubens has been completed for the space of two years, they have not yet determined what point of their city will furnish the most eligible site for its erection.

In the year 1839, an anonymous publication appeared at Leipzig, which created a great sensation throughout Germany. The work, which was written in French, was entitled 'La Pentarchie Européenne,' and its author drew a brilliant picture of what he presumed would be the future destiny of Russia. The mystery of the authorship, which at the time gave rise to a multitude of conjectures, is now said to be unveiled. The work is understood to be the production of a Russian agent, named Goldmann, who, it is alleged, received 2000 gold ducats for his labour.

The Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has recently

made an extensive tour in Egypt and Syria, is expected to return to Germany next May, when she will prepare a work for the press, for which she has collected materials during her travels.

In Hanover a law has been passed for establishing a censorship over circulating libraries, and the collections of books formed by reading societies. All books and journals destined for circulating libraries and reading societies must be submitted to the revisal of the censor, even though they may previously have undergone the ordeal of inspection, and have been permitted to circulate through the kingdom. The Minister of the Interior has also announced that in future the establishment of circulating libraries and reading societies must depend on the special permission of the government.

The King of Bavaria has augmented the funds for the support of the Royal State Library of Munich, from 18,000 to 23,000 florins, and the exclusive allowance for the purchase of books is raised from 12,000 to 17,000 florins. It may be remembered that about a year and a half ago, his majesty, by an extraordinary contribution of 8000 florins to the library, furnished the means of completing the previously imperfect collection of Spanish and Portuguese literature. The recent act of royal munificence will place the Munich Library on a footing of completeness with which few collections in Europe will bear comparison.

Johannes Stiglmeier, the celebrated bronze caster and Director of the Royal Bronze Foundry at Munich, died in that city on the 3d of March. For the space of two years he had suffered from severe illness, and since the middle of January had been confined to his bed. His last work, and one which has excited a high degree of interest in the artistical circles of Munich, is the cast from Schwanthaler's statue of Göthe, destined to adorn the poet's native city. This cast was completed only on the 2d of March, under the able direction of Stiglmeier's nephew and pupil, Ferdinand Miller. Before he became completely disabled by illness, Stiglmeier had made every requisite preparation for taking the cast, and on the 2d of March, whilst he lay on his death-bed, he received every five minutes a report of the progress of the operation, until at length his nephew entered his apartment and informed him of its complete success. About half past nine on the same evening he breathed his last. Among the many beautiful bronze casts which have been produced by the skill of Stiglmeier, may be mentioned the monument to the memory of King Maximilian, the equestrian statue of Prince Maximilian, the statues of Jean Paul Richter (in Bayreuth), and Mozart (in Salzburg), together with several large obelisks.

It is expected that Professor Schaffer, of the University of Giessen, will shortly complete his history of Portugal. The volumes of this work already published have excited a high degree of interest, and the notices which have appeared in various German reviews all concur in pronouncing it to be an invaluable acquisition to historical literature. The work is to form one of a series of histories of the different states of Europe published by Heeren and Ukert.

Accounts from Munich mention that the eminent

sculptor, Schwanthaler, has been suffering from repeated attacks of gout during the greater part of the winter. Nevertheless, at every interval of respite from pain, he has been actively employed on various works with which he has been commissioned. Among them is a series of bas-reliefs, ninety-two in number, intended for the friezes of the new Hall of Fame at Munich. Another important task on which Schwanthaler is engaged, is the modelling of twelve colossal figures of celebrated men of Bohemia. These models are for bronze casts, which are destined to adorn a new Walhalla, about to be erected in the neighbourhood of Prague. Schwanthaler has received this last commission from a private individual, a man of great wealth in Bohemia.

The family of the celebrated composer, Weber, have long cherished the wish that his remains should be removed from their present resting-place in London, and transferred to his native city, Dresden. Our musical readers are of course aware that Weber died in London, shortly after the production of his grand opera of 'Oberon,' and that he was buried in the vault beneath the Catholic chapel in Moorfields. The wish of the composer's family for the removal of the body having reached the knowledge of the Catholic clergy of Moorfields' chapel, they addressed a letter to Weber's widow, handsomely offering to defray the expense of conveying her husband's ashes to Dresden. The offer has been gratefully accepted, and the composer's remains will be interred in the Dresden Friedhof, where a monument is to be erected over the grave.

ITALY.

According to the 'Annali da Statistica,' there were published 3024 works in 5807 volumes, in Italy, in the year 1843, the majority of which belonged to the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. The translations outnumber the original works, but it is hoped that the security promised to literary property will make a change in this respect.

The papal censorship has condemned the following works, and accordingly they are prohibited throughout Roman Catholic Christendom.

I. Arnaldo da Brescia, Tragedia di Giovanni Battista Niccolini.

II. Note di A. Bianchi Giovini alla sua versione dal tedesco della Istoria Critica della Chiesa greco-moderna e della Chiesa russa accompagnata da speciali considerazioni sopra la loro costituzione nella forma di un Sinodo permanente, di Ermanno Giuseppe Schmidt parroco cattolico a Grosswalstadt, presso di Ascaffenburg.

III. Abregé de l'Histoire de l'Eglise Chrétienne, à l'usage des écoles normales et des gymnases catholiques. Suivi d'un Abregé de l'Archéologie ecclésiastique. Par A. Sartori, Curé à Rohrbach, près de Heidelberg.

ROME.—The pope consecrated as bishops four of the cardinals on the 11th of February. This is the first instance, it is said, in 150 years, of the pope having performed this ceremony in person.

Some workmen, who were recently digging to lay the foundation of a theatre at Rimini, in the Papal States, discovered a mosaic, in a good state of preservation, and resembling those found

at Pompeii. The town of Rimini would not incur the expense of excavating this monument of antiquity, and after it had been left uncovered for some days, for the satisfaction of public curiosity, the foundation of the new building was laid over it. The Italians, who live continually amidst the rarest reliques of antiquity, are too often indifferent to them, or value them only in proportion to the money which collectors will pay for them.

There have been lately discovered in the archives of Prince Doria Pamfili, two letters from Henry IV. of France to Clement VIII., with that pope's replies. This correspondence, which was supposed to be lost, relates to Henry's submission to the holy see. His letters are dated the 6th and 7th of November, 1595. His absolution, it will be remembered, was pronounced on the 17th of December following.

The sale of Cardinal Fesch's magnificent gallery here, was, by the last advices, fixed to take place in March. No gallery in Italy was so rich as this in the multitude and diversity of schools. There were many first pictures of Holbein, Vanhuysen, Teniers, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, &c., of Raffael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Guido, &c., of Watteau, Claude, &c.

Letters from this capital mention that a copper-plate engraver, Signor Lanzarnolo, has discovered a method of fixing, on the lithographic stone, the images obtained by the daguerreotype, so that a large number of impressions can be obtained on the instant. The artist has presented to the pope proofs of several of the monuments of the Eternal City, rendered by this process, which are said to be excellent.

The seventh volume of the Abate Coppi's continuation of the 'Annali d'Italia' of Muratori, has appeared. It comprises the period between 1820 and 1829.

VERONA.—A translation of the English work 'A Million of Facts,' is announced for publication here, in parts, with such additions and alterations as may adapt it for Italian readers.

FLORENCE.—'Archivio Storico Italiano.' Firenze.—This valuable publication is proceeding in a highly satisfactory manner. The first two volumes contained a collection of very interesting memoirs and commentaries, illustrative of the history of several Tuscan cities; the third, first gave to the world the Milanese Chronicles of Cognola, Prato, and Burigozzo; the fifth, published towards the end of the past year, contains a very important contribution to history, by one of the men upon whom Italy most prides herself, Marco Foscarini. M. Massaud had made known the fact, that among the manuscripts in the library of the arsenal at Paris, was one written by this eminent personage, entitled 'Storia Arcana, or Secret Memoirs of His Own Times,' more particularly relating to the events of 1733, and following years, under Charles VI. The high reputation of the author, his rank, his position as ambassador of Venice at Vienna, the importance of the period to which the work refers, its very title, all contributed to strengthen the desire in the public mind to have it placed within their reach, and the editors of the publication above named have at length gratified this desire. The whole tendency of Foscarini's

training and life,—born and bred among the astute Venetian oligarchy, and deemed by them worthy to be sent forth as their representative at foreign courts—was such as, aided by strong natural capacity, admirably to adapt him for a close and accurate observer of what was passing around him, well-practised in seeking out and discerning the true causes of events, and in arriving, by analogous reasoning, at a tolerably sure conjecture as to their results. The secret history, by a man possessed of qualities such as these, and with such ample means of peculiar information, of a period full of interest and importance, cannot fail to be received with eagerness. The volume is edited by Signor Tommaso Durante, whose long residence at Vienna, and free access to the archives there, enabled him to enrich the work with numerous notes and illustrations, selected from other manuscripts by Foscarini; of these two are appended to the present work, and a list is given.

A society of artists has been formed here, upon the model of those so numerous in Germany, for mutual assistance; for the support of the aged and infirm, and of the unsuccessful, but otherwise meritorious, artist; and for the promotion of art by premiums and other encouragement.

A party of noblemen and gentlemen have purchased the splendid Palazzo Borghese, which they propose to convert into a club, with rooms for singing, dancing, play, &c.

The desire so warmly expressed by Muratori, and other illustrious Italians, for the formation of a 'Central Italian Academy,' which should be the expression of the intelligence of the whole nation, may almost be said to be fulfilled, in the successful progress of the 'Ateneo Reale Italiano,' which holds its sittings periodically in the Athens of the Peninsula. The most distinguished men of letters in Italy, its princes, and its nobles, are members of this Academy. It is in regular communication with the other Italian societies for the promotion of science and literature; and it has its representatives at the successive sessions of the great 'Scientific Congress.'

FERRARA.—Some interesting notices of an early Italian painter have been published here, from the pen of Signor de Gubbio, in a work entitled: 'Notizie Storiche intorno ad Ottaviano Nelli, Pittore Eugubino, illustrate con documenti.' Nelli flourished at the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century: he was the master of that Gentile da Fabriano, so warmly eulogised by Buonarroti; of Nicolo Alunno Fulignate; of Piero della Francesca; and of Giovanni Santi, the father of Raffael.

TURIN.—'Storia del Tumulto de Ciompi, avvenuto in Firenze de P. de Santa Rosa.' Tonno. Pomba. 1843. This is the history of a very singular and a very dramatic episode in Florentine annals, lightly touched upon by Macchiavelli, and more fully but poorly treated by Marchione de Stefani and Gino Capponi. The present author is said to have described all the events of this somewhat formidable insurrection of the middle ages with much graphic effect. His work forms the sixteenth volume of an interesting series entitled 'Raccolta di Opere Utili.'

LUCCA.—The proceedings of the Fifth Session of the Italian Scientific Associations, held here in September last, and of which 495 members were present, exhibit many features of interest. Not the least gratifying of these is the evidence afforded of the desire of the higher and more cultivated classes, to promote the education of their hitherto lamentably neglected humbler countrymen. A paper read by Count Serristori: 'On the Male Orphan Schools of Italy, condensed, with reference to the Technological Instruction of the Working Classes,' repays the perusal. There are upwards of 70 of these schools in Italy, principally supported by voluntary contribution, and doing much good, though as yet but imperfectly managed.

A paper was read on the gradual supercession in Italy of native grown by foreign wines, and a committee was appointed to obtain information on the subject from all parts of the Peninsula: to collect every available fact as to the condition of the vineyards, the various processes of manufacturing the wines, the state of the trade, &c., and to publish a comprehensive report on the subject, with suggestions under the various heads, at the next session of the Association.

Count Serristori, in the name of the committee appointed at the session at Florence, to inquire into the feasibility of establishing in Italy a book fair, similar to that of Leipsic, read a report adverse to the scheme, on the ground, principally, of the utter want of confidence which the committee feel in the Italian publishers.

MILAN.—The municipality of this city has issued a programme of the sixth session of the Italian Scientific Congress, which is to be held here on the 12th of September next. The corporation has most liberally promised to contribute the sum of 10,000 Austrian lire, to be devoted to experiments during the session. General Cesare Cantù, the historian, has been commissioned by the same body, in anticipation of that important occasion, to prepare a guide book to Milan and its environs, in which he is to be assisted by some of the most distinguished among his literary countrymen; among others, by Letta, the author of the admirable work on the Illustrious Families of Italy; by Catenar, the Orientalist; Labos, the antiquary; Creveller, the geologist, &c. The volume is to be presented to the members of the Congress, and will form a very interesting work.

One species of enlightenment is, at all events, about to bless the city, which, according to a government order in the 'Gazetta Privilegiata,' is forthwith to be lit by gas, under the superintendence of M. Achille Guillard, a French civil engineer.

The architect, Luigi Canonico, of Milan, died in that city on the 7th of February, at the age of eighty-two. He was an active promoter and liberal encourager of arts and artists. Of his talents as an architect, the Amphitheatre, the Porta Vercellena, the Teatro Carcomo, and other public edifices in Milan bear ample evidence. He died possessed of a large fortune, and has made some considerable bequests to public institutions. He has left 40,000 livres to the Imperial Academy of Art at Milan, for the purpose of founding an annual premium, to be awarded by turns in

the classes of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

VENICE.—This city is undergoing the most extensive improvements. The old palaces are thoroughly repaired, and new ones built in every direction. Houses, whole streets are raising their heads, on the borders of the smaller canals, which are being filled up; the bridge across the Lagunes is progressing uninterruptedly; the 'Ponte delle Paglie' has been enlarged to double its former size; the 'Ponte di ca di Dio' is being rebuilt. A new project is on foot for opening the 'Sfondo' of the old 'Procuratie'; another for ornamenting the base of the Campanile of St. Mark's, removing all the miserable little wooden shops that now encumber it. A magnificent hotel is to be erected on the 'Riva degli Schiavoni,' supplying a long-needed decoration for this noble promenade. Mechanic's schools are in active operation, and the population, instead of carrying on a sombre and apathetic existence, in hourly dread of those graves for the weary, the *Piombi* above, or the *Pozzi* below them, enlivened only by collecting in groups on the marble squares, to listen, with ears intent, and eyes glistening, while some tatterdemalion recites, 'Erminia intanto fra le ombrose piante,' &c., are engaged very actively in the prosaic occupation of making money. They would, every man of them, leave Tasso for a tester. There is every appearance of healthy improvement in this ancient city.

From a paper read before the 'Venetian Institute of Science, Literature, and Art,' by M. Grimaud de Caux, it appears that the mortality of Venice is greater in proportion than that of Paris.

NAPLES.—The publication of Nicolo Garcia's 'Storea delle due Sicilie,' is shortly expected. It will consist of three parts. The first part will embrace the history of Sicily from the most remote period to the downfall of the Western Empire, in the year 476; the second part will bring the narrative of events to the year 1495; and the third part will conclude with the year 1789.

The construction of the Meteorological Observatory on Mount Vesuvius is completed, and the building ere this has been opened. It is in the form of a tower, and stands a little above the Hermitage, 2082 (other letters say 1954) feet above the level of the sea. On the upper floor, it contains a small but splendidly furnished apartment for the accommodation of the royal family, when they visit the mountain. This observatory has, by a royal ordinance, been placed under the same direction as the Royal Observatory at Naples.

The railroad from Naples to Caserta was opened to the public on the 20th of December. The king has declared his determination to do everything in his power to promote the industrial relations between the two places. The park and the castle are thrown open to the public.

"Eruption of Mount Etna.—Aderno, Nov.

"I wrote to you yesterday in great haste. During the time I was writing my letter, the top of the mountain had commenced with renewed vehemence, and with tremendous noise, to throw out at first thick black clouds of smoke and vapour, and soon

afterwards, a mass of water, ashes, sand, and enormous stones, which flew away in every direction, and probably, at least to leeward, to a great distance. We did not think ourselves any longer secure, and we left it, to get nearer to the road leading to Aderno, as it had become impossible without much circuitous travelling, to reach Bronte. We had, however, scarcely come into the air, when we became aware that the present new volcano had also recommenced to rage, and to throw out a mass of fiery lava, which as every unevenness of the ground has been filled up by the effluxions going on since the 18th, passed down with immense velocity into the valley, in a southern direction from Bronte. The vapour which this efflux emitted, and the gap which developed itself, made walking difficult. Being so near, we began to feel rather uneasy, and retired, therefore, towards Aderno, without, however, losing sight of the fire-stream. It had pursued in the meantime the direction taken up before, and rolled itself with a roaring noise, over the road, already destroyed, and covered thirty feet high with dross and rubbish, and over the descent, cultivated with great industry, towards the sloping banks of the Simeto. On this descent, a great number of men and women, inhabitants of Bronte and its vicinity, were busy trying to save from this universal devastation the fruits of their toil. When the fire-stream surprised them, some thirty persons were completely surrounded and burned to death, and several others could only be saved with great difficulty. Last night the new crater and the lava-stream, presented a sight which cannot be described. The moon came coldly piercing through the gloomy clouds, and hung her pale light over the country, cloud-red illuminated by the fire of the eruption and of the liquid lava. Here and there, where a stream threw itself over a declivity or a craggy rock, a new awful noise arose; when the lava reached the trees or shrubs, clear flames flickered up suddenly, but only for a moment, and then the trees and shrubs fell blazing. During the night, the imposing sight was heightened by vivid lightning, forking through the darkness of the black clouds of smoke."

The persons sent by M. Degonzie to Naples for that purpose, have begun boring in the volcanic soil of the garden of the palace, for the purpose of forming an Artesian well. The geologists are anxiously awaiting the results of this exploration.

Donizetti's last opera, 'Caterina Cornaro,' has had the cold water of dead silence thrown over it on its production here.

The Italian Scientific Congress will hold its seventh sitting here, in 1845. His Majesty has very readily acceded to the wish of the Association to that effect.

A letter from Naples, dated 20th Jan., states, that the borders of the crater of Vesuvius had become considerably extended; of the five new craters that had been formed, two were still smoking, and slight flames were to be seen.

A very interesting paper has been read before the Academy of Naples, by Signor Melloni, upon the analysis of the solar rays by prism.

The experiments of Newton at first led it to be supposed that the rays diversely refrangible, of which the white light is composed, possess degrees of heat proportionable to their intensity or colouring force. This opinion changed when Herschel distinguished the calorific spectrum from the luminous spectrum, and fixed beyond

the yellow belt the position occupied by the maximum of heat; but there was a difference of opinion as to the exact position of this point.

Seebeck had shown that these effects proceeded from the action itself of the various diaphanous substances with which light is decomposed. In fact, in trying the comparative variation of the thermometer upon spectra furnished by prisms of water, sulphuric acid, alcohol, flint glass, and crown glass, Seebeck moved the position of the maximum of heat, from the extremity of the red belt to the middle of the yellow belt. But it had then to be explained, how colourless substances, producing no variations in the relative intensity of the luminous elements, should exercise such different action upon the calorific rays. The explanation of this was furnished twelve years ago by Signor Melloni, who showed that the substances which give a free passage to light, arrest certain calorific rays, and exercise upon all the rays a variable specific action, the same as coloured glass upon white light.

More still remains to be found. A substance which should equally give passage to all the calorific rays, and this Signor Melloni has also accomplished, in showing that the *sal gemma* completely fulfils this condition.

The normal calorific spectrum being thus obtained, Signor Melloni rendered his theory perfect, by operating upon an extremely fine ray, and obtaining the exact thermometrical admeasurement, by means of an instrument of small dimensions.

Signor Melloni has thus definitely fixed the maximum of heat beyond the red belt, at a distance equal to that which separates the extremity of the luminous spectrum from the yellow belt, or, the breadth of the red belt beyond the spectrum.

PRUSSIA.

The conflict maintained in France between the clergy and the university has had its counterpart in Prussia, though under other names and other forms. A letter from Berlin contains the following remarks on this subject, together with some details relating to the late disturbances among the students of the university.

"The Prussian clergy, as a body, are far less infected with *pietism* than their representative, M. Eichhorn, the minister of public worship. *Pietism*, be it known, is a term used here to designate that exaggerated religious feeling which is supposed to be the surest letter of recommendation in certain high quarters. Every one at the court of Berlin is, or feigns to be, a *pietist*. The celebrated Professor Schelling, and M. Savigny (who was lately depicted in a caricature with eyes in his back), are the leaders of this coterie, which is, in reality, political rather than religious. M. Eichhorn requires the rectors of universities to keep a vigilant watch over the young professors, and to denounce all whose principles may savour of anti-pietism. The rectors have, heretofore, formally refused to be made the agents of this species of inquisition. Nevertheless, the students give them sufficient occupation, and some time ago nothing was talked of in Berlin but the dispute between the students and the university. The circumstances out of which this contention arose were these:—

The students wished to establish a reading-room for their own exclusive use. At first, the police authorized the plan; but this sanction was withdrawn when the list of journals and reviews which were to be received into the reading-room became known, and when it was understood who were to be the presidents elected by the committee of students. The funds which had been subscribed for the establishment of the reading-room were then paid into the treasury of a charitable institution. But the matter did not end here. The students assembled in a beer-house, where they sang political songs and delivered political speeches. The police repaired to the place of rendezvous, and some collisions took place. The senate of the university determined on the dismissal of some of the students; but they all in a body protested against this measure, declaring that all were equally guilty, if any among them were guilty. At length the authorities found it expedient to make some concessions, and order is for the present restored."

Schelling's sixty-ninth birth-day was celebrated in Berlin, on the 27th of January. A numerous party of the celebrated professor's disciples, and admirers, assembled together at a banquet. Among the guests, were the Minister Eichhorn, Professors Strauss, Neander, Lichtenstein, and others.

Commer has recently set to music the choruses in the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes. It will be remembered, that the first experiment of adapting music to the choruses of the ancient Greek drama was made by Mendelssohn, who, at the desire of the king, took Antigone as his subject. The second trial was made by Taubert on the choruses of Medea. The 'Frogs' presented a totally new field for musical composition. Commer is said to have performed his task most successfully—a task which, in its very nature, presented formidable difficulties.

A considerable number of unpublished letters of Frederick the Great have recently been discovered in the library of Baron Von Schellersheim, at his estate of Eisbergen, in Minden. Several of these letters relate to diplomatic and philosophic subjects. Most of them are addressed to the grandfather of the present possessor of Eisbergen, some to the Privy Councillor Erbschenck, and others to Baron Von Schellersheim, in Quedlinburg.

A Berlin journal lately mentioned that the students of Jena had thrown Professor Francke out at the window. The reason assigned for this act of violence is that Francke had accepted an appointment at Gottingen, after having declared that he never would have any connection with that university after the dismissal of the seven professors.

The King of Prussia has directed that an octavo edition of the collected works of Frederick the Great shall be printed simultaneously with the splendid folio edition which has been so long in preparation. The octavo edition will be sold at such a price as will enable it to circulate among the public at large.

The king has transmitted to the Greek government a catalogue of the books in the University Library in Berlin, accompanied by an offer to send all the duplicate copies of works in the uni-

versity collection to the Public Library now being established in Athens. This proof of friendly feeling on the part of the Prussian monarch has filled the Greeks with gratitude. The proffered present will form a most acceptable addition to the perfect library of Athens.

The following story is related in a German paper: Baron Alexander von Humboldt has long occupied a house in Berlin, to which is adjoined a garden with greenhouses, &c. The celebrated naturalist is much attached to this residence, as it affords him the opportunity of rearing, under his daily observation, a considerable number of exotics, and among them some of very rare kinds. A short time ago the premises were sold to a wealthy merchant (Herr Rœniger), and the illustrious tenant, who had so long occupied them, received a warning to quit. Accordingly Humboldt prepared, though with much regret, to remove from an abode with which many cherished recollections of his past life are connected. These circumstances having reached the knowledge of Joseph Mendelssohn, the banker, he paid the sum demanded by Herr Rœniger for the cession of the premises, and immediately wrote a letter to Humboldt informing him that the house and garden were at his service for as long as he might choose to occupy them.

Herr von Raumer is now about to undertake the journey to America which he has so long contemplated. It is his intention to proceed first to England, and after passing a short time in London, he will sail for New York.

The scenic representation of the works of the dramatists of antiquity continues to be a favourite amusement in Berlin. There was recently a performance, or rather a declamatory reading of the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes, and on the 5th of March the 'Captivi' of Plautus was acted by a party of the students of the university, in the Urania private theatre. All accounts concur in describing this performance as having been the most satisfactory attempt of the kind that has yet been made. The five acts of the comedy were distributed into three. Instead of an overture and music between the acts, three odes of Horace were sung; viz., 'ad lyram,' 'ad Mercurium,' and 'ad Aristium Fuscum' (*integer vita*). The two first were set to music by Taubert, and for the third, the well known melody adapted to it by the composer Fleming, was retained. The choral as well as the dramatic parts were very ably performed by the students. The scenery, dresses, &c., were all in strict accordance with classical accuracy. One scene in particular, which was painted under the direction of Professor Strack, and which represented a street in Pompeii, excited great admiration. The king and the Prince of Prussia were among the audience, which comprised the principal professors and tutors of the university, together with some of the most distinguished individuals in Berlin.

The court painter, Wilhelm Hensel, is busily occupied at his *atelier* in Berlin, with the portrait of the Prince of Wales, which he has been commissioned to paint for the King of Prussia. Hensel visited England last summer, and had many sittings of the young Prince in Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. When the

picture is finished, the artist is to make a copy of it for Queen Victoria.

RUSSIA.

The assertion that the influence of the periodical press in Russia is immense and almost incredible, will startle many of our readers. Public opinion is implicitly led by its decisions, which are submitted to, especially in the provinces, with an habitual deference, that suffers few exceptions. It rarely happens, that a book or a dramatic piece, once condemned by the press, ever recovers from the effect of that death-blow. However great the power of the press in London or Paris, it is not to be compared with that which exists in St. Petersburg, nor, indeed, is it possible for foreigners to form any just conception of this matter. The chief causes of the fact are as follows:—There is not a writer in Russia of any the least celebrity, who does not write for the periodical press, and sign his articles with his name: thus that press is the principal channel through which the writings of Russian authors find their way to the public, and by its very nature it constitutes a single combined power, not divided into two or more factions, like the periodical press of other countries. A second cause of its importance is, that books are in general very dear in Russia, so that people like to know what the journals say of them before they incur the expense of purchasing them; nor does this confidence appear to be abused by its object. The ‘Northern Bee’ is, of all the journals, that whose criticisms enjoy the highest repute; those of the ‘Library,’ on the other hand, are the most feared for their bitterness and severity. The ‘Library’ is considered as a Russian representative of the English school of criticism: it seeks to apply the test of practical utility to all questions, and makes very light of philosophical abstractions. A German tone of thought prevails in the ‘Son of the Fatherland.’ It does not avow itself the disciple of any particular German school, but it labours to foster a taste for metaphysical speculations, and it discusses all topics in a philosophic point of view. The warfare between the anglicizing and germanizing critics is waged with considerable spirit, and excites much interest among the reading public, who are divided accordingly into two parties. The ‘Northern Bee’ frequently notices the strife, but takes no active part in it, merely reporting whatever appears most important on either side, without declaring itself an adherent either of the practical or speculative system. It may be looked on as the representative of the more peculiarly Russian way of thinking.

Down to the year 1800, the whole number of works printed in the Russian language did not amount to more than 2000, and of these two-thirds were translations. A rapid increase took place soon after the commencement of the present century, and at the end of 1823, the whole number of printed Russian books, great and small, original and translated, had arisen to 8500. This is about the number produced in the course of a year and a half in Germany; and the 350 authors whom Russia possessed in that day, were numerically equal to one thirty-sixth part of the army of writers belonging to Germany in

the present day. There were published in the Russian empire, exclusively of Poland and Finland, in the years:

1831, 725 substantive works, of which 600 were original and 124 translations; only 489 were in the Russian language.—In 1832, 694 works, 600 of them original, 94 translated, 431 in Russian.—In 1833, 758 works, 635 original, 123 translated, 516 Russian.—In 1834, 844 works, 728 original, 116 translated.—In 1835, 708 works, 594 original, 124 translated, making altogether 10,106 sheets. There were imported about 300,000 volumes in foreign languages.—In 1836, 814 works, 678 original and 136 translated. Upwards of 350,000 volumes were imported.—In 1837, 866 works, making 9677 sheets, 740 original, and 126 translated; imported 400,000 volumes.—In 1838, 893 works, 116 of which were translated; imported 400,000 volumes. In 1840, 867, making 8477 sheets, of which 787 works or 7450 sheets were original; imported 600,000 volumes.—In 1841, 771 works of 8316 sheets (besides 54 periodicals of 5234 sheets) of which 717 were original, and consisted of 7353 sheets.

Reckoning by works, the translated books make more than a thirteenth of the whole number of those published in Russia, but less than an eighth part of that bulk if we reckon by sheets. Works of a grave and rigorously scientific character are on the increase; the reverse is the case with works of light reading, and the proportion of translated books is also diminishing. There is a notable augmentation in the departments of philology and universal history, of publications of a moral tendency, and of those designed to popularise information of a practically useful character. But a far more remarkable fact is the almost stationary amount of literary production within the last 10 years (periodical works excepted), whilst the importation of foreign books (540,000 volumes in 1841) has increased about 100 per cent. in five years. This is exclusive of single printed sheets, engravings, maps, music, &c., of which 253,837 copies were imported in 1840, and 996,935 in 1841.

The four committees of censorship have examined 1230 foreign works in 2002 volumes, the contents of which were previously unknown. Ninety of these were prohibited, and 110 allowed with the elision of objectionable passages. Upon the petition of the booksellers, and some other persons, permission was given to send back out of the country 348 copies of prohibited foreign works, making together 727 volumes.

M. Tchihatcheff, who took part in the Russian expedition against Khiva, is about to publish an account of the scientific researches in the Altaï. Humboldt speaks of this traveller in his ‘Asie Centrale’ in a manner that leads us to expect much novel and instructive matter from the promised publication.

SWITZERLAND.

Count de Bude, the owner of the Château of Ferney, died recently at a very advanced age. He was the third owner of the estate since Voltaire’s time, having purchased it from the Marquis de Villette, who had it from Voltaire’s niece, Madame de Denis. It is expected that by the

family arrangements consequent on the demise of the late proprietor, the château will be doomed to undergo a thorough repair, and that the sight of Voltaire's apartments will no longer tempt the curious traveller to make a pilgrimage to Ferney! Of these apartments only two rooms on the ground floor have for a long time been publicly shown. The largest, a sort of drawing-room, contains some indifferent allegorical pictures, a monument dedicated to the memory of Voltaire, a few paintings and engravings (consisting of portraits) much injured by time, and some articles of furniture, valuable only as relics. The smaller apartment is a bedchamber, adjoining the drawing-room, containing a bed, whose original hangings were clipped away bit by bit, by visitors; and a second set of curtains which succeeded the old ones has been nearly demolished in the like way. The cabinet and study of the philosopher have during late years been converted into sleeping-rooms for servants; his library has been metamorphosed into an orangery, and as to the theatre where Lekain, Larive, and Madlle. Clairon once performed, not a vestige of it remains. The celebrated chapel which bore the inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire*, is converted into a barn, and the stone on which the memorable inscription is engraved has been fixed into the wall of a neighbouring inn, where the devout gazer views it as a gratifying evidence of piety on the part of the author of the 'Dictionnaire Philosophique.'

Letters recently received from Heinrich Zollinger, the Swiss naturalist, mention that he has taken up his abode on Pangurango, the highest mountain on the island of Java, where he is surrounded by the wonders of the tropical vegetation of that heretofore unexplored region. Zollinger is a native of Fenerthalen, in the canton of Zurich, and he left Europe in 1841. By the advice and direction of the deceased Professor Decandolle, he proceeded to Java, for the purpose of collecting objects for botanical science. In the space of a year he obtained not less than 1500 species of plants, in 20,000 specimens, most of which reached Europe in good condition. Though this collection was rich in species previously unknown to European herbals, yet it comprehended only plants of the level parts of the country, a circumstance which induced Zollinger to make a visit to the mountainous regions, where the vegetative physiognomy presents a greater similarity to that of Europe. Having been strongly recommended to the gov-

ernor of the Dutch possessions in India, he obtained permission to travel and make collections in all parts of the island, and the governor having assigned to him the use of a house and garden on the mountain of Pangurango, some valuable acquisitions to European botany may shortly be expected from him. It is worthy of remark that none but naturalists who were sent out in the service of the Dutch government were, until very recently, permitted to appropriate the treasures of natural history with which the island of Java abounds, and they were required to send all the objects they collected, to museums and other public institutions of the Netherlands. The Dutch government has now put a period to that regulation, which gave great dissatisfaction even in Holland. Zollinger is the first foreigner who has been so fortunate as to profit by the cession of the monopoly,—a thing never more out of place than in the regions of science.

The last census gives 2,294,000 for the population of the 23 cantons.

SWEDEN.

The historian Fryxell has recently published, at Stockholm, the fourth volume of his Documents relating to the History of Sweden. The volume contains numerous curious extracts from despatches preserved in the archives of the Hague, addressed to the States General by Dutch ministers resident at Stockholm. They relate to the affairs of Sweden in connection with Holland, during the latter half of the seventeenth century. Among them are some very important reports relating to the military events of 1676 and 1677, and to the celebrated battle of Lund, fought in December, 1676.

The Crown Prince of Sweden has placed his two sons, Charles, aged 17, and Gustavus, aged 16, at the University of Upsala. The two young princes previously underwent a very rigid examination by Geijer, the professor of history; Sellen, the professor of the Latin language and literature; and Malmsten, the professor of mathematics. The examination, which occupied several days, took place in the presence of the Crown Prince and his consort, and the former tutors of the young princes. It was highly satisfactory in its results. The circumstance has excited a considerable degree of interest in Stockholm, where it is regarded as a gratifying proof of the wise system pursued by the Crown Prince and Princess in the education of their children.

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THE
FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. LXVI.

FOR JULY, 1844.

ART. I.—1. *Œuvres Complètes de M. DE BALSAC*. Vols. I.—VI. Paris. 1842-3.
2. *Œuvres Complètes de GEORGE SAND : accompagnées de morceaux inédits*. Vols. I.—XVI. Paris. 1842-3.

THE present is a favourable moment for a critical examination of these two writers. Both are now publishing revised and collected editions of their various works, in very elegant and remarkably cheap forms. The imperfections necessarily dependant upon hurried publication, are now, to a great extent, removed. The works issue from the press with the *imprimatur* of each author. As they now are, will they appear to posterity, should they descend so far. We will not venture to prophesy their durability. Names that have had far louder echoes than their own, have long ceased to be pronounced; and they too may pass away with their epoch. But for the present, at least, an examination of two such authors cannot be useless. They are indisputably the greatest of their class, now living in France. Their renown is great; their influence immense. Criticism is busy with their works; busy, but seldom just. And as they are, and will be, greatly read in England, we shall be doing some slight service if we succeed in placing them in their true light.

There are three points of view from which the novelist may be regarded; as a Moralist, an Artist, and an Entertaining Writer. He may be unexceptionably moral, yet unequivocally dull; he may be very entertaining, yet very immoral; and he may be a great artist without being either particularly moral or immoral, also without being (to novel readers) entertaining. 'Cœlebs in

search of a Wife' is an example of the first; 'Candide' of the second; and 'Wilhelm Meister' of the third. The three combined make the perfect novelist; and perhaps there is no better specimen of this combination than the matchless Jane Austen. In endeavouring to furnish hints for the just appreciation of George Sand and Balzac, we shall treat of them under these three heads; and by means of their opposite qualities we may be able to elicit distinct characteristics of both.

As MORALISTS. The very head and front of French novelists' offending is, that their works are immoral. An accusation we are willing to admit, even to the fullest. But let it be distinctly understood that the English novels are, on the whole, equally bad. Let it be honestly acknowledged that, with rare exceptions, the mass of English, French, and German novels are false, vicious in tendency, consequently immoral; otherwise we must protest against the violent tirades of which our neighbours are the objects. Moreover, we would beg that some distinction be made between those who err from thoughtlessness, ignorance, or base tampering with morbid feelings and forbidden thoughts, and those who err from erroneous convictions: between the shameless effrontery, covered as it is with the affectation of philanthropy, of 'Les Mystères de Paris,' and the agonizing cry of 'Indiana,' or the profound conviction of 'Le Compagnon du Tour de France.' Surely the earnest error of George Sand is not to be confounded with the immorality of Balzac, Charles de Bernard, Soulié, or Eugène Sue?

George Sand is a moral writer; but some

of her works are, it is true, immoral in their tendency. This is a distinction generally lost sight of. She is a moral writer, because an earnest one. She puts forth *convictions*. Her works are immoral in their tendency when these convictions are erroneous; and sometimes, when her descriptions of scenes of passion border too closely on reality, their warmth being too unsubdued. Some people will consider the above to be a distinction without a difference; yet a difference there is, and a wide one. It is incumbent on an author, not that he speak the truth, but what he holds to be the truth; he is accountable, as Channing well said, for the uprightness, not the rightness, of his doctrine. To interdict the free publication of opinions would be to stop the progress of improvement. We have only a right to demand that an author shall not wantonly or thoughtlessly promulgate opinions at variance with those generally received. George Sand holds some few opinions on religious, moral, and political subjects, which are at variance with those generally received, and these she has either put distinctly forth, or else implied, in several of her works. While admitting that she has thereby injured those works, we cannot conscientiously condemn her for the deed. She was bound to utter what she thought the truth, and to utter it in her own way. It is absurd to contend that novels are not the places for such ideas. The artist must use his art as a medium—as the journalist would use the journal, as the politician would use the pamphlet.

And after all, the immorality of George Sand's works has been very grossly exaggerated. Her private history has been so much the theme of scandal, and that so exaggerated with the usual prodigality of report, that people have unconscientiously attributed to her books the character of her actions. It is supposed that a woman who has been so unhappy in her domestic state, and who has been celebrated for her gallantries since her separation from her husband, would constitute herself the opponent of marriage, the advocate of 'lawless love,' and the extenuator of the irregularities and excesses of passion. Now this is the complete contrary of the fact! This, which would be a natural conclusion in the case of an ordinary woman, is a gross blunder in that of a high-minded woman like Madame Sand. We have constantly had to defend her writings in society, and never yet could elicit any distinct tangible charge against her, that was not solely derived from an impression, not of her books, but her actions. Her opinions on marriage—the libertinism of her heroines—the advocacy of the emancipation of women:

these have been the constant charges, and to these we will oppose the facts.

Her opinions on marriage it would be ridiculous to dispute about, as she has always abstained from promulgating them. "I have made no vow," she says, in a recent preface, "never to explain myself relative to the question of marriage; but neither do I deem myself bound to propose a theory." The amount of whatever she has by precept or by implication written on the subject, reduces itself to these very unquestionable positions: There is much misery in the present state of marriage, owing greatly to the system of *convenance*; the laws favour the husband more than the wife, rendering infidelity a pardonable *légèreté* on the one side, and a terrible crime on the other; a woman is as much entitled to a pure husband, as a husband to a pure wife; the egotism now ruining society ruins also conjugal happiness. These positions are, it is true, sometimes so put forward, as to look like attacks on marriage; but a little scrutiny enables us to perceive, that not the institution, but its abuses, are attacked. If the reader be sincerely anxious to ascertain the truth on this matter, he will read the '*Lettres à Marcie*.' These were among her earliest writings, and their testimony is therefore important. We will content ourselves with two extracts:—

"As to those dangerous attempts made by some St. Simonian women to enjoy *pleasure in freedom* (le plaisir dans la liberté) think what you please of them, but do not hazard yourself: they are not made for you. You could not love by halves, and if once you loved it would be for ever. You would have accepted a homage, that was free, and you would soon behold with horror that right of infidelity which your husband had reserved for himself."—p. 164.

Again, further on:

"Strange remedy for the corruption of society, to open all the large gates of licence! *That which man dreams of, that alone which elevates him, is PERMANENCE IN THE MORAL STATE.* The character of great things in the material world is durability; and it is that in the moral as in the physical world to which man attains with greatest difficulty. God alone is immutable. *But all that tends to fix the desires, to shut in the volitions and affections, tends to establish paradise on earth.*"*

Nothing can be more explicit; the passages we have printed in italics are full of wisdom. Nevertheless, although as a matter of doctrine, George Sand does not attack marriage, does she not by way of implication? are not her heroines women who, by their

* *Lettres à Marcie*: Œuvres Complètes: vol. xvi., p. 165.

conduct, lead the reader to suppose that she combats the marriage state? We will answer by reference to the separate works.

Three of her three-and-twenty works are founded upon marriage, and only three: 'Indiana,' 'Valentine,' and 'Jacques.' In the two first she says she demanded 'with submission what was the morality of marriage as it is at present contracted and considered. The only reply that I received was, that I was a dangerous questioner, and consequently an immoral writer.' In 'Indiana' a young, enthusiastic, credulous, and passionate woman, is married to an old, coarse, brutal country gentleman; the match is an ill-assorted one. This is common enough in all novels. An accomplished scoundrel wins her affections. This is also common; but what is far less common is, that the wife, though in love, resists seduction. Her love is not within her power; her chastity is, and she preserves it. The case is similar in 'Valentine.' In 'Jacques,' her object was to paint the wronged husband; it is he who suffers, not the wife. 'Taking a man as my principal type,' she says, 'I again asked in the name of man, as I had formerly done in the name of woman, what was the ideal of love in marriage. This time it was still worse with me. I was the enemy of marriage, the apologist of licence, the despiser of fidelity, the corrupter of women, the scourge of husbands.' There are many very painful passages in these three works, as must always be the case when the depths of human passion are probed: but there is nothing in them half so revolting as the love of a man for his wife's sister, who is living under the same roof with him; yet this forms the subject of a much applauded novel by a much admired authoress of the day. If any one should arise and declare that all painting of illicit passion has an immoral tendency, we could understand him. But we cannot understand the outcry made against George Sand's doing in earnest, and with terrible truth, that for which other authors are applauded. Not to mention the fearful picture of adulterous passion in that powerful and greatly lauded story 'The Admiral's Daughter' (vide *Two Old Men's Tales*), nor the hundreds of English novels in which adultery is either the subject of tragedy or farce, we content ourselves with the simple statement of the fact that French novels, with hardly an exception, are founded on adultery. This crime, so very frequent in society, is universal in their novels. There is another reason besides its frequency in society. Girls in France can hardly be said to have a social existence. They are of so little importance

till they are married;—they mingle so little with the world and the world's drama; that their passions are not elicited enough for the events of a novelist. With marriage a new life begins; above all for the novelist. Hence married women are the favourite heroines. Now it certainly speaks as much for George Sand's moral feeling as for her genius, that she has only made three of her heroines married women; but it speaks a great deal more for her that she has never made adultery a jest; always a crime terrible in its consequences.

If we compare her with Balzac on this point, we shall best appreciate the rarity of her use of adultery as the pivot of a story. Balzac, as a painter of society, and one who has exhibited profound knowledge of the secret springs of character, ought sparingly to use the subject of adultery; first, because, if he pretends to paint society, it is a gross error to seize only one aspect of that society (and no one will pretend to say that adultery is the rule, and chastity the exception); secondly, because his very knowledge of character should supply him with sufficient materials, without his needing recourse to disagreeable and exceptional cases. Adultery, as we said, is a very frequent crime; the novelist is therefore pardonable for occasionally treating of it. But it is a crime; it is *not* the general condition of society. It should, therefore, always be treated as a crime; it should always be represented as an exceptional case; and the novelist who refuses to do so deserves our contempt as an immoral writer. This is the case with Balzac, and not with George Sand. She has used the subject very sparingly; and has always painted it as a serious misfortune, the very existence of which points at a social evil to be reformed. Balzac, on the contrary, treats it as a matter of course. From his works it would be concluded that all wives are unfaithful; and that their infidelity is looked upon as only an insult to their husbands, never as a crime against society; nay, well-bred husbands do not even consider it an insult. We believe that he has written scarcely a story in which love forms the principal element, in which adultery is not introduced; and it would be ridiculous to assert that this is a faithful representation of society. He never betrays the least consciousness that his hero or heroine are guilty. The most virtuous as the most vicious equally sin in this respect. His ideal of a woman, the Lily of the Valley, has an intrigue with a boy. His ideal of an Irish lady and a mother, Fanny O'Brien, who is a pattern of passionless virtue, calmly advises her son to make love to a married

woman, rather than an unmarried one; simply because the family has a marriage in view for him, 'a good match,' with which his falling in love with a girl would interfere! It would be endless to cite examples, when the whole tenor of his works betrays the same character.

George Sand, therefore, considered with reference to marriage, is decidedly not an immoral writer; and if compared with her contemporaries, is purity itself. With reference to 'lawless love' and St. Simonian licence, we may say that whatever her private opinions, whatever her personal actions may imply, her works give no countenance of such a notion. Her heroines are singularly chaste. Valentine, Fiamma, Yseult, Edmée, Laurence, Quintilia, Consuelo, &c., are so many tributes to the beauty of chastity. With the exception of Valentine, they are women of great character, and although placed within reach of temptation, are preserved by their own resolute dignity and feminine virtue.

We may now pass on to the other points of moral instruction. George Sand is celebrated for the promulgation of 'social theories.' Now this phrase has a meaning, yet we have found no one able to render it intelligible in the case of Madame Sand; and the present reviewer can conscientiously declare, that although he has studied her works for several years, reading and re-reading them all with renewed admiration, and having also been impressed with the idea that she promulgated certain 'social theories,' he has not to this day been able to detect them. It is very apparent that she is a democrat, and believes all true greatness to reside in the people; it is very true that she is painfully impressed with the social anarchy of the times, with the egotism and manifold injustice daily visible; it is very true that she ardently yearns for a social creed, on which to found a social amelioration, and believes more in Lamennais and Pierre Leroux, than in M. Affé and Louis Philippe; it is very true that she is dissatisfied with Christianity as at present understood and practised, and wishes for new and larger interpretations of the doctrine of Christ; but these do not constitute 'social theories,' nor do they entitle the author to the brand of infamy. There is as much truth as error in her speculations; and all honest readers must recognize the sincerity of her search after truth. We differ from her very widely; but no one can honour her more; because, as we said, it is too much to demand of an artist that he present you with the true solution of the social problems he exposes. Otherwise 'Faust' would be the

most immoral book in the world; for in it many problems are stated, none resolved.

Besides the sincerity of her longing after truth, which most readers have admitted, George Sand always exhibits a vivid sympathy with greatness of thought and feeling. She loves to contemplate the victory of mind over matter. Generous herself to a high degree, she everywhere manifests a love of generosity and integrity. Self-dependent, self-sustained, she is fond of exhibiting her heroines, relying solely on their own will and dignity; without however making them Amazons: Fiamma, Consuelo, Yseult, &c., have nothing masculine but their energy and courage. The only fault in this is her fondness for making women independent of society: pursuing a line of conduct they have laid down for themselves, rather than that laid down for them by society. This, in as far as it may be supposed to influence the actual conduct of women, we admit to be immoral in its tendency. On the whole, however, the effect of her works, upon the reader's mind, cannot but be beneficial; there are certain points to which he would refuse assent; but on all the broad questions, in all cases of moral worth, he would respond to her.

This requires some qualification, if the reader be young, inexperienced, or a female. To such we would say, do not open 'Lélia,' 'Spiridion,' 'Leone Leoni,' nor, perhaps, 'Jacques.' 'Lélia,' is a profound poem, but a very dangerous novel. It should be read only by the strong. It has its moral, for it is a work of art; and Hegel well says, "From every genuine work of art, a good moral is to be drawn: but this is a *deduction*, and entirely *depends upon him that draws it*."* It is the most terrible outcry of scepticism ever heard. The whole anarchy of the epoch is mirrored in its pages. But the picture is too terrible for weak minds; and though we cannot condemn its publication, more than we would condemn 'Werther,' 'Rèné,' 'Obermann,' and 'Childe Harold,' we would energetically condemn its being placed in the hands of the young or weak. We say the same of 'Spiridion,' from a different cause. 'Leone Leoni' and 'Jacques' are not suited to an English taste, nor to English ideas. But with these exceptions, we think her works perfectly harmless, nay, decidedly beneficial.

On the other hand, there are few of Balzac's that are not very decidedly immoral in tendency. Were it not for a few isolated pictures of heroism, simplicity, and silent,

* Vorlesungen über die Ästhetik, i., p. 69.

unostentatious virtue which he has painted, one would be tempted to deny that he had any moral sense. As all his heroines are unfaithful, so almost all his men are rascals. While philanthropy has been so nobly advocated in the 'Médecin de Campagne,' integrity so touchingly exhibited in 'César Birotteau,' and devotion so depicted in 'La Maison Claes,' it will be impossible not to acknowledge that Balzac has a very keen, a very just moral sense. But his works in general seem flat contradictions to it. He paints the deepest rascality without a murmur of indignation. His young dandies, De Marsay, Rastignac, Ajuda Pinto, and Vandenesse, are destitute of any moral principle; nor does he express any contempt for them on that score. It is no excuse to say that, as a painter of society, he is forced to exhibit men as they are. Iago is clearly enough represented, without any suspicion lurking in the reader's mind that Shakspeare admired or excused his conduct. George Sand has painted men of the day, Raymon, Horace, De Lansac, and Leoni; yet no one ever doubted for an instant that these men were objects of contempt and moral reprobation. Balzac, on the contrary, draws his polished rascals in such glowing colours, and manifests such an utter insensibility to their vices, that the result is highly immoral. This is greatly owing to his aristocratic prejudices. Vice, in losing its coarseness, loses to him its hideousness. To seduce a woman, to treat her with polished brutality, to speculate upon her influence in advancing your worldly views, to leave her when tired, and to recommence with another, are the acts of a gentleman, in his opinion.

This is not all. We have heard an eminent author declare that he admired Balzac immensely, but that he thought George Sand *unclean*. This verdict ought, in justice, to be reversed. George Sand is sometimes voluptuous; sometimes trenches upon ground which is better 'imagined than described;' but never unclean. Balzac is so, and constantly. He is fond of raising disgusting images. He is prone to describe with minuteness, feelings which ought not to be described; bestowing diseases on his personages which might very well be dispensed with. In 'La Vieille Fille,' he has described the sexual desires as agitating an old maid; in 'Le Ménage de Garçon,' the physical effects of abstinence and incontinence. There are several other cases, which we forbear to mention. One trait, however, from a recent work, 'Beatrix,' will sufficiently illustrate the matter in hand. Fanny O'Brien, the pure and passionless woman whom we before alluded to as hav-

ing advised her son to intrigue *only* with married women, wishing to read a letter which that son had just received, approaches him with an air at once bold and timid; 'la mère eût en ce moment la grâce d'une courtisane que veut obtenir une concession.' Can anything be more revolting than this comparison of the caress of a mother and that of a courtesan? Does it not imply a moral insensibility in the man through whose mind such an image could pass? Yet, although this is, perhaps, the very worst passage of the kind in all his works, it is only a strong illustration of one of his great defects.

Balzac, on the whole, is a very dangerous writer. There are some few of his works, such as 'Eugenie Grandet,' 'La Recherche de l'Absolu' (also called 'La Maison Claes'), 'Le Curé de Tours,' 'Le Médecin de Campagne,' 'César Birotteau,' and some short stories, which are perfectly unexceptionable on the point of morality. The rest are all dangerous, insidious. They want delicacy, both of taste and feeling. They imply that natural manners and natural ideas are ridiculous; and that Parisian refinement alone can make a human being estimable. By dwelling on the myriad affectations (usually characterized by him as adorable) of the *dame comme il faut*, by his very talent for penetrating into the secret springs of vanity and display, he corrupts the taste of his admiring reader. He should be strictly forbidden to young women.

There are many people who have never heard that Balzac is immoral. No one can have heard of Madame Sand without some grievous charge of immorality: she is the popular symbol of French grossness, with which the imaginations of our immaculate countrymen are horrified. People have so vivid an idea of her peccadilloes, that they endeavour to ferret out vermin in the most innocent recesses of her works. We actually heard 'Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre,' which is a mystical and exquisite poem, pronounced immoral. Never was there a more notable instance of giving a dog a bad name and hanging him. Madame Sand has been known to travel in an androgynous costume; smokes cigars, is separated from her husband, and has been the theme of prolific scandal. The conclusion drawn was, that from such a person nothing but anti-social works could possibly be expected. This idea having once taken possession of men's minds, no subsequent examination could uproot it. The errors that have ensued are incalculable.

For instance: do not every ninety-nine persons in a hundred imagine that George

Sand is riotous in favour of the emancipation of women, that she thinks 'woman's mission' is, at present, opposed by the selfishness and ignorance of man? The truth is, that she holds very sane, sober opinions on this, as on many other matters: and that, although from the masculine energy of her own character, she has been led to endow some of her heroines with a vigour and resolution not often met with, yet from the very first her opinions on the subject have been opposed to the St. Simonian doctrine of woman's mission. This will startle most of our readers: it is, however, sober fact. Open the '*Lettres à Marcie*,' in which she has most distinctly expressed her opinions on marriage and on women, and it will there be found that the current notion respecting her is absurd. Listen to these strong words:

"Women are unfit for those employments which the laws have hitherto denied them. This does not prove the inferiority of their intellects, but the difference of character and defect of education. The second is an obstacle which time may remove; the first will, I fear, be eternal. Thus, you see, I am far from approving the idea that women are inferior to men. They are equal, and nothing in the designs of Providence destines them to slavery. But though equal they are not similar to men. Man's organization assigns a part to him; woman's assigns another part to her; one not less noble, not less beautiful, and which I cannot conceive she should complain of, unless her intelligence be deprived. Providence has placed the infant in her womb and in her arms; and has given her a more intense love of progeniture, a more sublime energy for this occupation, and ineffable delights, the power of which is a mystery to most men. The part of each sex is traced out, and Providence has assigned to each the fitting instruments and resources. Why should society overturn this admirable arrangement? and how can it remedy the corruption which will necessarily arise in thus overturning the social order in giving to woman the same attributes as man? Society is full of abuses. Women complain of being brutally enslaved, badly brought up, badly educated, badly treated, and badly defended. All this is unfortunately true. These complaints are just, and do not doubt but that before long, a thousand voices will be uplifted to remedy the evils. But what confidence can be inspired by women who in advancing to claim for themselves that share of dignity which marriage denies them, and above all that portion of sacred authority over their children which the law refuses them, demand not domestic peace, not the liberty of maternal affection, but to speak in the forum, to wear helmet and sword, to participate in the condemnation of prisoners?"

We beg attention also to the following, for other reasons than that of the mere question of woman's mission:

"I am aware of certain prejudices which deny to women the power of a resolute and enlightened

perseverance according to their reason. Many men affirm that the male creature is of a superior essence to the female. This prejudice seems to me very sad; and were I a woman* I could with difficulty resign myself to becoming the companion of a man who called himself my deity; for above human nature I can only conceive the divine; and inasmuch as this terrestrial divinity would err, and find it difficult to excuse his errors, I should fear much that the sweet obedience naturally inspired by the being we love, would soon be changed into the instinctive hatred inspired by the being we fear. It is strange that the most fanatical partisans of marriage should generally make use of the argument the fittest to render marriage odious. Reciprocally the horrible error of promiscuous intercourse is professed by men who defend the equality of women. So that two incontestable truths, the equality of the sexes and the sanctity of their union, are compromised by their own champions. The clumsy aphorisms of masculine superiority have only become so bitter because the pretensions of women to independence have been so excessive.

"Equality is not similitude. An equal merit does not imply that one is fit for the same employments; and to deny the superiority of men it is only necessary to confide to them the domestic attributes of the women. To deny the identity of the faculties of woman with those of man, it is sufficient to confide to them the public functions of the latter. But if woman is destined not to quit the private sphere, it does not follow that she has not an equal proportion of excellence in those faculties by which she is distinguished."—*Lettres à Marcie*, pp. 84, 5, 8, 9—213, 4.

Any person who talks of George Sand as an enemy to marriage, an advocate of libertinism, or emancipation of women, after having read the foregoing extracts, will be convicted of malevolent closing the eyes to truth.

Having endeavoured to defend *her* as a writer from the charge of immorality, we have next to state in what point we consider some of her *works* dangerous, since we have admitted that some are immoral in their tendency. Recalling our former distinction between the immorality of the author, and that of the work, we may add, that any writer setting himself to symbolize the anarchy and corruption of the epoch—any writer addressing to the men of the age certain social questions—must necessarily stir up much of the mud and filth that lies at the bottom of the stream of society. It may be necessary for ulterior purposes thus to trouble the stream; meanwhile the water is unfit to drink. George Sand does not come forward as the prophet of a new era, but as a critic of the present. She addresses certain questions to her contemporaries, and declares her resolution of continuing to

* The reader must remember that George Sand, in taking a man's name, is here, as elsewhere, speaking in the character of a man.

do so, not being satisfied with the conservative aphorism, that 'one ought never to indicate an evil, unless one has found the remedy.' In this she is right. If questions are crimes, she exclaims, there is a simple method of silencing them—that is, to *answer* them.

Nevertheless, the answer is not ready; will not be so for many years. Life is a problem to perplex the deepest thinkers. The greatest seem to have arrived only at a profound and reverential scepticism. The few broad general truths, at which science is content to pause, have but a faint application to each individual case: and morals can do scarcely more than prescribe what ought to be. Almost every individual case is an exceptional one. As all men differ in organization and education, so must life, and its manifold relations, assume different aspects, and morals, which is the science of these relations, have different laws. There is something unutterably sad in this reflection. It seems as if all our lives were but vain struggles after truth; as if—

All experience were an arch, where through
Gleams that untravell'd world, *whose margin fades*
For ever and for ever, when we move,—

as one of the deepest and sweetest of our modern poets has profoundly said. Lélia's scepticism is but the passionate reaction of defeated endeavour; it will not, cannot be answered at present. And, as it cannot be answered, it will mislead. The doubts which perplex the earnest loving souls of those who, like Madame Sand, feel for mankind, and yearn for social amelioration, are certainly dangerous, inasmuch as they disturb society; but he must be a bold man who would pronounce the utterance of these doubts an immoral act. If justice reigns on earth—justice for woman as for man, for rich as for poor; if truth reigns on earth, that is, in the hearts and acts of men—then, indeed, is George Sand infamous, and the publication of her doubts is blasphemy. But who shall say that this is so? Who shall declare that Christianity is practically realized? Who shall say there are no evils in the state to call for a reform? And, as long as evils exist, all men are bound to signalize them; and as long as evils are signalized, so long will there be works immoral in their tendency; since all works are considered such which tend to unsettle men's opinions.

We may now pass to the second part of our inquiry, and examine them as—

ARTISTS; under which head we include style, exhibition of character, and poetic conception. Balzac is the worst writer we

ever met with, considering his immense talent. There are few Frenchmen who write so incorrectly; none more detestably. Not to speak of his neologisms, nor of his use of active verbs in passive senses, his style is crabbed, prolix, startling, and affected. French in his hands is no longer the light, idiomatic, easy, pointed, brilliant language we know it; but unwieldy, unintelligible, and perverse. French, which compensates for its comparative poverty by its inimitable grace, becomes with him inexpressive, unwieldy, and tedious. It is a sort of Euphuism. There is also that occasional felicity and elegance in it which are found amidst the mass of affectation in Lily's 'Euphuës.' But when men set syntax, idiom, and taste at defiance, in their research after novelty of expression, it is but natural they should sometimes succeed: as perpetual punsters sometimes stumble on a random jest. Balzac is not careless, but perverse. He does not write the slipslop of Paul de Kock or Eugène Sue. His sins are deliberate; his awkwardness is studied; his incorrectness is elaborate. Words are not used in unheard of senses from ignorance, but from *parti pris*. His sentences are not distorted because his pen hesitates and his meaning staggers; but because he conceives the best way of producing an effect is to avoid the natural sequences of language. In consequence, dialogue is the element in which he seems most at ease; it is that which he writes best: because he therein imitates the style of conversation. In descriptions he is detestable; the more he labours the worse he writes; and when he attempts poetical description, he is ludicrous beyond example. From his very laboured and very disagreeable work, 'Le Lys dans la Vallée,' we might select an anthology of euphuisms. Take only this one: Vandenesse sees Madame de Mortsauf approaching, 'aussitôt je sentis une céleste odeur de myrrhes et d'aloës, *un parfum de femme qui brilla dans mon cœur.*' What is the perfume of a woman, let him decide; but what sort of perfume it is that could 'sparkle in his heart,' we should be curious to learn. This is equal to the passage in 'La Recherche de l'Absolu,' wherein he speaks of the 'devouring ideas *distilled* from the bald brow of Claës'—*toutes les idées dévorantes que distillait son front chauve.*' In one of his descriptions of scenery he says, Nature looked her loveliest, 'comme une femme parée qui va au bal.' This phrase is typical of his whole mind: it is to poetical feeling what the passage formerly quoted about the 'grace d'une courtisane' is to moral feeling. His mind is so imbued with fashion, that he can only conceive Nature

'as dressed for a ball.' That anything should be beautiful which did not proceed from a Parisian milliner, is almost incredible to him. Women, to be beautiful, must not have the vulgar charms of health; they must be pale, fragile, thin, and *thirty*: thirty-five, or even forty are better, but thirty will suffice; under that, no woman is worthy of notice. His attention to the dress of his persons is tediously minute; every article is described; and should they change the dress, that also merits description. As a specimen of impassioned portraiture, take this: Béatrix is standing on a rock, waving her handkerchief to her lover, who is on board a vessel just set sail. 'Béatrix était ravissante ainsi; le visage adouci par le reflet d'une *chapeau de paille de riz* sur lequel étaient jetés des *coquelicots* et noué par un *ruban couleur ponceau*, en robe de *mousseline à fleurs*, avançant son petit pied fluet chaussé d'une *guêtre verte*, s'appuyant sur sa frêle ombrelle, et montrant sa belle main *bien gantée*. Rien n'est plus grandiose à l'œil qu'une femme en haut d'un rocher comme une statue sur son pedestal.' We assure the reader this passage is selected without malice: we could find fifty others as bad, if not worse. Béatrix happens to be the last novel of his we have read; and for this reason we quoted from it. The critic will not fail to remark how entirely all emotion is kept out of sight, and how the dress is the only object of attention. If her hand is beautiful, it is 'bien gantée'; if her foot is small, it is well 'chaussé.' The bonnet absorbs attention from the face. It is cruel to compare Balzac with George Sand on questions of style; but the purpose of our present article demands that we should do so. The following passage, which is selected because it also describes a woman alone and on a pedestal, will fitly illustrate the vice of Balzac's style, and the magic of that of his rival; in it dress is only slightly mentioned, and then only to be compared to the peculiar beauties of Lélia:

"Appuyée contre un cippe de bronze antique, sur les degrés de l'amphithéâtre, elle contemplait aussi le bal. Elle avait revêtu aussi un costume caractéristique, mais l'avait choisi noble et sombre comme elle: elle avait le vêtement austère et pourtant recherché, la pâleur, la gravité, le regard profond d'un jeune poète d'autrefois, alors que les temps étaient poétiques, et que la poésie n'était pas coudoyée dans la foule. Les cheveux noirs de Lélia, rejetés en arrière, laissaient à découvert ce front où le doigt de Dieu semblait avoir imprimé le sceau d'une mystérieuse infortune, et que les regards du jeune Sténio interrogeaient sans cesse avec l'anxiété du pilote attentif au moindre souffle du vent, et à l'aspect des moindres nuées sur un ciel pur. Le manteau de Lélia était moins noir, moins velouté que ses grands yeux couronnés d'un

sourcil mobile. La blancheur mate de son visage, et de son cou se perdait dans celle de sa vaste fraise, et le froid respiration de son sein impénétrable ne soulevait pas même le satin noir de son pourpoint et les triples rangs de sa chaîne d'or.

"'Regardez Lélia,' dit Sténio, 'regardez cette grande taille grecque sous ces habits de l'Italie devote et passionnée, cette beauté antique dont la statue a perdu le moule, avec l'expression de rêverie profonde des siècles philosophiques; ces formes et ces traits si riches; ce luxe d'organisation extérieure dont un soleil homérique a seul pu créer les types maintenant oubliés; regardez vous dis-je! Peut-on imaginer quelque chose de plus complet que Lélia vêtue, posée, et rêvant ainsi? C'est le marbre sans tache de Galatie, avec le regard céleste du Tasse, avec le sourire sombre d'Alighieri. C'est l'attitude aisée et chevaleresque des jeunes héros de Shakspeare: c'est Romeo le poétique amoureux; c'est Hamlet le pâle et ascétique visionnaire; c'est Juliette demi-morte, cachant dans son sein le poison et le souvenir d'un amour brisé.'"

The cause of Balzac's deficiency in poetical feeling it would be frivolous to seek; the fact it is very necessary to signalize. Much of the pleasure one might derive from his works is diminished by the perpetual sacrifice of nature to fashion. We should be much more interested in his women if we heard more of their persons and less of their milliners; and considerable languor would be spared did he but pay less attention to upholstery. The minuteness and gusto with which he describes dress and furniture, are without parallel. He cannot mention a single room in the house, but he must instantly make an inventory of the furniture, as if with an eye to distraining for rent. In this respect he has 'the tediousness of a king,' and the misplaced generosity of bestowing all of it on the reader. If he places you in a street, it is by a laborious accumulation of details, never by a few rapid graphic touches. As Canaletto painted every individual brick, so Balzac describes every bit of a house, from the gables to the doorsteps; and this without being a Canaletto. There are some cases in which this minuteness of detail is productive of wonderful effect, such as 'Eugénie Grandet,' 'La Vieille Fille,' 'La Recherche de l'Absolu,' and 'Le Curé de Tours.' In general it is only an evidence of his prosaic mind.

The style of George Sand, in her earlier works, is perhaps the most beautiful ever written by a French author. It has recently become occasionally wordy and emasculated; but in 'Indiana,' 'Valentine,' 'Jacques,' 'Lélia,' 'Mauprat,' 'Lettres d'un Voyageur,' and 'Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre,' it is unequalled for freshness, vigour, grace, and harmony. There is a magic in many passages which is beyond all example

in the French language. Its music is as fresh as that of a spring that bubbles underneath the grass; and its harmonies have sometimes the grandeur of a cathedral organ. 'Lélia,' which is alternately a hymn to the majesty of nature, and an elegy on the nothingness of life, is perhaps the most extraordinary piece of writing extant. We never open it at random without feeling as at an open window on a fair May morn: a breath of poetry and a murmur of music rise from the page. When there are so many passages tempting us to quote them, we find difficulty in deciding which to choose; our riches here embarrass us. The following however, may claim the repeated study of our readers:

"Le lac était calme ce soir là, calme comme les derniers jours de l'automne, alors que le vent d'hiver n'ose pas encore troubler les flots muets, et que les glaïeuls roses de la rive dorment, bercés par de molles ondulations. De pâles vapeurs mangèrent insensiblement les contours anguleux de la montagne, et se laissant tomber sur les eaux, semblèrent reculer l'horizon qu'elles finirent par effacer. Alors la surface du lac sembla devenir aussi vaste que celle de la mer. Nul objet riant ou bizarre ne se dessina plus dans la vallée: il n'y eut plus de distraction possible, plus de sensation imposée par les images extérieures. La rêverie devint solennelle et profonde, vague comme le lac brumeux, immense comme le ciel sans bornes. Il n'y avait plus dans la nature que les cieux et l'homme, que l'âme et le doute.

"Trenmor, debout au gouvernail de la barque, dessinait dans l'air bleu de la nuit sa grande taille enveloppée d'un sombre manteau. Il élevait son large front et sa vaste pensée vers ce ciel si long temps irrité contre lui.

"« Sténio, » dit il au jeune poète, « ne saurais tu ramer moins vite, et nous laisser écouter plus à loisir le bruit harmonieux et frais de l'eau soulevée par les avirons? En mesure, poète, en mesure! Bien maintenant! Entendez vous le son plaintif de l'eau qui se brise et s'écarte? Entendez vous ces frères gouttes qui tombent une à une en mourant derrière nous, comme les petites notes grêles d'un refrain qui s'éloigne? »

"J'ai passé bien des heures ainsi, assis au rivage des mers paisibles sous le beau ciel de la Méditerranée. C'est ainsi que j'écoutais avec délices le remous des canots au bas de nos remparts. La nuit dans cet affreux silence de l'insomnie que succède au bruit du travail et aux malédictions infernales de la douleur, le bruit faible et mystérieux des vagues qui battaient le pied de ma prison, réussissait toujours à me calmer. Et plus tard quand je me suis senti aussi fort que ma destinée, quand mon âme affirmée n'a plus été forcée de demander secours aux influences extérieures, ce doux bruit de l'eau venait bercer mes rêveries, et me plongeait dans une délicieuse extase."

In this exquisite passage there is material for many pages of criticism. We would recommend all persons interested in the

question of style, to examine it minutely. Those only who are well versed in the niceties of the language, will appreciate the poetic delicacy of expression, the *curiosa felicitas* by which real poetry is distinguished: such as the 'bruit faible et mystérieux des vagues.' This word is instinctively preferred to *flots* or *ondes*; yet the meaning is the same, and the two latter are equally poetical. The peculiar propriety of 'vagues' will be felt by all poetical readers, as throwing a deeper mysteriousness over the whole: this substantive seems here to invest itself with the adjective meaning. The rhythm of the whole passage is delicious.

A peculiarity in the above description worthy of remark, is the wonderful distinctness with which the scene is brought before the mind's eye, and the paucity of details by which this is accomplished. It forms a striking contrast not only to the descriptions of Balzac, but also to those of every other novelist. Instead of giving you an *inventory* it gives you an *emotion*. Such feelings as the scene itself would inspire you with, when in a poetical mood, such does this description call up. This is the highest triumph of art. A hundred instances as good, and sometimes better, may be found in the works of Madame Sand. Let no reader skip them, for they are genuine poems. She has a passionate love of nature, and has from infancy been familiar with its loveliest scenes, which are reflected back in her works. She is not like Balzac, who always seems to be looking at nature with an eye to the 'Opéra Comique,' and pronounces that scene lovely which would make a 'jolie décoration.' Her love is the love of a poet, and her pen is the pen of a lover.

It is not, however, in description alone that George Sand excels. Her style has every excellence by turns. Now grave, now epigrammatic; now exhibiting the lightness and delicacy of Voltaire, with the exquisite felicity of Racine; now the solemn energy of Bossuet, and the rhetorical vehemence of Rousseau or Lamennais. Always clear as crystal; always unaffected; always musical. Style, which in almost every writer is the result of infinite labour, is, with her, impassioned inspiration. She writes during the silence of night; and if the next day, on reading her manuscript, she is dissatisfied, she does not stop to polish, blot, add, or retrench, but tears up the failure and begins anew. Poetry flows from her pen as water from the rock; she writes as the birds sing: without effort but with perfect art.

Having given a specimen of scenic description, we must now add one of another

kind. The poetry of this is as sweet as the psychology is subtle. We select again from 'Lélia,' because it is less likely to be generally read :

"Tu me l'as promis, tu m'aimeras doucement, et nous serons heureux. Ne cherche point à devancer le temps, Sténio, ne t'inquiète pas de sonder les mystères de la vie. Laisse-la te prendre et te porter là où nous allons tous. Tu me crains ? C'est toi-même qu'il faut craindre, c'est toi qu'il faut réprimer ; car à ton âge l'imagination gâte les fruits les plus savoureux, appauvrit toutes les jouissances ; à ton âge on ne sait profiter de rien ; on veut tout connaître, tout posséder, tout épuiser ; et puis on s'étonne que les biens de l'homme soient si peu de chose, quand il faudrait s'étonner seulement du cœur de l'homme et de ses besoins. Va, crois moi, marche doucement, savoure une à une toutes les ineffables jouissances d'un mot, d'un regard, d'une pensée, tous les riens immenses d'un amour naissant. N'étions nous pas heureux hier sous ces arbres, quand assis l'un près de l'autre, nous sentions nos vêtements se toucher, et nos regards se deviner dans l'ombre ? Il faisait une nuit bien noire, et pourtant je vous voyais, Sténio ; je vous voyais beau comme vous êtes, et je m'imaginai que vous étiez le sylphe de ces bois, l'âme de cette brise, l'ange de cette heure mystérieuse et tendre.

"Avez vous remarqué, Sténio, qu'il y a des heures où nous sommes forcés d'aimer, des heures où la poésie nous inonde, où notre cœur bat plus vite, où notre âme s'élance hors de nous, et brise tout les liens de la volonté pour aller chercher une autre âme où se repandre ? Combien de fois, à l'entrée de la nuit, au lever de la lune, ou aux premières clartés du jour, — combien de fois, dans le silence de minuit et dans cet autre silence de midi si accablant, si inquiet, si dévorant, n'ai-je pas senti mon cœur se précipiter vers un but inconnu, vers un bonheur sans forme et sans nom, qui est au ciel, qui est dans l'air, qui est partout comme un aimant invisible, comme l'amour !

"Mais à ces heures là, ce que nous sentons est si vif, si puissant, que nous répandons sur tout ce qui nous environne ; à ces heures où Dieu nous possède et nous remplit, nous faisons rejaillir sur toutes ses œuvres l'éclat du rayon qui nous enveloppe."

The following passage in another manner will convey an idea of her rhetorical bursts :

"Est-ce là ce qu'on appelle une âme de poète ? Plus mobile que la lumière, et plus vagabonde que le vent, toujours avide, toujours haletante, toujours cherchant en dehors d'elle les aliments de sa durée, et les épuisant tous avant de les avoir seulement goûtés ! O vie, ô tourment ! tout aspirer et ne rien saisir, tout comprendre et ne rien posséder ! arriver au scepticisme du cœur comme Faust au scepticisme de l'esprit ! Destinée plus malheureuse que la destinée de Faust ; car il garde dons son sein le trésor des passions jeunes et ardentes qui ont couvé en silence sous la poussière des livres, et dormi tandis que l'intelligence veillait."

One more passage and we have done ; it is terrific :

"Eh bien ! souffrons ! Cela vaut mieux que de dormir. Dans ce désert pacifique et muet, la souffrance s'émousse, le cœur s'appauvrit. Dieu, rien que Dieu, c'est trop, ou trop peu ! Dans l'agitation de la vie sociale, ce n'est pas une compensation suffisante, une consolation à notre portée. Dans l'isolement c'est une pensée trop immense : elle écrase, elle effraie, elle fait naître le doute. Le doute s'introduit dans l'âme qui rêve ; la foi descend dans l'âme qui souffre."

These extracts, beautiful as they unquestionably are, give but an inadequate idea of Madame Sand's style. Extracts are always read to disadvantage. Much of the beauty of a passage depends upon its harmonizing in feeling with that which precedes. The reader's mind has been tuned to the right pitch, and he listens with delight. In extract all this preparation is lost ; and a burst of eloquence seems tame by itself, which in its original position was electrical.

In delineation of character it would be difficult to choose between Balzac or George Sand ; both are great in this department, and both very opposite in method. It is Balzac's forte. It endows his works with a value which no faults can depreciate ; it is a merit so rare, and so largely possessed by him, that it overcomes all the objections raised against his tendency, style, and want of narrative power. Sand is also great in delineation of character, but not greater in this than in other points. Though unable to award a preference, we must notice the very different methods pursued by both. Sand is a poet, and creates characters ; Balzac is a philosopher, and criticises them. Sand places her men and women dramatically before you : they reveal their characters in their thoughts and deeds. Balzac anatomizes, and then delivers a learned lecture on them : everything they do or say receives its explanatory comment ; nothing is left to the imagination, or the acuteness of the reader. Balzac's knowledge of character is immense, his penetration of motive is astonishing ; his works are experiences of life, psychological studies. But he imparts this knowledge like a professor, not like an artist. He analyses when he should create, describes when he should paint. Sand seldom analyses, and only the more subtle and obscure passions and motives. The difference in their delineation of character is precisely similar to that of their delineation of scenery : Balzac describes by accumulation of details, Sand by a few rapid strokes, bringing before you the scene with all its attendant emotions. Sand, like a poet, has known and felt life ; Balzac has observed it. The one gives you her experience ; the other his observation. The experience of Sand is

shown in types. The observation of Balzac is conveyed through details of great accuracy and value, but they are details, and no more. It is also worthy of remark, that while George Sand's knowledge of passion is extensive and profound, that of Balzac is comparatively slight; at the same time his knowledge of motive is much greater. Sand, in her rich experience of life, knows passions because she has felt them, because she has been able to deeply scrutinize them in herself, as in others. Balzac has felt less and observed more. Motive is more subject to observation than passion; it is itself a thing of intellect, and by intellect can be comprehended; but the passions, though they may be observed in their effects, must be felt before their mysteries are known. The passionate experience contained in the works of George Sand, is greater than in those of any writer of the epoch; similar praise may be awarded to the knowledge of motive in Balzac.

Although thus warmly recognizing Balzac's truth and accuracy in his delineation of character, there are one or two points which demand refutation. Having, as we said, observed life more than he has felt it; and having reasoned upon character more than he has sympathized with and understood it, he has fallen into the very natural error of over-rating the powers of intelligence. He is fond of making men succeed in great and complicated undertakings by mere force of cunning calculation. Du Tillet, Rastignac, De Marsay, Finot, and others, succeed because they lay down clever plans. Now this is an altogether false view of life. Any one who has seen much of the world and the world's ways, knows that men are not simple units to be calculated upon as having invariably the same value; but creatures of passion as well as intellect, of interest as well as passion. Sometimes a man will sacrifice his passion to his interest; but the same man will also sacrifice his interest to his passion. The man who habitually 'knows the right and yet the wrong pursues,' will suddenly know the right, and pursue it too with singular obstinacy, and to the great discomfort of those who calculated upon his acting according to his usual habit. A modern author has profoundly seen into this discrepancy between men's ordinary habits and their occasional acts. 'By occasional acts, weak men endeavour to redeem themselves in their own estimation; vain men to exalt themselves in the estimation of mankind. It may be observed that there are no men more worthless and selfish in the general tenor of their lives, than some who from time to time

perform feats of generosity. Sentimental selfishness will commonly vary its indulgences in this way; and vain-glorious selfishness will break out into acts of munificence.' Now suppose the profound calculator relies upon one of these men as an instrument, and relies, as he must do, on the known selfishness and heartlessness of his tool; yet, although his plan be logically correct, when it comes to be put into execution, it ignobly fails, because the selfish man acts with unexpected generosity. The truth is, that those who act through men must have no settled plan of action; they must vary with the varying caprices and capabilities of their tools; they must be ever ready to seize occasion and turn it to account; to veer and tack with the wind. Thus does Shakspeare draw his villains. Examine Iago with this view. He has no plan. He has not made up his mind to anything more than that of some way wreaking vengeance on the Moor. In the first act he attempts this by informing Brabantio of his daughter's flight, and rousing him to revenge. Failing in this, he thinks of exciting Othello's jealousy: but he lays no plan; he trusts all to circumstances and ready wit. He succeeds at last; but he is detected, and thus brings down ruin on himself. So will it ever be. The calculator, inasmuch as he must work with capricious tools, must perish from their caprices. Iago is forced to use his wife to steal the handkerchief; but this wife turns evidence against him, and brings down his condemnation. So in life, a careless word, a natural explanation, the merest accident will frustrate or reveal the deepest scheme. This Balzac has overlooked. His persons triumph by ingenuity. They count upon men as they would count upon mathematical data, and thus succeed.

The fault we thus specify, is to be found throughout Balzac's works in some of its various shapes. It is a very serious one, not only as giving a false view of life, but also as having an immoral tendency: for that must be an immoral tendency which would direct the minds of men to the contemplation of successful scheming, which could impress them with the conviction that by a skilful plan they would be able to overreach mankind, when universal experience shows us that swindlers and schemers always eventually fail. We may illustrate, by a very familiar case, Balzac's mistake by supposing that plans arranged in the closet can be realized in action. Every one must remember to have, on some occasion, arranged a line of conversation, or argument, or persuasion, which was to be put in force when in presence of a second person; and

yet when the meeting took place, the previous plan was found entirely useless: either from some new turn which the affair had taken, or from some unexpected manifestation on the part of the person to be convinced or persuaded. This is aptly called 'reckoning without your host.' In proportion as the plan becomes important and complicated will the necessity of reckoning without your host become stronger. You lay down a plan of action not only for yourself, but for your opponent. In imagination you foresee his objections and refute them. But when the tug of war begins, you are dismayed at finding that he does not make those objections: he makes those for which you have no answer. You treated him in your programme as a puppet to be moved when you pulled the strings; you find him a man, not a puppet, and all your plans are scattered.

Balzac has drawn a vast gallery of portraits, in which almost every species is represented. Dandies and countesses of every shade are pictured there. Beside them stand various specimens of the middle classes, shopkeepers, lawyers, soldiers, journalists, authors, *commis-voyageurs*, and usurers, all wonderfully executed. In 'Balthazar Claes' he has portrayed with a masterly hand the passionate exaltation of the search after truth, the absorption of all other faculties in one master passion, and the pitiless egotism of genius. Claes, the high-minded generous Claes, is living happily with his family, until the hope of discovering the Absolute is instilled into his ardent mind. He then gradually loosens all his former ties, and devotes himself more and more to science. The passion grows until it becomes the central feeling of his whole existence. His commerce is neglected; his immense fortune gradually wasted; sacrifices are made; ruin approaches, and as it approaches his eye brightens with serener confidence; his wife dies; his children are beggars; still his hope remains, and he expires just on the threshold of the long sought discovery.

In 'César Birotteau' he has exhibited the heroic greatness of integrity side by side with the most childish vanity and simplicity. It is a fine lesson. The very best elements of humanity are there placed in the bosom of a simple, somewhat foolish shopkeeper. César comes to Paris almost pennyless, is employed as a shopboy to a perfumer, gains the confidence of his master by his integrity, and the affections of the daughter by his sterling goodness; marries her, and in time becomes an opulent perfumer and *chevalier de la légion d'honneur*. Elected to fill a civic

office of responsibility, his head is turned with the honour; and in the preparation for the ball which he gives to celebrate the occasion, he ruins himself. Bankruptcy to a man of his nature is an overwhelming shame. He sets about paying his debts; accepts the place of a copying-clerk in a counting-house, though already advanced in age; and after trying struggles, great privations, and bitter humiliations, succeeds in liquidating the whole sum. In this unromantic subject Balzac has seen a world of touching romance. By the force and fidelity of his pencil he has made it an exquisite picture: full of the purest, soundest feeling and morality, and touching in its homely pathos. Philippe Bridau, in 'Le Ménage de Garçon,' is a character of very different stamp; but drawn with equal, perhaps greater power. It is one of intense selfishness, accompanied with an utter want of moral principle. The progress of vice to crime is traced with a sure, delicate hand. The state of Philippe's mind, both during and after his crimes, is described with fearful accuracy. We know of few things superior to this picture, in profundity and truth.

Pictures of a quieter cast, but of equal excellence in their way, are to be seen in 'Eugénie Grandet,' 'Le Curé de Tours,' 'La Vieille Fille,' and 'Illusions Perdues;' they are all provincial portraits, and executed with felicitous minuteness. The miser Grandet has been played by Bouffé in a style of surpassing excellence: so that doubtless most of our readers are familiar with the character; they would do well to study it in Balzac. Eugénie herself is a charming picture; and the effect produced by her handsome, well-dressed cousin upon her simple heart, is delicately touched. The 'Curé de Tours' is a story of great interest, though composed of the slenderest materials: all the interest is derived from the delineation of character, and the pettiness of provincial life. 'Illusions Perdues' is full of pathos. It is the story of a young provincial poet, who is lionized by a *femme incomprise*; is induced to visit Paris as the sole field of glory; makes sacrifices to effect this; arrives, and finds his illusions fade away before the stern reality. In 'Père Goriot' he has made a bold attempt to treat the subject already handled by Shakspeare in his 'Lear.' It is meant as a psychological study of paternal affection. The work is extremely clever but extremely disagreeable. It fails in its primary object, and fails because of the prosaic nature of the author. Poets alone can treat such subjects, for they alone can feel them properly. Balzac we have shown to be desti-

tute of poetry; and the present work would alone suffice to prove it.

Goriot is an old man, who having made an immense fortune as a grocer, retires from business, gives up all his property, except his plate and a small income for himself, to his two daughters, one of whom is married to a count, the other to a banker. These daughters whom he passionately loves, despise their father, blush for his station and manners, come to see him only to plunder him of his remaining property, and having brought him to ruin, leave him to die on a truckle-bed, refusing to visit him in his last agonies. Such is the subject of this painful history. Its resemblances to 'Lear' are the thoughtless sacrifice of property to his daughters, their ingratitude, and the madness which it produces. In 'Lear' the passion is colossal, overwhelming; in Goriot it is petty, and creates little sympathy. This difference is not because Lear is a majestic king, and Goriot a drivelling grocer: both are fathers, both are wronged fathers, both are suffering fathers; and this would level all distinctions of rank, if there were a parity of feeling. M. Saint Marc Girardin* objects to Goriot on the ground of his not resenting the ingratitude of his children; of his not being conscious of the authority of a parent, and the respect due to him. It is not only necessary that Goriot should love his daughters, but that he should also know that he should be loved by them, and that they are guilty if they despise or neglect him. This does not seem to us to be the strongest ground of objection. Madame Bridau, in 'Le Ménage de Garçon,' is a loving, devoted mother, who sacrifices all for an ungrateful son: she is not the less touching, because she shuts her eyes to his ingratitude. No, the reason of Goriot's suffering failing to interest us, is because the man himself excites no sympathy. There is nothing loveable in Goriot, nothing noble in his paternal affection. His children are hateful; but we do not resent their treatment so much as we ought, because we feel it impossible that they could have loved him. Lear is old; his intellect begins to fail him; he is testy and imperious; he has the faults of old age, but it is the old age of a great and noble spirit. We see that he had dignity, intellect, boundless affection, and other great and loveable qualities. He excites the deepest love in those around him. Cordelia loves him; the fool loves him; Kent worships him. He fastens on our sympathies, and we resent his wrongs. Not so Goriot. Balzac, from his want of poetic instinct, has committed the enormous blun-

der of representing Goriot as stupid and unsympathizing except on the one subject of his children. Goriot loves passionately, irresistibly, instinctively; his love has all the characters of instinct, none of reflection: violence, tenacity, frenzy in joy as in grief, and the forgetfulness of everything else. This is the mistake committed by Victor Hugo in 'Le Roi s'amuse' and in 'Lucrèce Borgia,' wherein he endeavours to exhibit the force of parental love, and can find no fitter channels than 'Triboulet' and the 'Lucrèce.' As if the mere fact of parental love could excite any sympathy, when we know that it is shared by the tiger and wolf! Balzac, however, is so little aware of the force of this objection, that he naïvely says, Goriot's passion was 'an unreflecting sentiment which raised him to the sublimity of the canine nature!' Now a passion which is shared by the brute can have little claims in itself on human sympathy; if we are to be moved by it, we must sympathize with the person. Victor Hugo and Balzac endeavour to make you sympathize with the passion while detesting the person; one of the greatest mistakes ever made.

In the development of Goriot's affection we have to signalize another instance of that moral insensibility which we before mentioned as occasionally manifested by Balzac. Not content with making Goriot's passion the passion of a brute, he subsequently makes it the passion of a debauchee. He describes this father as 'crouching at the feet of his daughter that he might kiss them; gazing steadfastly into her eyes; rubbing his head against her dress; in fact, performing all the extravagances of a young and passionate lover!' He describes this father as embracing his child with so violent and savage an embrace that she screams out. He describes this father confessing that 'My children, they were my vice! they were my mistresses! I swallowed all the affronts with which they sold me a disgraceful enjoyment (me vendaient une pauvre petite jouissance honteuse).' This is revolting; yet by this Balzac means to excite our sympathies. He fails, and fails ignobly. As M. Saint Marc Girardin justly observes: 'a monomania saddens or excites laughter, according to the disposition of the spectator, but it never pleases.' The passion of Goriot is a monomania.

We have devoted so much space to Balzac's delineation of men, that we can spare little for his women: fortunately for us his women have a less importance and variety. He is jocosely said to have invented 'la femme de trente ans:' in which 'la femme incomprise' is included. Certainly it was a happy thought, for acquiring popularity as a

* 'Cours de Litt. Dramatique,' p. 2 42.

novelist, to make 'la femme de trente ans' an idol. Other novelists had no word except for young, fresh, blooming girls with unused hearts and illusions not yet disenchanted. Balzac saw that there was a prodigious class of women still beautiful, still fascinating, which might be poetized. Accordingly he invented a formula large enough for the self love of all his female readers. His ideal woman was thirty; but those who were past that age easily flattered themselves that they did 'not look more,' and were not 'older in feeling.' She was pale and worn; those who were rosy did not complain, and they were few. She was one who had loved; so have most women at that age. She was *incomprise*; so all women might declare: it is so flattering to their depth and superiority of character, and so conducive to the luxury of feeling themselves to be martyrs. She was disenchanted of life's illusions, but still felt capable of loving and being loved: a very general conviction. With such an ideal Balzac charmed all France, and it was only when he had repeated himself so often, and others had so largely imitated him, that 'la femme incomprise' became a bore, and the inventor's popularity decreased.

Another type, which Balzac is very partial to, is the woman who devotes herself with steady courage either to her husband or her children. He has also drawn the wife of the 'bourgeois' with great power, and 'la dame comme il faut' with astonishing finesse. But one may say in general that his women, if fascinating enough for mistresses, are rarely such as one would desire for wives.

The reverse of this may be said of the heroines of George Sand: they are in general women of exquisite character: firm, resolute, affectionate, delicate, unaffected, and above all, young. There is a great variety, though mostly of one type. Edmée, Yseult, Fiamma, Laurence, Quintilia, Sylvia, and Consuelo, are certainly not reproductions of the same idea differently named: they have all distinctive individualities, though of the same genus. Geneviève and Valentine have points of resemblance, but not more so than two individuals frequently manifest.

In her delineations of men she has not been so happy. We do not say that they are inferior as portraits; but they are less agreeable. Her women are mostly angels; her men usually rascals: when they are otherwise, their weakness or pedantry prevents strong sympathy. Simon, who toils for and wins his glorious Fiamma, is a fine character; Pierre Huguenin, the proletaire, is a majestic one. There is greatness in

Jacques, but it is spoiled by morbid pedantry: there are many rare qualities in Albert, but his madness and mysticism diminish their effect. Some of the secondary personages are also loveable: such as Masaccio, in 'Horace,' and Patience in 'Mauprat.' If called upon to award a preference to her characters, we should, artistically, select Ramon and Horace, as two of the profoundest and subtlest psychological delineations with which we are familiar. The subtlety and depth of her glance is startling. She reads the obscurest corners of their hearts; and we can personally vouch that these characters throw new and important lights on various moral complexities; that they clear up old points of difficulty; that they are as valuable as actual experience. In 'Horace' there is more analysis than usual, but the paradoxical nature of the character required it. He is one of that numerous class in which nervous without moral sensibility is not only the predominant feature, but also causes that complexity which puzzles men of less excitability. A person of this description seems to live only in and through the nerves: the sensation of the moment is the motive force. The past has little influence on such a mind; the future little more; the present occupies it wholly. The love of such people will be vehement, but fleeting. They will keep no friendships. They will preserve few habits. Restlessness and change are forced on them by the avidity with which they crave fresh sensation. Egotism, cruel and intense, is the natural consequence of this craving for sensation; because the feeling of personality becomes exaggerated, and the feeling for others checked. Horace is one of these. He is cold and yet passionate: that is, cold to others, passionate because sensation is delirious. 'C'est ainsi qu'Horace faisait usage du délire et du désespoir comme d'autres font usage d'opium et de liqueurs fortes.'

Although the delineation of character in George Sand's works is usually poetical, both in conception and treatment, she has abundantly shown that she can analyse at will; and although inclining to the painting of elementary passions, she has proved her capacity for describing the creatures of convention and affectation. La Vicomtesse de Chailly in 'Horace,' and La Marquise de Raimbault in 'Valentine,' are drawn with a delicacy and truth which rival the best sketches of the kind in Balzac.

The third division of our examination, to which we now address ourselves, is ordinarily the only ground upon which a novelist is criticised. The first question with ordinary readers being: Is the work interesting?


the first point the critic pronounces on, is naturally in answer to that question. We could wish it were otherwise. Novels are read for amusement; but they should be criticised with other views. We do not for an instant wish to convert novels into sermons or disquisitions. We would not rob them of their fascination. We abhor the modern pedantry of 'science in sport'—of turning fairy tales into 'useful works'—of forcing the schoolmaster not only abroad but into the play-ground. Let us by all means have amusing novels; let us have our enjoyment unmixed with pedantry; but let us also have it pure, healthy, invigorating, and not false and enervating. That it is quite possible to have novels very amusing and very moral has been amply proved by Scott. That it is possible to have them profoundly true, as well as moral and amusing, has been proved by Jane Austen. We think, therefore, that the critic is quite as bounden to examine into the truth and morality of a novelist, as into the amusement he is likely to afford. And by morality we do not mean sermons in the style of Hannah More; by truth, we do not mean literal fact or probability of incident. The moral of a work usually depends upon its truth. The truth of a work is not in the probability and consistency of its incidents, but the probability and consistency of the motives, passions, and characters. Robinson Crusoe is a good specimen. The incidents are wild and improbable, but the motives and characters are true. The work is immortal in consequence. The time will never come when men can cease to be moved, interested, and benefited by it. This one man on the lonely isle, with nothing but his courage and ingenuity to befriend him, contrives to discover for himself most of the useful arts. He has no calendar, but he makes one by notching a tree; so with the rest. Every effort which he makes deeply interests us, because, as M. Saint Marc Girardin* admirably remarks, 'each effort represents, so to speak, one phasis of human society, which like him has suffered and laboured in its invention of arts; and this history of human inventions, collected into the history of one man, pleases us the more, because in Robinson Crusoe we see better, than in a general history, the ideas and motions excited by each discovery.' Whenever the novelist relies on such materials as those of human passions, he can never fail to delight if he only delineate truthfully; and the delight will be more lasting, more healthy, more moral, than that derived from any artifices

of narrative, from any 'hair-breadth 'scapes' and perilous adventure. But it is rare that the novelist has the power to describe character and passion; he is forced by his own incapacity into 'stirring incidents' and 'startling effects.' The critic is not, however, bound to accept as an excuse the author's incapacity. He should judge rigorously, because the novel has great influence from its very capability of amusing.

The evil influence of novels does not arise from any positive doctrines which they may promulgate; there are many, very many published every season, which strict mothers deem very harmless for their daughters to read; because they contain no seduction, no adultery, no indecency, no St. Giles's slang, no irreligion. These novels are, it is true, free from the above abominations; but they are not free from worse: they give false and exaggerated views of life, of duty, of character, of passion, of love, and of marriage; they enervate the mind with sophisms; they destroy all notions of dignity; they create morbid desires; and they make women sentimental. These are ten times as injurious as the faults to which they are so innocently preferred. Injurious because insidious. They do not teach wrong, but they destroy the Argus of conscience. They are not stigmatized as vicious. They come with the tacit approbation of governesses and mammas. No suspicion is awakened, no defence aroused. Seduction and adultery are known to be crimes: they are revolted at. Sentiment and ridiculous ideas of love are not considered vices; they are, on the contrary, clothed in the purple and fine linen of poetical language.

This is the pest of fashionable novelists; the pest also of the French novelists; the pest also of the German novelists: a pest, the influence of which on the mass of men and women, exceeds perhaps that of any other now corrupting society. We may exaggerate the danger; but we do not exaggerate the duty of the critic, when we say that he is bound, before all things, closely to scrutinize and severely to condemn all departures from truth and morality, beside which the 'interest' of a work sinks into insignificance.

Our opinions relative to the moral tendency of the works of Balzac and George Sand have been already stated. We could only venture to name two works of the former ('Le Curé de Tours' and 'Le Médecin de Campagne') as fit for the perusal of young women, because, although there are others unobjectionable on the score of morality, yet they contain individual scenes or inci-

* 'Cours de Litt. Dram.' p. 76. 

dents which prevent our recommendation. But George Sand has written several which are fit for the perusal of the most spotless. These are 'André,' 'Simon,' 'Les Maitres Mosaistes,' 'Pauline,' 'Le Secrétaire Intime,' 'Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre,' and the whole volume of 'Mélanges.' The only works we should warn the general novel reader against, are 'Lélia,' 'Spiridion,' 'Jacques,' and 'Leone Leoni,' as containing things which the strong-minded indeed may regard with interest, but which would only unsettle or annoy others.

As entertaining writers, their popularity speaks for them. It strikes us as a very strong tribute to what is excellent in the writings of Balzac, that it should so triumph over his defects as to make him one of the most popular writers of the day; not only in France and Germany, but in England also,—not only with the idle and frivolous, but with the grave and thoughtful. He is a writer on whom with perfect truth one might bestow very high praise, and severest condemnation; the result, however, is that his merits are great enough and rare enough to outweigh his faults. It is very true that he is horribly conceited, that his affectations are thrust upon you at every step, that he writes an abominable style, that he has no poetry, no poetical feeling, that he constantly outrages moral feeling, and that he is deficient in taste. These are faults enough to crush an ordinary author. Balzac, however, is not an ordinary author. He triumphs because he has discovered the true source of human interest to lie in human nature. He eschews complicated incidents and perilous adventures, and bestows all his powers on the human beings whom he has set in action. His plots are generally of slender materials made weighty and enduring by the quantity of character and passion with which he fills them. In one of his most exquisite stories, 'Le Curé de Tours,' the whole subject is nothing more than the following: A simple-minded curé succeeds a defunct friend, as a boarder in the house of an old maid, who had rendered this friend's existence extremely comfortable by steady attention and regularity. The curé forgets to pay her the little civilities which were flatteries in his predecessors; and he incurs her dislike. The petty persecutions to which the poor man is subjected, until he gets all the gossips of Tours into the warfare on the point, with his final ruin and death, form the staple events. Out of this Balzac constructs a full and interesting novel. With curious minuteness but untiring interest, we are led through all the subtle windings of motive, into all the intricate obscurities of egotism.

Provincial life, in all that it has of petty and monotonous, is pictured there with the distinctness of a Daguerreotype. It is impossible, from a mere exposition of the subject, to conceive the interest of the novel. This because the interest is purely human. As in 'Robinson Crusoe' there is no monotony because human nature is always present, so in 'Le Curé de Tours' the truth and interest of the characters compensate for the want of variety in the subject. Indeed one may say that whatever is attaching in the works of Balzac is character. The charm of a flowing narrative is nowhere to be found in his writings. He possesses 'l'art de conter' in a less degree than any novelist we have read. Not only are his stories ill-constructed, rambling and diffuse; they are rendered tedious by the overloading of details, repetitions, useless explanations, and still more useless retrospections. The interest he has taken so much pains to excite is very often suffered to subside by his interrupting the narrative to introduce superfluous descriptions. He is a puzzling writer. On introducing a character, he very often describes the whole parentage, and as the son is named after the father, and the nephew after the uncle, the reader is bewildered by the multiplicity. Nothing in Balzac has the air of inspiration. The very narrative is not allowed to be struck off at a heat. He 'builds up' a story, and, what is more, lets you see him building. Part of the secret of this defect lies in his method of working always by details, and part also in his method of using his 'proofs.' Men usually send their manuscript to press fit, after a few corrections, for the public eye. Balzac, on the contrary, makes his 'proof' take the place of a rough copy. Finding that his corrections of proofs were too expensive, he adopted the plan of allowing the publisher a certain sum, to set up his manuscript in type, from which he was at liberty to go to work again as a first sketch. Hence in writing he very often leaves a description of a scene to be filled up hereafter; merely placing a word in large letters to indicate the place. Such being Balzac's plan, we can well understand the lengthy minuteness of his descriptions, which are added subsequently, and the ill effect of which he does not himself perceive.

Balzac's writings not only manifest considerable knowledge of character and society; they show also that he has been an extensive reader. Unfortunately he has lost *in intenso* what he has gained *in extenso*; perhaps even lost more than he has gained. He shows a smattering of physiology, a smattering of chemistry, a smattering of history,

a smattering of metaphysics, and a smattering of art; but we have met with no original aperçu, no generalization, no conception even of what others have done, to warrant a belief in his having studied and thought on these subjects. 'Louis Lambert' and 'Sériphita' are his most ambitious attempts at philosophy, and as trivial as they are ambitious. In the preface to 'La Comédie Humaine,' he speaks with complacency of the immense studies which formed the necessary preparation for so long a work. But there is more affectation than reality in this. He has been a desultory reader, and has known men of all professions; he has therefore been able to pick up the current formulas and technical phrases, which have been sufficient for his purpose: we say sufficient, because the novelist is not bound to be a professor of various sciences. We readily acknowledge that, compared with the generality of his contemporaries, Balzac takes great pains, and endeavours to give his work all the finish possible, even to its smallest details; but he diminishes this merit one half by the inconsiderate exhibition of his labour. Now, no one likes to see the scaffolding obstructing the full view of a house; the result, and not the means, should alone be represented. Poets must undergo the *labor limæ*; but the poems should not show traces. It is very proper to subject a work to the polishing of the rough pumice stone of self-criticism, which Catullus found desirable,

Arida modò pumice expositum.

But all this mystery of the craft should be kept confined to the workshop, and not obtruded on the public. While many make the impertinent boast that their works cost them no trouble, but are 'dashed off at a heat,' Balzac seems fearful lest the public should be ignorant of the immensity of his labour. Herein he forgets the wise aphorism of the wise Boileau, that 'un ouvrage ne doit point paraître trop travaillé, mais, il ne saurait être trop travaillé.'

In this, as in many other respects, George Sand is a complete opposite to Balzac. Her works seem as if written without effort. The narrative flows on in its equable course, unobstructed by superfluous descriptions of incidents; and above all, undimmed by pedantry. There is nothing to surprise us in a poet being free from pedantry, but we must confess that it is rare to find a novelist who has not that sin. And by pedantry we do not mean the obtrusion of recondite learning or quotations; we mean the sacrifice of feeling and propriety to the occasional display of knowledge. There is pedantry of science

as egregious as that of scholarship; there is also the pedantry of the novelist. As there is no pedantry in George Sand, so also is there no ignorance. She makes an occasional mistake, as all writers may, especially when speaking of foreign customs; but she seldom, if ever, discourses upon subjects she is not familiar with. The ignorance of England, English customs, and English language daily manifested in the French press, is an old joke. The way in which they murder our orthography and idiom, exceeds our butchery of theirs: which is not saying a little. Many are the ludicrous mistakes with which this ignorance exhilarates the reader of French novels and journals; but perhaps few excite such indescribable associations, such perceptions of the felicity of blundering, as Eugène Sue's address to Shakspeare:

O Great Williams!

Now George Sand is free from such blunders. We only remember one mistake, and that is a very natural though ludicrous one: she sometimes calls Sir Ralph Brown, 'Sir Brown.' Her English is otherwise correct. Italian she knows thoroughly. Spanish she gets from her mother. German we suspect she knows; but as she never displays her acquirements, we are left to our suspicion. Latin she knows slightly. With these languages what would not another novelist have displayed!

It is much to be regretted that the name of George Sand has acquired such odium in England, that although her works are largely read (we have a bookseller's authority for the fact), and her genius is recognized by most of our eminent men, it is rare to see any praise of her not qualified by some concession to the prejudices of the day. This is curiously shown in a late number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' wherein the reviewer of Madame Hahn-Hahn, stumbling on the name of Sand, bestows on her praise enough to show that he appreciates her excellence; and yet, as if some concession were necessary, alludes vaguely to the faults which she is *supposed* to have, but which we have proved to be suppositions; nay, what is also remarkable, he specifies works which do *not* contain any doctrines at variance with those generally received. The history of opinion with respect to George Sand, we will briefly indicate. In the 'Quarterly Review' for April, 1836, appeared the infamous-famous article on French novels, from a pen practised in such work. The universal indignation it excited could not, however, prevent its ill effects. 'French novels' have ever since been synonymous with all that is

horrible and blasphemous. A writer in the 'London and Westminster' for July, 1836, ably answered the reviewer by pointing out the depravities and horrors of the English novels; but this did not destroy the prejudice. The Quarterly Reviewer's incompetence we pass over in silence, for the ignorance both of the language and literature manifested in this article, renders him beneath serious criticism. His malevolence may be judged of from the fact of his having assumed that George Sand adopted the name out of sympathy with Karl Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue; and from his having quoted a speech placed by her in the mouth of a courtesan, as if it were her own opinion. Try Shakspeare by the morals of Iago, Edmund, John, or Richard, and he will fare no better. Still the mischief was done.

In the 'British and Foreign Review' for April, 1839, there appeared an article on George Sand, which, considering the state of opinion at the time, was bold in its praise; but the reviewer also was beset with the idea of her immorality, and especially reprobates her advocating 'lawless love.' Referring to our previous declaration, that men have judged of her works by her actions, we will quote the reviewer's words. 'It would be hard to determine how far the peculiar opinions to which her works are devoted have been the consequence, how far the cause of the startling life into which she flung herself on assuming the garments and the name of George Sand: shortly afterwards he talks of her 'pleading for a social revolution, in which law and opinion should offer no civil barrier to men's wildest appetite.' The incorrectness of this notion we have before refuted, and we are surprised that the reviewer could ever have read the anathema on libertinism, which Sténio utters before his death, in which the nothingness, the misery of sensuality, is terribly exposed, and yet believed that Sand taught 'lawless love.'

In the 'Monthly Chronicle' for July, 1839, M. Mazzini wrote an eloquent, enthusiastic, and profound article on George Sand. This was the first time her genius had been fairly estimated. The reader is advised to consult it.

In the 'Foreign and Colonial' for 1843, an humble imitator of the 'Quarterly Reviewer' pretended to give an estimate of Sand's works. If he has not already seen the disgraceful unfairness of his method of treating that writer, we will briefly acquaint him with it. By selecting various characters, incidents, and passages from the works of any writer, and by isolating them from the surrounding circumstances and explanations,

it would be easy to prove the purest of them to be grossly immoral. This is the style of the reviewer, applied to others:—It is true that Sophocles is not without talent; but how odious, how revolting his subjects! He delights in loathsome subjects. In 'Œdipus Tyrannus' his hero is a *parricide*, and commits *incest with his own mother*: in 'Œdipus Coloneus' the same wretch dies *cursing his two sons* in the bitterest manner. In 'Electra' we have the revolting story of an *adulterous murderess slain by her own son*. In 'Philoctetes' the disgusting exhibition of a man with a diseased foot, which sends him howling across the stage, is rendered still more horrible by the whole play being a *mass of treachery*. Nor is Shakspeare a wit more moral. Murders, treacheries, villainies of every hue are to be found in his plays. Perpetual descriptions of the nothingness of life; perpetual sophisms excusing the blackest deeds. Iago, Edmund, Richard, Iachimo, John, Macbeth, the king and queen in 'Hamlet,' the queen in 'Cymbeline,' Angelo in 'Measure for Measure,' Oliver and Duke Frederick in 'As you like it,' Shylock, Goneril, Regan, and Lady Macbeth—these and many others prove how Shakspeare delighted in painting vilest characters and revolting passions.

This is no caricature of the reviewer's style; on the contrary, it states the case with more fairness than he does; yet every one sees how absurd it is when applied to well-known authors, but does not see its absurdity when applied to one unknown.

Such has been the tone of criticism adopted towards George Sand. If our efforts have not been altogether unsuccessful, they will have proved that such a tone was not only illiberal, but that it had its origin in other influences than those of her works. Scandal having been busy with her name, literary defamation followed. Because she was herself unhappy in marriage, people assumed that she wrote against it; the truth being that she advocates marriage, but not its abuses. Because she was herself too ready to trust to 'lawless love,' it was assumed that she preached in favour of libertinism; the fact being that she has *always* energetically and with profound truth exposed the fallacy to which she had been a victim; she has made her heroines resist all temptation, and has distinctly taught that St. Simonism is a dangerous sophism. We have known women, and young women too, ingenuously declare they had read some of Madame Sand's works, and never discovered anything immoral. The reason was, that not having read English reviews, and

knowing nothing of George Sand's career, they did not sit down *prepared* to discover the immorality.

We have spoken our serious convictions with respect to this extraordinary writer; convictions formed slowly through the course of five years' very intimate acquaintance with her works, and not during a hasty perusal. We beg the reader to remember this when he is startled at any statement, and we beg him to ask himself whether his opinion has had the same advantage of constant reviewal. If what we have spoken be true, it will dissipate some stupid prejudices; and if it be not true, it has been neither reckless nor malevolent error. We have very deliberate opinions on the matter, and we have deemed ourselves bound to utter them. Let those who, owing to the current prejudices, regard the name of George Sand with indefinable dislike, now venture on a calm dispassionate examination, and they will perhaps see cause to proclaim her a great poet, and one 'more sinned against than sinning.'

ART. II.—*Voyage dans l'Inde et dans le Golfe Persique, par l'Egypte et la mer Rouge.* Par V. FONTANIER, Vice-Consul de France à Bassora. Première Partie. Paris. 1844.

ALREADY, on more occasions than one, we have endeavoured to direct public attention to the proceedings of French political agents in the East. Our Indian empire has extraordinary attractions for our neighbours, who walk round and round and gaze upon it with nearly as much wonder and surprise as possessed Sinbad the sailor while endeavouring to penetrate the mystery of the rokh's egg. They were themselves once powerful in Hindustan; and though they naturally entertain a high respect for their own prowess and sagacity, they, in spite of whatever efforts they may make to the contrary, are constrained to come to the conclusion that the English are the wiser, braver, and more enterprising people. They are unable indeed precisely to comprehend by what art we outwitted them, or by what exhibitions of energy we overthrew that political scaffolding, rather than edifice, which they had been at so much pains to erect in the Deccan. They would succeed better if they were less prejudiced. The feeling of rivalry perverts their judgment, and betrays them into false interpretations of our motives, into an incorrect estimate of our power, and into a censo-

rious view of our policy, as rash and inconsiderate as it is narrow, crooked and fluctuating.

We can of course have no objection in the world to behold a French agent stationed at Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta. Our Indian government is conducted on principles which will bear the test of examination. Indeed it is for our interest and reputation that we should be narrowly observed, because the better we are understood by the rest of the civilized world, the higher will be the place we shall occupy in its estimation. Our company of merchant kings surpass all the potentates on earth in the wisdom and moderation of their sway, in the liberality observed towards their servants, civil or military, and in the extreme facility afforded to strangers of all countries to traverse their dominions and inquire into the sources of their opulence and prosperity. M. Fontanier, whose work we are now about to subject to examination, bears testimony to this fact. Wherever he set his foot in the East, there he found almost invariably some of the servants of the Company, who conducted themselves towards him in that frank and hospitable manner which will always we trust be the distinguishing characteristic of English gentlemen. This circumstance produced an extremely curious effect upon his mind. As a Frenchman and as agent of the French government, it was his business to see things in a peculiar light. He was not sent into Asia to admire the English and write their eulogium. His object was to be the critic of their institutions, to discover a peculiar signification in their proceedings, to counteract their influence, and to place them in anything but a favourable light in the eyes of the native authorities.

But M. Fontanier is by nature endowed with too much sincerity, wholly to succumb to the influence of national feeling. Discovering extraordinary merit where he had probably looked for the reverse, he could not prevail with himself to conceal the fact. On the contrary, his first impulse in most cases carried him towards the English, whom as a people and as individuals he could not but esteem; though afterwards other influences, long cherished national prejudices, differences in creed and manners, and the peculiar necessities of his position, combined to check and modify his feelings. Monsieur Fontanier is a calm, acute, and naturally candid observer. He would therefore have arrived generally at correct conclusions, had there not been in the circumstances in which he found himself placed both at Bassora and Bombay, certain counteracting causes too powerful to be overcome. He was the

agent of a government pre-eminently jealous and illiberal; the series of ministers who succeeded each other in France during his agency in the East, brought into vogue, every one of them, fresh principles of policy; and, more than all, the means were wanting to M. Fontanier of forming a correct theory of British parties, and a just estimate of British statesmen. Accordingly his ideas are those of a politician somewhat removed out of the circle of active life. He does not perceive the true basis on which our colonial empire rests, nor does he succeed in thoroughly comprehending the maxims of our colonial policy. Brought up in the school of M. de Talleyrand, whom he supposes to have played here in London a far more magnificent and influential part than it suited the purpose of Great Britain to allot to him, he severely taxes his ingenuity, and actually distresses himself, to discover the subtle system of intrigue by which the English advance their interests in the East.

Now the fact is that we are not a subtle people, and intrigue very little, if at all. No doubt certain English statesmen have from time to time sought to fall into this prevailing vice of the Continent. But they soon discovered that their heads were not sufficiently warm and confined to hatch intrigue, and abandoned the useless undertaking. The English carry their point, when they do carry it, by acting above board. They are blunt, perhaps, and somewhat overbearing, because the superabundant energy of their character renders them impatient of opposition. This explains a circumstance which appears to have considerably perplexed M. Fontanier. His experience in the East has taught him to believe that the French, when brought for the first time into contact, whether with the Orientals or any other half-civilized people, are regarded with considerably more complacency than the English. To account for this part of the matter, he is at no loss. He fancies in the merchants and sea-faring people of his country a greater fund of politeness and urbanity than falls to the lot of our rough and sturdy islanders. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that they should at first sight be preferred before us. Besides, as M. de Tocqueville has observed, there is a much closer analogy between the character of the French and that of the savage. Even the roughness of the English is not the roughness of barbarism, but the assumption of a superior race, when brought into contact with an inferior one. A consciousness of the power which our free institutions have conferred upon us, pervades the whole British people at home and abroad, and renders them somewhat too prone per-

haps to look disdainfully upon and treat with contempt the rest of mankind whose political existence has hitherto been less fortunate. But when M. Fontanier advanced a step farther and saw that, notwithstanding the very fascinating manners of French seamen and French diplomatists, the English were sure in the long run to beat them everywhere out of the field, he was obviously at a loss how to account for the fact. He sought, however, to do so, but if possible, without wounding his national feeling; and in his work is at great pains to solve the enigma to his readers; in our opinion, without much success.

If we accept his interpretation, which is suggested rather than expressed, we owe our supremacy in Asia and throughout the East to a succession of accidents, among which the chief was the breaking out of the French revolution in the midst of our career of hostilities in Deccan. Since that period, numerous other accidents have favoured our extensive schemes of ambition, and enabled us to erect in the centre of the Eastern world a fabric of political power which throughout all succeeding times must be regarded as one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of mankind. Various considerations induce us to contemplate the subject from a different point of view. The cold haughtiness of our manners—natural, we fear, to an aristocratic people—is calculated, we frankly acknowledge, to prejudice strangers against us at the first dawn of our intercourse with them. But this disturbing cause is not permanent in its operation. The most limited experience suffices to show that, beneath our chilling exterior, we carry about with us warm and honest hearts, enlarged sympathies, and just and upright principles of action. Strangers soon learn, therefore, to confide in our honour. They find that whether in private or public affairs, the Englishman, we speak of course generally, is true to his word, firm and unswerving in his friendship, and persevering, though not implacable in his hostilities. His maxim throughout every part of the world has been, that honesty is the best policy. M. Fontanier unwittingly bears testimony to this fact; for he observes that the policy of the English in Asia is not so refined, or able, as people might from events be led to suppose. The remark is most acute and just, taking the word in its ordinary acceptance. The whole system of English policy resolves itself in fact into one maxim, which directs us, in whatever part of the world we may find ourselves, to impress on all around the conviction that we are able to do much good to our friends

and hurt to our enemies. The irrepressible energy and activity of the national character has imparted to our power a sort of ubiquity. All our forces appear to be concentrated on the particular point where we happen to be carrying on operations. For a moment we may be driven back, or not see distinctly our own way; but we return again like the wave which has receded only to flood the beach still higher than before; and by degrees discover whatever means are wanting to establish our influence on every point where its establishment can promote our views, commercial or political.

The truth of this will be manifest to all whose habits of thinking enable them to take large and liberal views of Indian affairs. But such men are not every day to be met with. It is much easier, and therefore more common, to divest the men and circumstances of our own times, of everything like grandeur, under the persuasion that, to detect the weakness of our contemporaries, is to exhibit our own strength. Directly reverse is the truth. Little minds take little views of policy, not from choice, but from necessity, because, lying below the level of great affairs, they discover, as it were, only the skirts of them, while the view of loftier intellects takes in their whole dimensions, comprehends their proportions, and discovers arrangement, and symmetry, and beauty, where the former, perhaps, could discern nothing but an unmeaning projection or a blot. It is not our intention to place M. Fontanier in the former category. He is capable of very acute and very refined observation, and has produced one of the most instructive and amusing works of travels, of the political class, that we remember to have read. Still we are of opinion that there is much, both in the character and policy of Great Britain, that lies altogether beyond his reach. Our system of civilisation differs so much from that of all other countries, our religion also is so peculiarly our own, our manners are so deeply tinged by our religion, and our policy and philosophy so completely the growth of our religion and manners, that we cannot be intelligible to any who do not devote their whole lives to the study of us.

M. Fontanier is very far from having done this. The greater part of his life has been spent beyond the sphere, not of our influence, because no part of the habitable globe is so, but beyond the sphere of the outward and visible manifestation of that influence. In other words, he has seen little of England or Englishmen. The few whose path he crossed in the East sufficed, however, to inspire him with the persuasion

that Great Britain is an extraordinary country. Among the people of the East he everywhere, he says, found the belief prevalent, that the English are as much the masters of the rest of the world as they are of India, and that the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of the French, are but so many petty rajahs dependent on the sovereign people of Great Britain. They could not understand, therefore, why France or any other country in Europe should be at the pains to send out consuls. "If you want protection for your ships in the Persian gulf," observed the Governor of Bassora, "go to the English, they are far better able to protect you than I. It is the English," he says, "who set up or pull down governments in Southern Arabia; upon whom, in Mesopotamia, sheikhs, mutselims, and pachas, depend for their continuance in office. There, points of the greatest moment are not determined in the divan of the representative of the Porte, but in the saloon of the residency. The pacha never takes the field without first consulting his patron the resident, who interferes to settle quarrels between him and his neighbours, supports him when he is in difficulties, intercedes for him at Constantinople, or, if he requires an asylum beyond the reach of despotism, affords him one at Bombay. Even his communications with the central government depend frequently on the English postal arrangements, our couriers passing to and fro, oftener and with more safety than those of the government of the country itself."

Apropos of couriers and communications, M. Fontanier makes certain remarks which we consider somewhat indiscreet. Until very recently our communications with the Red Sea and Persian Gulf ran no risk of interruption, because France had no agents in those quarters. But for some time past her emissaries have swarmed there, with the object first of undermining our political influence, and secondly of setting up a rival commerce, or at least of damaging ours. At present, consequently, there is no safety for letters of any kind. Every possible artifice is made use of to get at their contents; and M. Fontanier is well aware that even the most secret despatches of government have sometimes been read by other persons than those for whose instruction they were exclusively intended. It is, therefore, extremely amusing to read the account which the French political agent gives of the opening of one of his reports on the road from Bassora to Bagdad. It was, he says, precisely the most important he ever forwarded to his government. His courier was

met in the desert by Arabs, who opened the packet, examined the letters, restored them to their envelopes, and then suffered the messenger to proceed. At Bagdad, Colonel Taylor, the British resident, out of mere politeness, revealed them, and wrote on the exterior "opened by the Arabs." In this state they were forwarded to the French embassy at Constantinople.

Of course M. Fontanier intends us to understand that Colonel Taylor was in this case the curious impertinent who pryed into the state secrets of the French vice-consul at Bassora. We are very far indeed from sharing his opinion. If he be correct, however, it must be acknowledged that the British resident's proceeding was a master-stroke of diplomacy. It would, he thought, be argued that he could not possibly be culpable, otherwise he would never have affixed to the packet the seal of the residency, and written on the envelope with his own hand. He might easily have forged the seal of M. Fontanier; at least we are given to understand that our countrymen in the East are adepts in this art, or in a hundred other ways might have dived into the secrets of the French vice-consul. We beg to protest our entire ignorance of the secret history of the transaction alluded to; but our conviction is that if the English resident did not obtain a copy of every letter which M. Fontanier wrote to Europe long before the authorities to whom it was addressed, it was no one's fault but his own. It would have been an act therefore of gratuitous blundering to stop M. Fontanier's courier to obtain from him what he probably possessed already. There was not the slightest necessity for violence. Letters in the East come of their own accord to government functionaries; they need not be at the pains to intercept them, as a man of M. Fontanier's great experience cannot fail to know.

To return, however, from this consideration. The value of M. Fontanier's work consists in this, that it describes pretty accurately the present state of the approaches to our Indian empire. No doubt the views taken of those approaches are the views of a foreigner, and in some sense of an enemy, because there is nothing which France has so much at heart as to undermine our power in the East. But for this very reason they are the more curious, and perhaps the more valuable. It is always useful to know in what light others contemplate us, to discover whether they take our dimensions accurately or not.

It is pleasant to observe the adventurous spirits of the west turning their faces towards the rising sun, and carrying back to

the fountain head of all knowledge and civilisation the arts and literature, and opinions and policy, of the more refined nations of Europe. And the delight imparted by this prospect is greatly enhanced when we perceive the principal actors to be our countrymen—when we observe the superior spirit of enterprise by which they are distinguished—when we discover them to be by far the most numerous and predominant figures on the horizon—when we obtain from experience the conviction that the interests of our commerce and our empire are watched over in every part of the world by men equally remarkable for their boldness and sagacity. M. Fontanier has not in the ordinary sense produced a book of travels at all. He arrives in Egypt, ascends the Nile, views the ruins of Thebes, and traverses the desert to the shore of the Red Sea, in the course of comparatively few pages. The object he aims at is not antiquities, or the picturesque. His business is politics, and he adheres to it; not the vague and shadowy politics which in France especially fill so many volumes without producing any benefit to writer or reader, but politics practical and useful, enlivened by innumerable sketches of character, by sparkling and piquant anecdotes, and by occasional descriptions introduced to diversify the tissue of the narrative. We are not ourselves exclusively the disciples of Machiavelli. Man's achievements are full of interest for us; but we are nevertheless willing to turn aside from them for a moment, to gaze at what nature has done and is still doing in those parts of the world which chiefly occupy our attention. M. Fontanier has much of the same taste. He does not, as we have said, profess to be a picturesque traveller, but he presents us occasionally with rapid sketches which possess great merit.

"We made frequent excursions in the roads, and it was with pleasure that I took advantage of the hospitality of Captain Stuart, Commander of the Nazaret-Shah. Towards evening, when the great heat had subsided, we used to row out in his boat, to contemplate the wonders of the ocean, which only in that region have I beheld in all their beauty. Let the reader imagine not far from the spot where the vessels ride at anchor, a perfect forest of coral, infinitely varied in form and hue, appearing through a sea blue as the Mediterranean and smooth as the most polished mirror. Between these coral-branches and in the grottoes which they form, thousands of fish, more beautiful, more resplendent than any I have seen even from China, glide hither and thither, concealing themselves at the slightest noise; further on they become con-founded in a wilderness of submarine plants. Beyond this again may be seen, two feet below the surface, a bank of sand, in firmness and whiteness unsurpassed, wherein, when the sea is unruffled,

troops of porpoises may be descried, immoveable, their bodies, resting on their tails, half raised above the water, inhaling with open mouths the evening breeze. Not until you are close upon them will they take to flight, and even then move off so slowly that it must be with extreme regret. On one occasion an enormous ray-fish paid so little attention to the approach of our skiff, that I struck it with the oar before it would move. I am aware that the colours of fish seem far brighter when beheld through the medium of their natural element, and that their brilliance soon forsakes them when once out of water. I observed, however, when any were brought to me by the fishermen, that their forms were more varied, their hues richer, than any I have elsewhere seen. I regret exceedingly that I was unable to preserve any, having had neither the bottle nor spirits of wine necessary. However, the fish that live in the coral beds form, I am assured, a very dangerous food, since many are esteemed poisonous."—pp. 88, 89.

Much has been written on the Mohammedan institution of pilgrimage, which may be and has been, in all ages, more or less abused, and has now degenerated very greatly from its pristine character. We are very far, however, from looking on the hajji with contempt. One of the pleasantest persons we ever knew was a hajji, who had walked in procession round the Kaaba, who had kissed the black stone, who had quenched his thirst with the waters of Zem-zem, who had crawled up and perhaps rolled down Mount Arafat, who had toiled along the desert from the birth-place to the tomb of his prophet, and who—which is more than all—devoutly believed in the religion which he professed, and was, we trust, all the better man for it. We have never looked kindly on Mohammedan free-thinkers, who are generally drunkards and profligates. Better a bad religion than no religion at all. We, therefore, as we have said, behold with no scorn the devout believer in Islamism, who trudges to Mecca because he considers it a duty, and who fancies himself improved in mind and morals by the journey. We ourselves approve of pilgrimage to a holier place, being persuaded that under certain conditions it is calculated to elevate and purify the mind, to soften its asperities, and to invest with the mantle of sanctity the progeny of the imagination. M. Fontanier takes no such views of pilgrimage, but has drawn, notwithstanding, a picture of the toils and difficulties attending it which the reader would probably like to contemplate.

"A singular custom authorizes the Bedouin Arabs to give free scope to their love of plunder on every road four days before the festival. All true believers, it is said, should then be assembled at Mecca, in order to accompany the procession—loiterers are looked upon as miscreants unworthy of mercy. At the same season all the authorities

of Jiddah, and all whom necessity does not compel to remain there, make haste to witness the ceremony; every shop is shut, all Mahommedan sailors abandon their ships, and the gates of the town are closed. No enterprise not connected with the pilgrimage can be commenced with any chance of success, and the utmost danger is encountered by all who venture on any secular undertaking. An English Officer, Captain Corner, very nearly experienced the truth of this in his own person. He had arrived from India with the intention of proceeding to Europe through Egypt, and, although forewarned, insisted on continuing his journey before the termination of the Hajjilik. He contrived to make an arrangement with a small craft for his passage, but soon reappeared amongst us after having been shipwrecked. For the sailors, in despair at not having been present at the Bairam, ran their bark upon the rocks and swam ashore. Captain Corner, happily for him, could imitate their example, but he lost all his luggage, preserving only his uniform, so that he was compelled to accept the clothes we offered him:

"Nothing can equal, according to all accounts, the confusion which prevails during the ceremony, especially towards the close. Mecca is a city of extreme sombreness and incredible aridity; it is surrounded by naked mountains, and the heat is insupportable. Before departing for Arafat, every one is obliged to sacrifice a victim, so that a vast number of sheep are slaughtered, and their entrails and bones, scattered on every side, present a disgusting spectacle and diffuse a horrible stench. As the march is performed in the most disorderly manner, the camels often run against each other and fall, upon which the greatest confusion and sometimes obstinate battles succeed, in which many persons are wounded and some even trampled to death by the crowd. Our *nacoda*, for example, returned in exceedingly bad plight; it had pleased him to fall out with his muleteer, who, recognizing him for a shiah, hurled a large stone at his head, endeavouring to avoid which his foot slipped and down he rolled along the slopes of Arafat, receiving many wounds and contusions.

"No sooner is the prayer on Arafat concluded, than couriers are despatched on all sides to bear the intelligence, those who receive it being expected to bestow presents on the messengers. Several of them start for Constantinople, and the first that arrives is handsomely rewarded by the sultan. Every one now prepares to return to his own country, but although most come by way of Egypt, the prevalence of north winds, rendering the voyage to Suez on the Red Sea so difficult, induces them to return with the great caravan of Damascus. Some few traverse all Arabia, making for the Euphrates. The young Pole I met with came by that route; I endeavoured in vain to obtain from him the notes he had made during so interesting a journey, but he designed to publish them himself, and I fear that death, which overtook him soon afterwards, prevented his doing so.

"A melancholy picture is often presented at Jiddah by the pilgrims preparing for their departure. The Ramazan of 1835 terminated in the month of May; the heat was oppressive, and what effect the rays of the sun, shining upon the bare heads and ill-covered bodies of men born for the most part in temperate climates, must have

produced, may easily be conceived. Many were seized with the brain fever and died; whilst the eyes of the survivors were haggard, their visages swollen, their mouths in foam. The number of beggars seemed enormous, even to those who had visited Egypt. Most of them petitioned to be carried gratuitously, and Mohammed Ali ordered that this should be done. But it may easily be understood in what manner the Turks gave effect to such orders, how these poor people were huddled in the transports, in what manner they were treated, how fed, how provided with water. This element is, indeed, of no small importance in that country. Not far from Jiddah are cisterns, where it is collected whenever it rains; the cisterns are closed and barricaded like fortresses, and at the time of the pilgrimage it is sold at a very high rate. Wo to the vessel which finds itself under the necessity of putting into Jiddah for water. Whatever may be the sobriety of Mahomedans, however little stress they may lay on the comforts of life, the pilgrimage to Mecca is ever for them fertile in privations, fatigues, and dangers, insomuch that Captain Mari, who had resided many years in the country, affirmed that one-fifth on an average of the pilgrims annually perished. The knowledge of this fact, however, does not check the enthusiasm of their successors, for the death which is encountered in accomplishing this duty is in their opinion an absolution from every sin."—i., pp. 84—87.

In all ages, and in most parts of the world, the importance has been felt of having a city of refuge, to which whoever is in danger or difficulty may flee. England has established many such sanctuaries in the East, the principal of which are Singapore for the inhabitants of further Asia, and Bombay for its western denizens. No doubt the persons who avail themselves of the privilege of those inviolable asylums are not always of the most reputable character. Rogues get into trouble oftener than honest men, but when they are fairly at war with fortune it is not beneath the dignity of a great state to permit them to take shelter beneath its protecting wings; for despotism is indiscriminate and irrational in its vengeance, and knows but one punishment for all crimes. This is more particularly the case in the several pashaliks of the Turkish empire, which, as its foundations moulder and decay, appears to give birth in those lower depths of society to every modification of crime. M. Fontanier supplies us with a curious history of an Ottoman vagabond, who has played so many different parts in the drama of life, that truth, in relating his adventures, appears to have taken up by mistake the pen of fiction. We give the narrative as a specimen of the valuable citizens now spawned by Mussulman institutions, so much vaunted by Mr. Urquhart, and occasionally sent to enliven the monsoons at Bombay.

"Ali-Agha or Ali-Usta was a native of Constantinople, had served in his youth at St. Jean d'Acre, and afterwards in the Russian war, during which he was made prisoner. Being an artilleryman, and knowing how to fire off a cannon, the name of Usta, or master, was bestowed on him. Upon the conclusion of peace, he was exchanged, and returned to his own country, master of a few words of Russian, and also, being somewhat unscrupulous, of the art of drinking brandy. He had moreover acquired some familiarity with European manners. At Constantinople he encountered that alternation of good and evil fortune which forms the existence of all Turks of his profession, and contrived at length to make an advantageous marriage. But the winds of adversity blew once more upon him, and one fine day he seized on all his wife's property, drove her from his house, and departed to seek his fortune at Bagdad, in the service of Daoud-Pasha, who was in want of artillerymen.

In 1824 I saw him in that city, but his profession did not occupy much of his attention, for about that period he adopted a new calling. Certain European workmen had come to offer their services to the pasha, which he, wishing to initiate Mohammed Ali, had accepted. However, he had not much confidence in them, and wanted them to be watched; Ali-Usta had the reputation of possessing the strength of the lion and the cunning of the serpent; and he had already, according to his own account, penetrated during his captivity into most of the secrets of the Franks, so that no one better than himself could undertake the required duty. The new-comers were accordingly lodged in his house, and he became the only medium of communication between them and the pasha. I do not know how long he occupied this post, but at any rate he contrived to make it sufficiently profitable to enable him to become some time after the purchaser of the place of Capitan-Pasha of Bassora. In this capacity he was intrusted with the surveillance of the river, the keeping of the Arabs in check, the command of four or five boats; being in fact second only to the *mutselim*, or governor. To the latter he was expected to pay certain dues; but as he entertained an objection to such a proceeding, he took passage one fine morning for Busheer, concealed his money in a girdle, and begged his way across Persia as far as Teheran. From thence he opened a communication with his master Daoud, informed him of the rogueries of the *mutselim* of Bassora, and threatened in case his proposals were not accepted, to go to Constantinople and buy his own pardon, whilst he accused the pasha himself. The *mutselim* was dismissed, and Ali-Usta restored to the exercise of his former functions, having first, however, shared his wealth with Daoud. Soon after his return, the plague and the cholera broke out, and the head governor fell a victim. Ali-Usta, in spite of the frightful ravages of the pestilence, seized the reins of government. He feared neither the contagion nor anything else, and as soon as any one died, as soon as a house became empty, he repaired thither, and without any form, took possession of the property. This he never neglected to do, and became in consequence extremely rich. His character was well known, and few individuals would have ventured to dispute his place with him. But the pasha, learning how well he was getting on, and wishing

to have a share in the spoil, sent to demand the revenues of the country, but in vain. After much useless negotiation he determined to resort to force. But Ali-Usta did not wait for his coming. He placed all his wealth on board the vessels of the state, and set sail for Muscat, where he sold the fleet to the Imam, and then very quietly undertook the pilgrimage to Mecca, after which he made for Alexandria. While in this place he was by no means easy in mind, for he knew that Mohammed Ali was in possession of means, as certain as they were varied, of lightening travellers of their superfluities. It happened that at that time Mohammed Ali was almost at war with the sultan, and Ali-Usta, having got somewhat intoxicated, let fall certain imprudent expressions, which were repeated to the pasha, who ordered him to be summoned to his presence. The interview between these two respectable individuals was related to me as follows:

"'I entered,' said Ali-Usta, 'and made my *tenéri*' (salutation). 'Ah!' quoth Mohammed Ali, 'you are welcome; sit down; let a pipe and coffee be brought for the hajji.' Upon hearing of pipe and coffee, I became alarmed; for I now knew that some treachery was hatching. I could not, however, escape, so I determined to put a good face on the matter. The pasha added: 'Hajji, it must be acknowledged that thy master, Daoud Pasha, is a great fool, for he cannot prevent the Arabs from robbing even at the gates of Bagdad.' 'Your excellence must know that it is not easier to prevent robbery at the gates of Bagdad than at those of Cairo.' To this daring repartee, Mohammed Ali replied: 'Hajji, you seem to be a man of knowledge; you know the number of my soldiers and those of our master the sultan.' He then looked out of window. I suspected that he was giving orders, and seized this occasion to make my escape. Taking off my turban, and keeping my cap only on my head, I stole away, and contrived without being noticed to reach the court of the palace.'

"Ali-Usta, it will be seen, was not so easy to overreach as an European, and understood perfectly that all was over with him if he returned to his lodging. According to the custom of the Turks, he bore the greater part of his fortune about his own person, the rest he abandoned, and went to see what ship was soonest to sail from the port. It turned out to be an Austrian, and he accordingly repaired to the consul of that nation. To him he professed to be an ignorant man, perfectly incapable of making a proper bargain, but aware of the confidence that might be reposed in the representative of a European nation he prayed the consul to make the necessary arrangements. This functionary, proud of the estimation in which his morality was held by the barbarian, took everything upon himself, and assured Ali-Usta that he might go on board without delay. The latter individual, however, was by no means inclined to leave anything, if he could help it, in the hands of Mohammed Ali. Accordingly, after having been conducted to the vessel by a janizary of the consulate, and placed under the protection of the flag, he requested his guide to go and fetch the remainder of his property on board. The janizary did as he was ordered, bringing back word also, that the people of the pasha were on the watch round the house to seize him when he made his appearance.

"Having reached Constantinople, his first care was to dictate, for he was ignorant of the art of writing, a letter to Mohammed Ali, full of abuse, and a complete account of his escape. This duty fulfilled, he turned his attention to the Pasha of Bagdad, accused him as a thief, excited against him the cupidity of the Sader-Azam, or grand-vizier, expended among the members of the divan the money he had brought with him, which he said was the property of the Porte, and so far arranged matters, that, in spite of the money which on his side Daoud distributed, he was removed, and the Pasha of Aleppo, Ali-Riza, sent somewhat against his will, to occupy his place. Ali-Usta accompanied the new vizier as *capidgi-bachi*, and now that Daoud was overthrown, undertook to point out those who had filled offices of trust at Bagdad, or were known to possess money, many of whom were arrested, tortured, and even put to death. The work of spoliation over, Ali-Usta looked for the reward of his services, and asked for the government of Bassora. His previous conduct had not inspired the pasha with much confidence, and it was feared that he might some day take it into his head to run away a second time in the same manner. This would have stood in the way of his appointment, had not the English resident interfered. It was agreed that the Jew who acted as banker to the resident, should act in the same capacity to Ali-Usta; that the banker, aided by the agent of the resident at Bassora, should receive the revenues of the city and send them to the residency of Bagdad, which was to remit them to the Pasha. I did not exactly know how this arrangement was executed, though the upshot of the whole was that the pasha never received a farthing; for when he sent to the *mutselim* for the arrears, he was told that he had forwarded them to the residency, where, however, it was averred that nothing had been received. It is very probable that Ali-Usta was extremely unwilling to let anything go out of his hands, but the agents of the resident were not models of integrity, and it is certain that a necklace of pearls, received by them, was misappropriated. At length, disgusted at being so completely defrauded of the revenues, and with a letter received from the *mutselim*, much too coarse to translate (*quel bizum sic al*), the pasha appointed a substitute, and even issued orders that he should be put to death. But Ali was a prudent man; he induced a Persian merchant to hire a baglo; sent forward other vessels freighted with dates on his own account; spiked the cannon of the fort, damped the powder, and when his successor arrived, got quietly on board with all his servants. The wind being contrary, he remained three days in the river, and when at length he set sail, fired two guns at the town. On reaching Busheer he persuaded the Persian merchant to row ashore in a boat to learn what was going on, and then continued his voyage, appropriating all the goods of his late companion!

"He arrived at length at Bombay, and not quite sure that he would be unmolested, lodged at first in a miserable house, where he was compelled to ascend to his apartment by a cord. But the government of Bombay refused, in spite of the representations of the resident, to interfere in this shameful case. Ali-Usta accordingly took heart, hired a magnificent house, and lived in first-rate style.

But what principally occupied his mind, was the means of again getting to Constantinople to serve Ali Pasha as he had served his predecessor. He could not expect a second time to escape from the Persians of Busheer, nor from the Pasha of Egypt; and, therefore, as I was the only European who could speak his language, often took my advice on the subject. I recommended him to go by sea to London, and from thence make for Constantinople, and he acted accordingly. I even gave him a letter to our ambassador, who perhaps had an interview with this extraordinary personage."—i., 128—135.

By way of contrast we shall here present the reader with a picture of a genuine Arab city. Cairo and Damascus have now, alas, been sophisticated! European civilisation has made its appearance in their bazaars, and the fierce sons of Ishmael have in both those ancient strongholds of barbarism afforded many obvious proofs that they are not untameable. But at Zobeir we have the genuine thing—oriental society, we mean, constructed on its own autochthonal model, undiluted, uninfluenced by the west. Few travellers are so fortunate as to have such a city to describe, and few cities have the good luck to be described so well.

"The government of Bassora was, as I have said, in the hands of a mutselim; but his power was very limited, because the real authority was exercised by the Arabs and their chief, Tajib-Oglu, otherwise called Mehemed Ben-Tajib, with the title of Sheikh of Zobeir. This town is of a perfect Arab character, situated about four leagues from Bassora. I visited it in 1825, in company with Dr. Scott, the surgeon of the residency, and we found the place in much better condition than we expected. Strong walls of burnt brick surrounded the city, and, in the interior, we observed some very fine houses, although there were a great many huts for the people. Zobeir is in truth the only real Arab city which I have seen in the desert. Derayeh, Lassa, El-Khatif and Gren, are either not all surrounded with walls, or are filled with a mixed population. At Zobeir, on the contrary, there is not a single individual who is not an Arab; camel-flesh is there sold, locusts are eaten, and none of that tinselling which constitutes oriental luxury meets the eye; the mares here, as beneath the tents, are stalled near the master, and seem to form part of the family. The common dress of all is a blue shirt, with sometimes a robe of silk, a cloth kerchief of many coloured stripes to cover the head, a burnous and two bands of camel's hair, the one to encircle the loins, the other the head. The children are in a complete state of nudity, and seem perfectly horrible when they run with their long hair standing upright, their bodies the colour of soot, and uttering savage cries. It was in this state that they presented themselves to us, in their eager curiosity to behold Franks, whilst the women, with uncovered faces, emitted a guttural sound impossible to imitate. The person whom we went to see, received us with that proud and dignified gravity which is the distinctive character

of their nation, and offered us coffee with a generosity unknown to Turks. On the arrival of each new-comer they filled up those little cups so familiar to travellers in the East, and as we traversed the streets, we were compelled to stop several times to take more. The space which separates Bassora from Zobeir is a desert to which water imparts no fertility, every night covered by a layer of nitre, which, at the approach of winter, when the wind has been keen during the day, might be mistaken for hoar frost. Vast canals, however, may be seen communicating with the sea, in order to carry off the water left by the inundations of the Euphrates. When and by whom were these immense works constructed? Do they date from great antiquity and constitute the remains of the Pallacopas mentioned by Arrian? Are they due to the munificence of the caliphs, or are they similar in origin to those which are every day dug for the purpose of navigation and irrigation, and whose dimensions are no less extraordinary? If this last opinion is the most probable one, and if, from the circumstance that the modern canals are kept in order and extend for many leagues into the interior, we are to infer that all have been formed and kept in order, in the same manner we must acknowledge, among these Arabs who appear so divided, who are at perpetual war with each other, an organization, an order, and a traditional prudence of which we have no idea. These barbarians then have created that which would do the highest honour to civilized nations. In the lower part of the river advantage is taken of the tide to turn its waters to account; higher up, the Euphrates is sometimes joined to the Tigris by trenches, long and deep enough to allow of Colonel Chesney's steamer passing along them; at other places the waters of the river are drawn off in canals so extensive that travellers have looked upon them as separate rivers. I doubt whether Holland has anything to compare with this. The environs of Zobeir possess a few gardens, that is to say its wealthy inhabitants succeed, by the application of much care, in making four or five date-trees flourish; if a spring even of brackish water bubbles up near this group, they build a terrace and repair thither in the evening to smoke and take their ease. A few water-melons may also be seen stretching their stalks lazily over the sand and with their leaves discoloured by dust. The Arabs do not continually inhabit the city, but frequently abandon it, either on account of the heat, or when the unhealthy season approaches; they then repair to their tents in the desert, and betake themselves to their ordinary pleasures, hunting and riding."—pp. 218—221.

These passages we have extracted in justice to M. Fontanier, that the general reader may perceive there is something besides politics in his volume. The intrigues of residencies, however, the manoeuvres of political agents, and whatever tends to throw light on the progress of British power in Asia, have, we confess, more charms for us. We gladly, therefore, abandon the picturesque and even the more valuable delineations of manners which occur in the work, and proceed to borrow a short account of the way

in which the English strengthened their influence in the Persian gulf.

"When General Malcolm came for the first time to establish with Persia the relation which in reality had never been interrupted (!) he named at Busheer a native agent, whose principal care was to provision the trading ships of the East India Company. This agent was afterwards replaced by a mulatto, who acquired sufficient authority to encourage the establishment of a resident. At length the resident at Busheer became the resident of the Persian Gulf, and I shall presently describe the extent of his authority. A guard of Sipahis was given him, who on my first visit lodged in the residency, a very humble and meanly constructed habitation. But when I came a second time, an open space was cleared around it; thick walls flanked by turrets had been constructed; the Sipahis were in greater numbers, and encamped around the British flag. Beneath a large shed were several guns, brought thither under pretence of selling them to the Persian government. Upon a pinnacle, more lofty than any in the city, had been raised a signal mast by which to correspond with the vessels in the roads. In a word, not only was the residency prepared to defeat any sudden attack, but soldiers unskilful as the Persians could never have taken it by force. To effect this a siege would have been necessary, and, the sea being at no great distance, assistance could have come from India before it had been concluded. All these innovations, a complete military establishment, a resident more powerful than the governor, a residency better fortified than the city, had arisen in the midst of an uninterrupted peace of thirty years, without treaties, without conventions, without the resident being accredited with the Persian government, without his even being by his own government always officially recognized. It was not so when, in the oscillations of British policy with Persia, it happened that the minister sent into that country was nominated by the king. When such was the case, the resident was responsible only to the Company and was not under the orders of the legation of Teheran. The first English agent received for his pains a commission on what he furnished; the second 240*l.* a year; but the last was paid 4000*l.* a year, and enjoyed many valuable privileges besides. His assistant's salary was 1600*l.*, that of his medical man, 1000*l.* Our ministry had conceived the idea of sending to act in opposition to these gentlemen an agent to be generously paid the sum of 240*l.* It was with some difficulty that I succeeded in preventing this piece of extravagance."—pp. 150, 151.

It is obviously M. Fontanier's design in the above passage to insinuate that the English had some secret, perhaps criminal, purpose to serve by the course adopted. He evidently perceives no reason why the British residency at Busheer should be a fortress, garrisoned by Sipahis and defended by artillery. M. Fontanier, though a French agent, was surrounded by no such circumstances of power. He does not comprehend therefore, why the English resident should

desire to occupy a different position. Now we do. In the first place it is clear that M. Fontanier, in spite of his personal abilities, exercised no influence whatever in the Persian gulf, and that it was the conviction of this which ultimately decided him to transfer his station to Bombay. The English resident, not having the option of staying or leaving, and being required to watch over the interests of a valuable commerce, naturally endeavoured to fortify himself against violence and outrage, whether suggested by fanaticism or cupidity. An event which occurred at Teheran, in 1829, will serve to show that in Persia even ambassadors, to say nothing of commercial or political residents, are not always safe. A quarrel having arisen between the servants of the Russian mission and some people of the capital, a vast mob collected and poured towards the palace of the embassy. They believed or pretended to believe that two Persians were concealed within for the purpose of being subjected to ill treatment, and they professed a determination to deliver them. They attempted to force an entrance, the Russians fired on them, and one man was killed. Upon this the multitude, instead of retiring, became more infuriated, battered down the gates, forced their way in, and massacred the Russian minister, with all his suite and attendants save one.* It is, consequently, very clear that walls and bastions, and Sipahis, and guns, may sometimes be extremely useful to a foreign resident in a country so imperfectly governed as Persia. In fact, eight years later, our own agent at Busheer might have formed the subject of a similar tragedy but for the precautions with

* In 1835 the Baron Clement de Bode, now engaged in preparing for publication a highly interesting work on Southern Persia, was ordered to exhume the remains of the persons cut off in the above catastrophe, in order to have them transferred for interment to the Armenian burying-ground. The body of the ambassador had long previously been conveyed to Tiflis, where his obsequies were performed with usual honours. It was found that, immediately after the massacre, a narrow trench had been excavated in the garden of the mission, where the bodies were laid, two and two, and a covering of earth thrown over them. Though there were forty persons in the palace when the mob broke in, the baron could discover no more than twenty-six skulls or skeletons in the trench. It is conjectured, therefore, either that some of the servants being Mussulmans had been suffered to escape, or that their remains had, through religious scruples, been decently interred elsewhere by their countrymen. The transfer of the murdered Russians to their last home was not permitted to take place in open daylight. They were huddled forth clandestinely in the dark of the evening. And having been borne in silence to the Armenian cemetery, the service for the dead was read over them in the dark and they were left to repose in peace.

which M. Fontanier is so little satisfied. Dr. Mackenzie, acting-assistant in charge of the residency of Busheer, writing to an ambassador at Teheran, says :—

“On the evening of the 17th (December) report was made to me by the Naik of the residency-gateway, that a man was lying outside in a dying state, from blows inflicted on him by Mr. Gerald, the apothecary to the residency; a report which, from the universal good character and quiet demeanour of Mr. Gerald, I found it difficult to believe. I however directed that the man should be taken inside, that his case might be examined into; but in a couple of minutes the Naik returned, and reported that the man was actually dead, which I hesitated to credit; but on its being positively asserted, I also hesitated to receive inside the residency the corpse of one of whom I knew nothing, and supposed to have been killed under such circumstances. I however determined to proceed to the spot and ascertain the real state of the case; but before I could reach it, his friends had carried him away, and, as I was told, to the Sheikh's house, some saying that he was dead, others that he still breathed.

“On inquiring into this perplexing affair, it appeared that Mr. Gerald, on proceeding to a small mosque or monument near the residency, erected over the remains of a relation of Sheikh Nassir (and which it would appear had been kept in repair for some years, by contributions from the Sipahis and Mr. Gerald), to ascertain what repairs were now required, found it occupied by an Indian dervish, who was also a Syud, or descendant of the prophet. This man, apparently under the influence of the intoxicating drug, *beng*, which Indians are in the habit of smoking, without any provocation, repeatedly made use of insulting language to Mr. Gerald, and also knocked off his cap, which Mr. Gerald resented by kicking him, but apparently without inflicting any serious injury.

“I now perceived that the Syud was acting a part in the hope of extorting money, and although it does not appear to me that Mr. Gerald, considering the great provocation he had received, was much, if at all, to blame, I thought it would be better if the affair could be settled privately, and the trouble and annoyance likely to result from it prevented. I therefore told Mr. Gerald that I did not approve of his conduct, that it was likely to be made the cause of disturbance, and recommended him to come to some arrangement with the Syud and put a stop to his complaints, for I well knew the estimation in which those descendants of Mohammed are held by some, and the influence they possess, however worthless they may in reality be.

“With as little delay as possible I sent a message to Sheikh Nassir, by the moonshee of the residency, acquainting him with the circumstances of the case, and expressing a hope that if a little time were allowed, the affair would be quietly and satisfactorily settled.

“Next day I learned that no apprehension of the Syud's life were entertained, that the treatment he had been subjected to, although not altogether approved of, did not excite much interest; but I also learned that the Sheikh, to whose house he

had been conveyed, was that of the kazi, instead of the governor's, which made me still more anxious that some private arrangement should be made; but the measures adopted did not suffice to effect it, and I am inclined to think that it should not have been done.

“On the 19th I was waited on by a man from Sheikh Nassir, who delivered a note to me, and asked whether I had heard of the affair in which Mr. Gerald was implicated; I told him that I had, but that I hoped it would be settled. He then, after many allusions to the high descent of the Syud, and the seriousness of the offence in the eyes of the professors of the Mahommedan religion, referred to the often told tale of the Russian ambassador, by asking me whether I supposed Futteh Ali Shah assented to the assault made by the mob on that unfortunate occasion. I replied that I did not conceive that to be a matter of which to boast, but, on the contrary, of which to be ashamed, and inquired whether it was again alluded to with the hope of terrifying; if so, that he should fail in his object. He affirmed that such was not his intention, but his language and the expression of his countenance did not correspond.”

The termination of this affair may be given in very few words. Finding he could not obtain the money for which he shamed death and performed so many other capers, the Syud grew desperate, and, seizing a hatchet, marched to the door of the residency, vowing he would sacrifice some one. He soon, however, learned to entertain more sober thoughts. The political agent menaced the governor, and the governor entered into explanations, but nothing was done. In fact Lord Palmerston wrote to our ambassador, that Great Britain now held the Persian government responsible for the resident's safety. M. Fontanier served no such prompt and powerful government. He was enabled therefore to exercise no influence over the native authorities, otherwise we cannot believe he would have coolly suffered so tragical an event to take place as the murder of Sheikh Ben Tajib. He had discovered that the crime was in contemplation, he even knew when it was to take place, and was conscious that a word of warning from him would have saved the Sheikh's life. Yet he spoke not that single word, he gave not that warning, but awaited patiently the bloody event, which an English agent in his position, doubtless because invested with more influence and power, would unquestionably have averted. We are persuaded that M. Fontanier, than whom we have seldom met a man of more gentle manners, would gladly have saved Ben Tajib if he could, and that to this moment he frequently regrets the absolute lack of authority which rendered him in some sort the unwilling accomplice of Mehemed Chelebi. The narrative of the

catastrophe could not be given better than in his own words.

"Whilst the establishment of Mohamera was attracting universal attention, Bassora had returned to its accustomed state, and the English officers came there less frequently, much to the annoyance of the provisional governor, who wished to have opportunities of being agreeable to them, in order to gain the support of the resident of Bagdad. To further his private ends he had taken the delicate precaution of sending, to the controller of the customs of Bagdad, an exact account of what Mehemed-Chelebi had stolen. He expected by this means to set the two co-partners by the ears. Nevertheless they did not quarrel, but laid their heads together to concert the ruin of Tajib-Oglu. Accordingly they obtained from the pasha a firman, authorizing the assassination of the sheikh; it was drawn up secretly; four persons only having knowledge of the affair—the controller of the customs, Mehemed-Chelebi, and a Jew from whom it was necessary to borrow money and explain how the payment was to be effected. Matters being thus arranged, it was determined to feign displeasure against Mehemed-Chelebi, who was to set out secretly, whilst his substitute was to be informed that his nomination should soon be signed. Ben-Tajib at this time resided near Bassora, and was more completely than ever master of the country. Having been not very courteously received on board the *Hugh Lindsay*, which he visited only a few days after he had prevented the execution of a plot formed by some Arabs for its destruction by fire, his pride was hurt and his anger roused, so that he showed himself, in everything, hostile to the English, and took no pains to conceal his feelings. The residency at Busheer, with which I continued to maintain amicable relations, even wrote to me on this subject, requesting me to exert my influence, which was evidently supposed to be greater than what I either possessed or desired. Ben-Tajib, it is true, never refused any request I made to him, but I did not exactly understand what I was expected to do in return. He often showed extreme interest in the intelligence I received from Bagdad, and his anxiety augmented when the approaching nomination of a governor was mentioned. Mehemed-Chelebi, in order to arrive unexpectedly, had caused, after his departure from Bagdad, all the couriers destined for Bassora to be stopped. One of them, however, reached Zobeir, and Ben-Tajib, warned of his arrival, gathered his partisans together. He was ready to act on the defensive if the governor had brought with him troops enough to excite his suspicions. Mehemed-Chelebi was not guilty of this fault, and when he arrived pretended to be afraid of the Sheikh and not to dare to enter the city. He remained two days at the gates of the custom-house and only made his entry the third; it was a Friday, and on that very day I met Ben-Tajib, followed by a numerous body of men, going to the mosque to offer up his mid-day prayer. He laughed at the *mutselim* and the small number of soldiers he brought with him, and did not deign even to go to meet him. On returning to my house I found there a young Jew, whom I protected and who procured intelligence for me. He had gone to the house of one of his relations, had looked over his papers, and seen a

letter which announced that Ben-Tajib had been condemned to death or rather to assassination. There was yet time to save the intended victim, but I did not do so; I might have saved him, but it was not my duty to do so. I was compelled to forget that this man had never acted otherwise than kindly towards me, and to suffer him to perish miserably. I remained, until all was over, in a state of agitation which I cannot describe, now ready to send to him anon, arrested by the responsibility which I should have thus taken upon myself. In these horrible countries, it is through seas of blood that political ambition wades to the attainment of its object. Ben-Tajib, though warned in time, would not have fled; he would have menaced the governor and his followers, seized on the city and given it up to pillage, and then forced the pasha to reconquer this portion of his domains. Such would have been, among this Mahomedan people, the consequences of an act dictated by the commonest humanity.

"Mehemed-Chelebi had brought with him an Arab Chief named Ben-Mutchari, a relative of the Zeir family, the rival of that of Tajib. They made their entry with much pomp, and repaired to the hall of the divan, where every one was assembled and into which even my servants penetrated. It was there that Ben-Tajib went to see the governor, whom he embraced as well as Ben-Mutchari, though he signified to the latter that he must quit Bassora within twenty-four hours. Every one then sat down to talk, and at length the *cadi* was called and ordered to read publicly the firman of nomination. That of the governor was first read, and then that of the *cadi*, before that of the Sheikh of Zobeir. This violation of the established etiquette somewhat disturbed Ben-Tajib; but the *mutselim*, to distract his attention, said that it was useless in the Ramadan season to keep weary Mahomedans under arms, and complained that he could not hear distinctly the words of the firmans. All the Arabs who had followed Ben-Tajib were therefore driven out of the court of the palace, and even the soldiers of the governor were sent away, except those, who, according to custom, discharged the cannon during the reading of the firman. This was now continued, but Ben-Tajib, perceiving that the *cadi* was still placed before him, rose to leave. As he paused at the door of the divan to put on his slippers, an Aita shot him in the back, and a young boy, who held his pipe, having laid his hand upon his sword, was instantly cut down. At the sound of the pistol-shot, the gates of the palace were closed, and the Arabs prevented from entering. They threatened, however, to storm the place, and only dispersed when the naked body of their chief was hurled from one of the windows. A negro slave, who had been much attached to the unhappy Sheikh, whose life he had twice saved, then ran to his master's house, got possession of his papers, mounted his mare and flew to Zobeir, where he arrived in time for the whole family to escape with their treasures. The governor's people arrived too late, and found only fragments of registers, which enabled them, however, to annoy and plunder many individuals. Ben-Mutchari was made Sheikh of Zobeir, and most of the chiefs submitted to him; he destroyed in his turn the house of the Ben-Tajibs, and, on the very even-

ing of this tragedy, all the partisans of the Zeir family gathered together over the ruins to celebrate their victory—the night passed away in dancing and feasting.

“Such are the details of a horrible murder, committed in cold-blood by a young man thirty years of age, of gentle manners, and a gay and kindly disposition; such is the fruit of Mahomedan religion and connection; such is their influence in perverting even the best disposed. Who will after this be astonished at the imperturbability with which an old chief like Mohammed Ali caused the Mamelukes to be massacred; at the ruthlessness with which Daoud-Pasha put the Georgians to death at Bagdad; and the general butchery of the Janizaries and the Greeks over the whole face of the Ottoman empire? Certain authors have attempted to derive from these executions proofs of a noble character; and I have seen it printed that the murder of the Duc d'Enghien was, on the part of Napoleon, a crime as odious as the massacre of the Mamelukes. In truth, my indignation is aroused when civilized men are compared to the miscreants of Asia. If Napoleon was the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien, who can trace in that account any real resemblance between him and the Pasha of Egypt? He must probably have regretted his crime; must have sought to explain it, to assign reasons for it, to extenuate it; his conscience must have disturbed his peace of mind. The despots of the East, on the contrary, never regret similar acts; Mohammed Ali laughs at the simplicity with which the Mamelukes allowed themselves to be deceived. Mehemet Melebi experienced no greater remorse; his enemy having fallen, he and Ben-Mutchari embraced; and they received the congratulation of the whole town. Next day the same governor sent poison to him who had aspired to succeed him, and put in prison the Jew who had betrayed him, in order to extort money from him. This done, he thought it full time to begin to make merry, gave himself up to pleasure, and took divers country excursions. But he soon abandoned the last of the amusements, for he thought he recognized, in a garden, the redoubtable negro-slave of Ben-Tajib and he fled back not unmoved to his palace. Of Ben-Tajib, however, he never spoke but to chuckle over the capital trick he had played him. The assassin of the Sheikh, who alone had been informed by the governor of what was intended, became an important personage after his achievement. Every one vied in congratulating and making him presents, and I was thought sufficiently green because I abstained from paying him compliments. But the mutselim, who did not reward him very largely, soon began to look upon him with fear, and not long afterwards caused him to be made away with.”

We ought, perhaps, to add that an English translation of this first part of M. Fontanier's work has already appeared, and that the second and third volumes, which will be devoted exclusively to India, may be expected to be published in the course of two months.

ART. III.—*Geschichte der Englischen Revolution.* Von F. C. DAHLMANN. (History of the English Revolution.) Leipzig. 1844.

PROFESSOR DAHLMANN'S work contains the substance of a series of lectures delivered at Bonn in the summer of 1843. The title is calculated to mislead an English reader, for the name which we are accustomed to apply to the events of 1688 is here extended to the history of two centuries, beginning with the accession of Henry VII., and ending with the abdication of James II. M. Guizot, in his '*Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre*,' commencing with the reign of Charles I., set the example of disregarding the conventional use of the word Revolution, with what advantage we are at a loss to discover. If by Revolution the historian means to distinguish an era of constitutional changes, it is plain that he may extend or limit at pleasure the period which he selects for illustration. There were great political alterations between 1485 and 1688, or even, to adopt Guizot's limits, between 1625 and 1688. There is also, as Dahlmann with undeniable justice remarks, a striking contrast between Queen Boadicea escaping servitude by suicide and Queen Victoria giving laws to the Chinese: yet the intermediate period of 1800 years can scarcely be called a Revolution. If the social changes of two centuries were accompanied by corresponding adaptations of old institutions to new circumstances, the process requires a different name from the rapid changes of dynasty or of constitution which form definite epochs in the history of so many European states. France acknowledges only two Revolutions, one extending over ten or eleven years, the other over scarcely the same number of days—Belgium, America, Saxony, Spain, has each its Revolution, the work of a single generation. In English history the term has a strictly definite application. The dynasty was changed when Henry VII. ascended the throne in virtue of a nugatory title backed up by quasi-conquest, and confirmed by Act of Parliament. The very foundations of the constitution were altered in the course of the civil war; but accident and custom have appropriated to the expulsion of James II. and the establishment of William and Mary the exclusive title of the English Revolution. If Guizot or Dahlmann think the name ill applied, we have no wish to argue the question: it is enough that the imposition of names on persons or things, belongs to custom and not to philosophic historians. If writers were at their plea-

sure to give the name of Reform to the suppression of monasteries and of appeal to Rome, and that of Reformation to the change of the parliamentary franchise under William IV., it might be difficult to show that they were wrong, except on the principle that proper names must be regarded, and that conventional terms are more convenient than definitions. It may be added that the adoption of an unusual name is equivalent to an assertion of its superior fitness, and that the title-page of a book should confine itself to indicating the subject, and should never convey a proposition.

We confess that from so able a political writer as Dahlmann we would rather have received a detailed investigation of an important series of events, than a rapid summary of the whole course of modern English history. We have no doubt, however, that the work will be acceptable and useful to German readers, and even our own countrymen may welcome its appearance, as we are not aware that so lucid and impartial a history of the same period has hitherto been compressed within the convenient bulk of a single octavo volume. English writers, says the author, are unsatisfactory from their partizanship, Germans from their want of spirit, (*Matterzigkeit*), while Guizot begins too late, ends too early, and enters into greater detail than is consistent with a clear view of the fundamental relations of history.

Dahlmann has, we think, succeeded in the object which he has proposed to himself. He is dispassionate, and generally, we believe, just and accurate, and his style is plain, distinct and manly—he is perfectly free from the errors of taste which make the writings of many laborious Germans of the present day so difficult for a foreigner to read; he uses no disproportioned digressions, or inept aphorisms, and has no occasion for the sudden ejaculations, lyrical transitions, and other gratuitous gambols, with which some of his countrymen relieve the dreary monotony of their style. Familiar as the story necessarily is, the author has told it so well that we have read it again with pleasure and even with interest. In an account of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, or of Charles I., it is pleasant to meet with a historian, who has no wish or intention to make use of the facts which he relates to prove any political or religious proposition. In this respect the natural impartiality of a foreigner is rendered still more easy to practise by the plan of the work, which leaves no room for disquisition, and little even for the expression of opinion. No student will expect to find in one small volume a sufficient account

of the opposing principles of the Church of Rome, and of the Reformers, or in later times of the Court and Country parties; but he will be content with a view of the chief results of the internal and external causes, which determined the regular and wonderful advance of English civilisation from the accession of the Tudors to the expulsion of the Stuarts. Rapid and general glances over long periods of time are as essential to the comprehensiveness of historical judgments, as minute investigations are to their accuracy.

While, however, we admit that the contributions of foreign writers may form an useful supplement to our knowledge of English history, we are not disposed implicitly to adopt the charge of partizanship which Dahlmann brings against our countrymen. It was not to be expected that Clarendon should write otherwise than as a leader of the Royalists—Hume allowed himself to be carried too far by his indignation against the monopoly of public opinion, which the Whigs had exercised for seventy years, and in our time we have writers who calmly assume the inherent fitness of republics, in the same spirit in which Mr. Froude found a proof of the apostolical succession in the so-called martyrdom of Charles and Laud. But it would be most unjust to attribute to every writer of the present day the bias of the earlier historians. Sir James Mackintosh's unfinished 'History of the Revolution' may command the respect of those who differ most widely from his opinions; and Mr. Hallam, in the 'Constitutional History of England,' a work which Dahlmann seems to us not sufficiently to have consulted, has often arrived at results directly opposed to the traditional tenets of his party.

And even if partizanship is unavoidable, every country must chiefly trust to native historians—the stander-by may see most of the game, but those who play at it enter most into its spirit. An Englishman understands the struggles of Whigs and Tories a century and a half ago, because he is a Whig or a Tory now—he knows the secret links which connect the most heterogeneous parts of a political creed, while foreigners strive in vain to find some logical principle of union. The case is the same with all countries. How little can books enable us to judge of the complex feelings with which Germans regard political measures as they bear on the cohesive principle of their common nationality, and on the mutual repulsion of the several states. We may illustrate our meaning by the recent ecclesiastical dissensions in Scotland. On the north

of the Tweed there was great warmth and excitement; on the south there was every facility for observation which neighbourhood and the calmest indifference could afford: yet there can be no doubt that it is to Scotchmen that we must look for the future history of the schism—it will be difficult for them to give an impartial history of their proceedings, but we believe it will be impossible for English writers to give an account of them at all.

Another disadvantage under which a foreigner labours is the necessity of copying literally from his authorities the more trifling particulars of names and titles, which are habitually familiar to the native student. Even newspaper writers in Germany are laudably careful in avoiding trifling errors in the use of foreign names and phrases; and we have not been disappointed in our expectation that Dahlmann's intimate knowledge of our institutions and history would ensure his general accuracy in trifles, but the breadth and extent of his plans has led him in a few cases to glance slightly at the authorities which he followed, and consequently to fall into some errors of little consequence, which may be easily corrected in a future edition.

The first passage on which we have to remark refers to an early period of the reign of Henry VII.—“The inexorable severity of the king was directed chiefly against the great men; and the extraordinary court of the Star-chamber, which was afterwards so justly odious, and which Henry brought into use by virtue of his power as supreme judge, was felt by the people as a benefit.”

A passage follows referring to the forcible interference of the nobility with the execution of judicial sentences. “It was especially against these *maintenances* that the Star-chamber was instituted, to take cognizance of them instead of juries or of the Upper House.” (pp. 27, 28.) There are several inaccuracies in this statement. The measure was not effected by any prerogative of the king, but by an act of parliament (3 H. VII. c. 1.) Nor was the Star-chamber then instituted for the first time. The words of Lord Bacon in the ‘History of King Henry VII.’ are these—“The authority of the Star-chamber, which had before subsisted by the ancient common laws of the realm, was confirmed, in certain cases, by act of parliament. If causes were criminal, the court used to sit in the chamber called the Star-chamber; if civil, in the White-chamber, or White-hall. The Star-chamber is of good elements. It discerneth principally of four kinds of causes, forces, frauds, crimes various of *stellionate*, and the *inchoations*,

or middle acts, towards crimes capital or heinous, not actually committed or perpetrated. But that which was principally aimed at by this act was force, and the two chief supports of force, combination of multitudes, and maintenance or headships of great persons.” It is therefore clear that the power of the Star-chamber does not date from Henry VII., but it is farther shown by Mr. Hallam (‘Constitutional History,’ c. i.) that even Bacon is in error, and that the act does not refer to the Star-chamber at all, but to another court consisting of a committee of the privy council, which went into disuse soon after the middle of Henry VIII.'s reign—“The court of Star-chamber,” he says, “was the old *consilium ordinarium*, against whose jurisdiction many statutes had been enacted from the time of Edward III. No part of the jurisdiction exercised by the Star-chamber could be maintained on the authority of the statute of Henry VII.” It cannot properly be said that the court superseded the functions of juries, as the partiality of sheriffs in making panels, and the taking of money by juries, offences which no jury trial could reach, are among the principal grievances which it was intended to correct. Still less could it interfere with the House of Lords, who possessed no ordinary jurisdiction except as a court of appeal. On the beneficial effects of the courts connected with the privy council in early times, Dahlmann's view is supported by Mr. Hallam, but it is opposed to the authority of Mackintosh. Bacon, who wrote for James II., cannot be quoted as evidence of any weight in their favour.

In the same page (28) Dahlmann substitutes the name of Essex for that of De Vere, Earl of Oxford, in the well known story of Henry VII.'s visit to the castle of Henningham; he also increases the fine which the king imposed on his host, for giving badges to persons not of his household, from 15,000 marks to 10,000 pounds.

In speaking of the persons who were executed by the king for treason in 1494, he says—“The most prominent of these was Lord Stanley, to whom the king was indebted as to a second father for care of him in youth, and for his crown and life in the decisive battle. His death made Margaret Plantagenet a second time a widow, the mother of the king and the person through whom he traced his right to the throne.” (p. 23.)

The king's mother did not inherit the name of Plantagenet, but that of Beaufort, which was adopted by all the Somerset family, as well as by her great-uncle, the celebrated Cardinal of Winchester. In the

next place the death of her husband must have made her a widow for the third time, as after the death of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, she had married Sir Henry Stafford, uncle of the Duke of Buckingham. On the present occasion, however, she incurred neither a second nor a third widowhood, for the nobleman executed by Henry was the Lord Chamberlain, Sir William Stanley, brother to Margaret's husband, Thomas Stanley, Earl of Derby. It was to Thomas Stanley that the king had been indebted for the care of his youth, but it was William who had saved Henry's life in Richard's last desperate charge at Bosworth, and who had afterwards crowned him in the field. The two brothers are so often mentioned indifferently as Lord Stanley that we are not surprised at Dahlmann's mistake. It is much more strange that he has been preceded and perhaps led into it by Mackintosh—('History of England,' vol. 2. p. 80.) Bacon and Hume state the circumstances correctly.

Like many other historians, Dahlmann is led to infer from the practical despotism of Henry VIII. an extent of prerogative in the crown which by no means existed. The king effected all his purposes by the aid of parliament; from them were derived the discretionary powers with which they so servilely entrusted him; and the author is hardly correct in his statement, that by the celebrated act of 1539, royal proclamations, issued with the assent of the privy council, were to have the force of law; still less in his conclusion, that the passing of the act was a parliamentary suicide—it was at least a suicide not followed by death. On the contrary, the parliament was now laying the foundation of the exclusive authority which it assumed a hundred years later, as Mackintosh remarks—"Those who saw the attainders of queens, the alteration of an established religion, and the frequent disturbance of the regal succession established by acts of parliament, considered nothing as beyond the jurisdiction of so potent an assembly. The omnipotence of parliament appeared no longer a mere hyperbole." It may be added that the parliament could not, if it would, have enabled the king to dispense in practice with its authority. The English were familiar with the distinction between tolerated violence and lawful power; and long experience, from the time of Le Despenser, down to Empson and Dudley, had shown how little a king could protect the instruments of his assumed power from the eventual reach of the law.

Nor is it true that the parliament abandoned its general legislative power to the

king—it had already conferred upon him the supremacy of the church, and had given him various powers for disposing of the abbey-lands, and making ecclesiastical regulations. The preamble recites, that many things called for speedy remedies and could not admit of delays till a parliament might be called; and it is enacted, that proclamations made by the king in council under penalty of fine and imprisonment shall have the force of statutes, but with the proviso, that such proclamations shall not prejudice any person's inheritance, offices, liberties, goods and chattels, or infringe the established laws. It is probable that at such a crisis, in an age when parliaments were summoned only at irregular intervals, it might be necessary to entrust some dictatorial powers to the permanent executive of the state. In the particular case the parliament was servile, the king arbitrary, and the power entrusted to him excessive; but the parliament of Henry VIII. no more committed suicide, than the parliament of Victoria, when it entrusted Her Majesty with the power of legislating by proclamation for Hong Kong, and for her subjects on the seas and coasts of China.

We may make a similar remark on Dahlmann's censure of the king's testamentary preference of his younger sister the Duchess of Suffolk to the Queen of Scotland in settling the remainder to the crown. It was always held by lawyers that the elder sister inherited the crown, but from the Conquest till the reign of Henry VIII. the question had never practically arisen. The succession had only once passed through a female, in the case of the Empress Matilda, who was the only daughter of Henry I., till the time of the disputed succession between York and Lancaster; and though Elizabeth of York was the true heiress, her son claimed the crown rather under the parliamentary title of his father. The analogy of English law, which recognizes no right of primogeniture among females, and vests in the king the absolute disposal of a title fallen into abeyance (among coheiresses) might seem to justify Henry in exercising at his discretion a power, which in the particular instance had been expressly vested in him by statute.

The most interesting and most disputed portion of our history, the Civil War, with the times which immediately preceded and followed it, is necessarily the least suited to an abridged narrative. The characters of men were so mixed, and their motives so complex, that it is hardly possible to convey just conclusions where there is no room to limit or to explain them. In this difficulty

Dahlmann has adopted the wisest course—he has told the story of the events which occurred, without expressing his judgment upon them unnecessarily. His opinions when he offers them deserve attention, and have respectable authority in their favour. The assertion that from the moment the war broke out constitutional right was wholly on the side of the king will be disputed by few, who are competent judges, even if they think that circumstances afforded a moral justification to the parliament for carrying revolutionary changes by force of arms, and believe, as we do, that the faithlessness of the king made a treaty almost impossible. We regret, however, to find that the author countenances the common attacks on Cromwell for his seizure of the supreme power, in 1653, an act which has had the singular misfortune of scarcely interesting in its support any party, except among those who on other grounds were willing to attack the Protector. The royalist writers hated him as the leader and representative of the regicides, the presbyterians as the destroyer of their straight-laced despotism, the republicans as the tyrant who practically denied the inherent legitimacy of a commonwealth. It is possible that the independents may forgive the political delinquencies of their triumphant saint; but the party which is interested in supporting his assumption of sovereignty scarcely comprises any but the few, who are unwilling to believe that the greatest of Englishmen was a mere ambitious usurper. We are not disposed to think with Mr. Carlyle* that he was a faultless hero; but it seems to us that Cromwell's account of his own motives and feelings is simpler and more intelligible than the theory of perpetual hypocrisy, which naturally occurred to a generation like that of Hume, which was disposed to doubt the efficacy of conscience and to exaggerate the selfishness which undoubtedly influences public as well as private transactions. It is true that many historians have spoken of the act in itself as excusable, whatever may have been the motives which led to it; but even royalist and constitutional writers have called it a usurpation, while the advocates of democracy lament the perfidy of the tyrant, and the fall of the commonwealth by his parricidal hand.† To us it seems that

Cromwell was justified morally, politically, and as a friend of liberty, by the object which he professed and attained of acting as a constable and keeping the public peace. It is difficult to understand the claims of the Rump on the sympathy of modern patriots—it had no constitutional right, for it was a small minority of one branch of the legislature—it represented no constituency, except a fragment of those who had returned members to the house thirteen years before—it was hated by nine-tenths of the nation, and only supported by the army and by a few theoretical republicans—it had become jealous of the army, and was about to knock its only prop from under it, and no single party was strong enough to take its place, though all were united against it. Liberty had become impossible for the time, as is the case in every revolution, from the absence of the indispensable condition, a government which can command willing obedience. If every faction had been allowed to suggest a remedy for the impending anarchy, it is probable that each would after its own supremacy have considered the government of the Lord-General the most tolerable alternative. The royalists hated him less than they abhorred the Rump, the presbyterians looked to him for protection against the wilder fanatics, the army loved and followed him, and at least no one could despise him—it is true that he had made the house what it was, but he could not guarantee it a perpetuity of power. The consent of the nation and its own inherent vigour gave the Long Parliament its only title to the obedience of the people of England.

But the most unjust of all charges against Cromwell, is that which Dahlmann repeats, that he viewed with jealousy and displeasure the successes of the navy under the parliament. Even his enemies acknowledge his pride in the maritime greatness of England, and one of the earliest addresses of congratulation to the new government was that which came from the fleet. Under the Protectorate as under the Commonwealth, Blake still commanded the seas, and Oliver, who trusted him while he lived, did honour to his memory by a funeral in Westminster Abbey. In this, as in other cases, the genial and manly nature of Cromwell raised him above all groundless jealousy.

The only farther objection which we have to make to the author's account of this period of history, is to his censure of Monk and the parliament of 1660, for admitting Charles II. without conditions. What the people wished for was not a new constitution a bigotry which might have been supposed to be obsolete.

* We hope that there is foundation for the rumour that Mr. Carlyle is engaged in a work on the history of the Civil War. We have no expectation of being convinced by him, but his genius enables him to give instruction to many whom he may perhaps think inaccessible to truth.

† From the continuation of Mackintosh's 'History of England' in Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' by a writer who combines with considerable

tion, nor were they restoring an absolute sovereign. Charles returned as an English king, limited by the constitution as the Long Parliament had left it at the breaking out of the civil war. It was by the subsequent servility of the parliament that liberty was endangered, and the same subserviency would have led them to release the king from any preliminary conditions which might have been imposed. The few anecdotes of the time which Dahlmann selects are, we believe, authentic, but we should be unwilling to vouch for them, as we believe there is no story tending to the credit or discredit of any party in that age, which has not been disputed with more or less plausibility.*

Before we conclude, it may be desirable to notice a few verbal inaccuracies, which it is not surprising a foreigner has fallen into, and which may easily be corrected. There is an expression (p. 57) which seems to imply that Sir T. More was tried before the Court of Chancery, a court which it is unnecessary to say never exercised any criminal jurisdiction. The name of Mary is substituted for that of Catherine (p. 80) probably by an error of the press. The Lord Keeper Nicholas Bacon is called lord chancellor (p. 86), and his son, the great Francis Bacon, is called the keeper of the seals (p. 159), an office which he only held for a few months before his elevation to the rank of chancellor. Carr, the infamous favourite of James I., was Earl, not Duke of Somerset (p. 158). The affix of shire is improperly added to Norfolk (p. 221). Cornet Joyce is called Yoyce (p. 223). Burnet and Tillotson are prematurely raised to the episcopacy at the time of Lord Russell's trial (p. 338). The Thames did not flow past the house in which James II. was confined at Rochester (p. 378), and when he embarked on the river there it was on the Medway. It is scarcely correct to say (p. 232) that Pride was the popular hero of the mutilation of the parliament into the Rump. The convenience of alliteration recommended the title of Pride's Purge to the transac-

* As an instance of such controversies, we may mention the story that Charles I. could hear the noise of putting up the scaffold in the interval between his trial and execution. The circumstance is mentioned by Hume, on the authority of Walker. The anti-royalist historians showed that it was impossible that the king should have heard it, and all of them, including Mr. Fox, vie with each other in indignation against the servile fiction of the Tories. In the last number of the 'Quarterly Review,' a writer, who is opposed to Hume on other grounds, repeats the charge. After all, it is clearly proved by Mr. D'Israeli, that the Tory statement, however servile, was true, that the king did sleep at Whitehall, not at St. James's, and doubtless heard the hammering.

tion, but all men were well aware that he was only the instrument of Cromwell.

It is singular that in speaking of the famous Petition of Right, in 1628, Dahlmann, although he translates the title correctly, *Bitte um Recht*, should improperly retranslate his own words into Bill of Right. Although the Petition of Right became a law, it retained the title of petition from its peculiar and unusual form; and it is important to retain the name to obviate the confusion which might arise between this earlier security of the constitution, and the Declaration of Rights presented to the Prince of Orange, and soon after legislatively confirmed by that statute which is properly called the Bill of Rights.

The only additional suggestion which we have to offer, refers to the statement (p. 393) that the office of the judges was secured to them for life in the reign of William. It was not till the time of George III., that they were secured from losing their offices on the demise of the crown. In Dahlmann's concluding eulogy of King William we fully concur; and although we have scarcely quoted any passage except to express dissent, we may safely repeat the opinion with which we commenced, that the book is worth reading, and well suited to its purpose. The character of the author called upon us to take notice of it, and a short history of England afforded little room for remark, except when it appeared that it required some trifling correction.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Recueil de divers Plaidoyers et Harangues, prononcés au Parlement.* Par M. ANTOINE LE MAISTRE. Troisième Edition. Paris. 1656.
2. *Œuvres diverses de M. Patru, de l'Académie Française. Contenant ses Plaidoyers, Harangues, &c.* Troisième Edition. Augmentée de plusieurs Plaidoyers, de Remarques sur la Langue Française. Paris. 1714.
3. *Discours de M. le Chancelier d'Aguessau.* Paris. 1820.
4. *Abrégé des Causes Célèbres et Intéressantes, avec les Jugemens qui les ont décidées.* Par M. BERDEL. Bath. 1793.
5. *Procès Célèbres de la Revolution, ou Tableau Historique de plusieurs Procès fameux, tenant aux principaux évènements de l'Interregne révolutionnaire potamment.* Par M. G. AVOCAT. Paris. 1814.

6. *Physiologie de l'Homme de Loi, par un Homme de Plume. Vignettes de MM. Trimolet et Maurisset.* Paris.
7. *Causes Célèbres du dix-neuvième Siècle, rédigées par une Société d'Avocats et de Publicistes.* Paris: H. Langlois, Fils et Cie. Editeurs, Rue d'Anjou-Dauphine. 1828.

IN free and constitutional states nothing is unimportant which relates to the origin and history, the rights, duties and privileges of the Bar. Our lives, our liberties, our characters, our fortunes in a measure depend on that body, and the Bar may be pronounced to be the very source and spring of justice. It is from the great body of counsellors, learned in the law, that all the judges and many of the statesmen of England and France are selected. How important then is it, in a national point of view, that the Bar of England and the Advocates of France should be not merely lawyers, but men of character, integrity and honour,—not merely astute and subtle pleaders, but gentlemen of liberal minds, general acquirements, enlarged views, finished education, and incorruptible integrity. Upon the prudence and abilities of an accomplished forensic orator rests, not alone his own dignity, but the welfare of numberless individuals and whole communities. “*Ac ne plura quæ sunt pene innumerabilia, consector, comprehendam brevi: sic enim statuo, perfecti oratoris moderatione et sapientia non solum ipsius dignitatem, sed et privatorum plurimorum et universæ reipublicæ salutem maxime contineri.*” (Cic. de Ora.)

The Bar of England is much in the eyes of the people. Their functions are exercised in the broad glare of day. Courts of justice open wide their portals to ‘the general public, pioneers and all.’ There is no mystery, no concealment in English courts of justice, and four-and-twenty hours after any important cause has been decided, not only the result, but the evidence, may be in the hands of any man, woman, or child in England. Nor is the newspaper press the only purveyor to public curiosity. There are professional, as well as public instructors, and the Term and *Nisi Prius* reporters in each court. Adolphus and Ellis, Merivale and Davison, Meeson and Welsby, Manning and Grainger, Carrington and Kirwon, and Moody and Robinson, as well as the ‘Jurist,’ ‘Law Journal,’ and ‘Legal Observer,’ tell their own version in their own fashion, to a large yet select number of subscribers, differing widely from the ordinary run of newspaper readers.

The immense publicity thus necessarily

given to the labours of the English forum destroys in a measure the interest that would otherwise attach to its proceedings. There is little of comment or criticism, in newspapers or reviews, on forensic speakers, for a very obvious reason. Every man may be his own critic in this particular, for the doors are open to all; and even though it were not so, abundant materials are afforded by the ample, if not always accurate, reports supplied by that best of public instructors, the daily press.

Other reasons also operate, in England, to check the spirit of criticism. The immense amount and great diversity of legal business, nine-tenths of which is mere matter of routine, involving nothing but figures and facts; the technical nature of the subject, always dry, and often intricate, uninvitingly discourage remark and expatiation. But the main impediment to such discussions is the want of leisure and opportunity. The barrister and attorney, as well as the merchant and the shopkeeper, must go on in his course with rail-road speed, or he will be distanced in the great end and object, the money-making business of life, by more adroit and mammon-seeking competitors.

We have in England no ancient or modern history of the Bar; and no work treating specifically of the antiquities of the profession, with the exception of ‘*Fortescue de Laudibus Legum Angliæ*,’ ‘*Dugdale’s Origines*,’ and one or two other works which touch incidentally on the subject. Our lively neighbours are more fortunate. There are several histories of the order of advocates in France, and the language, demeanour, and eloquence of the Bar in that country have been always subject to a more general and popular criticism than among us in England. Nor is this wonderful. Of a lively, loquacious, ingenious, carping, mocking spirit, the Frenchman has many of the sharper requisites of a critic. Besides this, the *Palais de Justice*, unlike Westminster Hall, is not overburdened with suitors or suits. Neither are the *avocats* or *avoués* so wholly intent on the amassing and hoarding of fees as the majority of the leading practitioners among their brethren in England. More than a quarter of a century of peace, and a daily increasing intercommunication between the two countries, have failed to make us acquainted with the judicial institutions and forensic history of our neighbours. The subject, however, is a new and inviting one. In entering on this domain, we are going over ground untrodden, we believe, by any English reviewer or journalist. We may, therefore, be pardoned for entering into the subject somewhat largely.

The Gauls exhibited, from the earliest ages, so decided a passion for legal contests, as to entitle them, like their descendants the modern Welsh, to the unenviable distinction of being emphatically a '*peuple processif*.' They were, in truth, a nation of Parolles, terrible, indefatigable, untiring, 'waiting gentlewomen' talkers, who would go at click-clack for five mortal hours, like the late worthy and pertinacious Serjeant Bompas. Their harangues abounded in tropes and figures; and so prone were they to interrupt each other, that a man with a drawn sword played the part of a modern Speaker of the House of Commons, or chairman of a public meeting. If the interrupter would not hold his peace, it was the duty of the man with the sword to slit down the doublet of the disorderly intruder, so that he could not wear the fragment left. '*Ὅσον ἀχρηστον ποιῆσαι το λοιπον*,' says Strabo. The Romans were struck with the rhetorical instinct and bombastic vanity of the Gauls. '*Nata in vanos tumultus gens*,' says Livy; and it appears the masters of the world turned these babbling qualities to account, for public criers, trumpeters, and advocates, were frequently Gauls.* The renown of the Gallic Bar extended so far and wide, that distant nations sent the flower of their youth to Gaul, there to learn, in a foreign forum, the art of pleading. Juvenal calls Gaul the nursing mother of advocates. "*Nutricula caudicorum Gallia*;" and further intimates it was in Gallic tribunals that British advocates were fashioned and formed. "*Gallia caudicos docuit facunda Britannos*." But the Romans themselves owed their rhetoricians to Gaul. Roscius, the famous Roscius, was a southern Gaul; and the renowned rhetorician Guipho, a Gaul by birth, established a professor's chair in the house of Julius Cæsar (Suet. de Illustr. Grammat. c. 7. In domo divi Julii adhuc pueri), and there formed the style of the two greatest orators of his time, Cæsar and Cicero. Montanus, a Gaul, obtained the highest repute as an orator; and Caligula, who piqued himself not a little on his oratorical skill, had two eloquent Gauls, Valerius Asiaticus of Vienne and Domitius Afer of Nîmes, among his most intimate friends. To the latter the capricious emulation of Caligula had nearly proved as disastrous as the vanity of Nero to Lucan. The emperor one day delivered an elaborate address to the senate, in which he hoped to surpass his

accustomed efforts. It was in fact a bill of indictment against Domitius, and called for his death. The Gaul, not in the least disconcerted or dismayed, appeared more struck with the eloquence of the emperor, than subdued by a sense of danger. He artfully avowed himself beaten in his own art, declared he would never again attempt to round a period after so magnificent a peroration, and straightway raised a statue to Caligula. Dion Cassius tells us that this fulsome flattery soothed the imperial choler, and that Caligula, satisfied with his silence, no longer sought his life. The sophistical character of the philosophical and rhetorical among the Roman emperors is owing as much to their intercourse with Gaul as to their predilection for the language and literature of Greece. Adrian had for a friend and counsellor the sophist of Arles, Favorinus, the master of Aulus Gellius, that fantastic being who wrote a book against Epictetus, an encomium upon ugliness, and a panegyric on the quartan fever.* It was the warlike, sharp, subtle, litigious spirit of the Normans, the very reverse of the Saxon straightforwardness, which made of the English after the conquest a nation of men at arms and scribes. The Normans are so given to the study of eloquence, says an author of the 11th century, that their very children speak like orators, *quasi rhetores attendās*.† It is to this race,—a mixture of boldness and of cunning,—conquering and crafty, scribes and *chevaliers*, enterprising and energetic, yet supple and shrewd—that we owe many of the characteristic virtues and defects by which Britons are frequently distinguished in the present day. Under the reign of Tiberius, the schools of eloquence at Autun boasted of forty thousand pupils. Under the Emperor Constantinus Chlorus these schools were presided over by the orator Eumenes, a native of Athens, and the fame which they attained was afterwards extended to the schools of Toulouse, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Treves, and Besançon. When the Franks seized on Gaul in the fifth century, the Bar enjoyed the highest consideration. The profession was deemed an institution worthy of being preserved. The conquerors were the first to proclaim the avocation of barrister, a noble calling. It is in no wise surprising that the leading men among the Franks should entertain the opinion. The more polished among them had travelled to Constantino-ple, Rome and Ravenna, and furnished to

* Insuber, id est, mercator et præco. Cic. contra Piso. Pleraque Gallia duas res industriosissimè persequitur, virtutem bellicam et argute loqui. *Ἀπειρηται, καὶ ἀνατακτοί, καὶ τετραγυρόμενοι*. Diod. Sic. lib. iv.

* Philostratus in Apollon. Thyan. l. v., c. 4. Dio. Cass. l. lxi.

† Gaufred, Malaterra, l. i., c. 3.

the imperial courts, according to the faithful and accurate Ammianus Marcellinus, the most able and agreeable men.* Under the first and second races, and indeed it may be said under the third race of French kings, the Bar did not enjoy the lustre or consideration which the profession obtained under the Romans. The period was one of comparative ignorance and barbarism. Eloquence as an art was wholly neglected. The capitularies of Charlemagne, nevertheless, make honourable mention of the profession. Admission to the Bar was then limited to 'mild and pacific men fearing God and loving justice.' Nor were advocates wanting even in these early times remarkable for zeal and learning. Saint Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, who died in 448, had been an advocate, and learned juriconsult, in which he but followed the example of St. Cyprian, Augustine, Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Ambrose, who, in the first ages of the Christian church, had followed the profession with credit and success. The prohibition of Honorius III., forbidding ecclesiastics in his decretal 'super specula' to teach and study the civil law, gave a new impulsion to laymen, who embraced the study of jurisprudence with creditable zeal. But neither this prohibition, nor that of Alexander III., in 1179, had issued until the outcry against the malpractices of ecclesiastics had been loud and general. The 'Avocats clerics,' says Fleury, had rendered themselves guilty of many excesses. 'Multos habuit advocatos ecclesiæ excommunicatos.' In the French of this period advocates are called 'Plaidours,' which is explained by Boucher d'Argis as 'Plaideurs' or 'Conteurs,' because they narrated the facts of the case. In the regulations of St. Louis, 1270, they are called 'Avocats' or 'Avant parliers,' signifying that they spoke before judgment was delivered.

It would be interesting, but somewhat out of place here, to trace the history of the 'Chambre des Plaid,' afterwards called the 'Grand Chambre.' But such studies and inquiries are more within the domain of the learned antiquary than of the practical everyday man, although it must also be confessed they are not without a certain value and historic interest. An ordonnance of Philip III., of the 23d of October, 1274, directs advocates to undertake only just causes. These they are directed to defend diligently and faithfully, but are further enjoined to abandon them so soon as they shall be convinced that they are unjust. Advocates refusing to

take this oath are interdicted practice; and it is expressly forbidden to them to receive a higher fee than thirty livres, a considerable sum in those days, and amounting, we should say now, on a rough calculation, to above twenty-five pounds of our money. In 1291, the oath of 1274 received important additions. Advocates were not simply to undertake just causes only, but were further forbidden to solicit delays, or falsely to interpret a rule or custom. *Fontanes* and *Beaumanoir* tell us that an advocate employed in any cause was not at liberty to abandon it, at the solicitation of an adverse party, who desired his neutrality. Parties were then, as now, at liberty to plead their own causes; but there were occasions in which the judge invited suitors to employ counsel. The reason, says Beaumanoir, and very sensibly, is, that 'the wisest is carried away in his own cause, and is less reasonable than in others.' 'Pour che que chascun est plutot troublé ou empeché quant s'en ne li fet ou dit sa volonté en sa querelle que en autrui.' In the same author there is a curious passage as to fees. 'Et ils doivent estre payés selon leur estat et ché le querelle est grant ou petite. Car il n'est pas raison que ung advocat qui va à un cheval doit avoir aussi grant journée come chil qui va a deux chevaux ou a trois ou a plus.'

Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the library of a French lawyer consisted only of three volumes; 1st. 'Le Conseil de Pierre Fontaine à son Ami,' written in 1253; 2d. The 'Coutumes et Usages de Beauvoisins;' 3d. The 'Assises du Royaume de Hiersalen;' which is a compilation of the laws, usages, and customs of France. But without entering more largely into this curious history, we may say, in general terms, that from the time of Charlemagne till the epoch when Philippe le Bel rendered the parliament sedentary at Paris, in 1302,* there is little interesting in the History of the French Bar. The origin of the parliament of Paris, and of the order of advocates, were contemporaneous—two institutions, which, according to Fournel, 'marched together for five centuries.' No doubt the discovery of the Pandects at Amalfi, in Italy, in 1137, struck a blow at the canon law and opened the way in France to the more general success and employment of advocates. But though the order re-appeared and was encouraged by St. Louis, who was often present at its pleadings, yet its influence was hardly felt till the parliament ceased to be ambulatory. It was under Philip VI. of the house of Valois, that the Bar of France first

* Tune in palatio Francorum multitudo florebat. Am. Marcell. lib. xv.

* Anquetil, Hist. de France, tom. iii., 372.

exhibited a nobler energy. Pierre de Cugnieres, the *avocat général*, fearlessly opposed himself to the pretensions of the clergy and established *l'appel comme d'abus* as an essential part of French jurisprudence.* It was on the occasion of this famous pleading that the monarch, addressing the prelate, used these memorable words, which might be well applied to many priests in high places in our own time. 'Si vous corrigez ce qui la a besoin, le roi veut bien attendre jusqu'à noel prochain; si vous ne le faites pas dans ce term, il y apportera le remede qui sera agréable à Dieu et au peuple.'† It is of this Cugnieres that Loisel makes Pasquier say, in his 'Dialogue des Advocats,' "C'est par adventure des plus vertueux et des plus sages personnages que la France ait produit, et duquel le memoire vous doit estre chèrement recommandée, comme estant celuy que le premier s'enhardit d'entreprendre la defense des droits du roy et des barons du royaume, contre les enterprises et usurpations que faisoient les ecclesiastiques sur les sujets par tant d'inventions de citations, monitions, censures, et excommunications, contre les personnes layes, qu'il n'y avoit homme durant sa vie ou apres sa mort, qui s'en pust exempter."

We have already stated, that from the period at which the parliament became sedentary at Paris, the bar also became stationary, and no longer pleaded in the provinces. Other important innovations were also introduced. The most remarkable was the grouping around this high court of parliament a body of men who had heretofore remained isolated. The order of advocates now became subject to a strict discipline, and a guarantee was thus afforded of their general competence and respectability.

Individuals whose reputé was indifferent, or who had compromised the honour of the 'order,' were denied admission to, or altogether excluded from the profession. The war of words now became as interesting to the nobles of the land as the din and clatter of arms. The most distinguished in rank travelled from distant parts of the kingdom to witness this new intellectual gladiatorship, and grand seigneurs abandoned their chateaux and their chasse, to listen to their keen encounters and contentions of the forum. In

the Fabliaux of the thirteenth century, there is a story of a certain Vavassour who had abandoned his old chateau and his young wife, 'pour aller à Senlis ecouter les plaids.' In 1383 Philippe le Long assisted at the hearing of causes, and his successor Charles le Bel showed so much taste for judicial argument, that he obtained the distinguishing name of 'Justicier.' It was in 1324, under the auspices of this monarch, that the unsuccessful party was first made to pay costs. In the leisure which a temporary retirement from the English bar may afford to Mr. Vaughan Richards, of the Oxford circuit, to consider and compare the statutes of England and the *ordonnances* and regulations of France, we have no doubt that learned gentleman, in admitting the very great merits of Charles le Bel, will nevertheless triumphantly point to the ancient practice of the common law of americiament *pro falso clamore*,* to the statute of Marberge, 52 Hen. III. c. 6., passed in 1267, and to the provisions of the statute of Gloucester, 6 Edw. I., c. 1., passed in 1278, as indicating a priority in the discovery of this ingenious penalty; a priority to which England is certainly fully entitled, for Pierre de Fontanes, the oldest writer on the French law (except Beaumanoir), informs us, that by the ancient law of France there were no costs.

In 1344, an ordonnance was passed concerning the functions of advocates, with a view to maintain the necessary purity in the profession. The object of the framers was to see that the duties of the calling were exercised in a manner honourable to the body, and useful to the public at large. The substance of this regulation, composed in Latin, is that the names of all advocates should be written out; that those among the number who had the requisite capacity should be selected, whilst the others were to be excluded from the roll. But notwithstanding their number and stringency, the regulations as to the admission of advocates were in the main fruitless. As among the best seed there may be always found some tares, so there were not even thus early wanting a hungry species of practitioners, mere 'ecumeurs de proces,' who, under the name of advocate, sold their swagger or sauciness, their subtlety, shrewdness, or small talk, to any bidder, even in small silver. It was from these outcasts of the law, from these paltry sweepings of the Palais de Justice, that the stage was furnished with the farce of 'L'Avocat Patelin.' The race of legal hornets and harpies unfortunately is not ex-

* A Bull of Boniface VIII. forbade ecclesiastics to pay tithes. De Cugnieres was charged by Pierre Flotte, the chancellor of that day, to answer in the name of the king, which he did with address and spirit; commencing, 'Sciat tua maxima fatuitas in temporalibus nos alicui non subesse, etc.'

† Anquetil, tom. iv., 22. See also Memoires de Miramont, sur l'Origine et Institutions du Cours Soveraines et Justice, pp. 220 and 221.

* Salk. 14; Gilbert's Hist. of Comm. Pleas, 260; 2 Inst. 109; 1 Hullock on Costis.

tinect. It still lives, thrives, and has its being in this nineteenth century, as well on the banks of the Thames, as on the banks of the Seine.

The physical qualities required in advocates of the fourteenth century, are lengthily and quaintly enumerated in a Latin tract published at the time, intituled '*De modo, gestu et habitu quem habere debet advocatus.*' We extract a few of the requisites.

His countenance should be open, frank, affable and lively, '*vultum affabilem jucundum et benignum*;' he should not distort or discompose his features, or exhibit contortions of the mouth or lips, or bite the latter, '*labia quaque torquere vel mordere turpe est.*' A subsequent ordonnance distinguishes between '*Avocats Plaidants,*' and '*Avocats Consultans.*' To the latter is given the title of *Conseillers*, '*Consilarii,*' a title which refers not alone to the nature of their calling, as consulting counsel, but also to the honour conferred on them frequently by the court in asking their opinion and advice in questions of doubt and difficulty. Twelve of these gentlemen were in consequence permitted to sit on the low seats marked with a fleur-de-lys. They may have been likened to our Queen's counsel twenty years ago, before silk had become so very common among common-place men; or to our serjeants, before that high and honourable office had been bestowed on mobs of middle-aged barristers with the simple qualification of 750*l.* in hand, which gives them coif for life, and the blessed hope of '*calipee* and *calipash* for five centuries to come.*' This was not the stuff of which serjeants were made in the days of Best and Copley. The selection of the chosen *avocats consultans*, did not devolve by mere seniority. The court had the exclusive right of making the choice, and they were named by *arrêt*. The Registers of the Parliament prove that the practice of thus naming still continued in 1582 in the reign of Henry III., and under the presidency of no less a personage than Christopher de Thou. Some of the ordonnances of Philip de Valois, while regent, are curious. Advocates are enjoined to be at the Chatelet at break of day, allowing, however, the necessary time to hear a low mass, ('*sauf le temps nécessaire d'entendre une basse messe*'). A regulation of 1345, which might now in the instance of a dozen practitioners be profitably enforced in Westminster Hall, commands advocates to abstain from false citations. '*Quod consuetudines quas veras esse non crediderint, non proponent,*

jus sustinebunt.' And another not to make any agreement with their clients as to the result of the process. '*Quod non paciscuntur de quota parte litis.*' The end of the reign of Philip de Valois was one of the most brilliant epochs of the prosperity of the French Bar. The recent services which so many of the order had rendered to the crown—the distinguished offices which some of them filled—the high renown of the court to which they were attached—the importance of the interests confided to their keeping—the splendour and solemnity of the profession—the importance and gravity of the functions which they discharged—their individual wealth and social position—their expenditure in a liberal and elegant hospitality—their alliances with the noble, and their intimacies with the great and powerful of the state, gave to the French Bar a consideration apart from that which they derived from their virtues, their learning, and their eloquence. Beaumanoir writes in grandiloquent terms of the luxury of the Bar of this era, and says, curiously enough, an advocate who has only one horse ought not to be so well paid as a counsel who has three or four or more horses. In commenting on this sentence, Fournel says, '*il est aisé de conclure que la coutume d'alors étoit qu'un avocat se fit suivre d'un ou de plusieurs domestiques à cheval, et qu'un avocat, de quelque célébrité, avoit une suite de quatre chevaux et plus, ce qui annonçoit déjà un train de maison assez considérable.*' It is plain, from the lines of Eustache des Champs, that the advocates of those days had their chateaux, their chaplains, their valets, and that they in fact rivalled the noblesse in luxury and extravagance:

" Vous avez de toute noblesse,
Vous êtes francs de servitudes,
Plus que n'est le droit d'institutes.
Vous avez vos chaplains
Pour chanter la messe au matin,
Au partir de votre maison.
Vous êtes toujours en saison,
Vous avez paradis en terre."

Several ordonnances of Charles VHL., of Philip le Bel, of Francis I., and other kings, regulate the time and manner of admission, the period of study, the oaths to be taken, and the academic degrees necessary, previous to the student assuming the functions of advocate.

It may not be out of place here to remark that one of the famous '*Cours d'Amour*' existed even in the time of Charles VL., and that it was imbued with the scholastic and legal spirit of the time. Juridical forms were rigorously observed in the discussion of the lightest questions of gallantry, and the

* See Mr. Serjeant Manning's speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner, 27th May.

machinery of the court was modelled after the judicial hierarchy of the highest chamber of the 'Palais de Justice.' There were auditors, masters of requests, counsellors, substitutes of the attorney-general, &c., &c. The pedantry of these courts did not contribute to their pucidity. The beautiful Countess of Narbonne, the love of poets and of kings, decided in an *arrêt*, religiously preserved, that a divorced husband may, very fitly, become the lover of his repudiated wife when she becomes the wife of another. Eleanor of Guienne pronounced that true love cannot exist among married people, and this 'most righteous judge' also thought it permissible to parties to take a second lover with a view to try the faith and fondness of the first.* But as loose a morality had prevailed two centuries before. The Countess de Champagne, daughter of Louis le Grand, decided in her tribunal. 'En amour tout est grace; et dans le mariage tout est nécessité, par conséquent l'amour ne peut pas exister entre gens mariés.' The queen, to whom an appeal was made against such decisions, replied, 'A dieu ne plaise, que nous soyons assez osées pour contredire les arrêts de la Comtesse de Champagne.' It will appear extraordinary, but it is nevertheless true, that the sages of the law aped in their turn the language of courts of love, for in 1450 was published, 'Declarations, Procédures, et Arrêts d'Amour, donnés en la chambres et parquet de Cupidon, à cause d'aucuns différends entendus sur cette police.' However strange and unaccountable it may seem, this was really a practical treatise, as necessary in that day as Pothier or Merlin in the precincts of the Palais, or Tidd and Archbold in King's Bench Walk, or Fig Tree Court, and the book was accordingly found in the library of every advocate. We have, no doubt, strangely conceived books in the English law, as, for instance, 'Fortescue de Laudibus,' 'Fleta,' 'Doctor and Student,' Perkins's 'Profitable Book,' 'Trial per Pais,' Littleton's 'Tenures,' and Sir E. Coke's 'Reports in Verse,' as well as Anstey's 'Pleaders' Guide,' but we doubt that the folly of our writers on practice has led them to travesty the heathen mythology and the arrêts of the 'Cours d'Amour.' Tidd, Archbold, and Lush, would strangely meander through such mazes, and we doubt that Bagley, notwithstanding his 'chamber practice,' would find himself very much at home.

But these details are more curious than important. It may, however, be interest-

ing to our legal readers to know, that before the revocation of the edict of Nantes, advocates were admitted to practise at the French Bar who were of the reformed faith, but subsequently and until the Revolution, all were excluded who did not make profession of the one holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion. Nay, the Catholics went still further in their bigotry; for we find them requiring from the unfledged barrister a baptismal extract, and the certificate of a priest that the candidate is not only of the ancient faith, but that he performs the duties prescribed, and fulfils the obligations imposed by his religion. Not content with these minute and paltry regulations, Catholic barristers are forbidden to employ Protestant clerks.* The social position of the Bar appears to have been higher at this era than in our own day. Speaking of the younger men Fournel says, 'C'était cette expectative (he is alluding to vacant places in the magistracy) qui pousoit vers le barreau une foule des meilleures familles, et même de la noblesse, car l'opinion publique attachait autant de considération à l'orateur qui parloit debout qu'au juge qui l'écoutait.'

During the reign of Charles V. the advocates lived as splendidly as the prelates, and both were known to the public under the designation of *gros chaperons fourrés, mangeurs de Chrétiens*.†

The Bar of France were anciently noble, and entitled to take the title of *Écuyer*.‡ 'On ne peut revoquer en doute,' says St. Palaye, 'que les avocats n'aient été jugés dignes de la chevalerie.' An *arrêt* of the *Cour des Aides* of June 19, 1610, confirmed this

* Histoire Abregé de l'Ordre des Avocats, par Bouchier d'Argis, p. 378.

† Mémoires relatifs à l'Hist. de France, tom. vi., 426.

‡ The Abbe Monlignot, in his Dictionnaire de Diplomatique ou Etymologies des Termes des Bas Siècles, under the word *Advocati* has the following explanation. 'Advocati. Ceux qui défendent les intérêts de leurs cliens, étoient désignés par les appellations suivantes, 'Clamatores, legis Doctores, Domini legum, Milites legum,' parce qu'ils étoient nobles, et exerçoient une profession noble.' In Rome advocates might aspire to the very highest honours. The Emperor Trajan designated the jurisconsult Neratius as his successor, and the Emperors Antoninus and Severus had been amongst the most celebrated lawyers of their time. Spartianus says of his grandfather: 'Salvius Julianus fuit bis Consul, Praefectus Urbi, et Jurisconsultus, QUOD MAGIS EUM NOBILEM FECIT.' The profession has numbered among its members not only bishops but popes. 'Platina,' says Clemens, 'quartus fuit famosus advocatus in Francia.' Of Boniface VIII., the same author remarks—'Bonifacius VIII. qui diu in Curia versatus fuerat.' See also Froissart, l. i., c. 27, and Loiseau des Offices, c. 8, n. 30, as to the nobility of advocates.

title to an advocate of Chartres. Previous to the revolution the advocates of Dijon, Grenoble, the Lyonnais, Forez, and Beaujolais, were all entitled to the rank of nobles; and the latter were freed from the demands of the farmers of the king's taxes. Before 1600 the advocates of Grenoble enjoyed a transmissible nobility, but this privilege was subsequently contested; and in 1756 or 1757 the privileges of the forty gentlemen of whom the order consisted were limited to, says D'Argis, the *droit de chasse comme les nobles même sans avoir fiefs*. The advocates of France on many occasions exhibited qualities more noble than the accident of birth. During the plague of 1597, they courageously continued the exercise of their profession, and twenty-two of the body perished, victims of their devotion to duty. Nor was this the only loss which the French Bar sustained. The contagion spread into the very highest order of the magistracy, and seventeen of the foremost rank of judges, among whom were Seguier, Montholon, De Thou, and Harlay, perished.

It was a little before this period that the robes of the French advocates assumed the large and ample shape continued to the present day. Some spruce Muscadins of the cloth, the Henry Hall Joys of that day, wished to introduce a silk robe cut in a more elegant fashion; but an ordinance of 1540 repressed this abuse. Another regulation of the same year forbade 'à tous juges, avocats, et autres gens de pratique, de porter barbe et habillement dissolus.' Fournel, in commenting on this ordonnance, says it proves that at this epoch 'l'usage de la barbe était considérée comme une mondanité. But enough of this curious detail.

The real importance of the French Bar, as a body, begins in the sixteenth century, and may be said to have commenced with Etienne Pasquier. Born in 1529, in 1546, he studied the law under Hotoman and Baldum. In the following year he left Paris for Toulouse, to attend the lectures of the learned Cujacius. From Marseilles he proceeded to the University of Bologna, where he studied the science under Marianus Socinus, the oracle of Italian jurisconsults. Admitted to the Parisian Bar in 1549, he took his seat among the Loïsels and Pithous, those tried and formidable rivals. A cruel malady soon after obliged him to leave Paris for the provinces. He remained absent for two years, and was hardly recognized at his return. 'The small root which I had shot out,' says he, 'appeared deadened, and without sap. Many of those I had distanced immeasurably, two years before, had now the start of me. I paced the hall of

the Palace for two months without doing anything, and a heart-breaking task it was. Sorrow and disappointment counselled me to banish myself altogether.' But he did not banish himself, but retired to his study, where immortality soon awaited him. The mute renown of a chamber and consulting counsel did not satisfy his eager nature. He donned again his gown, returned to the Palais, waited patiently a little, and at length the long wished for, long expected clients, came in abundance. The first famous suit in which he was engaged was against the Jesuits. The members of this society had dexterously insinuated themselves into the state, and at length boldly presented a request to the university to matriculate them. The various faculties refused, and the reverend fathers appealed to the parliament. Two of the professors of the university retained Pasquier as their counsel. The talent which he exhibited placed him at the very head of his profession. His '*Recherches sur la France*' were now published. This was followed by the '*Pour parler du Prince*.' But we do not mean to go over the events of his life. Suffice it to say, that after a most successful forensic career, he retired from his profession, and died at Paris in 1615 in his 86th year. His erudition was large and varied. But what is still more to his credit than his erudition, is, that all his writings breathe an ardent love of country, as well as a spirit of rational liberty. A royalist by connexion, he wished that the throne should be based on liberty; a catholic in faith, he did not desire to close the Evangelists or make the Bible a sealed book to his country or the world.

We now come to the era of Lemaistre and Patru. Lemaistre was certainly endowed with some of the principal qualities of an orator. He had fire, feeling, and enthusiasm; he is more imaginative, ardent, fervid, and brilliant than Patru, but his pleadings are disfigured by the vices of the age in which he lived, a misplaced erudition, too frequent quotations from authors both sacred and profane, and an occasional seeking of far-fetched and somewhat too recondite illustrations; introduced, it would seem more from a vain-glorious pedantry than as germane to the matter in hand.* In the course of one speech we sometimes find Seneca and Origen, Virgil and St. Augustine, Petronius and Tertullian, Cicero and St. Chrysostom, the Pandects and the Book of Job, St. Ambrose, St. Basil, and the Theodo-

* 'On le croyait un homme très éloquent,' says Voltaire, 'mais on ne la crut plus des qu'il eut cédé à la vanité de faire imprimer ses plaidoyers.' Voltaire, vol. x., 166.

sian code, fumbled up together. The great fault of Lemaistre is diffuseness. Whilst his pleadings are always encumbered with authorities, they are sometimes but sparingly supplied with reasonings. Nor are his numerous citations always apposite and to the point. Sometimes indeed they are very wide of the subject, and appear as loose, and it must be admitted, as learned (if pedantry be learning), as the reveries of that most erudite lawyer, accomplished scholar, that really honest man, but most fantastic forensic speaker, Sir Charles Wetherall. In every page Lemaistre smells of the early fathers of the church, and instead of a pleader and advocate you too often find a preacher and a priest. In the power of statement Mr. Hallam seems to think Lemaistre not inferior to Patru, but we should think this opinion questionable, if it were not entitled to the greatest weight as coming from a man of very varied erudition, and who is accustomed to weigh well his opinions before he enunciates them. In the handling of great moral or social topics, or extensive views of history or human nature, we agree with Mr. Hallam in thinking Lemaistre has the advantage; but there is much in his ambitious and ornamental quotations that might be retrenched. His animated declamation is often vague, and occasionally verbose and turgid. It wants the simplicity and purity of Patru, and seems out of place when addressed to a grave tribunal, judging without the assistance of a jury. Lemaistre had intended to publish the lives of the saints, purged of the fabulous and legendary matter, and it is to be regretted he did not accomplish the task. The following is an extract from his first pleading: "Pour une fille disavouée par sa mère."

"A Roman lady, a widow, had, after the death of her first husband, lost an only son, the fruit of this marriage. The child being kidnapped by one of the heirs, was brought up in a distant province in the miseries of slavery. Arrived at man's estate he learned the secret of his birth, and came to Rome with the view of being acknowledged by his surviving parent. She was at the moment in love with a man of mean condition, violent passions, and unworthy of her rank, who happily chanced to be absent at the moment of the son's arrival. Meanwhile she treated the lost boy as her son, and exhibited to him during the space of a month, by the excess of her joy, how much of grief the thought of his loss had caused her. It so fell out that the man of whom she was so enamoured had returned, and not being able to bear the sight of the heir, he declared to the lady that he would renounce her love if she did not repudiate her own blood. The son, foreseeing his misfortune, had recourse to Theodoric, and supplicated the king to summon his mother into his presence, who no sooner was aware of this so just proceeding than

grief for the loss of her lover counselled her to turn a deaf ear to justice, and to give heed rather to a strange and degrading passion than to the voice of a virtuous and natural affection. The unhappy son appealed to the conscience of his mother, but in vain. He protested that she had avowed to him that he was indeed her son, but she was bold enough, like the appellant here, to proclaim publicly that her child was an impostor and an ingrate. The king at length hit upon the stratagem of which Suetonius tells us the Emperor Claudius availed himself in a like case, namely, to oblige them to marry, and to menace with death the party who refused. The mother now perceiving her wickedness discovered, and that it was vain to waste any more words, acknowledged at length her only son, and obtained from the clemency of Theodoric the pardon of her fault. The appellant, your daughter, happier in that than this only son, has demonstrated her birth by indubitable proofs, but she nevertheless addresses your conscience. She does not say to you that which you know as well as she does, that all your relations condemn you, but she implores you to interrogate your own heart and judge yourself. Do not wait for the moment of death publicly to declare that you have given her birth: render her from this moment a true proof of the goodwill which you say you have in store for her, and resolve openly to avow that which you can no longer deny, but at the risk of the world's contempt. If the various feelings which agitate your breast, if shame, avarice, and the influence of your proud husband, will not allow you to anticipate the decision of the court by a voluntary acknowledgment, suffer your daughter, at least since you constrain her to that course, to implore the justice of the court. And you, gentlemen, permit if you please that, like that only son of whom I made mention, she may throw herself at your feet, as he did at those of Theodoric. The violence of the passions may for a time stifle reason and render nature herself captive. Nature may be truly said to be a queen, but she is a queen who becomes easily a slave. Her majesty ought to be as inviolable as that of princes, but it is not always respected, and may be seen daily violated."

The third pleading is for an Angoulême girl, "que poursuit son mariage avec celui qui l'a debauchée." The opening part of the speech though, too gross and unveiled, discloses nevertheless some bone and sinew. It is thus he begins.

"It is difficult, gentlemen, in this cause to determine if the appellant be the more culpable or the respondent* the more unfortunate: for after he

* The word used in the original is *intimée*, which does not exactly mean respondent, and which can hardly be rendered by any equivalent term in English law. "*Intimé*," says Ferrière, in his "*Dictionnaire de Pratique*," "est celui au profit duquel une sentence a été rendue de laquelle est appel, lequel soutient contre l'appellant qu'il a été bien jugé par la sentence."

"L'on nomme," say Tolluere and Bonnet (Nouveau Ferrière), "*intimé* celui au profit duquel la sentence dont est appel a été rendue."

has deprived her of her honour under promises of marriage, confirmed by execrable oaths and by deeds worthy of the demon of love, who has produced them; after he has rendered her pregnant, and exposed his crime and her misery to the view of the whole world; after he has sought for remedies for the evil, more abominable than the evil itself; after he has tried to be a paricide to escape being a father, he comes here to-day to add infidelity to inconvenience, and to crown both one and the other by a public defamation. He impugns the morals which he has himself corrupted, he treats as infamous the woman who would still have been a virtuous girl if she had not been rendered vicious by him. He commenced by his passion, that dishonour which he would condemn by his perfidy, and perpetuate by his injustice. He would tear from his victim the only consolation which remains to her, that of not being the cause of her own dishonour; he wishes to ruin by calumnies the little of character which his crime has left, which the lieutenant of Angoulême has also attacked, but which this court will doubtless preserve for my client, armed as it is with the majesty of the laws for the defence of female weakness, for the punishment of deceitful seducers, and for the censure of the injustice of its own officers."

The next extract we shall make partakes of all the vices of the age in which Lemaistre lived. There is the pedantry and parade of learning, the thick overlaying with quotations, and the quaint and glittering conceits, the analogical arguments, striking to the common hearer. When he speaks of the stratagems of love, it is difficult to repress a smile.

"The first of this poor girl's misfortunes is to have been too prodigally endowed with the graces of nature, with that felicity of body, as Tertullian calls it, with that ornament of the work of God's hand, with that rich wardrobe of the soul, with that ray of supreme beauty. Her second misfortune, and which is much more deplorable than the first, has been the passion which the appellant conceived for her. He was not master of his eyes; on the contrary, his eyes were masters of his heart, and not having been prudent enough to resist the charms of beauty, he tries to persuade the court that my client had not the discretion to resist the charms of his guilty love. To tell you, gentlemen, the artifices which he had recourse to would be an amusing but an useless tale. For who is ignorant that love is the father of inventions, that he inspires the wonderful deeds of the hero of the Iliad? It is love that Sappho called the grand architect of words, and the first of rhetoricians; that Agatho surnamed not only the most learned of the gods, but further maintained was not only a poet, but endowed lovers with the capacity of making verses. It is Plato who has remarked that Apollo has shown mankind how to draw the bow, only because he was wounded with Love's arrows; and the sage further says, that the God of Poetry has taught medicine to mankind in the agitation of violent love, and divination in the excess of the same transport.

It were superfluous, gentlemen, to represent the artifices of which the appellant availed himself, and which are used by those who resemble him in like cases. Plato has painted an admirable picture in his 'Banquet.' They sit down, says he, they praise, they flatter, they adore, they throw themselves supplicantly on their knees without intermission, they become voluntary slaves, *καὶ ἐδουλοῦνται; δουλείαν δουλεύειν.*"*

Patru was born in Paris in 1604. It is recorded that his delivery was indifferent, and his action inelegant and undignified; but his speeches, written with great clearness of style and purity of language, acquired for him the highest reputation, not merely among the members of the Bar, but among men of letters. Patru was the first, says Voltaire, who introduced a pure style at the Bar. Boileau, in admitting his correctness, is silent on the subject of his eloquence, as Laharpe maliciously and pointedly remarks. The style of Patru is certainly pure, chaste. He is more natural, more serious and concise than Lemaistre, and somewhat severe and exempt from his faults of taste. Nor is Patru, though plain and perspicuous, and destitute of the liveliness and animation of Lemaistre, without imagination. The march of his periods is grave, stately, and regular; and well fitted to judicial argument. He does not dally with his subject, but proceeds at once to the point to be discussed. But his merits as a writer are not sufficiently admitted in our day. He cultivated his native language with rare assiduity, and was the first to give to the French tongue that impress of clearness and precision by which it has been since his time distinguished. His sentences are short and simple, and herein they differ from the periods of Lemaistre, which were so long and involved, that Father Bouhours said they could not be read by an asthmatical person. Vaugelas was indebted to Patru for nearly all his critical remarks. This great advocate was above all a man of letters, with the generous feelings and happy improvidence of the class. He paints his own character perfectly in a letter to Cardinal de Retz. 'Quand ce ne serait que pour donner,' says he, 'je souhaterai d'être riche, mais tout ce qu'il faut faire pour le devenir me deplaît.' Though in great practice at the Bar,† and admitted a

* Œuvres de Voltaire, vol. xix. 166.

† From an observation of Hume it may be doubted that Patru was in great practice, but he really was in the very first kind of business, though he did not hold as many small briefs as the Comyn and Reader of the Palais of that day. He disdained, however, to peddle in paltry causes (see 'Causes Célèbres,' vol. v., 131), and would only be employed in weighty matters. Because he was not in every trumpery motion, many shallow people conceived he was without business. As well might it

member of the Academy in early life, though confessedly one of the first writers, and certainly one of the first pleaders of his day, he died poor and in want. 'The pleadings of Patru,' says Hume, 'are very elegant, and give us room to imagine what so fine a genius could have performed in questions concerning public liberty or slavery, peace or war, who exerts himself with such success, in debates concerning the price of an old horse, or the gossiping story of a quarrel betwixt an abbess and her nuns. For it is remarkable that as a polite writer, though esteemed by all the men of wit of his time, he was never employed in the most considerable causes of their Courts of Judicature (this is a gross mistake), but lived and died in poverty; from an ancient prejudice industriously propagated by the dunces in all countries: *That a man of genius is unfit for business.*' When in the last agonies of life, Colbert sent him relief; but like the paltry pittance sent by the Regent to Sheridan, it was too late, for his wants were at an end when it arrived. We shall make but one extract from the pleadings of Patru. It is a portion of a speech for one Daniel Ayere, a young German servant, who was proceeded against by a tavern keeper of Chalons, for the seduction of his daughter, Ayere having been really and in fact the seduced, and not the seducer. It will be seen that ornament—appeals to the feelings and bold figures of rhetoric, are more sparingly used than in the speeches of Lemaistre.

"For we know, gentlemen, how long a virtuous-minded girl will resist vice, that to overcome and vanquish her scruples under any circumstances a little dexterity at least is required, that a great many little attentions and long assiduities are necessary. But all these would be useless without words. Protestations, promises, oaths, all that is most venomous and most mortal in the fatal science of loving, is the work of words. In vain a lover sighs or trembles near the dear object who dooms him to a lingering death, in vain his eyes, in vain his aspect, discloses the emotion of his heart. In all this mute language there is nothing which an innocent girl can comprehend. The lover must explain himself, he must speak or languish out his life-long without remedy. Indeed, gentlemen, the bar for the last eight or ten years has seen but too many of these unfortunate creatures consume the time of the court with the indiscretions of their lives. If not one has come here without some shame, all at least have come here with some excuse—all may say that the presents, the entreaties, the gentle persuasions of their seducers, were fatal weapons against their modesty. But here a simple serving-man who has nothing—what could he give? A stranger,

be concluded because John Singleton Copley or Henry Brougham had not as many small motions as Samuel Comyn that they were without business.

almost a child, and who only speaks his native language—what could he say? But if he is poor, if he can hardly speak four words of French, if his age is rather the age of a seduced than a seducer, either my client is not the guilty person you seek, or your daughter is in a state of prostitution very impudent and very shameless."

Erard and Terrasson are the next distinguished advocates in the order of time, of whom we shall make mention. More than a century had elapsed between the delivery of the pleading of Patru, which we have extracted, and the pleading of Terrasson on a similar subject. And the rapid progress of civilisation, and what the French call *convenance*, is very traceable in this little effort.* The Abbé Longerue speaks of the pleading of Patru as one of the finest oratorical efforts, yet the indelicacy of the details, and the nakedness, so to speak, with which the subject is treated, revolts a pure taste. In Terrasson, the matter is handled with delicacy, tact, reserve and adroitness. More is suggested than expressed; and meanings and conclusions are intimated and hinted, and not blurted out in a manner

"That blurs the grace and blush of modesty."

Terrasson was, however, more diffuse than eloquent. There is certainly that elegant rotundity about his periods, which gained him in his lifetime, the significant sobriquet of the *plume dorée*; but his style wanted strength, originality, and raciness.

We now come to the era of Cochin. The most profuse eulogiums were pronounced on this advocate during his lifetime, and for more than half a century after his death. Falconnet says that he bestrode the *Palais* as a Colossus; that he rose like a luminous star. But at the close of his exaggerated encomium, the author of the 'Essay on the Bar' admits that there was an eternal sameness and mannerism about his hero; 'a manner,' says he, 'often devoid of grace, and almost always of interest.' It is to this mannerism that M. Caums, also a great admirer of Cochin, alludes, in his 'Lettres sur la profession d'Avocat,' 'Apprehendez-vous de n'avoir qu'une manière de ne ressembler qu'à un seul homme? Eh! plaise à Dieu que vous n'ayez jamais que la manière de Cochin, que vous ne ressembliez jamais qu'à lui!' The style of

* Perrault says of Patru, in his 'Hommes Illustres de France,' vol. ii., p. 66, 'Ses plaidoyers servent encore aujourd'hui de modèle pour écrire correctement en notre langue.' On this Mr. Hallam remarks, in the 3d ed. of his 'Lit. Hist.,' p. 364: 'Yet they were not much above thirty years old—so much had the language changed as to rules of writing within that time.'

Cochin wants vigour, vitality and polish. It has neither the brilliancy nor the harmony of D'Aguessau, whose literary and philosophic acquirements placed him far above Cochin.* Though the Abbé Auger places this learned advocate on a level with the greatest of Grecian orators, yet neither the past nor the present age have sanctioned this hyperbolic praise, but the critics of both are more inclined to agree with the depreciatory estimate of Lacroix.

We pass over the nearly extinct reputations of Normand, Aubry and Gillet, and come at length to Loyseau de Mauleon. Mousseau says that the defence of M. Desportes is worthy of Demosthenes; but this opinion of a critic, wholly unprofessional, and not always unprejudiced, though always eloquent, is not to be relied on. There is more of solemn dignity than of real eloquence in the pleading, of which the most flowing of prose writers, and the most morbid of wrong-headed and unhappy men, so highly praises.

At length Gerbier appeared, and at a bound took the first rank among forensic orators. In the 'Memoires Historiques sur le 18 Siècle,' Garat traces a splendid portrait of Gerbier, and Voltaire observes of him that in speaking against the Jesuits in the affair of Gouffre and Leongi, against Fathers Lavalette and Sacy, he made a reputation equal to the Amands and Pasquiers of other times. But we are not fortunately without a living witness. In the interesting souvenirs recently published by the elder Berryer, he is painted as a person of the rarest natural endowments, with a Roman head, a soft and sonorous voice, of noble and dignified action, and majestic attitudes. And mental gifts it appears were as richly bestowed on him as personal: for we find him further described as a man of great sensibility, of an elevated and ready fancy, of great presence of mind, electrifying the auditory, and dominating the judges. It is nevertheless extraordinary that so powerful an orator should have written such a mere trifle in his personal defence against Linguet and the Count de Guines. When Linguet was called to the Bar, Gerbier had already enjoyed six-and-twenty years of celebrity and practice. The Tyro took the accomplished leader for his model, and soon became his fortunate rival. But though he had the talent for writing with

boldness, readiness, and wit, yet Linguet wanted that fancy, soul, and feeling, and those rich natural gifts, which Gerbier possessed. The general characteristics of Linguet's oratory are declamatoriness, and paradox, but there were not wanting occasions on which he exhibited a serried logic: and his first pleading for the Count de Moranges, is indeed a master-piece of demonstration. But the man was a legal prostitute in the worst sense of the word; and his venality and vacillation destroyed his usefulness, rendered him at once odious and contemptible, and contributed not a little to his unhappy end. In June, 1794, he was arrested, tried before the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, condemned to death and executed.

He had been previously struck off the roll of advocates, and occupied himself in the interval in periodical and newspaper writing. But he had never received, nor had, perhaps, any other French advocate, the large fees of Gerbier. It is recorded by M. Berryer that a French colonial governor accused of malversation, and prosecuted criminally, handed to Gerbier a fee of 300,000*fr.*, 12,000*l.* of our money, a larger sum by 4,000*l.* than Sir Thomas Wilde received in the celebrated case of *Small v. Atwood*. The limited space afforded in a review forbids us to dwell on many of the contemporaries of Gerbier, such as Hardouin, Vermeil, Treillard, de Bonnières, etc.

But it would be improper not to mention Target, who, about 1768, was considerably employed, and afterwards secured to himself an immortality of contempt by refusing to defend his king, dragged before the bar of the national Convention. The letter which this contemptible being wrote to the president of the convention, and which he took infinite pains to make public, will for ever rise in judgment against him. The causes assigned for his unworthy and pusillanimous refusal, were the state of his nerves, his head-aches, and his conscientious objections as a freeman and a republican. What a grand, what a sublime opportunity, what a fair occasion of professional renown, did this paltry creature thus allow to pass for ever away from him. It is consolatory to know that even amongst the revolutionists his refusal to plead for the king sunk him in the lowest depths of contempt. His subsequent career was a progress downwards. He became the secretary of a revolutionary committee, whose president was the cobbler Chalandon, one of the most sanguinary agents of Fouquier-Tinville. The cobbler could neither read nor write, and under these circumstances Target consented to pollute paper with

* The career and labours of D'Aguessau do not properly come within the scope of this article, for though he engaged at an early period of life in the study of the law, it was to qualify himself for a judicial office and not for the bar, at which he never practised.

the acts and denunciations of the mender of old shoes, and the murderer of innocent men, women, and children. He saved his own miserable life by these vile compliances, and died in obscurity in 1807. So much was Target's character mistaken in 1785, that we learn from Grimm that he was elected in that year a member of the French academy, and was the only advocate who had been chosen one of the forty since the time of Patru.* There is a statement in the 'Memoires de Berryer' honourable to that Bar which Target had disgraced. When Trouson de Coudray heard of the refusal of one of the order to defend the monarch, he invited a party of advocates to his house. It was agreed by those present, amongst whom were Lacroix-Frainville, Bellart, Bonnet, Chaveau-Lagarde, Barreau du Colombier, Blacque, and Berryer, to form a defensive league, so that if the choice of the monarch should fall on any one of the party all the others would assist him with their suggestions and advice. A system of defence was even agreed on, of which some idea may be formed by the exordium—'J'apporte à la convention la vérité et ma tête, elle pourra disposer de moi quand elle aura entendu mes paroles.'

On the death of Gerbier, in 1789, M. Delamelle appears to have occupied his place, and to have gained the palm of forensic oratory.

We are now arrived at the era of the Revolution, which, in dissolving the different parliaments, destroyed the advocates. Occupied as the faction was in warring on names and on titles, the parliament could not have escaped the destruction of the time. The suppression of the order of advocates, affiliated so anciently to the parliaments, was a necessary complement to the extinction of the latter. As titles of nobility were abolished, the men of the movement saw no reason why the title of advocate should continue to exist. Hence the decree of the 11th of September, 1790, which declared that advocates were no longer advocates; that they should not henceforth form an order or corporation, nor wear robes, nor a square cap, nor a furred hood, nor a particular professional costume. It is worthy of remark that this prohibition was pronounced under the presidency of one of the most celebrated advocates, M. Thouret of the Parlement de Rouen, and in an assembly in which Target, Tronchet, Camus, Hutaux, and Vergnand were members. The reason of the decision has since been revealed by M. Fournel.

Thus perished the celebrated body which, under the name of order, counted 487 years of a brilliant existence, and whose renown was extended over the whole of Europe. Before the dispersion of the members of the profession, precautions were taken to preserve the last roll of advocates registered in the Parliament on the 8th of May, 1789. But from the 11th of September, it cannot be contested that advocates no longer existed. The individuals who performed the functions of counsel were called *Hommes de Loi*; but M. Berryer tells us that, happily for their clients, they had no right to demand a fee. Any one might at this period, without previous study, acquirement, or experience, embrace a career requiring, according to Lord Coke, more than any other the *viginti annorum lucubrationes*. In such an infelicitous time, the greatest number of the ancient *avocats* shrank from the exercise of their former profession. It was not pleasant to encounter ex-butchers, ex-nightmen, ex-costermongers, ex-trip-sellers, ex-comedians, ex-Capucins, and ex-Jesuits, in the hot contentions of the forum, more especially as proscription, banishment, or decapitation might be the reward of a courageous exercise of duty. Of 600 advocates, therefore, not fifty frequented the tribunals. With the independence of the profession its eloquence disappeared. The last efforts of the ancient Bar were even in the best causes unsuccessful; for politics and political feeling became so mixed up with the every-day business of life, that men only felt for the wrongs of those who agreed with them in opinion. But now that the scales are removed from the eyes of the public, posterity will do justice to the forensic efforts of Thilorier, Dorillot, Target, and Blondel, in the affair of the diamond necklace; to the defence of Thilorier and Deseze in the process of MM. de Favras and de Besenval, and to the noble efforts of Malesherbes, Tronchet, and Deseze, in behalf of the unfortunate Louis XVI. After the condemnation of the king, Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth were courageously but unsuccessfully defended before the revolutionary tribunal by Chaveau-Lagarde and Trouson de Coudray. Twenty-one members of the National Convention, known under the name of *Girondins*, were subsequently accused before its bar. The majority had been advocates, but not one among them all asked for counsel, and Vergnand, the eloquent Vergnand, was the only one who defended himself. It was, says M. Parent Réal, the song of the dying swan.

Though a few of the order of advocates resumed, according to M. Berryer, the ex-

* Grimm, 'Correspondence Litteraire,' tom. iii. p. 178.

ercise of their profession in the last months of 1792, yet the greater portion of the order remained isolated from the *defenseurs officiels*; nor was it till the government of the Directory had gained some stability in the year III. that the judicial power was reorganized, or that a free and independent exercise of his functions was again restored to the French advocate. Le Roy de St. Valery and Lepidor at this time distinguished themselves, and Renault de St. Jean d'Angely, newly arrived from the provinces, attracted notice in the metropolitan courts, by a happy fluency and facility of expression.

We come now to the Modern Bar of France. On the 14th of December, 1810, there appeared, under the title of a decree, a '*reglement sur l'exercice de la profession d'avocat et la discipline du Barreau*,' which had been announced by the law of Ventose, year XII. The articles are preceded by a pompous preamble in honour of the profession, and in the 19th article the title of order of advocates is restored. But the ancient discipline of the 'order' was very imperfectly established, and the decree, from the period of its origin, and since, has not ceased to excite the remonstrances of the Bar. It were no novelty to state, that Napoleon entertained a strong prejudice, almost amounting to aversion, for the profession. Independence he detested under every form and shape. A spirit of controversy and inquiry, the distinguishing characteristics of the forum, are in no degree favourable to projects of despotism and universal dominion. When the first plan for the restoration of the order was presented to the emperor, he returned it to the arch-chancellor with the following notes: '*Le décret est absurde; il ne laisse aucune prise, aucune action contre eux, ce sont des factieux, des artisans de crimes et de trahisons; tant que j'aurai l'épée au côté jamais, je ne signerai un pareil décret; je veux qu'on puisse couper la langue à un avocat qui s'en sert contre le gouvernement.*' In order to please the tyrant, various impediments were thrown in the way of practising advocates; as, for instance, the right of preventing a barrister pleading out of the limits of his court (about as ridiculous an arrangement as the monopoly of the serjeants and the closing of the Common Pleas in Westminster Hall), the power conferred on the minister of justice of disbarring, or of *his own mere motion and authority* inflicting on the advocate such other discipline as he should think fit. In the oath of the advocate a change was also made. And in order to attach the body more effectually, as he thought, to his person, the tyrant imposed on them a political

test. But this petty spite was carried still further. When the Legion of Honour was created, it was declared, by the law of the 19th of May, 1802, that the order was destined to recompense citizens who, by their learning, their talents, or their virtues, had caused justice and the public administration to be respected. But care was, nevertheless, taken not to admit a single advocate into the legion, while every other profession was gratified by a decoration. It must be admitted that the French Bar merited the dislike of the tyrant. They neither fawned on nor flattered him, but exercised their calling without regard to his threats, and often in express contradiction to his wishes. Bellart had, despite the frown of power, defended Mademoiselle Cicé; Bonnet had defended, surrounded by bristling bayonets, Moreau (who, be it said in passing, had been himself an advocate), with rare intrepidity, powerful reasoning, and consummate art. Great tact and address are necessary to induce judges to listen to an eulogium on a person accused of a heinous crime, yet this is the art which the reader may remark in the defence of M. Bonnet. The following passages, in reply to an interruption of the Procureur-Général, exhibit a great command of nervous language, and a ready eloquence:

"M. le Procureur-General, permit me to tell you that Moreau has well proved that he was not a traitor to his country. There is not one amongst us who, in that regard, has offered such splendid proofs. Neither you nor I, M. le Procureur-General, were present in the campaigns of the years IV. and V. Neither you nor I had beaten in so many engagements the enemies of our country. Neither you nor I had frustrated by our victories the conspiracies of Pichegru. Neither you nor I had annihilated those who wish to battle against and betray their country. Neither you nor I had made the admirable retreats of Germany and Italy, and thereby saved three armies. Neither you nor I, in fine, had by our actions, by our victories, in overcoming hostile armies, paid so largely to our common country the tribute of our affectionate devotion."

The remarkable speech of Moreau, pronounced in his own defence, is attributed to the facile pen of M. Garat. We have only space for the last sentences, where, after tracing the history of his life, he thus concludes: '*Magistrates, I have nothing more to say. Such has been my character; such has been my entire life. I protest in the face of Heaven and of men, the innocence and integrity of my conduct. You know your duties: France listens to your decisions, Europe contemplates what is passing here, and posterity calmly awaits your award.*' From these extracts, and from the

pleading of M. Dommanger for Cadoudal, M. Guichard for the Polignacs, and M. Billecoq for de Riviere, it may be concluded, that in the palmiest days of Napoleon's power, the French Bar was neither to be silenced nor subdued. Nor did the frequency of military tribunals abate or appal that highest of all courage, civil and moral courage. Twenty, nay fifty eloquent and able men would have rushed to defend the Duke d'Enghien if he had not been precipitately murdered with closed doors in the silence of night, and executed in the misty gloom of the early morning. No wonder therefore that Napoleon hated advocates, for no one knew better than he, that they were ready on every occasion, and under all circumstances and sacrifices, to do their duty. Arbitrary power might frown and threaten, and lower, but the Bar of Paris would at least struggle for, if they could not successfully maintain, the principles of law and justice. The unreasoning aversion of Buonaparte was, however, wholly directed against independent advocates employed by the public; for such of the body as entered his own service were well received. They gave strength and solidity to his system, and it is to their high capacity that France owes whatever benefit she may have reaped from the Five Codes, with all their faults and imperfections, the most enduring, because the most peaceful, monument of the Emperor's glory.

The restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons was favourably received by the order of advocates, representing as it did ideas of right and of law. The declaration of St. Ouen, the constitutional chart, and representative government, were all in harmony, and accord with the ideas and principles of a legal order. The government of Louis XVIII. exhibited no prejudices against advocates. They were looked on favourably, and many amongst them were honourably distinguished by the government. The process of Marshal Ney before the Chamber of Peers opened, soon after the capitulation of Paris, a new field to forensic orators, in which Berryer the elder, and Delacroix Frainville, sustained their well-earned reputation. It was in this celebrated trial that Dupin, Ainé, then comparatively little known, though he had been thirteen years at the bar, first greatly distinguished himself, and he crowned his reputation in the following year, 1816, in his defence of Bruce, Wilson, and Hutchison, in the affair of Lavallette, too well known to our readers to be longer dwelt upon. It is not our purpose here to go over all the celebrated trials in which M. Dupin has appeared as counsel, but some of the more prominent, involving

in their issue public interests, may at least be mentioned, such, for instance, as the firing of the pistol at the Duke of Wellington, in 1819; the excesses of the fanatic mobs in the south, to whose vengeance Marshal Brune fell a victim; the affair of Bavoux, in 1819; and the prosecution of de Pradt and Jouy, in 1820. Though the style of some of these pleadings be rude, and occasionally jagged and unequal, yet there is so much fine energy and pungent bitterness, so much clearness and strength, so much profound professional learning combined with such logical clearness and precision, that it is no marvel that Dupin henceforth became, par excellence, the favourite defender of journalists and public writers. We should do injustice to the Restoration, did we not admit that the scope of the Bar became enlarged under the influence of representative institutions. A new species of judicial eloquence then came into vogue, and the Bar rivalled, if it did not surpass, the eloquence of the parliamentary tribune. The number and importance of political trials, in which the greatest questions of state and policy was discussed, may in some sort account for the very great progress made within a few years in forensic eloquence. No advocate of the Bar, existing before the Revolution, with the single exception perhaps of Gerbier, could have handled these topics with the ability of a Parquin, a Hennequin, a Mauguin, a Berryer, a Dupin, a Marie, a Dupont, and an Odillon Barrot. And this at once parliamentary and legal style, in which larger views, historical illustrations, accurate and close reasoning are combined, was carried to the highest perfection by MM. Bellart, Ménilhou, and Berville.

There is not, perhaps, in the whole range of the *Causes Célèbres* of the nineteenth century, a more favourable specimen of a lighter species of French forensic eloquence than is afforded in the *Procès de Descoutoures*, tried on the 5th of January, 1827. Descoutoures was a young lieutenant of hussars, of respectable family, who had seduced, under the promise of marriage, a young lady of the name of Anna de Favancourt, daughter of the Marquis de Favancourt. The father of the lady had never allowed the daughter to receive the addresses of the young man, but his suit was favoured by the mother. Domestic dissensions were the consequence, and mother and daughter left the house of the husband and father. Descoutoures having fallen ill at barracks, at Stenay, was restored to health and life by the attentions of Madame and Mademoiselle de Favancourt. He recovered, was ordered to Metz, where these ladies followed; and here the

ruin of Anna de Favancourt was accomplished. A union was about to take place between the parties, when the regiment of the young hussar was ordered to Spain, in 1823. He returned from the Peninsula, where he distinguished himself as an officer; but the marriage was still put off, in consequence of some objections of Descoutoures' uncle. Meanwhile, both mother and daughter suffered the greatest privations. They write to the old marquis, stating that they are days without food; but he refuses them assistance, and, reproaching the mother with her conduct, says, that the thought of his dishonour will bring him in sorrow to the grave. Within a few weeks he dies. A little while after, his wife catches the small-pox, and after a fortnight's illness, follows him to the tomb. Anna now becomes the heir, and is rightfully possessed of considerable property. The *liaison* under the promise of marriage still continues with the young hussar; but some impediment always intervenes, and Frederick Descoutoures' absences in garrison are frequent and prolonged. Anna in turn falls ill, and writes to her Frederic. He arrives from Charleville; a will is subsequently made in his favour, and, as is alleged, at his suggestion, on the 6th of January, 1824, by the unhappy girl. He is about to return when, worn out with disappointment and sorrow, Anna loses her senses, flies to the Tuileries on the 22d of January, seventeen days after the making of the will, and demands an audience of the king, to complain of the minister of war, who stops, as she fancies, the promotion of 'her Frederic.' She is arrested by the guards on duty, and ultimately taken to Charenton, where she dies, under the care of Esquirol. The surviving collateral relative of Anna prosecuted both a civil and criminal suit against Descoutoures. M. Hennequin was retained by the uncle of Anna and the Lallemands, her next of kin, while M. Mauguin represented the interests of Frederic Descoutoures. The main object of the suit was to impugn the validity of the will. The following is the concluding portion of M. Hennequin's first pleading:—

"The grave has but recently closed over three victims. M. and Madame de Favancourt, till but a moment before their decease, happily united, died far from each other, sad and separated. Beautiful, virtuous, model of the sex of which she was the pride, there daughter, the young Anna, after an intimacy of six years with Descoutoures, had lost everything that was dear to woman; her self-esteem, the good opinion of her sex, her beauty, and her reason, attesting by her wildness the fatal delirium with which she was possessed. Her surviving family come here—I dare to say it—to perform the first of duties. It is due to the memory

of Mademoiselle de Favancourt, to state that her unhappy errors were not those of a nature kindly and pure, but that they were the results of a vile seduction. We are here, therefore, to contend for the utter nullity of that culpable will; for it is the only vengeance due to her manes."

The task assigned to M. Mauguin was no easy one. Without being diffuse or declamatory, he admirably grouped his topics; and with that neatness, grace, address, and talent which he almost always displays, thus opened his exordium.

"The history of mankind, gentlemen, is most frequently the history of their errors and their passions. The Supreme Power, whose fiat has commanded us to wander in this world below, has not meted out to us, in equal measure, strength and wisdom. We have been created weak and frail, and we are subject to the consequences of our weakness and our frailty. Providence seems above all to have reserved for us an age of trial. It is that age when the blood burns with the greatest violence, when the passions reveal themselves with the greatest impetuosity, when life is considered as a treasure boundless and inexhaustible. I cannot choose but preface with these reflections the exposition of a cause, in which will be displayed to you youth, and its follies, and imprudences, the passions and the errors inseparable from their indulgence. In the last sitting of this court, M. Frederic Descoutoures was represented to you as seated on three tombs, with cold and tearless eye, calmly surveying the spoils of his victims. But I, gentlemen, will represent him to you as he really is, namely, a young officer having the defects, but having also the good qualities of his age and profession."

Towards the conclusion of his peroration, the orator thus speaks:

"Pity those misled by their passions. Who amongst us is without passions? Has not laughing Antiquy represented Love in the guise of infancy, with a burning torch in the hand, and blindfolded. But that is no reason why the moralist or the lawgiver should conclude that they who yield to the sway of their passions should be interdicted from civil rights, should no longer have the power of willing or appearing before a notary. Our more enlightened legislator has taken us as we are, for we are all fallible. Ambition, hatred, love, each in their turn, agitate the breasts of men; but fallible human beings are not, because of yielding to their passions, to be smitten with civil incapacity."

Mauguin had asked what his client had done that he should not take under the will. It is thus M. Hennequin replies:

"What has he done, forsooth! He influenced the imagination of the unfortunate Anna by the portrait of a fancied rival. What has he done? Why, without having the slightest intention of giving the unfortunate girl the title of wife, he has never ceased to abuse her eager and believing na-

ture by deceitful promises, by perjured vows, thus renewing the passion of his unfortunate victim. What has he done? He has rendered his victim desperate by a letter written from Normandy, in which he tells her, her character is gone. What has he done? Why, free by the death of his relatives, he has had recourse to every evasive subterfuge to avoid the performance of his promise; at one time it is the minister of war, from whom he fears an impossible refusal; at another time it is his desire to remain in the service till he has obtained the recompense of his courage, the Cross of Honour, of which he had shown himself more worthy if he had fulfilled his engagement. What has he done, do you ask? He has abandoned his victim when she was in distress; he has tempted her to fall from the high social rank which she occupied, to the very lowest level in society; he has caused the death of her father and of her mother; he has destroyed alike the repose, the beauty, and the reason of his victim, Anna, and these are his only titles to succeed to her inheritance."

There was a rhetorical replication from Mauguin and a well rounded rejoinder from Hennequin, but our extracts have been already somewhat too long. Descoutoures, however, gained the cause, for the validity of the will was established.*

A criminal case, commenced on the 15th of October in this year (1827)—we allude to the trial of the Abbé Contrefatto for a brutal offence committed on an infant of tender years,—gave rise to a strange scene, in which, as the French Bar were deeply concerned, we may be allowed to allude to it more particularly. The court was crowded to excess, the culprit being a Neapolitan priest supposed (whether truly or not we do not pronounce) to be more especially protected by Madame the Duchess of Berri, and Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris (M. de Frassynous). The president addressing his officers, the ushers, said in a common-serjeant fashion, 'Tell the crowd to withdraw, and *the Bar*, with the exception of the counsel in the cause.' Hereupon M. Caillé, an advocate of the *Cour Royal* of Paris, rose with all the advocates present, saying, 'I beg to be permitted on the part

of the Bar here present to make an observation.'

The President.—'You have nothing whatever to say. You are not in the cause. The court directs that the trial shall proceed with closed doors, and in virtue of the discretionary power confided to us, we order that the Bar do retire.'

M. Caillé.—'It was upon that matter that I had hoped the court would permit me an observation.'

The President.—'There is no need' (very common-serjeantish, indeed). *Turn out the Bar.* (Faites sortir le Barreau.) Gendarmes, turned out the Bar (*Gendarmes, faites sortir les avocats*). Public decency requires that the trial should proceed with closed doors. If every person wearing robes were admitted, we should soon have 300 persons: every one would wear robes.' The gendarmes were about to proceed to execute the order of the court, when the Bar retired. But the affair did not rest here. M. Caillé addressed a pamphlet in the name of the order to the Council of Discipline, and the result was, we believe, that the right of the order to a place in court has ever since been tacitly recognized.

It was under the Restoration also, and in 1826, in the cases of Nadeau and Filleron, both deaf and dumb prisoners, that M. Charles Ledru first raised the question as to how far the penal law was applicable to a deaf and dumb person without instruction. This medico-legal question was treated by M. Ledru with great general ability, and enlarged physiological views. Both prisoners were acquitted. Mr. Cockburn did not disdain to use many of the arguments of M. Ledru in his able and ingenious defence of Daniel McNaughten at the Central Criminal Court.

The case of Pierre Coignard, originally a hatter, who had been condemned to the galleys, escaped, joined the army, gained the rank of lieutenant-colonel by his daring bravery and rare presence of mind, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of modern jurisprudence, and exercised the ingenuity of the French Bar at this period. This man, having assumed the name and title of Count de Sainte Hélène, became the chief of a band of robbers, who, after plundering half Paris, were discovered and punished. Though condemned to the galleys for life, Marshal Soult declared that there was no better officer or braver soldier than the *soi-disant* Count of St. Hélène.

It was, however, in the political trials which had occurred during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., that the talents of the Parisian Bar shone out most

* When the speeches of counsel had been delivered in this case, Dupin, with many of his colleagues, grouped themselves round the orators. Dupin, addressing Mauguin, who was nearest to him, said, "Doubtless it was of two such advocates as you and Hennequin who had pleaded before him, that Henry IV. said: '*Ventre saint-gris! ils ont tous deux raison.*'" With the public and political life of Mauguin we have nothing whatever to do, but we may be permitted here to state that there is no man at the English or French Bar of a social commerce more captivating, or of manners more easy, natural, and kindly. We always remember with pleasure a visit paid him, many years ago, at his country house at Marly.

brightly. The defence of Paul Louis Courier, by M. Berville, is a calm piece of historical reasoning, and reflects the highest credit on the order to which he belonged. But the most remarkable of these trials, whether in reference to the political results or to the great public interests involved, were the celebrated trials in which Dupin did such good service to the cause of public liberty, and reflected such lustre on his name and profession. We allude to the prosecution of the songs of De Beranger, in 1821; the prosecution of the 'Miroir,' in the same year; the prosecution of the 'Constitutionnel,' in 1825, in which the doctrine of the tendency was broached: and the prosecution of Isambert, in 1826, in which he defended the liberty of the subject against arbitrary arrests. Nor was civil liberty alone indebted to this able and learned advocate, for the liberties of the Gallican Church, the grand doctrines of religious toleration, and the slippery morality and slimy bigotry of the Jesuits, were all involved in the affair of Montlosier. Neither was it to his political friends, nor to those who only agreed with him in opinion, that M. Dupin lent the powerful aid of his talents. When the Restoration, in the blindness of a foregone and inevitable doom, turned on its best and most devoted friends, and in its last great process against the press struck at the 'Débats,' M. Dupin was employed for the defence, and seven months before the Revolution of July, namely, on the 24th of December, 1829, delivered in the *Cour Royale* these prophetic words: "C'est un mauvais jeu que d'employer des soldats à faire des coups d'état; les coups d'état, qui sont les séditions du pouvoir, ne lui réussissent pas mieux contre les lois que les séditions du peuple contre la royauté." It has been reproachfully urged against M. Dupin, that though he defended De Beranger in 1821, he refused to defend him in 1828. But it is now well known that M. Dupin was consulted on the MS. collection of songs before it was printed, and that he then pointed out many stanzas which were likely to fall under the lash of the public prosecutor, and formally advised their suppression. De Beranger, with perhaps the pardonable vanity of poet and parent, declined to accede to this request, and when the incriminating 'Requisitoire' issued, Dupin in turn refused his ministration as counsel, and would not plead against his written opinion and advice. We do not say that we should have done the same ourselves: on the contrary, we think the more generous and chivalric course would have been to have said, 'Well, you would not take my advice, but now that you

have got into the scrape, I will do my best to get you out of it.' But in saying this much we are far—very far from condemning M. Dupin. He was the custodian of his personal and professional honour; this was altogether a matter of taste and feeling, perhaps a matter of conscientious conviction; and on all these questions, M. Dupin surely must have been the better judge. For this refusal, which would not have entered into the thought of a practising barrister in England, he was reviled and calumniated at right and at left. But he was the depository of a secret which might have expiated his error, if error indeed it was; that it was an error in the eyes of the public, is at least certain,—but as this secret was confided to him in professional confidence, he never once betrayed it. He bore the calumnies of the malignant with fortitude and equanimity, and has lived them all down; affording, by his written opinion, a proof of moderation,—by his refusal to accept a brief, a proof of conscientious delicacy,—and, by his silence, proofs of honour and generosity.

There is no man, at the French or any other Bar, who has been more industrious and pains-taking than M. Dupin. He exhibited a proof of this in the celebrated process against the 'Constitutionnel,' indicted for having published articles having a tendency to bring religion into contempt. The cause presented, at the first blush, the most important and thorny theological questions, inappropriately intermingling themselves with matter of civil concern. The 'Acte d'Accusation,' somewhat similar to our indictment, was not itself, in the eyes of M. Dupin, exempt from theological errors—but on this point he was by no means sure. Feeling, however, that it was of the mainest importance to the cause, and to his client, not only to prove that he was a liberal but an orthodox politician, he shut himself up more than a month in his study, refusing all other business, and studying conjointly, night and day, his immense *dossier* and dogmatic theology. This trait in the professional life of Dupin may remind the reader of a somewhat similar anecdote related of that most accomplished advocate and accurate lawyer, Lord Lyndhurst. When Mr. Copley, and young at the Bar, he had been employed in a patent case, relating to a stocking-frame of a new and peculiar construction. At the consultation, a Nottingham attorney and one or two stocking weavers attended, in order to explain more fully and accurately the working of the model. With all their eloquence, the ingenuity of Copley was at fault. Inquiry followed inquiry, but still some of the details remained a mystery to the clearest headed

and most logical mind of the day. Disguising his disappointment, the future master of the rolls, chief baron, and lord chancellor, put himself into the mail that very evening, and hurrying down to Nottingham, was, late on the following day, seated in the manufactory working away at the machine, whose complexedness in consultation he could neither unravel nor perfectly understand. But when the machine became *oculis subjecta fidelibus*—still more when the young lawyer began to work in it—difficulties dissolved into thin air, and the process was clear as light. Such are the labours, such the trials which they must undergo, whose names are destined to reach immortality. In all the great public causes in which he was engaged, in all the prosecutions of the press, or against authors in which he was for the defendant, it was the invariable habit of M. Dupin to refuse a fee. A picture, a book, the collection of songs, defended, or a complete set of the journal—these, and these only have been his *quiddam honorarium*. In thus disinterestedly acting, M. Dupin was faithful to his earlier recorded opinions. 'In the first rank of the obligations of an advocate,' says he, in his '*Libre Défense des Accusés*,' 'do I place disinterestedness. It is not less despicable than odious to be incited by vile lucre to an act which, to be meretorious, ought not to be thus tainted: *turpe est linguâ emptâ reos defendere*.'

These facts are not generally known, for Dupin does not boast of them, but they rebound to his credit and honour, and we most heartily wish we had many more such examples to record. The Bar of England, as a body, is certainly not mercenary, but in our day at least, there are few such examples. Staunchless avarice is the vice of our nature, and more especially the infelicity of our time. Though no man made more money at the Bar than the late Sir James Scarlett, though he commenced the profession in easy circumstances (for his father, a successful Jamaica mill-wright, left him a good fortune), yet we never heard of his having gratuitously defended any political writer, whether friend or foe. The '*Times*' certainly would not have accepted of his or any man's gratuitous services, but there was Mr. John Hunt, who was far from rich, and it has never been, we believe, averred, certainly not to our knowledge, that the late Lord Abinger, then Mr. Scarlett, defended Mr. Hunt gratuitously. Even Sir William Follett, a very different manner of man, the ablest and clearest of lawyers, is also the gentlest and blandest of men,—even Sir William Follett

would stare at the idea of a gratuitous defence.

It was not only in political and libel cases that M. Dupin's repute became great, for he was also looked up to in consultations as a profound and scientific lawyer, as the Follett, the Pemberton, the Maule, the John William Smith, of France.* In the cause of Desgravières, in 1824, he was engaged for a poor client against the then reigning King of France, when it was his duty to maintain that the mere fact of a prince being elevated to the throne did not relieve him from the obligation of paying the debts which he contracted as a private individual. The monarch lost the suit '*en Cour d'Appel*,' but gained it '*en Cassation*.' This was a grievous blow to the unfortunate suitor, who has ever since been supported out of the private purse of M. Dupin. Nor is this the only proof of Dupin's disinterestedness. At a time when he had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the publication, he branded the murder of the Duke d'Enghien as a judicial assassination, and the condemnation of the mayor of Antwerp, after the acquittal of a jury, as an act of atrocious tyranny. It may be said, in the former case, that the advocate wished to conciliate the favour of the Duke de Bourbon, then one of the richest proprietors in France, but the short answer to this is, that he refused to be presented to the Duke de Bourbon, and had never seen him. Thus, in full practice, with foreign and domestic fame, admired by the learned in his own profession, courted by the great (for he was the friend and companion of the Duke of Orleans, now Louis Philippe, as well as his confidential counsel), there wanted but one other lustre to the professional fame of Dupin, and that was the rescue of the fettered slave, which he accomplished, by his pleading, for a man of colour of Martinique; thus for ever incorporating his name in a judicial argument with doctrines which were not the less humane and valuable, because they had been previously, though not more ably, expounded by Mr. Hargrave, in the case of Richmond, the negro. But we must pass away from the name of this able man. After thirty years' exercise of his profession, he has gone to other and higher employments, but not without paying the debt he owed to the law, in the publication of many useful works, among others, edi-

* There is not a more learned lawyer in any country than Mr. J. W. Smith of the Oxford circuit. He understands and has learned his profession as a science, and is not a mere gabbler of Harrison's Index lore.

tions of the 'Dialogues of Loisel,' and the 'Letters of Camus,' the titles of which we have prefixed to this article; and in both of which there breathes an affection for the sages of the law, whose examples sustained him in his laborious career; for his contemporaries, whose talents stimulated his industry; and for his younger brethren, whose studies he would fain guide by an encouraging and almost paternal interest in their professional success.

Any sketch of the French Bar would be certainly incomplete without the name of Berryer, *fils*. M. Berryer is, without any manner of doubt, the only orator in France, and one of the very few in Europe. In his own country he has not been equalled since the days of Mirabeau. Nature has been most bountiful to him. His face, handsome and expressive, reflects all the passions and emotions of his mind. But it is to his incomparable and unequalled voice he owes many of his forensic, and more than half of his parliamentary triumphs. He is not alone endowed with rich natural gifts. He is also a most accomplished rhetorician, and a perfect master of his art. The Restoration found him a member of the Bar, considerably employed in commercial causes, into which he had an opportunity of being early initiated in the study of his father, one of the oldest and most honourable members of the Parisian Bar. We pass over the events of the hundred days during which he was a royalist volunteer. The second Restoration found him an advocate with increasing business. He had the courage and the credit of defending, at this period of re-action, many of the proscribed; and to his zealous and eloquent pleading, and warm and kindly intercession with the Duke of Angoulême, the safety and the life of General Debelle were altogether owing. But his speech on behalf of Michaud, the editor of the 'Quotidienne,' so firmly established his reputation, both as an advocate and a lawyer, that he then, although very young, stood in the foremost rank. Having attained his fortieth year in 1829, he entered the Chamber, and was offered an under-secretaryship under the ministry of Polignac. This he properly refused; 'C'est de trop ou c'est trop peu,' were his memorable words. To continue the exercise of his profession now seemed the only course left to him. He had already acquired the highest reputation in a great criminal cause, in the affair of Castaing, and now became the favourite counsel of the Seguins and the Ouvrards in mercantile and commercial causes. Never was a man more formed to captivate and lead astray the mind

of a jury. The sweet and silvery tone of his harmonious voice,

"The devil hath not in all his quivers choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice;"

his action so simple, yet so noble and imposing, the frankness of his manner and address, the quickness and fertility of his imagination captivate and control, not merely simple citizens of the *genre épicier*, but generals and deputies and *gros bonnets fourrés*, to use the quaint but expressive language of Loisel. The tact of Berryer is exquisite; he never says more than he ought to say; he knows, as it were, the very words he ought to use, and the very place in which he ought to use them. There is a harmony and rhythm in his periods which enchants and subdues; a melody, a grace, and a legal coquetry about him, which dazzles, captivates, and at length convinces, all who come within the fascination of his large lustrous eye. His memory is wonderful, and he evolves with the greatest ease the most complicated facts, the most intricate matters of account; and sheds a brilliant light and genius, all his own, over the most dull and opaque of subjects. His intonations are beautifully varied. He passes from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe,' with the promptitude and celerity of a great master. But with all these varied gifts, with the voice of a melodist, the eye of a painter, the tongue of a poet and orator, the learning and grace of a scholar and a rhetorician, there is yet something wanting. There is a void to fill, and Berryer does not fill it. You see before you a clever, powerful, pleasure-loving man of the world, a philosopher of the sect of Epicurus, without sincerity, without sincerity, without honest convictions; in a word, without faith, civil, political, or social, and you turn away with loathing and disgust. Although it seems to be a cardinal principle of political morality in the present day, that one is to make the most of a cause, to live for it, to write for it, to sigh for it—in a word, to do everything but to pay for it, to suffer for it, or to die for it; yet this general looseness of political principles does not reconcile us to the humiliating spectacle of witnessing the paid agent of the elder branch of the Bourbons, the bosom friend and bottle-holder of that Mascarille of ex-ministers, the trickster Thiers. Berryer, it must be admitted, wants sincerity, fidelity, directness, and constancy. The fatal appetite for popularity and praise is the rock on which he has split. He would be popular with all parties, and, receiving the incense of adversaries, pay back

the coin in kind, by severely depreciating his own particular party and friends, the royalists. This is neither honest, nor politic, nor decent; and while all admit the extent and versatility of his powers, every one exclaims, 'What a pity that the eloquence and want of principle of Sheridan should be combined with the sensualism of a Sedley.'

We are now arrived at the Revolution of 1830. The process of the ex-ministers of Charles X. is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Special mention should be made of the rare talents of M. Martignac, formerly an advocate of Bourdeaux, afterwards president of the council of ministers, and ultimately council for that very Polignac who had succeeded him in the fatal favour of Charles X. There was nothing of the lawyer about Martignac but the name. He was not of the hot-worded, cold-hearted school of Odillon Barrot, nor did he mouthe huge common-places with the same ponderous, oracular rotundity of phrase; but there was an ingenious flexibility, a neatness, fluency, and precision, which accorded harmoniously with the graciousness, suavity, and gentleness of his manners. In a word, he was eminently the gentleman of the Bar—the Serjeant Lens of his day, without the profundity,—but with more of refinement and *esprit*. The delight and ornament of the Chamber of Deputies, the favourite of all the *salons* has passed away; but he will be long remembered for his generous and disinterested defence of his antagonist and successor; and even when this is forgotten, he will live in those detached pieces on the history and institutions of Spain, written with his wonted elegance and atticism. M. Sauzet, who first appeared at the Paris Bar in the defence of M. de Peyronnet, is of the school of M. Martignac; but, having changed the Bar for the presidency of the Chamber, it is not necessary that we should dwell on his merits or defects. We have said but little of Odillon Barrot, nor is it needful that we should say much. He is cold, calm, colourless, and full of abstractions; and though he occasionally generalises luminously, yet, being totally destitute of imagination, his dry and didactic abstractions fall without interest on unlistening ears. At the Court of Cassation he is now seldom heard, but when he did appear there he never rose beyond a decorous and respectable mediocrity.

We have now given the history of the Bar of France from the earliest period to the process of the ministers of Charles X. in the year 1830, but have hitherto abstained from giving any account of the judicial organiza-

tion of the country. We, however, find all this so succinctly stated in a work recently published* that we prefer making an extract *in extenso* to any comment of our own. It is thus the able, well-informed writer speaks:—

"All the judges are appointed by the king; and almost the only qualification required is, to be from twenty-two to thirty years of age. The powers of justices of the peace are very similar to those of the country magistrates in England, with regard to matters of police; but they are, besides, judges in civil actions, and without appeal, when the amount of the sum claimed is not above fifty francs (2*l.*). There is a judge of the peace (*juge de paix*) for every canton, with a clerk (*greffier*) and one or two *huissiers* (bailiffs), according to the population. In some places, the justices of the peace have a substitute (*suppléant de juge de paix*). The justices of the peace are chosen from amongst the inhabitants of the canton, as well as the *greffiers*. The former must be thirty years of age. They can be deprived of their emoluments, suspended, or dismissed, when they do not give satisfaction to the prefects or to the minister. The emoluments of the justices of the peace, in rural cantons, are from 600 to 800 francs a year (24*l.* to 32*l.*); in towns, the salaries are from 800 to 2500 francs, according to the population. The clerks' salaries in the rural cantons are about 12*l.* a year, and in the towns from 12*l.* to 40*l.* The bailiffs (*huissiers*) receive no salaries from the government, but are entitled to some fees paid by the parties. The small amount of the salaries paid to those functionaries, particularly in rural cantons, must necessarily lead to the conclusion that such functions are not filled by men of education, and that those men must often be disposed to increase their income by acts of partiality. Thus, in this class of judges, we have the first elements of injustice,—subserviency, ignorance, and corruption. We shall see that such is the case, also, in most of the other courts of justice. The number of the justices of the peace is 2846, and their salaries amount to 2,327,400 francs. The salaries of an equal number of clerks amount to 775,800 francs: so that, with the bailiffs, the total of the *employés* in this jurisdiction is about 9000, who cost the country, 3,103,200 francs.

"The second jurisdiction in the French administration of justice, consists of the 'Courts of First Instance,' which decide on the cases of appeal from the justices of the peace, or on any other civil action brought before them. There is no appeal from their decisions, unless the claim is above 1500 francs (60*l.*) or fifty francs (2*l.*) a-year. There is a court of First Instance in every *arrondissement*. These courts are composed of four, seven, eight, nine, ten, or twelve judges, including the president, in proportion to the population, and a king's solicitor, with one, two, or three substitutes. There are three supplementary judges in the courts composed of four judges; and in the courts having from seven to twelve judges, there are

* France, her Government, Administrative, and Social Organization,'—Madden & Co.

four supplementary judges. A *greffier* (remembrancer) is attached to every one of these courts.

"To be a judge, or a king's solicitor, one must be twenty-five years of age, a licentiate in law, and have attended the Bar for two years. The substitutes can be appointed at two-and-twenty. The emoluments of the presidents and the king's solicitors are, in proportion to the population and the importance of the towns, from 1800 to 3000 francs, except in Paris, where they have three times as much. It is the same with the judges, who are paid from 1200 to 1800 francs a-year. The judges are *inamissibles*: that is to say, they cannot be dismissed. The king's solicitors and his substitutes are subject to dismissal according to ministerial pleasure.

"The observation I made with regard to the justices of the peace, apply to the courts of First Instance. No barrister of any talent and practice is desirous of a judgeship, the emoluments of which are considerably inferior to the profits of his profession, and in which he could neither display his legal acquirements nor his eloquence. The fact is, that most of these courts are recruited from the young advocates without any practice, who, two years after leaving the law school and obtaining their licence, solicit the government to obtain an appointment of substitute to the king's solicitor, or of supplementary Judge. But the *sine qua non* to succeed is to belong to the ministerial party, and to abjure all liberal opinions.

"One may easily conceive that courts of justice thus organized and composed do not enjoy any great consideration. A judge is but a poor personage even in a poor country town. The president himself is not regarded when out of his judicial seat. The only member of the tribunal who has a sort of rank in society is the *procureur du roi*, the king's solicitor, because this magistrate is the head of the police in the *arrondissement*, and has the power to arrest, imprison, and detain any citizen who has not the good fortune of agreeing with him in law or in politics. They are generally chosen on account of their violent party feelings, and, as they are subject to dismissal, are at all times ready to do anything that may be desired of them, and often overstep the commands of their master. The impartiality of the judges, even in civil cases, cannot be relied upon. Politics always interfere in some way. The judge in a small town, with a salary of 1200 francs a year, is desirous of being translated to another seat of 1500 francs; then he wishes for another with 1800 francs, and then he looks for a seat in a royal court, and all this cannot be obtained but by rendering good offices generally contrary to justice.

"There are 361 courts of First Instance. The total number of the judges, king's solicitors, substitutes, and remembrancers, is about 4300, and the total of their emoluments is about 5,555,000 francs. There are eighty-six courts of assize in France. They are composed of two of the judges of the court of First Instance of the town, presided over by a councillor of the royal court of the department. These courts have about 250 officers, and the salaries are 154,000 francs.

"The royal courts, courts of appeal from the courts of First Instance, are composed of at least twenty-four judges, called *conseillers* (councillors), including the president. These courts are divided

into three or more chambers, each chamber having a president, and the whole court a first president. There are an attorney-general, a substitute, and as many solicitor-generals as there are chambers, a remembrancer (*greffier*) in chief, and an assistant remembrancer, for every chamber. Councillors of the royal courts must be twenty-seven years of age, and have attended the Bar for two years. Attorneys-general must be above thirty. The councillors of the royal courts are taken, in great part, from the courts of First Instance; but many, amongst them are appointed without having passed through that ordeal, and by special favour of the minister at the solicitation of ministerial deputies, and as a reward for their votes. So that the judges of these courts of appeal are either the former presidents or the king's solicitors of the courts of First Instance, who have been promoted for their misdeeds, or young members of the Bar, of good families, with a small income, and desirous of judicial honours without the trouble and *ennui* of preparing for their functions by exercising them in the humble capacity of judges of First Instance. The Restoration had intended those judgeships for the sons of the nobility, who were, if I may say so, apprenticed, under the title of *conseillers auditeurs*. Since the Revolution of July this practice has been abandoned, and no new councillors or auditors have been appointed. For many of the councillors, there is no chance of arriving at the presidency of a chamber, or the first presidency of the court, and therefore they might be inclined to become independent and impartial judges. To guard against that danger the government has, in its usual way, established a graduation, not in the rank, but in the salaries of the councillors of the royal courts. In some, the councillors are paid 2400 francs a-year; in others 3000 and 3600 francs: so that a councillor of a royal court, as the Court of Pau, is induced to support any measure and any member of the government, by the hope of being removed to the Court of Toulouse, and then to the royal Court of Lyons, and finally to that of Paris.

"There are twenty-seven royal courts in France. The total number of the presidents, attorney-general, substitutes, councillors, remembrancers, and their assistants, is about 1100, and the emoluments amount altogether to 4,300,000 francs a year. At the head of all these courts is the Court of Cassation. This supreme court of appeal from the judgments of all the other courts, is composed of one first president, three presidents, and forty-five councillors, an attorney-general, six solicitors-general, a chief remembrancer, and four sub-remembrancers—total, sixty-one members, who receive altogether 793,000 francs a year. This court, under Napoleon, was an assemblage of the most celebrated jurisconsults of France; and it must be admitted, that political opinions never influenced his appointments; his enemies even were chosen by him for those eminent functions. But, since the Restoration, this court has been the refuge of all the political adherents of all the successive ministers who appointed them; as if to remunerate their apostasy and their violence. It is now worse than it ever was. There are no other qualifications than the hatred of liberal principles, the prosecution of the public press, as attorney-general, and the support of any ministerial measures as a deputy. Hambert is the only member of that court honest and

consistent in his principles, and worthy of his situation by his truly astonishing knowledge of the laws. But had not that reward of his long services been granted a short time after the Revolution of July, he would never have obtained the dignity from the government since the ministry of Dupont de l'Eure.

"The Court of Accounts, although a financial court, is under the control of the minister of justice. This court is composed of a first president, three presidents, eighteen master councillors (*conseillers maîtres*), eighteen reference councillors of the first class, and sixty-two reference councillors of the second class (*conseillers référendaires*), with an attorney-general, a remembrancer, and three assistant remembrancers. These 107 officials cost the country 900,000 francs.

"The Council of State is the last of the institutions under the ministry of justice. This council is somewhat like the privy council in England, except that its members are subject to dismissal entirely at the pleasure of the ministry, and that they have a sort of judicial authority in all cases in which the state or the government officials have any interest. Thus if a prefect, or sub-prefect, or mayor, or any official, has, in the exercise of his functions, injured a citizen in his person, or in his property, they cannot be sued in any court of law, without previously obtaining the authorisation of the council of state. In any lawsuit, when the communal or domainal administration, or any of the ministerial departments, are interested, the courts of justice are declared incompetent, and the Council of State alone adjudicates on the case. The ministers are then both judges and parties."

We had intended to make some remarks on the venality of judicial offices—on the presents and personal solicitations to judges—on the reforms of the French Customary and Statute Law—on the Code Napoleon—on the salaries of French judges, and on the number and relative professional income of the French and English bar, but this paper has already extended to such a length, as warns us to defer these observations to a future occasion, when we shall probably enter into a more minute comparison of the Bars of England and France.

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- ART. V.—1. *Allgemeine Zeitung*. (Universal Gazette.) Augsburg.
 2. *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. (German Universal Gazette.) Leipsic.
 3. *Allgemeine Preussische Zeitung*. (Universal Prussian Gazette.) Berlin.
 4. *Deutschlands Politische Zeitungen*. (Germany's Political Journals.) Zurich. 1842.
 5. *Die Preussische Press-Gesetzgebung*. (The Prussian Press Laws. Berlin. 1843.

If a nation, as has been somewhere observed, may be regarded as 'thinking aloud' in the lucubrations of its daily press, it would seem to follow as an indisputable corollary: that in proportion as the thoughts of a people are rational and sound—and the expression of such thoughts free and unimpeded—in the same degree will its national press prove vigorous and effective. The possession of the first at least of these postulates is generally imputed to Germany, and that in a very high degree. How often have we heard the population of that country pronounced to be a 'nation of thinkers?' How long has it been the German's pride and boast, that in no country on the face of the globe is education so generally diffused amongst all classes of the inhabitants? Its schools have long served as models for the educational institutions of the rest of Europe. Nay, even its system of military organization has been rendered subservient to the purposes of popular instruction. Education is not here left to chance, or the discretion of parents; the state not only provides for and superintends the maintenance of schools, but compels the attendance of the children of the poor. Superadd to this universal diffusion of the elements of knowledge, the peculiar bent of the German mind for written discussion, and the few opportunities for oral debate. As yet, in a great measure, free from the strong party feelings—the violence of faction—the blindness engendered in other states by the keen political rivalry of artificially created interests—no land would seem so favourably circumstanced for the calm, dispassionate investigation of political questions. What is the result of this rare combination of most of the conditions of a flourishing newspaper literature? A press without interest—without influence—without character—without sympathy.

That the German press is wholly devoid of all external influence would seem sufficiently attested by the fact, that foreign journals rarely, if ever, deign to notice its opinions. If an occasional extract find its way into the newspapers of England or France, it is generally found to be the mere announcement of the birth or demise of some one of the many petty princes of the country, or an account of some extravagant incident or opinion. Nor can it, we think, be urged, as regards England, in explanation of this neglect,—which appears in a so much more striking light when we consider the space allotted in the German journals to the extracts from foreign prints—that we are indifferent to the good or ill opinions of our neighbours. On the contrary, when a

German visits England, or writes a book on English institutions, his opinions are received with the most marked deference, and become even at times invested with a degree of factitious authority, that would seem to betray no mean sensibility on our part as to the position we occupy in the estimation of foreigners. To this general neglect one German journal has hitherto formed an exception, and its columns have occasionally supplied information of no second-rate importance. We allude to the 'Universal Gazette' of Augsburg, of which we shall have occasion to speak more at large in the course of the present article.

Towards the beginning of the year 1840, a more favourable era seemed about to dawn for the development of the latent energies of the German press. Under the auspices of a new, somewhat enthusiastic, and enterprising monarch in Prussia, many journals began to emerge from their previous insignificance, and to command a considerable share of attention at home and abroad. The haughty language of the French press, and the popular outcry in that country for a reconquest of the Rhine, were met with shouts of indignant defiance in the columns of the German journals, which now, for the first time, penetrated to Paris. France seemed startled at the discovery that the German people were allowed to have a voice on a question of such vital import to themselves and the world at large. Whole columns were forthwith transcribed from the German into the French journals, more, perhaps, as literary curiosities than from any intention of entering into serious discussion of the propositions therein advanced. Since then, however, the tide of German journalism has been fast sinking, and would seem, at present, to have almost reached its lowest ebb.

But even under the most favourable circumstances, it would be vain to look in the land, to whose newspaper literature we propose devoting the present article, for any thing deserving the name of a national press. German journals can, as long as the censorship exists, really represent little beyond the particular light in which the respective governments may desire to have their acts, or their inactivity, viewed. If the people presume to think at all on political matters, they are neither at liberty to think aloud nor in concert. If they will perversely exercise the 'narrow capacity of subjects' on matters which they are admonished to leave in the hands of a 'superior intelligence,' they must expect to be taunted in all the derisive phraseology of an irresponsible minister of police. 'Everything for

the people—nothing through the people,' was the favourite conservative maxim of the great Frederick; and though this apophthegm may have undergone some slight modification as a principle of political philosophy since his time, still the principles of pure monarchy—the very antithesis of public opinion—have, in most instances, outlived the shocks of constitutional aggression; and the venerable prerogatives of the crown—like the gigantic remains of antediluvian creatures—are still found, throughout Germany, whole and unimpaired in their lofty resting-places, now that the waves of revolutionary turbulence have gradually subsided.

The political journal, which is in England but ancillary, and in France the parent of a political party, may be regarded in Germany as one of the *regalia* of the crown. The preparation, manufacture, and sale of political intelligence, are as much a royal monopoly in Germany as those of tobacco in France, and are alike subject to all the evils incidental to all monopolies. Despite the most vigilant control, it is found absolutely impossible to prevent very considerable importations of highly contraband opinions from finding their way into the very heart of the country. Nor can we feel surprised that the analogy should hold good even down to the very adulteration of the wares by the agents entrusted with the *débit*. Those individuals have long since discovered that, in politics as in tobacco, the pungent flavour communicated by deleterious admixture, is much relished by the grosser senses of the masses, and considerably increases the sale. We must not, therefore, feel astonished should we occasionally meet highly illicit doctrines in very general circulation throughout all parts of Germany.

It being no part of our intention to enter at present into any disquisition regarding the censorship as an abstract political institution, we shall entirely confine our observations to a brief outline of its operation and effects, as shown in the existing state of the leading political journals. In truth, its abolition has been so often promised and guaranteed, that it appears condemned on all hands in point of principle; the boon being merely withheld until such time as Germany may be deemed by its rulers ripe for the fruition of so great a blessing.

Now without presuming to hazard even a conjecture as to the particular period when Germany may possibly attain a maturity of political judgment equal to that of its neighbours, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain, if not England and France, still we cannot refrain from directing the attention of those who may be curious in anthropo-

logical studies to the fact, that the year last past—the year of grace 1843—witnessed the thousandth anniversary of the existence of Germany as an integral political power, dating from the Treaty of Verdun (A. D. 843); and that in commemoration of this event, prayers and offerings of solemn thanksgiving were duly performed, by order of the Prussian government, throughout the whole extent of the land. Now, though fully admitting political freedom to be a plant of proverbially slow growth, yet, after the lapse of a thousand years, we may be pardoned the suspicion, that the Teutonic soil, however historically famed for its fertility in generating systems of civil and religious liberty, must be marvellously ungenial for the maturing of its indigenous productions. Do the giant children of its soil only attain their full development when transplanted to another clime? If so, the epithet, ‘cradle of liberty,’ so frequently lavished on this land, by the more enthusiastic of her sons, would seem singularly and ominously appropriate.

But, in soberness, of all the problems involved in the theory of political legislation, we question whether there be one more difficult of solution, or more frequently recurring, than the determination of the period when a community may be safely pronounced ripe for certain political rights. In the absence, then, of any more satisfactory standard, we fear the acquisition of such rights must be regarded as the best criterion of a nation’s fitness for their fruition. *Ex post facto* conclusions have, at least, the merit of being tolerably safe, and political liberty may not be unlike wealth, which it is confessedly dangerous to entrust to the hands of him who may squander but is incapable of acquiring it. But that which invests the question, as regards Germany, with peculiar interest, is the consideration that, however jejune and immature its inhabitants may in other respects appear, there would seem to be abundant evidence of their being fully ripe for commercial activity—ripe for the calculations of political economy—ripe for the appreciation of political liberty—ripe for combined and patriotic exertion—ripe, in short, for all the ordinary antecedents of political freedom.

We have already expressed our determination to abstain from any general discussion of the abstract policy of the censorship in general; the writer of the present article cannot, however, refrain from acknowledging it to be his own firmest conviction, based on some acquaintance with the institutions of the country, that all anticipation of the speedy abolition of the censorship is

hardly more than a flattering illusion. An institution so thoroughly interwoven with existing forms—so subtly diffused throughout every artery of the German political system—so essential to the maintenance of absolute monarchy—will not and cannot, in his opinion, be surrendered without a contemporaneous surrender of the many other adjuncts of unlimited sovereignty and mediæval institutions. Absolute forms of government—obsolete theories of divine right, are surely incompatible with free discussion. ‘If we suppress not the printing press, it will suppress us,’ was the well-founded conviction of the ministers of superstition in the dark ages; but to political superstition, we fear, it will prove a much more mortal antagonist. Nay, we find even the very diminutive measure of liberty at present conceded to the German press, unceasingly devoted to the ichneumon task of breaking the eggs of many a crocodile deity. But be the period of enfranchisement distant or near, who dares venture to say, that not only freedom of the press, but constitutional guarantees—responsible ministers—publicity of law proceedings—trial by jury—in a word, all that now forms the *pia desideria* of forty-five millions of grave and thinking beings, are never to be realized? It is the conviction, that these several formulæ of modern legislation are reciprocally dependent on each other, that tends to invest the present subject with its chief importance.

We have asserted the German press to be virtually treated as if it were one of the regalia of the crown; we now hasten, by a short statement of the relation in which it stands to the government, to substantiate this our assertion. As, however, the measures of political liberty vary very considerably in the different parts of Germany, it will be readily understood that the government maxims for the control of the press are proportionably various; we shall therefore confine ourselves to a delineation of the mildest forms, as met with in Prussia and Saxony. As regards Austria, we need only observe, that the government of that kingdom regards the social compact existing between the crown and its subjects, as involving a complete and unconditional surrender of every individual right, title, and privilege, into the hands of the emperor and his delegates. It therefore, on principle, reserves to itself the sole right of shedding the requisite quantity of light on the minds of its subjects. It is an old government principle in Austria, that the *acme* of political science consists in reducing the empire to the state of a well-ordered picture-gallery, which should receive all its light from

above. There can be little question that save for the purpose of printing its lottery tickets, and endless paper money, Austria can see no good end attained by the great invention of 1440. The few journals which are published within the monarchy, seem intended as so many lazarettos, where all foreign ideas are obliged to perform quarantine, and be purged of their contagious influences, before they be permitted to pass freely along with the every-day intelligence of the all-engrossing theatres and saloons. Hence it naturally arises that the foreign policy of other nations takes as little account of Austrian journals as of so many court calendars, so many play-bills.

But to return to Germany. Before starting a journal, it is, in the first place, necessary to obtain a licence from the government,—which is of course granted, withheld, or conferred conditionally, according to the known politics of the applicant. As this licence, which is now but very rarely granted, is in general conferred conditionally, and is revokable at pleasure, all idea of newspaper property, or vested rights, except in the case of certain journals based on old royal charters, is altogether excluded. Even the most extreme servility, though it may furnish a claim, cannot create a right, to sufferance. Thus, we see that the journals exist, for the most part, but at the pleasure of the government, and can be, in general, momentarily suppressed, without any further explanation on the subject than the simple expression of royal volition, as conveyed in a cabinet order. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, and with that end. Prussia has certainly, by a royal ordinance of the 30th of June, 1843, introduced certain formalities of trial previous to the withdrawal of the licence; but these, though valuable as marking a spirit of concession, are much too easily abrogated on occasion, to be of any considerable importance.

Let us now suppose the licence obtained, and proceed to describe the control which the government still continues to exercise over the journal, independently of the despotic power of suppressing it at an instant. In truth we can only explain the rare exercise of this *ultima ratio*, by supposing some analogy to exist between the feelings of German dynasties towards literary martyrs, and those of the famous Mahomet IV. towards the sacred and inviolable character of an obnoxious mufti. Of too nice a conscience to have recourse to beheading in such cases, that pious potentate only brayed his muftis in a mortar. In like manner many of the measures of the German governments for the preclusion of too frequent literary

executions, evince the most scrupulous regard for a reconciliation of popular prejudices with the actual exigencies of the administration.

In the first place, then, the matter of each line and sheet must be submitted before publication to the censor—an officer, and, generally, a creature of the government. This official purges the matter to the extent of his timidity, whereupon it must, in special cases, be further submitted for approval to the president or lord-lieutenant of the province. From the decisions of both these government officers the writer may appeal; but even in the event of success, no end is in the great majority of instances attained, as the delay occasioned by the appeal is in general sufficient to strip the ephemeral matter of all interest. It might be supposed that after such an ordeal all the responsibility would be removed from the shoulders of the writer. Such is, however, not the case. The writer's responsibility for that which the government must be considered to have indirectly sanctioned by the *imprimatur* of its servant, continues to the last. We now come to the next step—the sale of the journal. All subscribers residing beyond the immediate place of publication must of course receive their copies through the post-office; and as the newspapers do not pass, as in England, free of postage, an arrangement is always entered into, securing to the government a certain per centage on each copy so transmitted, coupled with a corresponding reduction of postage to the subscriber. The post-office publishes an annual list of the papers which it is permitted to forward, with their respective prices; and as the principle of the *sliding* scale is here brought into play, according to the politics of the journal, it must be perfectly obvious that the sale of the paper is hereby completely thrown into the hands of the government. It would be, therefore, manifestly absurd to deny that the press must be altogether regarded as a government monopoly.

We now come to particularise the politics of the leading journals, commencing with the 'Augsburg Gazette,' which, as far as regards circulation, editorial tact, and the talents and position of its correspondents, is perhaps, next to the 'Times,' the foremost paper in Europe. It was first started in the year 1798, at Tübingen, by the father of the present Baron de Cotta, of publishing notoriety, under the somewhat comprehensive title of 'Neueste Weltkunde,' or, 'The Latest Information from all Parts of the Universe.' The proprietor seems to have been exceedingly desirous of securing the services of the poet Schiller for his embryo undertaking,

and pressed the poet to accept the editorship. The latter, however, either from a distrust of the ultimate success of the speculation, or a strong feeling of his own inaptitude for political controversy, resolutely declined the baron's flattering proposals, and concluded the letter containing his final rejection of the office of editor with these words: 'You (Cotta) expose yourself to the extremely probable loss of several thousand florins. I endanger my health, life, and literary reputation.' Cotta, however, who probably based his calculations on other numbers and figures, than those over which the poet exercised so complete a mastery, did not allow himself to be dissuaded from his original design; and the '*Weltkunde*' appeared shortly afterwards, under the editorship of Ludwig Posselt, a person of no mean historical information. The journal was at first published on a half quarto sheet, and appeared but twice a week. A year had, however, hardly elapsed, before the title '*Weltkunde*' was abandoned, for its present heading, and Ludwig Posselt was succeeded in the editorship by a person of the name of Huber, whose literary reputation rested on several translations of English and French works. Huber died in 1805, and '*The Gazette*' was thereupon entrusted to Charles Stegeman, who had till then acted as sub-editor; and contemporaneously with this change, considerable improvements and enlargements were introduced in all its departments. To the extraordinary tact, sound judgment, and high administrative abilities of this latter person, who continued to edit the '*Gazette*' up to the moment of his death—a period of thirty years—the journal is mainly indebted for its high European reputation and vast circulation. Under the guidance of this skilful pilot, the '*Gazette*' was steered clear of the many rocks and shallows, and outrode the tempests which broke over the political face of Germany. It was he who gave stability to the undertaking, and clearly marked out the course which the journal has since then pursued with such distinguished success. This '*Gazette*,' like most of its predecessors and contemporaries, limited itself at first to mere extracts from foreign papers, or a dry record of such events as came within its notice.

The reader will, in all probability, have remarked that each of the journals, named in the heading of this article, makes a prominent display of the word '*universal*;' and this desire to preserve a cosmopolite character is one of the most striking features of the German Press, as compared with that of England or France. Leading articles are rare, and though becoming somewhat less

so of late, are altogether a modern innovation. A German editor rarely intrudes his private opinions on his readers; and his political feelings and sympathies are only to be recognized in the matter he extracts from foreign journals, or the tone which he permits his foreign correspondents to assume. Taken in connexion with this fact, it will be readily understood that the term '*universal*' is meant, in most instances, to convey not alone a desire of being universally read, or universally communicative, but to insinuate the determination of being universally impartial. In this latter respect it must be acknowledged that the '*Augsburg Gazette*' has always exhibited an apparent wish to act up to the spirit of its heading, as far as circumstances would at all permit. In its columns we find the most opposite and extreme parties represented from time to time; and the internal mechanism of the journal admits of an advocacy of any set of political opinions without compromising the general character of the journal. The events passing in each country are extracted from the respective foreign journals, and presented to the reader in the shape of short notices, and, in the greater number of cases, without note or comment. These gleanings are made in a purely historical spirit, and the reader is left to draw his own reflections from the events recorded. Then follow the letters of the correspondents from the different capitals; and it is in the selection and maintenance of well-informed and intelligent correspondents that the real rivalry amongst the journals comes into play. It is here that the vast resources and high literary connexions of the great publisher, Cotta, are made subservient to the interests of the '*Gazette*;' and in point of early and correct information, especially in matters not directly affecting questions of domestic policy, this journal has long stood pre-eminent, if not alone, amongst its European compeers. There seems also to be a tacit understanding between the greater number of cabinets of Europe to wink at certain breaches of official secrecy, which, in other journals, would be punished as the highest indiscretions. Official documents find their way into the columns of this gazette, perhaps without the sanction, but certainly without any apparent murmur on the part of the cabinets from which they emanate.

In return for this indulgence, the wide circulation of the '*Gazette*' is frequently taken advantage of by the respective governments, to work upon the minds of their subjects, and sound the state of public feeling in reference to projected measures. This influence, however, would necessarily

defeat its own end, were it not extremely subtle, and so indirect as to escape general observation. For this reason, the enforcement of any government view must be made to appear as the spontaneous impulse of perfectly disinterested individuals. Thus we need never look for approval of Austrian policy from a correspondent writing from Vienna; but in the letters from London or Paris we generally find some indirect evidences of the soundness of the political maxims of the cabinet of Vienna. Instances of this wily conduct occur in almost every number, but the juggle is always so gracefully, and at times so brilliantly executed, that even detection is not unaccompanied by a certain feeling of admiration at the adroitness of the feat. *Mundus vult decipi*, and it is only when a deception is clumsily performed, that we take offence at the insult thus offered to our acuteness.

The 'Augsburg Gazette' has been from time to time more or less employed by every continental government, not even excepting France, in various controversies respecting matters of internal and external policy. Like the white elephant of the eastern princes, its acquisition as an auxiliary has been the subject of many a diplomatic contest; but its support of the interests and principles of Austria—and, indeed, of the pure monarchical principle in general—is much more marked than its devotion to any other continental power. As a reward for this uncompromising fidelity to Austrian interests, and with a view to reap the full benefit of so powerful an advocacy, the journal is permitted to circulate freely through the imperial states. This privilege is shared by no one of its contemporaries, and the publicity thus exclusively secured to its sentiments, and to its advertisements, is productive of a vast amount not only of moral influence, but also of pecuniary profit. The sacrifice of principle, involved in the admission of this Gazette, must be regarded as a singular concession, on the part of Austria, to the influence of the press. It has been frequently asserted, and is, indeed, a commonly received opinion in Northern Germany, that a special edition is prepared for Austrian subscribers; this myth would seem, however, not to rest on any better foundation than on the fact, that some of the extraordinary supplements which accompany the journal may be occasionally withheld or modified, when containing matter too grating to the sensibilities of its Austrian readers. Even this charge has not been fully substantiated. Next to Austria, Russia seems to exert the most decided influence on the Gazette. It is, however,

altogether impossible to fathom its relations to the Russian cabinet, inasmuch as we occasionally observe a very marked hostility to Russian views and Russian interests manifested in its columns. Whether these periodical fits of ill-humour have their origin in private or political causes, it is wholly impossible to say. During such paroxysms, it is curious to remark the frightful losses the Russian arms sustain: whole divisions of the emperor's army fall beneath the united efforts of Schamol, the youthful hero of Circassia, and of the correspondent, from the Russian frontier, of the 'Augsburg Gazette.'

It is neither necessary nor possible to particularise the various correspondents from the different European capitals, further than by observing that a numerous staff is continually maintained to report on all events of any general interest, as well in the literary and scientific as in the political world. In truth, it would be difficult to find a name of any note in the German world of letters that is not, or has not been, a regular or occasional contributor. Heine, Gutzkow, Laube, Freiligrath, Dingelstedt, Lenau, &c., are only a few out of the brilliant constellation whose wit and genius sparkle in these columns. Amongst the articles of greatest interest to the English reader are those dated from London and Paris. The effusions of a correspondent, who is, as we are informed by the editor, a Tory member of the House of Commons, are deserving of the most particular attention, as being in general replete with unique sentiments of very ambiguous loyalty. One of the recent communications of this gifted individual described the smouldering indignation of the British aristocracy against the Queen, on her refusing to receive the Duke of Bordeaux during his recent visit. Amongst the Paris correspondents, the poet Heine is generally the most amusing, from the inveteracy of his dislike to England and everything English. Indeed, the English reader will find a better resumé of the affairs of the world in general in this Gazette, than in any other journal with which we are acquainted; and it is, in our opinion, most seriously to be regretted that the English press pay so little attention to the admirable articles that daily appear in its columns, though it were for no better reason than to become acquainted with the sentiments of an organ which confessedly exerts so considerable an influence on the political feelings of the entire German nation. The Gazette is published daily, on a small quarto sheet, with one or more supplements, and costs, exclusive of postage, but twenty-one shillings annually. The rate

of pecuniary remuneration to contributors is liberal; and most of the correspondents have a fixed annual salary. Well qualified persons are frequently sent, at the expense of the proprietor, to watch the progress of events in distant countries, as often as matters (as recently in the East, Greece, and Spain) approach a crisis, and begin to command the attention of the historian or general politician. Owing to a recent enforcement of more stringent censorial restrictions, the *Gazette* has, within the last twelve months, suffered a considerable diminution of its circulation, which averages from 12,000 to 14,000 copies.

Having presented the reader, in the above imperfect sketch, with a shadowy outline of the politics and position of the '*Augsburg Universal Gazette*,' we now come to speak of its modern rival—a journal which was professedly instituted as a counterpoise to its influence, and one which, based on the Protestant sympathies of Northern Germany, ventured on a much less scrupulous observance of political neutrality. The '*Leipscic Universal Gazette*,' which has recently assumed the title of '*German Universal Gazette*,' to evade its interdiction in Prussia, was first commenced in the year 1832, by the enterprising publisher, F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig. The language of this journal assumed, from the very outset, a decidedly liberal and constitutional tone; and, though published in Saxony, it seems to have cast its eye, from the first, on Prussia as its principal mart. Under the shield of the recently acquired Saxon constitution, and a comparatively lenient censorship, this journal soon attained a high degree of popularity, not alone in Prussia, but amongst all the minor constitutional states of Germany. Having nothing to hope from Austria, from which it was excluded as well by prescription as by the liberal principles it advocated, it singled out that state and its super-conservative government as the subject of its severest castigations; and it appears, indeed, to have gone, in its assaults on the policy of that monarchy, to the full length of censorial toleration. From Austria it turned to the kindred kingdom of Bavaria; and on its interdiction in that kingdom, also, concentrated all its energies on opposing the new *régime* in Hanover. The abrogation of the constitution by King Ernest, and the strong feelings excited by this arbitrary act of sovereignty, supplied the '*Leipscic Gazette*' with subject for the severest comment. The indignation of the Hanoverian people, which could find no vent in the journals published under the Hanoverian censorship, exploded in the columns of the '*Leipscic*

Gazette;' and the fearlessness with which the shallow reasonings of court scribes were here exposed, is sufficient to explain the feverish impatience with which the arrival of each number was expected, and the result was its speedy interdiction. Austria, Bavaria, and Hanover were now lost; and the falling off of so many subscribers seemed to threaten the very existence of the paper. The proprietor saw himself, however, in part indemnified by the increased circulation throughout the few remaining states, and more especially in Prussia. In this latter kingdom the religious feuds between the Archbishops of Posen and Cologne and the government had broken out, and the '*Leipscic Gazette*' came forward as the champion of the Protestant cause and in aid of the government, which felt itself sorely embarrassed from the want of any organ, in which it might combat the strong Catholic tendencies of its Rhenish and Silesian subjects, without being responsible for the sentiments thus put forward. Now, probably for the first time, did the Prussian government feel the positive disadvantage of the censorship, as making the government responsible for every opinion broached in the journals published under its control. In this embarrassment it gladly availed itself of the services of so able and popular an ally as the '*Leipscic Gazette*,' which, without any surrender of principle, now gained for itself the full countenance and support of the Berlin cabinet. In the years 1838, 1839, and 1840, this paper had reached the zenith of its popularity amongst the liberals and Protestants of Germany. The contact with court favour had, however, gradually undermined the independence of its principles. It began to waver, and, in the hope of regaining admittance to Hanover and Bavaria, it gave insertion to articles of a highly equivocal nature. Forgetting that it had, from the outset, acted as a partisan, it now sought to assume the character of a neutral. The attempt proved abortive. A strong and growing disgust at this tergiversation sprang up; and the cautious language which the journal now held seemed doubly tame and mawkish, compared with the bold sentiments put forth by the '*Rhenish Gazette*,' which, from its foundation, in 1840, down to its suppression in 1843, was gradually supplanting the '*Leipscic Gazette*.' In a blind effort to recover the ground he had lost, Brockhaus allowed himself to be made the tool of Prussian ministerial intrigues. The indiscreet publication of certain official secrets respecting the projected Divorce Bill, and the insertion of Herwegh's offensive letter to the King of Prussia, afforded the Berlin cabinet

but too plausible pretexts for interdicting the circulation of a journal of whose advocacy it no longer stood in need. On the 28th December, 1842, the bolt was shot, and the 'Leipsic Gazette' fell, without even the halo of martyrdom.

During the period of its success, this Gazette was conducted with very considerable ability, and was the first German journal which devoted a considerable space to the debates of the English parliament and the French chambers, besides reporting the proceedings of the constitutional chambers of Germany at considerable length. And though the spirit of commercial rivalry which, within the last few years, has awakened an extreme jealousy of England throughout the manufacturing states of Germany, strongly tinged its general complexion, still its anti-English tendency never degenerated into a rabid mania, or vapid declamation, a charge to which, we regret to say, some of its colleagues are highly amenable. But, perhaps, one of its most valuable characteristics was its consistent opposition to the aggrandising policy of Russia; and its correspondents in the East were generally both intelligent and well informed. This paper had the further merit of having infused a degree of life and vigour into the whole body of the German press by the rivalry it awakened; and thus spurring on the 'Augsburg Gazette' in particular to the full development of its vast resources. Up to the period of its exclusion from Prussia, its many editors, who followed each other in rapid succession, were mere ciphers; their influence extending little beyond the mere internal arrangements; in order, however, to effect its readmission, it was found advisable to select an editor, whose name might serve in a measure as a guarantee for its future good behaviour; and with this view the editorship was entrusted to Professor Bülow, of the Leipsic university, who had till then acted as government censor. This selection was attended with the desired success, but has of course proved fatal to the prospects of the 'Gazette' as an opposition journal, notwithstanding the confessedly high literary station and political discernment of the learned professor. The circulation has declined from between 2000 and 3000 to probably about 900.

The above historical sketch of the fortunes of the 'Leipsic Universal Gazette' will, we think, best serve to show the position of the German press in general. Without meaning to justify the manifest improvidence of the proprietor, we cannot avoid sympathising to a certain extent with him in the reverses to which he exposed

himself, by a temporary forgetfulness of the nature of that serf-like tenure by virtue of which he held his literary fief. No journal, with the exception of the 'Augsburg Gazette,' dares acquire a large share of influence, and the popularity of the latter does not rest so much on the oppositional aroma given to its articles, as on the authentic and semi-official character of its communications. The experience of half a century has established the genuineness of the sources from whence it derives its information, and has manifested that it is not, as was not unfrequently the case of its Leipsic rival, compelled to call upon its correspondents, in the language of Sheridan, 'to reverse the operations of the human mind, and draw on their memories for their wit, and on their imaginations for their facts.' The silence of such a journal is frequently much more eloquent than the fullest effusions of its contemporaries. When the 'Leipsic Gazette' was in possession of exclusive information, as was sometimes the case, the verification of its prophecies was attributed to chance, and no sooner was a well-informed correspondent won, than the respective governments took measures to stop up the source, or threatened interdiction in the event of advantage being further taken of the indiscretion of its officer, of one not authorized to be indiscreet. This was and is the case not alone with the 'Leipsic Gazette,' but with all journals published in Germany, and must continue so, as long as the authority of public opinion is altogether denied on principle. In truth, the power of the German press, as regards the liberal cause, lies solely in the multiplicity of journals. Although the government control be as perfect in its organization as human ingenuity could well devise, still each of the thousand journals daily published, contributes its mite towards an expression of popular feeling, of popular will; and these contributions, however minute, do, when taken collectively, exert a power, which at times succeeds in procuring the recognition of its authority. When we consider that every petty town publishes one or several papers daily, and that, from the absence of centralization, equal attention is paid to the provincial journals, and to those emanating from capitals, we shall understand how this constant oozing out of popular sentiments is daily undermining the very foundations of absolute monarchy. As instances of this accumulating power, we need only refer to the postponement, perhaps total abandonment, by Prussia, of such pet measures as the New Divorce Bill, the Jews' Bill, and others. We are thus in some degree consoled by the prospects

which the collective exertions of the press hold out, for the impotency of its individual members.

It now becomes our duty to speak of the 'Prussian Universal Gazette,' and in connection with it, of the Prussian press generally. This Gazette has undergone a greater number of metamorphoses, since its commencement in 1819, than perhaps any journal in existence; it is in this respect highly symbolical of the oscillating principles on which Prussian press-legislation is based. The 'Prussian Universal Gazette' was commenced in 1819 (a year ever memorable in the annals of the German press, as in it the first restrictive measures were adopted by the Diet at Carlsbad), and was professedly instituted to elucidate, rather than discuss, the domestic policy of Prussia. The first editor and proprietor was C. Heyen, who, under the name of Clauren, was the author of several works of fiction, which from the meretricious and voluptuous style of the composition, enjoyed for some time a certain kind of popularity. After the lapse of about six years, the government purchased the journal, which then bore the title of 'Prussian State Gazette,' and took the entire management into its own hands. With every new phase of Prussian political life a new editor was appointed; and it is highly probable that the paper would have been long since discontinued, as merely embarrassing its patron, if any plausible pretext for its discontinuance could have been discovered. Within the last twelve months the first introductory steps to a total abandonment of the concern have been taken, by the instalment of several quondam liberals in the editorship. Ostensibly with a view to give more scope for the expression of popular sentiments, the government proclaimed the independence of the editors, and therefore disclaimed all responsibility for all future communications not distinctly stated to be official; and in conformity with this declaration, the title 'State Gazette' was abandoned, and the present heading substituted. It is by no means difficult to foresee what the next change will be, the more especially as a recent edict compels all editors to insert without note or comment in their several journals, all such government communications as they may receive from time to time.

Since its most recent metamorphosis this journal has assumed a truly anomalous position, and seems to have lost materially in every point. Its professions of liberality, and its repudiation of the idea of ministerial control, can hardly hope for credence as long as the editors receive their salaries

from the state. Its readers can see nothing in it beyond its former self turned inside out. The pertinacity with which it avoids all subjects of general controversy, and the clumsiness of its advocacy, render it difficult to say whether it compromises the government more by its silence or its loquacity. A particular incident has also much tended to bring the 'Gazette' into general discredit. Certain averments had been made in the opposition journals as to the intention of the king to revive the old order of the Swan. On the 20th of September, 1843, the 'Gazette' took upon itself to declare 'that it could state on the best authority, that all the statements of other journals respecting this subject were idle and wholly unfounded;' and a few months had hardly elapsed when the royal mandate for the revival of the order appeared. The decay of this paper is the more to be regretted, as it must be admitted, that in its former shape it was always distinguished for the truth and impartiality of its communications. Whilst avoiding all topics that might embarrass the government, as, for instance, the constitution question in Hanover, its foreign correspondences were full of information and free from partisanship. The spirit of fairness and integrity, which marked its reports from the seat of war in Poland, during the revolution, gained for it universal respect and applause. But perhaps the best proof of its fallen condition is the fact, that despite the circulation secured by the insertion of official articles, a considerable subvention from the government is necessary to cover its expenses; whereas, under judicious management and in a less false position, its relation with the Prussian government could not but ensure it a vast surplus revenue. Its circulation has declined from between four and five thousand to probably about the half.

We cannot at present afford more than a rapid glance at some of the other members of the German press. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the 'Cologne Gazette' one of the best of its class. It is published, like the 'Prussian Gazette,' in large folio, and, in addition to clever leading articles, is in possession of some lively and good correspondents. Its politics are thoroughly liberal, and its religious complexion Catholic. We are sorry to see that it has latterly exhibited a leaning towards the advocacy of high protective duties. Its 'feuilleton' generally contains articles of literary merit. Next to it we must make honourable mention of the kindred journals, the 'Aix-la-Chapelle Gazette' and 'New Hamburg Correspondent.' The 'Frankfort Journal,' one

of the oldest in Germany, if not in Europe, enjoys a large circulation, and is in great favour amongst bankers and capitalists, on account of its money articles; its politics are of the description that suit a paper published in the city where the sittings of the Diet are held. It is not to be confounded with 'Le Journal de Frankfort,' likewise published there, in the French language, and decidedly in the Russian interest. It is curious enough, that neither in Germany nor in France do we meet with weekly journals; this latter is a class which appears peculiar to England. In conclusion, we must remark that there is much latent vigour, much patriotic energy and fire, concealed beneath the cold surface imparted to the German press by the overwhelming weight of the censorship; and that it is our firmest conviction, that should the press succeed in emancipating itself from its present bonds, it will be found that the high tone of patriotic feeling produced by free and manly discussion, will prove a far better safeguard against foreign aggression than the present costly system of military parade.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Le Journal des Débats.* 26 Mai, 1844.
2. *La Revue des Deux Mondes.* 1er Mai, 1844.

—"FOR what is war? What is it but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds?" We adopt in all their latitude the views of my Uncle Toby. The wars of England have been, generally at least, just such wars as he describes. Our enemies in every part of the world, more especially in France, pretend the contrary, but only pretend, because secretly their consciences must compel them to acknowledge that our victories have all been achieved in defence of some great principle, and that the result of them has been to promote the happiness of mankind. At present, however, it is not our intention to survey the whole of Great Britain's military achievements, or the entire body of those invincible armies by which they have been performed. Her Majesty's forces have not wanted their historiographers and panegyrists. Their glory is reflected from many a page of our country's annals, and long may it continue bright and unfading. Our design in these pages is, as far as it may be in our power, to do justice to the East

India Company's army, which we consider every way worthy to be placed on the same level with the national force of this empire. A more flattering compliment it would be impossible to pay it; for in no age or country have nobler or more gallant troops displayed their ardour on a field of battle than the soldiers of England. Their spirit of enterprise and indomitable bravery have carried them over land and sea to every accessible portion of the globe, so that from pole to pole there is scarcely a single parallel of latitude in which they have not triumphed, or laid down their lives in the service of their country. And, let the effeminate or the sophistical pretend what they please, this is a proud reflection. It awakens in us the consciousness that we belong to a glorious race, to a race which yields neither in arts nor arms to the greatest nations of ancient times. Rome never spread wider, nay, never so wide, the vast circle of her empire; nor did Greece, intellectual and fertile as she was in genius, ever more richly endow or beautify her conquests by the arts and institutions of peace. In one enviable felicity Providence has raised us immeasurably above them, since to us has been vouchsafed the honour of planting the cross in the midst of barbarians and savages, that is, of multiplying the guarantees that mankind shall never again sink into the night of ignorance; for as to the old world, the bow seen in the cloud was a sign that the earth should never be drowned with a flood of waters any more, so the symbol of Christianity is to us of the new covenant a token, that moral darkness shall never overspread the globe.

We are not meanwhile unaware that there exists among public men a remarkable difference of opinion on the wars which we have carried on in Asia. It seems to be believed by some, that our presence in the East is a curse. They regard us as violent intruders, who, relying on the resources of a superior civilisation, massacre and oppress the natives, whom they are pleased to represent as gentle and unwarlike. It is matter of regret that notions such as these should obtain any footing in the public mind. It may be very well for sophists and satirists to turn into ridicule the thirst for military glory; but declamations so trivial and vulgar can never produce any effect on a well-constituted mind. It is the base philosophy of a degenerate period. It is the style of thinking which subjected Greece to Rome, and laid prostrate Rome herself to the unsyllogizing barbarians of the north. The swords of Alaric and Attila were the best refutation of so spurious a system of philosophy. It is the duty of every man to defend from external

violence the laws and political constitution under the shadow of which he lives, and to be able to do this it is plain that he must cultivate those stern virtues which spring up and flourish in the camp, which are twin-born, as it were, with the sword, and from time to time require to be irrigated by the blood of the brave. If any one doubt this, let him glance over the history of that army, whose character and achievements we desire to describe. Nowhere will he find men more energetic, more persevering, more full of enterprise, more stern or indomitable on the field of battle; but, when the strife is over, when the enemies of England have been subdued, when her rights have been asserted, or her character vindicated, nowhere, within the wide circle of civilized society, will he meet with individuals more mild, more unassuming, more refined, more intellectual, in one word, more completely gentlemen, than the officers of the Indian army.

Nor is this by any means a phenomenon difficult to be accounted for. The life of a soldier in active service is a life of hardships and privations. Danger, though it fails to subdue the mind, communicates to it nevertheless a sobriety of temper, a dignified disregard of personal suffering, and a strong sympathy for the possessors of similar qualities, which the rest of the world with difficulty comprehend. There is nowhere so fostering a cradle of friendship as the field of battle. You love with something like a brother's love the man who has fought by your side, who has shielded you or whom you have shielded from death. Soldiers contract an attachment for the very steel they wield in combat. Their sword becomes dear to them. Much more powerfully than must their iron bosoms yearn towards those gallant companions in arms who aid them in achieving victory, or share with them the rare bitterness of defeat. It is accordingly a high moral pleasure to study the language in which officers of merit speak of each other. They dole forth no grudging panegyric. It is with a glow of genuine admiration that they chronicle the acts of daring or intrepidity they have witnessed. They even appear at times to go absolutely out of their way to pick up and introduce the eulogium of some commander whose conduct has excited their emulation, or perhaps for a moment their jealousy or envy. In the case of the Indian army a number of very peculiar circumstances combine to exercise a beneficial influence on the mind. Its composition differs from that of all other armies. Some four or five thousand gentlemen transported to a vast distance from their country find themselves placed at the head of troops

differing in language, religion, and even in colour from themselves. They feel that the defence of a great empire is committed to them. Around on every side, they behold millions of a subject race, whose allegiance is based on a mixed sentiment of fear and confidence. Uppermost no doubt in the mind of those officers is the consciousness that they were born to command. They feel that they are the citizens of a greater Sparta than that of old, and that upon each of them singly may more or less hinge the destinies of one fifth of the human race. They quickly perceive that, in order to wield effectually the forces under their control, they must find the way to the hearts of the Hindû soldiers, subdue national prejudice and the prejudices of religion, and establish for themselves an enthusiastic preference which, on the day of need, will triumph over everything. This difficult task, as the whole history of India testifies, our countrymen successfully accomplish in the East.

The libel, equally injurious to the English and the Hindus, that the sipahi is not attached to his commander, is so absurd as to be scarcely deserving of refutation. A thousand anecdotes, some of which we shall by and by relate, might be adduced in disproof of this falsehood. In fact, no army in the world supplies more numerous examples of the affectionate attachment of the soldier to his leader, than that of the British in India. But, notwithstanding all this, the English officer, stationed in distant cantonments, experiences necessarily a feeling of solitude, beholding, as he looks around him, nothing but men of another race, and a country differing in every feature from his own, covered with rank tropical vegetation, and quickened or scorched by the rays of a burning sun. He witnesses the rites of a strange superstition, he hears a medley of uncouth, and sometimes unknown languages. His eye rests on interminable plains, immense rivers, or mountains the loftiest and most stupendous on the globe. His mind, consciously or unconsciously, expands beneath these influences, so that in the course of a very few years, the raw cadet ripens into a man of enlarged experience, quick sympathies, and a courage equal to every possible emergency. Witness the trophies erected by the wisdom and valour of our countrymen in the heart and at either extremity of Asia. The bones of our soldiers lie in almost every part of that vast continent, but they have not, like those beheld in the prophet's vision, been dry bones. They have been converted into the seeds of empire, and a power has gone forth from them, the duration of which must be measured by after ages. Wherever we

have buried our dead, we possess a claim upon the country. The sepulchres of our brothers are there, and if we be repulsed for a time, we shall assuredly afterwards return and assert our right.

This consideration may, in part, console us for the disasters of Afghanistan. It is not enough to have planted laurels on those mountains; we must be there to water them, to watch over their growth, and protect them for posterity. The echoes of our victories may still be said to reverberate among the peaks of the Sulimani range and the snows of Hindu Koosh. Every remarkable spot in the country is associated with some English achievement. The occupation of Kandahar, the storming of Ghuzni, the battle of Tezeen, the destruction of Kabul and Istalif, the forcing of the Khyber, and every other most difficult pass in the land, are still fresh in the mouths of the inhabitants of Central Asia, and will be so a thousand years hence. Their annals, too, will preserve for ever, along with those of a hundred others renowned for their skill and gallantry, the names of Nott, Pollock and Sale, of Outram and Pottinger, of Willshire and Monteath, of Dennie and Brown, and Clibborn, whose gallant though unsuccessful attempt at forcing the Nufoosk pass, and whose early death at Malta on the way to his native land, must be fresh in the recollection of the public. In Sind too, and at Gwalior, and in the cramped and stunted war with China, we behold a display of the same spirit. No one can peruse the record of these campaigns without acquiring the conviction that the men who planned and executed them were upon the whole worthy to be entrusted with the guardianship of a great nation's honour. Let the most cynical judge of events examine carefully the least felicitous of those wars, that of Afghanistan. In the midst of gloom and misfortunes, such as few nations have experienced, he will discover so many brilliant examples of conduct and courage, so much patience under suffering, instances so numerous of magnanimous self-sacrifice, of an heroic sense of duty, of unshaken friendship in circumstances the most trying and perilous, that it may well be doubted whether the British character ever appeared to so much advantage as amid those scenes of humiliation and slaughter. It is true that a small number of individuals on whom accident for a while conferred the lead at Kabul exhibited the most lamentable want of prudence and ability; it is true that two or three instances occurred of wavering and contempt of discipline both in the British soldier and in the sipahis; it is true that a whole army under a commander rendered

incompetent by disease underwent the most frightful series of calamities, and assaulted at once by the worst horrors of winter and famine, and by a sanguinary population goaded to frenzy by fanaticism, was ultimately exterminated. But in spite of all the painful occurrences which happened during the siege of our army in cantonments and the retreat towards Jellalabad, it is impossible to read the narrative of those reverses without feeling proud that we belong to the men who endure them. For, if in some quarters we perceive the absence of all political sagacity, of the art of making the most of circumstances, of consummate strategy, and even at times of all moral dignity and energy; in others, and those too the majority, we find all those qualities of heart and head for which the soldiers of the greatest country in the world might be expected to be distinguished.

And here, perhaps, it may not be wholly out of place to offer one or two observations on the policy of the Afghan war. We are fully aware that it has become the fashion to condemn it; we know, too, that persons for whose judgment we entertain the highest respect, share on this subject the popular persuasion, if it should not rather be said that they have created it. But no man is entitled, in such matters, to express any opinion at all, if he have not formed it upon independent researches and reflections of his own. The habit of deferring to the decisions of persons in office, is an extremely mischievous one. It is erroneous to suppose because the means of information are more accessible to them, that they, therefore, always make a better use of those means. It often happens that the possessors of power are rash, headstrong, and swayed by the pettiest of all motives. It often, for example, happens that the cabinet of to-day reverses the policy of its predecessor, not because it was bad, but because it originated with that predecessor. Now, in the case of the Afghan war, we fear it must be maintained that the Tory ministers were actuated by some such considerations as those to which we have alluded. The Duke of Wellington, it is well known, has always been disposed to describe the frontier in our possession, as the least possible frontier. He did so forty-two years ago, and he obviously advocated the same theory in the cabinet when Lord Ellenborough was despatched to India. His grace may very possibly be convinced of the soundness of the principles on which he has acted. He may believe an impregnable line of frontier to be an evil. He may think it best that a range of mountains, overlooking and com-

manding the entrance to our Asiatic dominions shall be in the hands of an enemy. With such transcendental views of policy, however, we cannot meddle; they are peculiar to his grace. Nevertheless, distinguished as are his abilities, prodigious as has been his success in war, and extensive and lasting as must be his fame, we can by no means envy him the possession of these notions. Most men exhibit weakness somewhere, and we regard this as his grace's weak point. Were we disposed to defer to authority at all, we should infinitely prefer yielding to that of Lord Palmerston, who has bestowed on the affairs of Asia far greater attention than any member of the present administration, and brought besides, to the study of them, a prudence, a sagacity, a power of intuition, which neither his grace nor any one among his colleagues could possibly dream of laying claim to.

Still, it is not merely because the conquest of Afghanistan was planned simultaneously by Lord Palmerston and Lord Auckland, that we believe it to have been wisely undertaken. Every statesman, who has considered with care the affairs of Asia, has always been of opinion, that if our Indian empire be ever threatened with danger from without, it must come from that quarter. The country, for many years, has been in a state of anarchy. A number of chiefs, aiming simultaneously at sovereign power, have been on the look-out for foreign co-operation, and would doubtless, under certain circumstances, be ready to put their national independence in jeopardy for the purpose of gratifying their personal ambition. They might, therefore, with that political jesuitism for which barbarians have always been remarkable, consent to accelerate the passage of an army from the west, designed to act against our possessions in India, though secretly inimical to it, and perfectly prepared to cut it off, in case of failure and attempted retreat. To justify our solicitude to prevent such an occurrence, it is by no means necessary to suppose that our empire in India would be endangered by it. Should a foreign force reach the banks of the Indus, should a rebellion, excited by its emissaries, burst forth among the natives, the sacrifice of life and treasure, which the annihilation of the one and the repression of the other would necessarily call upon us to make, must prove incalculably greater than would have been entailed upon us by the occupation of Afghanistan. But no power, it may be said, contemplates the disturbance of our empire in India. We pity the persons who take this view of the matter. They must have shut their eyes to all that has been going on

for the last century in Europe and Asia, and consequently be wholly incapable of reading the signs of the times. It is quite possible that the Russian czar may be convinced that he could not become our successor in Hindustân; but it would quite suit the policy and character of such a despot to make great sacrifices, both in men and money, to dislodge us from our position, even though he should be able to reap no direct advantage from it. He would at all events be delivered from the humiliation of witnessing our success, and from the painfully envious feelings occasioned by the steady striking root of our greatness in the East. To effect such a purpose, he would, it cannot be doubted, cheerfully sacrifice half-a-dozen armies. This must be self-evident to all who have been at the pains to watch the course, and scrutinize the proceedings of Russian ambassadors, political agents, emissaries, and spies in Asia. We at least having been at this pains, have convinced ourselves, that to insure the greatness and prosperity of our Indian empire, it is necessary that we should exercise a preponderance in Central Asia, and that this can be done only through the possession of Afghanistan. If our reasonings have carried our readers along with us, they will acknowledge that the army of the Indus marched to achieve a wise and legitimate purpose, and, consequently, their sympathy, with whatever that army performed or suffered, will be without a drawback. But even should their decision be different, they must still be able duly to appreciate the intrepidity, perseverance, chivalrous spirit of enterprise, inexhaustible self-reliance, and daring and gallantry almost without a parallel, which our countrymen displayed throughout the whole continuance of the Afghan campaigns.

It would, of course, be altogether beside our purpose to write, or even review, the entire history of any particular war. Our purpose is to present the reader with a tolerably correct estimate of the military force in the service of the East India Company, and then to illustrate by examples the spirit by which it is pervaded throughout. The numerical strength of the Indian army necessarily varies according to the exigencies of the country, but may generally be estimated at about 300,000 men, of which about 20,000 are Queen's troops. Including, therefore, the armies of the crown at home and in the colonies, the peace establishment of Great Britain may be estimated at about 400,000 men, an army which, taking into consideration its appointments, discipline, and moral character, must be regarded as vastly superior to any other in the world. The native

troops of the Company are commanded by somewhat fewer than 5000 officers, much too few, taking all the circumstances of the service into account. To this evil public attention has of late been strongly directed. Sir Charles Napier has brought the fact formally before the Indian Government. But, long previously, and more especially during the Affghan war, the evils arising from the scantiness of European officers were repeatedly experienced and pointed out. With regard to the sipahis* themselves, being recruited in different parts of so large a country as India, they must necessarily vary greatly in physical constitution and character. Indeed it is generally supposed that the armies of the three Presidencies are each distinguished from the others as much by their moral qualities as by their personal appearance. The troops of the Bengal Presidency have not for many years been raised in the province of Bengal itself, but in those divisions of Northern India which from time immemorial have been overrun with a turbulent and warlike population. Here men of the highest caste, including even the Brahmins themselves, greatly prize the honour of serving in the Company's army; but it is a rule among the sacerdotal order that, whenever they adopt the profession of the sword, they lay aside their Brahminical appellations and assume Rajpút names. In the Madras Presidency some difference prevails in the system of recruiting. Here the ranks of the army are thronged by men of low caste and even by Pariahs; a circumstance well worthy of remark, since it may serve to show with what consummate skill we have substituted in India one prejudice for another. The Company's uniform ennobles all who wear it, and, therefore, those who in the ordinary costume of the country could not approach within thirty paces without the one being supposed to be polluted by the other, will in our armies march side by side, support each other in battle, associate together freely, and even contract sentiments of friendship.

Foreigners, confining their views to what takes place in this part of India, have sometimes imagined that we draw the sipahis exclusively from the lowest ranks of Hindús. We have already shown, by what takes place in Bengal, the erroneousness of this opinion. There is no native of India, of

whatever caste, who does not think it an honour to serve the Company's government. Nor is this feeling confined to Hindustán. It prevailed extensively among the Belooches and Affghans, and had we judiciously taken advantage of their predilections, we might have raised a sufficient force from those two nations to keep in awe the whole of Central Asia. The Hindús, as we have elsewhere observed, cherish a passion for serving in the army, so that a large body of supernumeraries, subsisting entirely at their own expense, may almost constantly be seen following our camps, petitioning, and earnestly waiting, for permission to be admitted into the ranks of our sipahis. Recently, certain regiments belonging to the Bengal and Madras Presidencies, have exhibited a spirit of mutiny, from reluctance to serve in Sinde without an augmentation of pay. But this temporary discontent, examples of which have often occurred before, has not communicated itself to the Bombay army, which will consequently, it is said, be augmented by 12,000 men.

The system of officering these armies is peculiar. Down to a certain grade all the officers are Europeans, with but a solitary exception or two of recent occurrence, and likely to be but slowly multiplied. The subalterns are Hindús. Of the European regiments in the Company's service it is only necessary to say, that they resemble exactly the soldiers of the line. They consist of horse artillery, foot artillery, and infantry. Of the recruits which arrive in India, the finest men are draughted off to the first mentioned class; those which come nearest these in personal appearance are assigned to the second: the remainder enter the ranks of the infantry. In Bengal there are nine troops of horse artillery, five battalions of foot artillery, of five companies each; one corps of engineers, two regiments of infantry, and one of sappers and miners, which constitute the whole of the Company's European troops in that presidency. The establishments of the other presidencies are precisely similar, but on a smaller scale. On the subject of the Company's artillery, it may be worth while to record a remark which has often been made by officers when on active service; viz., that nothing can be more mischievous than the practice of employing bullocks to draw the guns, in what is technically denominated the foot artillery. Their sluggishness and obstinacy may be said frequently to have marred the operations of a whole campaign. They should consequently be discarded at once, and replaced by large and powerful horses. The camel-train, the idea of which originated with Ma-

* Captain Postans, who distinguished himself as the political agent in Sinde, has written for 'The United Service Magazine,' a paper on the character of the sipahi, to which we are desirous of directing the attention of our readers. The experience of this officer, his superior judgment, and remarkable freedom from prejudice, impart to his opinions on such a subject, the greatest weight.

for Pugh, may be regarded as a successful experiment. It will doubtless be of the greatest service, more especially in champagne countries. It moves with a rapidity which nothing else can equal, performing, it is said, nearly eighteen miles an hour, so that, according to Colonel Fane, the finest Arab horses experience extreme difficulty in keeping up with it at full gallop. Even in the mountains of Afghanistan, where the horse artillery, owing to the scantiness of provender, completely disappointed expecta-

tion, the "camel battery answered admirably, so that after a long and fatiguing march it was judged as fit to go into action as on the day of its leaving Ferozepur.

Into this part of the subject, however, it is not at present our intention to enter at any length. But, as some writers have set on foot the opinion that our sipahis generally are men of diminutive stature, we insert a short table, the result of most extensive and accurate inquiries, which will suffice, perhaps, to set that question at rest.

ABSTRACT showing the average Height and Weight of the Non-commissioned Officers and Sipahis in each Company of a Regiment of Bengal N. I., and a Regiment of Madras N. I.

	BENGAL N. I.				MADRAS N. I.			
	HEIGHT.		WEIGHT.		HEIGHT.		WEIGHT.	
	Feet.	Inches.	Stones.	lbs.	Feet.	Inches.	Stones.	lbs.
Grenadier Company.....	5	11	10	3½	5	8½	8	7½
1st Battalion Company.....	5	8½	9	2	5	6½	7	10½
2d ditto.....	5	7½	8	12	5	5½	7	3½
3d ditto.....	5	8	9	3	5	6	7	10½
4th ditto.....	5	7½	8	10½	5	5	7	13
5th ditto.....	5	7½	9	0½	5	6	8	2½
6th ditto.....	5	7½	9	0½	5	6	7	22*
Light Company.....	5	7½	9	6½	5	5½	8	4½
Average.....	5	8½	9	3	5	6½	7	13½

From the above table it will be seen that in stature the sipahis are not inferior to any European troops, the English excepted. With respect to the French army the average height, including the grenadiers, not being more than five feet two or three inches, it may be said that they are mere Dekos in comparison with our Hindú soldiers. This fact may serve in some measure to explain the extreme solicitude of French writers to disparage the sipahis, of whose physical superiority they are painfully conscious, though we dare say that if events should ever bring them together the little Frenchmen would fire up very gallantly at our huge Rajpúts and Rohillas. The opinion, we believe, is as old as Homer, that courage is commonly based on the consciousness of physical power, which in turn traces its origin, for the most part, to a plentiful and generous diet. In this respect the Company's forces are placed in highly favourable circumstances; for the sipahi, though his pay does not exceed eight rupees a month, is able from the cheapness of provisions in India, to sit down daily to a most plentiful table, and yet effect considerable savings. Perhaps no soldiers in the world ever equalled those of Hindustán in economical habits. They seldom drink or indulge in any enervating excess, and, consequently, they enjoy all the advantages of robust health and an unbroken constitution. Ac-

cording to their faith, moreover, they are religious men; and in reserve of manners, honesty, fidelity, and the other moral qualities which elevate men in the scale of society, they greatly surpass the common soldiers of all other countries. Consequently, the camp of an Indian army is disturbed by no brawls. The soldiers, when not on duty, may be seen quietly cooking their meals, sitting before their tents, or walking to and fro, grave and stern as Puritans.

From the contrast which, in these points of view, they offer to our own troops, it has been inferred that no cordiality can possibly subsist between them. They who report on what is taking place in India, for the satisfaction of our French neighbours, maintain, in fact, that they never coalesce, never mingle on a friendly footing together, but keep up as strict and rigid a separation as that which divides creatures of different species. This misrepresentation may possibly be the result, sometimes, of ignorance, but generally, we fancy, arises from the desire to diffuse, throughout Europe, the belief that the English are looked upon by all ranks in India with jealousy and aversion. A more grievous mistake was never committed. The sipahis regard their European fellow soldiers with that frank cordiality and admiration which their generous character and indomitable bravery are naturally calculated to inspire. These feelings, which are

every day growing stronger and stronger, no man who has served in India can have failed to notice. Nothing is more common than to behold a sipahi shaking hands with or hugging a huge Irishman, whom he has, perhaps, accompanied into the breach. This spirit of good fellowship was particularly remarked during the siege of Bhurtpore, in the case of the Gürkha battalion, composed of small, though sturdy and gallant mountaineers. An officer, who was present, observes that,

"It was an interesting and amusing sight to witness the extreme good fellowship and kindly feeling with which the Europeans and the Gürkhas mutually regarded each other. A six-foot-two grenadier of the 59th would offer a cheroot to the little *Gurkee*, as he styled him; the latter would take it from him with a grin, and when his tall and patronising comrade stooped down with a lighted cigar in his mouth, the little mountaineer never hesitated a moment in puffing away at it with the one just received—no qualms of conscience or feelings of contamination, although generally high caste Hindus; and they were consequently patted on the back and called 'prime chaps.' On the morning of the storm they were directed, on the signal being given, to extend to the flanks on the edge of the glacis, and cover the advance of the storming party; they accordingly took their station in the trenches at the head of the column of attack; but a few minutes previous to the explosion of the mine, which was the thundering and earthquake signal to storm, the order was countermanded, and they were directed to follow in after the gallant 59th. These directions were obeyed, with the exception of going in *with* them, instead of *after* them; for when the British grenadiers, with a deafening 'hurra,' made their maddening rush at the breach, at that glorious and soul-stirring moment it was impossible to restrain them, and they dashed into the thick of it. We could give many instances of individual gallantry, but it is sufficient to record, that on the breaking up of the army, the little Gürkhas had gained the confidence and esteem of their superiors and the hearty good will of the European troops, with whom they generally acted, and with whom they were encamped. We must, however, mention that on the morning after the storm, they returned the flattering partiality of the latter, by the following characteristic remark: 'The Europeans are brave as lions; they are splendid sipahis, and very nearly equal to us!'"

Even in this country the fancy appears to prevail more generally than might have been expected that the sipahis, though they may fight bravely enough when opposed to Asiatics, would scarcely be able to sustain a conflict with European troops. The fallacy of this notion has now, however, been completely demonstrated. Our very enemies acknowledge that the British infantry is superior to any other in the world, accounting for the fact, sometimes, by our

admirable system of discipline, sometimes by the excellence of our arms, but still substantially confessing the truth. Now, in the late invasion of the Gwalior territory, the Hindú soldiers opposed to us did not hesitate to meet the most gigantic of our grenadiers, and fight with them hand to hand. They did not desert their officers and make their escape because we were Europeans. They were not ignorant of our bravery, but they felt that they too were brave, and resolved to put everything to the hazard of the sword. Ultimately, indeed, we obtained the victory, but not without a tremendous sacrifice of life. If, therefore, we, the English, the masters of India, where we have given so many proofs of our invincible valour, find from time to time among the natives enemies who are not afraid to cope with us, it must be abundantly manifest that these same natives would not hesitate for a moment to engage with any other European troops. For public opinion, throughout India, places us at the head of the civilized world, as well for valour and military discipline, as for science and political wisdom; and, if they are not overawed by the reputation of the superior people, it is not to be supposed that the reputation of the inferior would be able to subdue their imaginations. This consideration alone may, if properly weighed, suffice to reveal to France and Russia the hopelessness of all their projects against our Indian empire. National jealousy, however, and envy, are passions difficult to be subdued. Though the courage of the sipahis, therefore, should be proved past contradiction, our continental rivals would still console themselves with the belief that our Indian subjects hold us in too much aversion to combat strenuously in our cause. They denounce our government as tyrannical, and then jump at the conclusion that we must necessarily be detested one and all, and that the native soldiers, though they may fear and occasionally, perhaps, respect their officers, cherish at bottom no attachment for them. This prejudice is obviously based on the most profound ignorance of our history in India. For there has never been a single campaign, from our first becoming masters of the country to the present hour, during which the sipahis have not given numerous proofs of their fidelity to the Company, and most chivalrous attachment to their commanders. To select an anecdote or two in proof of this may possibly suggest to some the idea that such displays of attachment are rare. But, not being able to give all, a choice must be made out of instances which would fill volumes. In the battle field, we

know, nothing is more common than for the sipahi to risk or sacrifice his life for the leader whom he loves. It is part of the duty of his profession. But when affection for his officer is opposed by the hostile influences of caste and religion, the triumph of the kindly feelings is more decided and conspicuous. An example of this occurs in an obituary for the year 1837, which, though common enough, we select for its touching simplicity :

"Died, on the 9th of March, late at night at Mahul Goorary, near Asserghur, Lieutenant Alfred Morrison, 3d regiment, Bombay native infantry. He met his death by accidentally slipping his footing whilst walking on the edge of a terrace built on the banks of a tributary of the river Taptee at the above-mentioned place. Thus the regiment has been awfully and suddenly deprived of a zealous and active officer, and in private life of one who was much loved and esteemed, and who will be long lamented, and whose loss in society cannot be soon or easily replaced. To mark still more how he was valued and beloved, the sipahis of high caste of the 3d regiment, carried his coffin to the grave, which was followed by the whole of the native officers and men of the regiment off duty, showing that the kind treatment and soldier-like bearing he used in life towards them, had not been thrown away, and that neither the blind bigotry nor prejudices of their religion misled or weighed with them, when the last token of their respect could be evinced, and strongly testifying how they had loved him, even in death."

To comprehend the full force of this example of attachment, it must be remembered that the Hindús regard everything as impure and desecrated which has been touched by a corpse, more especially by that of one not of their own creed. Hence the Sandal wood gates of Sonmauth could never be set up again in a religious edifice. They had closed the entrance to a tomb, and were, therefore, polluted beyond the power of purification. In bearing, therefore, the body of their officer to the grave, the sipahis set at defiance the immemorial prejudices of their religion.

We are indebted to Lieutenant Greenwood for the second example we shall adduce. During the retreat of Colonel Mosely from Ali Musjid, immediately subsequent to Colonel Wild's unsuccessful attempt to force the Khyber pass, an incident occurred which shows, he says,

"With what devotion the native soldier will follow a leader, whom he looks up to and loves even to death! A young officer of the 64th regiment having received a severe wound from a jezail ball, which completely disabled him, was placed in a dooly in the rear of the regiment. By some means or other, in the confusion which reigned around, he was entirely separated from

the troops, and the dooly-bearers becoming frightened put him down on the ground and ran away. Unable to move, he was thus left to the mercy of his savage enemies, two of whom quickly discovered him, and, knife in hand, commenced descending the hill, at the foot of which he lay. When they were within a short distance of the officer he fortunately saw a sipahi passing by, to whom he called. The moment the gallant fellow heard his voice, and saw the danger of his officer, he rushed to the spot and confronting the two Afredis, shot one, and bayoneted the other within a yard of their intended victim. He then turned to his superior, and expressed his regret that he could not carry him out of the pass. 'But, sahib,' said he, 'although I cannot save you, I will stop with you; I have fourteen or fifteen cartridges left, and while these last, and I can use my bayonet, I will sell our lives as dearly I can, and when I can fight no more we will die together.' Saying this, he reloaded his musket, and sat down on a stone beside the officer.

"Fortunately the officer's kitmutgar, who had seen the state in which his master was left, fell in with his regiment. No sooner had the sipahis heard his account, than eight or ten of his own company stepped out of the ranks, and, retracing their steps, found him with his faithful guard. They then made a sort of rude litter with their firelocks, and carried him in safety to the camp, which was eight miles distant. The gallant sipahi who so nobly saved him was immediately promoted to the rank of havildar; and his conduct on this occasion will, it is to be hoped, be the means of obtaining for him still further promotion."

Nearly at the same time a striking example of courage and attachment was offered by four English soldiers. As they belonged to her Majesty's troops, their exploit does not properly come within the scope of the present article, but as the same spirit pervaded the whole army, and as it was impossible in the camp or in the field to award the palm of bravery or discipline to the Queen's or Company's forces, we shall venture to introduce it. It is to Lieutenant Greenwood's rapid and interesting narrative that we are indebted for this as well as the preceding anecdote. Upon the advance of General Pollock's army into Afghanistan, it was found necessary to punish several tribes, distinguished for their hostile spirit towards us. Among these were the Shinwarrees, with whom a smart action was fought in the neighbourhood of Mazeena. It was in the course of this affair that, as Lieutenant Greenwood observes—

"The 31st had to lament the death of as brave a young officer as ever belted on a sword. He was shot through the heart in a most gallant attempt to take a sungah on the top of a hill, at the point of the bayonet. Only five men were with him, and the breastwork was defended by at least fifty

Affghans. One of his followers was severely wounded at the same moment. When poor Mac Ilveen received the ball, he sat down on a stone, and said to the four unwounded soldiers who remained: 'They are too strong for you now, men. They will come at you directly; you had better retreat. Do not encumber yourselves with my body; but take my sword—I should like that to be sent to my mother—I feel very weak.' With these words he fell back and expired. The Affghans, seeing the effect of their fire, rushed down with frightful yells, brandishing their knives, to cut up the bodies according to their invariable custom. But the four brave 31st men determined to die rather than leave their officer's body to be mutilated; and forming in line before him, they permitted the enemy to come within ten yards of them, when by a well directed fire they killed four, and wounded some others. The Shinwarrees, not expecting so warm a reception, were panic-struck, and ran back to their breastwork, when the brave fellows retreated, bearing with them the body of young Mac Ilveen and their wounded comrade. The soldiers even brought home a door from one of the destroyed forts, and from the wood manufactured a coffin for their officer, so universally was the right feeling towards their superiors diffused among the men."

In this exhibition of soldierly spirit, there is something more on both sides, than mere valour and attachment. The officer, with his intellect calm and unclouded in death, displays the utmost solicitude for the preservation of his gallant followers. He would not that they should expose themselves to unnecessary danger for the sake of carrying off his body; but the thought of his cradle and his home rushing upon his mind at that moment, he desires that his untarnished sword may be saved from the enemy, and presented to his mother as a memento, at once of his affection and his valour. But this is not all. On the part of the brave men, the heroes who fall in masses, and have not their names recorded on the roll of fame, a most delicate sentiment of love and gallantry displayed itself. The corpses of their fallen comrades they could consent to abandon to the savage revenge of the enemy. It was, they knew, their lot to have their honour incorporated with that of their regiment, to forfeit all individual existence, and to be remembered only as part of the 31st. It was different with this officer. He had a name to be known by, and they resolved not only to bear away his remains, but to tear down a portion of the dwellings of his enemies wherewith to make a coffin for his corpse. Feelings like these have room to develop themselves only in war. At home those gallant fellows might never, during their lives, have enjoyed an opportunity of experiencing so ennobling a feeling. If war, therefore, be accompanied by many evils, it

is not altogether without its compensations. The sufferings of the brave are repaid by the strength of their emotions.

It would, doubtless, be possible to collect very numerous instances of the strong attachment of British soldiers for their officers; we may, therefore, appear to be performing a work of supererogation, but cannot, nevertheless, refuse ourselves the pleasure of relating a circumstance which occurred so far back as 1818, at the capture of Jawud:—

"During the most severe part of this affair, a circumstance occurred, truly creditable to the character of the officer to whom it relates. An European soldier of the horse-artillery fell mortally wounded, and on his comrades attempting to carry him to the rear, he entreated that they would desist, adding, 'I know I must die—and I only wish to shake Lieutenant Mathison by the hand before I die.' His wish was immediately gratified, and he expired, uttering 'God bless you.' Few men possessed more remarkably than Lieutenant Mathison that kind openness of character, which, when combined with great personal courage, commands esteem and wins the affection of those around us."

From this anecdote, simple as it is, we may learn the important truth, that when an officer is beloved, his approbation and his smile suffice to cheer the soldier in death. Throughout the war in Afghanistan the sipahis gave innumerable proofs of their loyalty to the Company and attachment to their leaders. There is, in fact, scarcely an example of the contrary on record. Even during the reverses at Kabul, and the tragical retreat by which they were brought to a close, the Hindustani soldiers relinquished hope with more reluctance than those of Europe. It is remarked by Lieutenant Eyre—than whom it would be difficult to discover a more gallant and patriotic officer, or a more upright and impartial historian—that it was the whispers about retreat which first sowed the seeds of disorganization and discouragement in the Kabul army. So long as the soldiers could believe that their fortitude and courage were not despaired of by their officers, they demeaned themselves with the utmost gallantry. It was only when through a series of fatal errors the existence of our force had been rendered dependant on the faith or policy of the Affghans, that any symptoms of wavering were discovered among the troops. Even then, however, the natives of Hindustan were not behind their English companions in arms either in courage or fidelity to the sovereign. Demoralisation stole upon them as it were inch by inch. Incapacity in the general, dissension in his councils, rashness and credulity in the envoy, undermined by degrees the self-

reliance of the army. They beheld everything around them become a prey to mismanagement. Many appear to have been seized by a presentiment of the awful fate that was impending over them. Winter shot its dispiriting chill through the frames of the sipahis born in the sultry plains of India; and the effect of the climate was counteracted by no glow of confidence in their superior leaders. It is not wonderful, therefore, that their wonted daring should sometimes have forsaken them. They beheld the commissariat sacrificed with a cool indifference, which seemed to savour of idiocy. In their cantonments they were surrounded by indications of approaching famine. Through a reckless spirit of neglect, which they might very well interpret into a criminal disregard of their sufferings, they were refused the privilege of a fire to dry their garments at night when drenched by many long hours' exposure to sleet and snow. Is it not surprising, therefore, that the power of discipline and their chivalrous devotion to Great Britain yielded so slowly as they did? Scenes meanwhile occurred which it were difficult to characterize. Almost every circumstance tended to convict the chief authorities of utter imbecility. That they were honest and honourable men no one denies; that they were brave also is, in most cases at least, equally certain. That which constituted their misfortune was the absence of mental resources. There was not among them a single commanding intellect, among those we mean who occupied a high position. Nature had designed them to be subalterns, but the current of events had cast them into places of the utmost responsibility. Can we marvel then at the calamities by which they were overwhelmed?

About a week after the breaking out of the insurrection at Kabul, it was judged necessary, in order to ensure the safety of the cantonments, to re-capture a fort which had fallen into the hands of the rebels. The narrative of this affair, as given by Lieutenant Eyre, will serve to illustrate the spirit which at that period pervaded the army. The reader will perceive that it was composed of a strange mixture of daring and apprehension, of self-confidence springing from the recollection of past triumphs, and a suspicious presaging of evils to come, begot and nurtured by the criminal vacillation of the chiefs. Nothing was conducted as it ought to have been. Fate seemed already to be extending around them the net in whose dark and bloody meshes they were soon to be caught and perish. Still we behold at various stages of the process the officer, the European soldier, and the sipahi, performing

acts, which, for heroism and a stoical contempt of danger, are not to be surpassed. After several unsuccessful operations on the part of the British army, in the neighbourhood of Kabul, the infection of rebellion spreading rapidly, the most fierce and warlike of the tribes flocked to the scene of action, and beset our position on all sides. On the 10th of November, the enemy in great force, moving down eastward into the plain, took possession of all the forts in that direction:

"One of these, called the Rika Bashi, was situated immediately opposite the mission compound at the north-east angle of cantonments, within musket-shot of our works, into which the enemy soon began to pour a very annoying fire: a party of sharp-shooters at the same time, concealing themselves among the ruins of a house immediately opposite the north-east bastion, took deadly aim at the European artillery-men who were working the guns; one poor fellow being shot through the temple in the act of sponging. From two howitzers and a five inch-and-a-half mortar, a discharge of shells into the fort was kept up for several hours.

"At this time not above two days' supply of provisions remained in garrison, and it was very clear that, unless the enemy were quickly driven out from their new position, we should soon be completely hemmed in on all sides. At the envoy's urgent desire—he taking the entire responsibility on himself,—the general ordered a force to hold themselves in readiness under Brigadier Shelton, to storm the Rika Bashi fort. About twelve A.M., the following troops assembled at the eastern gate—two horse-artillery guns, one mountain-train gun, Walker's horse, H. M.'s 44th foot, under Colonel Mackerell, 37th N. I., under Major Griffiths, 6th regiment of Shah's force, under Captain Hopkins. The whole issued from cantonments, a storming party, consisting of two companies from each regiment, taking the lead, preceded by Captain Bellew, who hurried forward to blow open the gate, missing which, however, he blew open a wicket of such small dimensions as to render it impossible for more than two or three men to enter abreast and these in a stooping posture. This, it will be seen, was one cause of discomfiture in the first instance; for the hearts of the men failed them when they saw their foremost comrades struck down, endeavouring to force an entrance under such disadvantageous circumstances without being able to help them. The signal, however, was given for the storming party, headed by Colonel Mackerell. On nearing the wicket, the detachment encountered an excessively sharp fire from the walls, and the small passage through which they endeavoured to rush in, merely served to expose the bravest to almost certain death from the hot fire of the defenders. Colonel Mackerell, however, and Lieutenant Bird, of Shah's 6th infantry, accompanied by a handful of Europeans and a few sepoys, forced their way in; Captain Westmacott, of the 37th, being shot down outside, and Captain M'Crae sabred in the entrance. The garrison, supposing that these

few gallant men were backed by the whole attacking party, fled in consternation out of the gate, which was on the opposite side of the fort, and which ought to have been the point assailed. Unfortunately, at this instant, a number of Affghan horse charged round the corner of the fort next the wicket; the cry of 'Cavalry' was raised—a cry which too often, during our operations, paralysed the arms of those whose muskets and bayonets we have been accustomed to consider as more than a match for a desultory charge of irregular horsemen; the Europeans gave way simultaneously with the sepoys—a bugler of the 6th infantry, through mistake, sounded the retreat—and it became for the time a scene of *saute qui peut*. In vain did the officers, especially Major Scott, of H. M.'s 44th, knowing the fearful predicament of his commanding officer, exhort and beseech their men to march forward—not a soul would follow them save a private of the 44th, named Steward, who was afterwards promoted for his solitary gallantry. Let me here do Brigadier Shelton justice: his acknowledged courage redeemed the day; for, exposing his own person to a hot fire, he stood firm amidst the crowd of fugitives, and by his exhortation and example at last rallied them; advancing again to the attack, again our men faltered, notwithstanding that the fire of the great guns from the cantonments, and that of Captain Mackenzie's jezailchees from the north-east angle of the Mission compound, together with a demonstration on the part of our cavalry, had greatly abated the ardour of the Affghan horse. A third time did the brigadier bring on his men to the assault, which now proved successful. We became masters of the fort. But what in the meantime had been passing inside, where it will be remembered several of our brave brethren had been shut up, as it were, in the lion's den?

"On the first retreat of our men, Lieutenant Bird, with Colonel Mackerell, and several Europeans, had hastily shut the gate by which the garrison had for the most part evacuated the place, securing the chain with a bayonet: the repulse outside, however, encouraged the enemy to return in great numbers, and it being impossible to remain near the gate on account of the hot fire poured in through the crevices, our few heroes speedily had the mortification to see their foes not only re-entering the wicket, but, having drawn the bayonet, rush in with loud shouts through the now re-opened gate. Poor Mackerell, having fallen, was literally hacked to pieces, though still alive at the termination of the contest. Lieutenant Bird, with two sepoys, retreated into a stable, the door of which they closed; all the rest of the men, endeavouring to escape through the wicket, were met and slaughtered. Bird's place of concealment at first, in the confusion, escaped the observation of the temporarily triumphant Affghans; at last it was discovered, and an attack commenced at the door. This being barricaded with logs of wood, and whatever else the tenants of the stable could find, resisted their efforts, while Bird and his now solitary companion, a sepoy of the 39th N. I. (the other having been struck down) maintained as hot a fire as they could, each shot taking deadly effect from the proximity of the party en-

gaged. The fall of their companions deterred the mass of the assailants from a simultaneous rush, which must have succeeded, and thus that truly chivalrous, high-minded and amiable young gentleman, whose subsequent fate must be ranked among the mysterious dispensations of Providence, which we cannot for the present fathom, stood at bay with his equally brave comrade for upwards of a quarter of an hour, when, having only five cartridges left, in spite of having rifled the pouch of the dead man, they were rescued as related above. Our troops literally found the pair 'grim and lonely there,' upwards of thirty of the enemy having fallen by their unassisted prowess."

Lady Sale's rough journal supplies, also, the materials of a very striking picture which she contemplated with palpitating heart from the ramparts of the cantonments at Cabul. It was the practice of the Affghans, when our dissensions, imprudence, neglect, delay and infatuation had inspired them with self-confidence, and something like a contempt for us, to ascend the hills overlooking our position in vast numbers, and from thence with shouts of insulting bravado, to fire into our works. On one occasion they employed the Shah's elephants, which had fallen into their hands, to drag two guns up the heights, from whence they played with them upon the cantonments. It is well known that the authorities within were shaken by the most conflicting counsels. Some were eager for instant action, others appeared to expect safety from delay, flattering themselves apparently that accident would work miracles to effect their deliverance. Owing to these dissensions, it was not until between four and five o'clock in the afternoon that a force could be got ready to meet the Affghans on the hills. At that hour Brigadier Shelton, with a body of horse and foot deemed equal to the service, marched forth and commenced the ascent of the heights. "The Affghan cavalry charged furiously down the hills upon our troops in close column. The 37th N. I. were leading, the 44th in the centre, and the Shah's 6th in the rear. No square was formed to receive them. All was a regular confusion. "My very heart," says Lady Sale, "felt as if it leapt to my teeth when I saw the Affghans ride clear through them. The onset was fearful. They looked like a great cluster of bees, but we beat them and drove them up again." This service was performed by Anderson's horse, which continued for some time to drive them along the crest of the hills until we were complete masters of the ground.

It was our intention, however, to have preserved something like chronological order in introducing the examples of intrepidity

which occurred during the Affghan campaigns. From this plan we have in some degree parted, the circumstances above related having occurred upon the eve of that sudden change of fortune which overtook us at Kabul. We return, therefore, to the first brilliant achievement of the war which reflects so much honour on the whole force engaged in performing it—we mean the storming of Ghuzni, which must be regarded as one of the most memorable exploits recorded in our Indian annals. Upon the events of the war which preceded the action, it is unnecessary to dwell. Most persons remember the excitement which pervaded all Asia and Europe when the army of the Indus first broke ground and commenced its march towards Affghanistan. Every variety of alarming prediction was industriously circulated. It was foretold that the sipahis would never face the hardest mountaineers of all Asia in their own fastnesses. The horrors of the various passes were eloquently delineated. Poetry was called in to portray the effects of the burning winds which were to torture and thin the ranks of our army. Russian gold, moreover, Persian intrigue, and the fiery fanaticism of Mussulman nations, were to co-operate in creating obstacles to our advance. The whole civilized world consequently looked forward with extreme solicitude, not unmingled perhaps in some instances with hope, to the extermination of our forces, and the fatal consequences which it was presumed would inevitably follow in India. Meanwhile the British army, uninfluenced by these sinister prophecies, crossed the Indus, marched over the burning plains of Kutch Gundava, penetrated the dreaded defiles of Affghanistan, and emerged suddenly into its plains, if not victorious, at least masters of everything around them. There was not in fact an enemy that dared to dispute their advance. Pushing on leisurely, they occupied Kandahar, from which the brothers of Dost Mohammed had made their escape with all speed, and having exhibited the Durani monarch, surrounded by extraordinary circumstances of splendour, to his astonished subjects, directed their steps towards the strong places of the country in which the friends and forces of the usurper had taken refuge. In this part of Asia the Mohammedan religion still exerts something like its primitive influence. Unhesitating belief in its doctrines is widely spread, and the fierce prejudices which it is calculated to engender, glow in almost every breast. Our countrymen consequently were not regarded simply as enemies, but as enemies of God, to overthrow and exterminate whom would be at once an act of patriotism

and religion. Thousands, therefore, excited by the most deadly of all passions, sectarian fanaticism, to which the love of country imparted much of the character of virtue, banded together to oppose us. They were called Ghazees, and had devoted themselves to death in the hope of obtaining hereafter the crown of martyrdom. To reduce a population animated by such feelings, and shocked and alienated besides by the difference of our aspect, costume, manners, and language, was obviously an undertaking of much difficulty. As soon, however, as affairs were supposed to be settled at Kandahar, a portion of the forces moved eastward to the attack of the strong places in the mountains which were held for Dost Mohammed. The Affghans, whose forefathers had conquered or overrun Northern India, cherished a sort of traditional contempt for the sipahis, whom they supposed it would be easy to cut to pieces. With the English they had not previously come in contact. During the march, however, the unreflecting intrepidity of the Ghazees betrayed them into a conflict with us, in which they began to discover what manner of people we were. Our own general, meanwhile, had been guilty of a great error. Trusting to imperfect intelligence, or not sufficiently alive to the difficulties before him, Lord Keane had neglected to bring up his battering train, which undoubtedly occasioned a great waste of human life. Captain Havelock, who was present during the whole affair, thus describes the approach to Ghuzni.

“The regiments found their ground with difficulty, and being without tents, rations, or followers, perceived that, hungry and weary, they had another night of shivering bivouac before them. Dropping shots were heard from the fortress throughout the dark and lagging hours; but as the British sustained no loss in any quarter, the fire seemed to have no object but to testify the alertness of the garrison. Conjecture, too, was kept alive during the cold vigil by seeing lights constantly displayed from the citadel, which were answered by corresponding fires on the plains and on the heights around. It was known that Mohammed Afzul Khan, another son of the Amir of Kabul, had marched down from the capital with the view of deblocking Ghuzni, and was now close to us. The forces of the Ghilzees, Abdulrahman and Gul Mohammed, were in the field at no great distance. A party also of fanatics from the Suliman Kheils, who had taken arms when a religious war had, as a last resource, been proclaimed by the tottering Barukzyes, now occupied the heights to the eastward of the valley in which the fortress stands. Reflections on these circumstances, and on our want of a battering train, the glimmering of the lights on the hostile battlements and in the plains, and the chill of the night air, effectually chased away slumber until day broke

on the 22d. Its light enabled us to survey our position, and to compare the precipitous pathway by which we had in the darkness ascended and descended the heights, now on our right flank, with the safer Kotul, up which our baggage soon after wound, and by which we also might have climbed. The first labour of the morning was to collect our tents and foundered baggage animals, our followers and our sick, out of ravines, and from the top of eminences, into and up to which they had needlessly plunged and mounted in the shade of night. We now saw that a grand line of encampment was established to the northward of Ghuzni. The troops and court of the Shah were on the left, next to them the British cavalry, the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief, and the artillery in the centre; near to it the infantry from Bombay, and our fourth brigade; and on the right, resting their flank on the heights to the north-west, were the brigades of the first division."

"The strength of the lofty and scarped citadel of Ghuzni is somewhat impaired by the circumstance of a spur of the heights to the north-west of it stretching down to within two hundred and fifty yards of its walls. On one of the highest points of these eminences is an old Ziyaratgah; and lower down, but nearer to the fortress, is another temple, and a small Afghan village. Mohammed Hyder had closed with masonry the other four gates of the fortress, leaving open that only which led towards Kabul, directly in front of which the first brigade of the Bengal division was now encamped. Gardens with high walls ran down to the edge of the ditch of the fortress, which might temporarily become places of lodgment either for the garrison or the besiegers.

"On the above few data Sir John Keane based the notion of his bold and brilliant plan of attack. His want of a siege train precluded all hope of breaching; for he had seen that his guns, the largest of which were no better than field artillery, could make little impression on the well-baked crust of the walls of Ghuznee. His project, therefore, pivoted on his ability to cause the ruin of the Kabul gate to supply the place of a breach. The weather was most favourable to the attempt. It blew so strongly, and in such loud gusts from the east at night, and towards dawn, as to render inaudible to the devoted garrison the tramp of columns and the rattling of artillery wheels, and even to deaden the roar of guns of small calibre.

"The road which led by the pillars to the Kabul gate was the line of attack. About and after midnight four companies of the 16th native infantry, and two of the 48th, established themselves in the gardens in the margin of the town, to the right and left of the spot where the head of the column was to rest previously to the assault. Somewhat later, three companies of the 35th regiment native infantry, under Captain Hay, making a *détour*, took up a position to the northward of the fortress, and distracted the attention of the garrison by keeping up a constant fire of musketry against the works. Three had struck, and day-light was distant only one short hour, when more serious measures of assault began to be matured.

"Field-artillery, guided by the instructions of Brigadier Stevenson, was placed in a well-chosen position on the commanding heights opposite the citadel and began a cannonade, which soon induced the enemy to respond with every gun they could bring to bear upon the hills, whilst the nine-pounders of the camel-battery directed a fire against the walls from the low ground on the left of the road at a range of not more than three hundred and fifty yards. Meanwhile, slowly the storm was gathering and rolling on to the fatal gate. Captains Peat and Thomson, with the officers and men of the engineer establishment, had crept down to the works, furnished with some hundred pounds of powder in twelve large bags, destined to blow into the air the strong barricade, behind which the enemy felt secure. In the rear of this simple machinery of destruction a column stood arrayed upon the road, yet screened by the shades of night. It was subdivided, in the instructions, into an advance, a main column, a support, and a reserve.

"The front of these was composed of the light companies of the Queen's, the 17th and the Bengal European regiment, and of Captain Vigor's company of the 13th light infantry. It was led by Colonel Dennie. The second body, under the immediate command of Brigadier Sale, was made up of the remainder of the Queen's and Bengal Europeans; whilst, as an auxiliary to its efforts, all the 13th, excepting its storming company, extended as skirmishers along the whole of the assailed front of the fortress. The support was H. M.'s 17th regiment, led by Colonel Croker. The column denominated the reserve was personally commanded by Sir Wilmoughby Cotton, and composed of the unemployed companies of the 16th, the 35th, and the 48th.

"The British guns were now in battery, and had opened; and the enemy was answering their smart fire by sending every now and then a round shot with a rushing sound through the air on an errand of vengeance. From the southward the fire of Captain Hay's musketry was heard, whilst, as our skirmishers along the whole northern face were from time to time despatched, they were saluted with *jézail* (wall-piece) and musketry shots from the ramparts. The scene became animated. The Affghans exhibited on their walls a succession of blue lights, by aid of which they strove to get a clear view of the efforts which were about to be made against them. But of the real nature of the mischief which they had to dread, they remained altogether ignorant. In expectation of a general escalade, they had manned the whole circumference of their walls.

"The northern rampart at length became a sheet of flame, and everywhere the cannonade and fire of musketry grew brisker and brisker. But these soon ceased, or were forgotten, for scarcely had day begun to break, when, after an explosion, barely audible beyond the head of the column amidst the sighing of the boisterous wind and the rattle of the cannonade, a pillar of black smoke was seen to rise, and then, after a pause, the bugle sound to advance was distinctly recognized. The moment was one of the deepest interest. It was yet dark, and the column was composed chiefly of young troops. A notion

pervaded it that a bastion had fallen in under the fire of the artillery; others thought that one of the enemy's expense magazines had blown up; but all who had seen the instructions of the preceding evening knew that the crisis had arrived, and that the attempt was now to be hazarded which was to make or mar the projectors of the enterprise.

"The engineers had done their work boldly, prudently, skilfully. Captain Thomson and his coadjutors had crept silently along the bridge or causeway, which afforded a passage across the wet ditch, and up the steep, defended by loopholes, which led to the gate, through the chinks of which a party of Affghans were seen clustered together, smoking and conversing. Close to the massive portal they had piled the bags, and fired the hose or saucisse, seventy feet in length, attached to them. The explosion party effected this in about two minutes, and then retired under such cover as they could find to watch the result. The enemy were still in ignorance of the nature of the scheme laid for their destruction. Anxious, however, to discover the cause of the bustle which they partially heard in the direction of the important entrance, they now displayed a large and brilliant blue light on the widened rampart immediately above the gate. But they had no time to profit by its glare before the powder exploded, shivered the massive barricade in pieces, and brought down in hideous ruin into the passage below masses of masonry and fractured beams.

"The stormers, under Colonel Dennie, rushed, as soon as they heard the bugle-signal, into the smoking and darkened opening before them, and found themselves fairly opposed, hand to hand, with the Affghans, who had quickly recovered from their surprise. Nothing could be distinctly seen in the narrow passage, but the clash of sword blade against bayonet was heard on every side. The little band had to grope its way between the yet standing walls in darkness, which the glimmer of the blue light did not dissipate, but rendered more perplexing. It was necessary, however, to force a passage; there was neither time nor space, indeed, for regular street firing, but in its turn each loaded section gave its volley, and then made way for the next, which, crowding to the front, poured in a deadly discharge at half-pistol shot amongst the defenders. Thus this forlorn hope won gradually their way onward, until at length its commanders, and their leading files, beheld over the heads of their infuriated opponents, a small portion of blue sky and a twinkling star or two, and then, in a moment, the headmost soldiers found themselves within the place. Resistance was overborne, and no sooner did these four companies feel themselves established in the fortress than a loud cheer, which was heard beyond the pillars, announced their triumph to the troops without."

Owing to an accident which might have proved fatal to the enterprise, the main column was for a short time arrested in its progress. For Brigadier Sale, meeting with an officer who had been engaged in blowing in the gates, and inquiring of him

how the affair proceeded, was informed that the passage within was choked up with rubbish, so that the forlorn hope could not form an entrance. Upon this the bugles sounded a retreat, but the troops, averse beyond all things to retrograde, stood still till it was discovered that the account of the obstruction was erroneous.

"But the delay, short as it had been, was productive of mischief. It had left a considerable interval between the forlorn hope and Brigadier Sale's column, and just as the latter, in which the Queen's regiment was leading, had pressed into the gateway, a large body of Affghans, driven headlong from the ramparts by the assault and fire of Colonel Dennie's force, rushed down towards the opening, in the hope of that way effecting their escape. Their attack was made upon the rear company of the Queen's, and the leading files of the Bengal European regiment. The encounter with these desperate men was terrific. They fiercely assaulted, and, for a moment, drove back the troops opposed to them.

"One of their number, rushing over the fallen timbers, brought down Brigadier Sale by a cut in the face with his sharp *shumsheer*. The Affghan repeated his blow as his opponent was falling, but the pommel, not the edge of his sword, this time took effect, though with stunning violence. He lost his footing, however, in the effort, and Briton and Affghan rolled together among the fractured timbers. Thus situated, the first care of the brigadier was to master the weapon of his adversary. He snatched at it, but one of his fingers met the edge of the trenchant blade. He quickly withdrew his wounded hand, and adroitly replaced it over that of his adversary, so as to keep fast the hilt of his *shumsheer*. But he had an active and powerful opponent, and was himself faint from loss of blood. Captain Kershaw, of the 13th, aide-de-camp to Brigadier Baumgardt, happened, in the *melée*, to approach the scene of conflict; the wounded leader recognized and called to him for aid. Kershaw passed his drawn sabre through the body of the Affghan, but still the desperado continued to struggle with frantic violence. At length, in the fierce grapple, the brigadier for a moment got uppermost. Still retaining the weapon of his enemy in his left hand, he dealt him, with his right, a cut from his own sabre which cleft his skull from the crown to the eyebrow. The Mohammedan once shouted 'Ue Ullah,' and never spoke or moved again."

This, it may be worthy of remark, was the second time that Captain Kershaw had the happiness of contributing to preserve the life of General Sale. In the early operations of the Burmese war this distinguished officer was struck on the head by a musket ball, which lodged itself under the scalp. Sale immediately dropped, and by many who saw him fall was supposed to be dead. Captain Kershaw, however, possessing some skill in surgery, contrived with a split bamboo to extract the ball, after which tearing up his

shirt, he washed and bandaged the wound. But it was not until he had been bled by a surgeon that Sale recovered his consciousness. All this took place under the heavy fire of a Burmese stockade, when the balls were flying about like hail. It will readily be believed that the thanks of the hero of Jellalabad were warm and sincere. It is much to be regretted that Kershaw, who frequently shared his dangers, has not survived to partake of his triumph. He fell fighting gallantly in the calamitous retreat from Kabul.

To return, however, in a few hours, Ghuzni, citadel and all, was ours. There is one circumstance connected with the operations against this place, which will not, by the officers of the Indian army at least, be deemed unworthy of notice. It is in itself perhaps a small matter, but relating to one of the most gallant and meritorious among the Company's servants, we cannot prevail with ourselves to pass it over. Persons in high authority, it is said, have chosen to give currency to the report that the first announcement of the fall of Ghuzni was made to Lord Keane by his own son. This was not the case. It was Colonel Outram who brought the first news to the general in his position at the Ziyarutgah; we have his own testimony for it, and "we will take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds." It is with regret we observe in the general's own despatch no acknowledgment of Colonel Outram's services, as well as the brief and apparently grudging manner in which those of Colonel Dennie are alluded to. The general says, "his best acknowledgments are due to Brigadier Roberts, to Colonel Dennie," &c. Best acknowledgments! Why Colonel Dennie was the hero of the day, the man who led the forlorn hope, who beat back torrents of Affghans, and supported nobly by Brigadier Sale, planted the British standard within the walls of Ghuzni. Lord Keane should have infused a little more warmth into his report of such services. He need not have adopted the sesquipedalian words and vapid affectation which Lord Ellenborough has since vindicated to himself; but it would have done no discredit to his character had he yielded a little to the impulse of admiration, and been more disposed to pay honour to whom honour was due.

With regard to Colonel Outram, he can fortunately very well dispense with Lord Keane's testimony, since there is not a single officer in that army, of which he is one of the brightest ornaments, who is not ever forward in private or in public to do honour to his distinguished merit. His comrades dwell, in fact, on no man's achievements

with so much pleasure. He appears to be the personal friend of almost all with whom he has ever served; and because of the existence of this most honourable feeling, which may be regarded as the best possible testimony to his worth, we shall here depart a little from the plan we had traced for ourselves, and lay before our readers a brief history of the career of this Bayard of the Indian army, which we extract from a manuscript communication of one of his companions in arms.

Foremost among those who have eminently distinguished themselves by intrepidity, judgment, and firmness, stands the name of Colonel James Outram. It was in the hunting field that his indomitable spirit first displayed itself, and, as was the case with many of the heroes of antiquity, his brilliant exploits in war were preceded by signal victories gained over the most formidable of the brute creation. First in every danger, he became a sportsman with whom few could vie, and not long after his arrival in India, obtained among his comrades the honourable appellation of "the Chieftain." During his whole period of service he has never suffered an opportunity to escape of being present when the sword was to be drawn. No difficult or out of the way duty was ever to be performed that he did not volunteer. His many miraculous escapes might induce the supposition that "he bears a charmed life," and after his gallant defence of the Residency at Hyderabad, by which he crowned a series of the most daring acts of gallantry, his brother officers testified their high respect for him as a soldier by presenting him with a sword, on which was inscribed the appropriate motto, "*Sans peur et sans reproche*."

But although so essentially warlike, Colonel Outram has during a long career displayed no less genius as a civilian. Besides his ample share in the planning and conduct of various military enterprises, his political services for many years past have been such as it would be difficult to parallel in the whole course of Indian diplomacy. Who has not read, with feelings approaching to envy, of the gallant pursuit which he led after Dost Mohammed Khan, and of his adventurous journey through an unknown region, with the news of the fall of Khelat? His services in Afghanistan were rewarded by preferment to a post of high honour and responsibility. All our communications with Kandahar depended upon Sinde and Beloochistan, and to avert the opposition of either, would not have been an easy task even in time of peace. But Colonel Outram had to deal with them both in time of war, and by

his dexterity he obtained their cordial cooperation throughout the whole of our dangers and disasters beyond the Indus.

It was during the administration of the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, that Colonel Outram was selected for a task which early established his reputation upon a firm and lasting basis. This was the organization of a Bheel levy—a measure which involved the work of reclaiming men of the most lawless nature, and bringing to habits of discipline and obedience those who in their very name carried terror throughout the country that they infested.

Kandeish had for many years been plundered by bands of these wild mountaineers, headed by desperate leaders, who were in the habit of sallying from their fastnesses on the border, whence they rifled towns and villages, levied black mail at discretion, and committed extensive gang robberies with the utmost impunity. Each day added to their confidence, and the British troops sent against them, sustained reverses which, among so turbulent a population, it was deemed difficult to retrieve. Owing to the deadly fevers that prevail at the seasons invariably selected by the Bheels for their predatory inroads, the mortality amongst the sipahis who were sent into these jungly districts was immense, and few Europeans who visited them ever escaped with life. Great tracts of forests intervened, the prejudicial malaria from which had stamped the features of every native born within their influence, and on the northern frontier especially, the impracticable nature of the belt of Sathpura mountains, which formed the refuge of the banditti, can hardly be understood by those who have never entered such a labyrinth.

The Bheels, however, had not been the first to commence the depredations by which Kandeish was thus scourged. Long after the extinction of the Pindaries, foreign freebooters crossed the boundaries and returned laden with spoil through the valley of the Nerbudda. At the time of which we are now speaking, a very formidable body, headed by Appa Sahib, the ex-Rajah of Nagpúr, had made its appearance in the western districts, which abound in old Mahratta forts more or less dilapidated, but many at that period in excellent repair. Molair was among the strongest of these fastnesses, and on its walls the rebels hoisted the standard of the Peishwa. Extensive preparations were made for the reduction of the place, and whilst troops were ordered to advance from Surat, Jaulna, and other equally distant stations, two hundred sipahis and a few irregular horse were pushed forward from Malligaum to cover the town of Molair, which was re-

motely situated from the fortress. Lieutenant Outram was placed in command of this detachment, and he instantly conceived the idea of surprising the garrison. Having made a forced march during the night, he passed the town, overtook and defeated the rebels, and returning, arrived as the day dawned under the loopholed walls which frowned above the scarped hill. Mounted upon a famous black pony, a native of Kattiwar, which had long served him in the hunting field, he dashed up a steep acclivity, which afforded a precarious footing, and scrambling over a dilapidated portion of the solid stone rampart, rushed sword in hand into the midst of the astounded garrison. Down went their leader in an instant—the sipahis were already scaling the walls in various directions, and in the panic which followed, a complete victory was achieved almost without another blow.

In order to avert the necessity of constantly harassing the regular troops, in operations directed against hordes of marauders such as these, the government now resolved upon the attempt to embody a Bheel police. The prejudices, mistrust, and uncivilized habits of a people, cunning as foxes, and wild as the unhealthy woods that they inhabit, must oppose no ordinary difficulties to the realisation of such a scheme; but Mr. Elphinstone clearly saw that there did not exist a man in the service more capable of succeeding in the attempt than Lieutenant Outram. No sooner had the arduous duty been committed to his hands, than he mounted his notable Kattiwar pony, and followed by a single attendant, rode straightway to the haunts of one of the principal hill naiks.* Alighting at the door of his sequestered cabin, he greeted the chief with the utmost confidence, and announced himself come to take up his residence during a few days in the *hattie†* to partake of his hospitality and hunt in his company. Sobriety was fortunately not among the virtues of the brigand or his followers, and as his visitor had brought a basket well stored with the beverage that they loved, every suspicion was speedily dispelled. By his tact and frankness of manner, no less than by the daring acts that he performed in the presence of his host, Outram soon won over the wild spirits with whom he had thus become a voluntary associate. It was not long before some of the most influential were even induced to take service under his banner, and submit themselves to his control, not perhaps with any inclination of forsaking their own law-

* Bheel chieftain of a clan.

† A Bheel encampment is so termed.

less habits, but intoxicated less by brandy than by admiration of the kindred spirit that had come among them. Upon the nucleus thus formed, a corps of military police was gradually embodied, and advanced step by step to the highest state of disciplined efficiency. With its aid alone, Outram shortly succeeded in effectually clearing Kandeish of the banditti by which it had so long been scourged, and in restoring perfect security on the border. Respected, loved, and admired by the wild mountaineers whom he had skilfully brought together, he had enlisted their feelings as well as their persons in his service, and there was nothing that they would not do at his bidding. Such was the confidence reposed in his bravery, and such the admiration inspired by his superiority in all the qualities which they most admired, that none had any hesitation in following him against their own clansmen, or, if required to do so, even in turning the bayonet against their own kindred, who were still robbers by profession. With the aid of so efficient an arm of police, numerous gangs were soon apprehended or dispersed, which had baffled every previous exertion on the part of the military, and the whole of the unhealthy outposts on the frontier were finally garrisoned from the Bheel corps.

In the north-eastern district of Kandeish, most alarming atrocities were committed during the hot season of 1831, by the Pardies and Turoee Bheels. Proceeding into the hills with no more than twenty-five men of the corps that he had thus raised, Lieutenant Outram, aided only by a few irregular horse, discovered, apprehended, and guarded four hundred and seventy desperate characters who had been concerned in extensive depredations. One hundred and sixty of the worst were committed to take their trial for thirty gang robberies, and of these, all, excepting eight, were convicted upon the fullest evidence. What better illustration could be required of the efficiency of such a corps under such a leader? A whole district at once thoroughly cleared of so formidable a banditti by a handful of men, not only acting against their own kindred, but even holding in strict custody criminals who were amenable to capital punishment. The fact at once proves the nature of the influence exerted over those enlisted in the government service, and the conviction on the mind of those who were still untamed, that they could not elude their disciplined clansmen.

The services of the Bheel corps were not less valuable in the pursuit and arrest of foreign marauders on the wildest of our borders, and during the administration of Sir John

Malcolm, Lieutenant Outram volunteered to scour the Dhaung, a strong jungly tract which divides Kandeish from the districts of Surat. Its wild inhabitants, never previously chastised, had long preyed with impunity on the British territory, and that too in the teeth of strong detachments which had for years been maintained on the frontier, for no attempt had yet been made to penetrate to the heart of their deadly fastnesses, nor would it now have been entertained but for Lieutenant Outram's personal pledge for its success. He had not overrated his own abilities. Within one month all the chiefs of Dhaung, seven in number, had been captured, and the Silput Rajah himself made prisoner, after being hunted like a wolf from haunt to haunt. His followers were entirely subdued, and fastnesses which they had ever deemed to be impregnable, were entered by the regular troops, and thoroughly explored.

To the local influence of Lieutenant Outram, and to his personal character, was the success of this arduous undertaking to be entirely ascribed. In the difficulties which he had to encounter and overcome, in the earlier stages of recruiting especially, he affords an example of what is to be effected by the officer in India, who, to a knowledge of his duty as a soldier, adds an acquaintance with the habits, prejudices, and language of the people. No military force could have accomplished that which he brought about by the moral ascendancy acquired over tribes before considered irreclaimable. The plan he pursued, securing the enlistment of chiefs or of their relations and influential members of their clan, in itself absorbed the most dangerous of those who before preyed upon the country, and from the very construction and mechanism of the corps, it was scarcely possible for any culprit to escape, at whom the finger of justice should be pointed. Thus the province enjoys tranquillity under the effectual reform of professional robbers, who, by dexterous management, have been converted into the guardians of that peace which they had so long disturbed, and now take rank among the most useful and attached of all our Indian subjects.

"No country within my knowledge," observes Sir John Malcolm in his *'Government of India,'* "presented more obstacles to the restoration of peace and security, or affords a better example of what may be effected through the efforts of a good police, than the province of Kandeish. It had been for nearly a century shared among plunderers of all descriptions, from Mahratta

chiefs to Arab soldiers, and the defenceless inhabitants of the plains were not only exposed to all the evils of misrule, but to the constant attacks of the Bheels and other predatory tribes who dwelt in its mountains. The wise and vigorous measures adopted by my predecessor, aided by the able officers employed to carry them into execution, were ultimately successful in restoring order to the province. What has chiefly contributed to that continuing was the establishment of Bheel colonies of cultivators, and a Bheel corps of soldiers! The success of these measures depended, as all similar measures must do, on the selection of the officers to whom the execution was entrusted, and never was choice happier than that of Major Evans to the charge of the colonies, and Captain Outram to the command of the Bheel corps."

Whilst yet in its infancy, the most serious prejudices were of course arrayed against the formation of this levy, and many who had even been induced to enlist, deserted after reconsidering the step they had taken. Suspicion was fanned by the many rumours in circulation relative to the object entertained by the British government in thus embodying freebooters like themselves. They had been artfully assured by those opposed to the measure, that it was in contemplation to link the whole together like galley slaves, and exterminate all who should suffer themselves to be thus entrapped. In this idea they were confirmed by the recollection of a treacherous massacre which the Bheel tribes had experienced under one of the native governments, when numbers being assembled to partake of a great feast, were, in the midst of their carousal, surrounded and butchered to a man. An equal prejudice was opposed to the introduction of discipline, and the first shadow of that perfect system of drill which was subsequently introduced could only be begun by the march of the newly enlisted from place to place, when their daily occupation was to seek for tigers which their leader destroyed.

On the first occasion that was afforded to the reformed Bheels of shedding their blood for their new masters, they gave it freely, and fought boldly under a shower of stones and arrows poured by their clansmen from the heights which were to be carried. Many were wounded, but a feigned retreat drew the rebels into the plain, where they were presently routed. The black pony shared also in this victory, as it had in most of the earlier exploits of its dauntless and distinguished master. But being tied to a tree when the battle was over, and invested with the nose bag containing his feed of corn, he clumsily contrived to disturb a hive of wild bees, which speedily dispersed the victorious party, and chased the offender back to the camp,

where its appearance saddled, with the bridle hanging about its neck, gave rise to an apprehension that the rider had been slain.

The services of this gallant officer in Affghanistan, though of brief duration, partook of that daring and chivalrous character which appears inherent in whatever he performs. A few days after the fall of Ghuzni, Hajji Khan Kakar, a man who had successively belonged to every party in the country, and betrayed them all, was commanded to proceed with a body of Affghan cavalry in pursuit of the Amir Dost Mohammed, who was reported to have fled towards Bamiân. Colonel Outram, with a hundred horse, regular and irregular, volunteered to accompany the Hajji, and was joined by several officers whose names our readers will doubtless wish to remember: they were, Captains Wheeler, Backhouse, Trowp, Christie, Lawrence, and Keith Erskine; Lieutenants Ryves, Broadfoot, and Hogg, with Dr. Worrall. It immediately became evident that the Affghan leader entered with much reluctance upon the enterprise. His followers dropped in slowly, and could not be got in motion until a late hour in the evening. Guides, however, were even then unwillingly furnished; and the pursuit commenced in the night. The country which they had to traverse was of the wildest imaginable description, consisting of a rapid succession of steep and craggy mountains intersected by ravines and torrent beds, narrow, dark, and tortuous. Through such a region marching must at all times be slow, but the followers of the Khan had obviously no desire, any more than their master, to take time by the forelock. On the contrary they dispersed among the villages, and loaded themselves with plunder, while the English officers were devoured by impatience lest the prey should escape entirely from their hands. The march, therefore, was one unceasing series of altercations between Colonel Outram and the Kakar chief. The latter discovered every moment fresh obstacles. Sometimes he received intelligence that Dost Mohammed was escorted by a powerful force, which they would be wholly unequal to contend with; sometimes he was too far in advance for them to hope to overtake him; sometimes he and his attendants, few and weary, were halting at a neighbouring village where they might surely be come up with and captured in the morning.

"On the 4th of August," says Colonel Outram, "we resumed our march in the evening, Hajji Khan being, however, most reluctant to advance. The road, which was extremely bad, wound along the channels of the mountain tor-

rents, and the face of precipitous hills. After proceeding ten miles, we bivouacked until two o'clock, when the moon having risen, we pushed on again until seven, A.M. of the 5th, mounting the Pagmun range by a lofty and precipitous pass, and finally encamping at a small village called Kadur-i-Sufield, which, however, afforded no food for the people beyond parched corn. Barely fifty of the Afghans came up with us, but the rest straggled in before evening. Information being here received that Dost Mohammed Khan was at the village of Yourt, one march in our front, Hajji Khan became urgent to halt, in order that we might send back for a reinforcement, declaring that the Amir, who has upwards of two thousand followers, is far too strong to be encountered by our present force, with any chance of a successful issue.

"Having insisted, however, upon going on, I ordered a muster of the Afghans at four P.M., but waited until sunset before they could be assembled, in all, to the number of about seven hundred and fifty, not more than three hundred of these being mounted on war horses. With extreme difficulty, and after much altercation, these were at length induced to proceed, with the prospect of overtaking the fugitive in the morning at Hurzar, his next halt beyond Yourt; but whether through accident or design, we had not advanced four miles, before the guides, who were under the charge of Hajji Khan's men, were reported to have deserted. It was then pitch dark, and being left in the midst of interminable ravines, where no trace even of a foot-path existed, we had no alternative but to halt until daybreak, and did not in consequence reach Yourt until seven A.M. of the following day, the 6th."

The Dost was now at Hurzar, sixteen miles ahead, but no arguments could induce Hajji Khan to advance upon that place immediately, though he promised to push on in the evening. When, however, at four P.M., he was urged to continue the march, he was again fertile in excuses, so that Colonel Outram, who had in reality no authority to act without him, was compelled reluctantly to acquiesce in a further delay. This was the more provoking as the progress of the pursued party was reported to be retarded by the sickness of one of the young princes, who was compelled to travel in a litter.

A great part of the night was spent by Hajji Khan endeavouring to persuade Colonel Outram to abandon the pursuit.

"Failing, however, in his object," says that gallant officer in his diary, "he at last left the tent, and seating himself a few yards from the door, conversed in the dark, in an under tone of voice, with three or four of his chiefs, for more than an hour. The latter were overheard to upbraid him for assisting the Feringhis in their endeavours to arrest Dost Mohammed Khan, inquiring wherein the Amir had ever injured him; and although the result of their deliberations did not transpire, Hajji Khan was heard to

admit the truth of all that they had advanced. It rained and hailed violently during the night, and our people had nothing to eat except a little parched, unripe corn."

The march was resumed at day-break, Colonel Outram persisting in proceeding, in spite of the entreaties and even threats of the Hajji, who, whenever signs or proofs of the flying Amir's vicinity occurred, became anxious to retard the pursuit.

"At three P.M.," proceeds the diary, "we reached Kalloo, only to have the mortification of finding that Dost Mohammed Khan had departed so many hours previously, that he must, ere then, have surmounted the Kalloo pass, the highest of the Hindú Koosh. With horses and men knocked up, night fast approaching, and no signs of support from the Afghans, every one of whom had remained behind with the Khan at Hurzar, it was, of course, perfectly useless to proceed further. We had already been nine hours in the saddle, and had crossed the Hajee Guk pass, twelve thousand feet above the ocean; the snow from that height being observable, lying at least fifteen hundred feet below us. When compared with the cross paths, by which we had previously advanced, however, the road from Yourt had proved excellent. In the evening we were so fortunate as to obtain a meal of flour for our men, encamping for the night at the foot of the Koh-i-Baba, literally the 'Father of Mountains.' The summit of this peak, which has derived its name from the circumstance of its being the highest of the Hindú Koosh, is elevated twenty thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is covered with eternal snow.

"On the morning of the 8th, we were joined by Captain Taylor and Trevor, with a reinforcement of thirty troopers, and about three hundred Afghans, whose presence appeared to have inspired Nassir-ud-Dowlah, or Defender of the State, as the Hajji was officially styled, into coming up also; although he had not scrupled yesterday to leave us to face Dost Mohammed Khan by ourselves, and, equally unaided, to repel the *chupao* in night attack, which he confidently predicted would be made on the part of the Amir, and of which he himself entertained great alarm. Being ourselves, however, well aware that it was the sole object of the fugitive to escape, we had felt convinced that no attempt of an offensive nature, would be made."

Here Hajji Khan began to renew his arguments in favour of a retreat, but Colonel Outram informed him, "that there was, in our dictionary, no such word as *retreat*," and, in spite of his menaces, and the actual withholding of the guides, pushed on with his own party. "I was soon afterwards, however," he says, "agreeably surprised at seeing the Hajji also advancing,—a step to which he had, I presume, been forced from very shame."

"In the course of this day we surmounted the

pass of Shutar-i-gardan, or the camel's neck, of which the altitude is not given by Sir Alexander Burnes, who, finding it impassable from snow in the month of May, was obliged to adopt a more circuitous route. We estimated the height to be at least three thousand feet above the pass of Hajee Guk, over which we had travelled yesterday; the acclivity being so extremely steep, that we were compelled to lead our horses the whole way up; and the descent, although less abrupt, being even greater than the ascent.

"Arriving after dark at a deserted village at the foot of the ghaut, we halted on the banks of a stream which flows into the Oxus, less with a view of resting our fatigued horses than to admit of Affghans coming up. On learning from me my intention of passing on to Bamian at two o'clock in the morning, Nassir-ud-Dowlah implored me not to think of advancing until dawn, few of his own people having yet arrived, and there existing, in his opinion, no probability whatever of Dost Mohammed Khan's escaping beyond that place. At length, finding that all other arguments failed in shaking my determination, he plainly informed me that he was so surrounded by traitors among the Affghans, that he could not venture to march with them at night. 'In broad daylight,' he continued, 'I may be able to take them on, but if you do encounter Dost Mohammed Khan, not one of the Affghans will draw a sword against him, nor will I be responsible that they do not turn against yourself in the *melee*.' On my return he insisted upon sending a guard with me, having previously stated that it was not safe that I should proceed unattended amongst the Affghans, so far even as my own bivouac.

"This refusal on the part of Hajji Khan Kakar, added to the fact of our horses being completely knocked up by the day's work, compelled us to wait patiently until daybreak, sending on, however, two officers of our party to reconnoitre, with instructions to gallop back from Bamian with information of any symptoms that might be observed of the intended departure thence of Dost Mohammed Khan, in order that we might, in that case, hasten our advance accordingly. In the meantime a council of war having been held, it was resolved, that on the Amir turning to oppose us, of which, on our overtaking him to-morrow, as we expect to do, there can be no doubt, the thirteen British officers who are present with this force, shall charge in the centre of the little band, every one directing his individual efforts against the person of Dost Mohammed, whose fall must thus be rendered next to certain. It being evident that all the Affghans on both sides will turn against us, unless we are immediately successful, this plan of attack appears to afford the only chance of escape to those who may survive; and it is an object of paramount importance to effect the destruction of the Amir, rather than to permit his escape. Although crowded, as usual, into one small rowtie (*marquee*), with little to eat, nothing whatever to drink, and no bed on which to lie, saving our sheepskin cloaks, our little party, always cheerful and merry, has never been more happy than on this night, under the exciting expectation of so glorious a struggle in the morning. All pros-

pect of danger on such occasions as these, is met by the soldier with the gratifying conviction, that should he fall, he will have earned an enviable place in the recollection of those loved, though distant friends, in whose memory he most desires to live."

In consequence of the undoubted treachery of Hajji Khan Kakar and the inferior chiefs who accompanied him, Dost Mohammed effected his escape into Turkestan. There were many touching circumstances connected with the flight of the Amir. Most of the near members of his family were with him, and among these, as we have seen, was a young prince, whose sickness and the delays which it occasioned nearly caused the whole to fall into the hands of their pursuers. When there was no longer any hope of success, the British officers and the perfidious Khan returned towards the capital, each profoundly dissatisfied with the other. Colonel Outram was shortly afterwards engaged in carrying on operations against the Ghiljies. He then accompanied General Willshire into Beloochistan, where, as usual, he distinguished himself for his hardihood and activity, and with his customary good fortune, as he says, escaped unscathed. Upon this, he undertook to be the bearer, to the Bombay government, of the despatches announcing the fall of Khelat. Never, perhaps, was a more hazardous service undertaken. He had to pass through the heart of the enemy's country, and that too so rapidly, as sometimes to precede the news of the storming of the capital. For had he towards the close of his journey been overtaken by a single individual among the fugitives, had even the breath of rumour outstripped his beast, it would have been impossible for him to escape instant death. He might, had he chosen, have abridged considerably the period of danger by turning aside towards the valley of the Indus; but, desiring to ascertain whether there existed a road for heavy guns all the way along the hills to Sunmiani, he determined to run every risk. His own narrative of the journey is simple and imperfect. He sketches rather than describes what he did, saw, and felt. Nevertheless, brief and hurried as is the relation, few passages in any romance are fuller of interest, because we feel at every step that a most gallant and devoted servant of the public is in imminent jeopardy.

"15th. My preparation," he says, "being scarcely completed, I had intended to delay until to-morrow; but in the forenoon two holy Syuds of Shawl, who had consented to accompany me, came to urge my departure, in order, they said, that we might precede, if possible, the tidings of

the death of the chiefs Wullee Mohammed Khan of Wudd, and Shah Dost Khan of Nal, both of whom have been slain in the combat of the 13th; and it being, moreover, considered advisable to depart as secretly as possible, we agreed to leave camp at midnight. Having accordingly disguised myself in Affghan costume, and being accompanied by the Syuds aforesaid, together with the armed attendants of theirs, and one servant of my own, we left the British camp in the dead of night, the whole party of six persons being mounted on four ponies and two camels, carrying provisions for ourselves, and as much grain for the animals as we could conveniently take.

"16th. During this day's march, we passed many groups of fugitive women from Khelât, the men, who ought to have protected them, having either been slain in the conflict, or contrived to outstrip their wives in flight. One party, however, was better attended than the others, being accompanied by several armed men; but even here, with the exception of one old lady, all the females were on foot. By these my friends the Syuds were recognized as old acquaintances, and long detail was entered into by the ladies, of the hardships they had endured. They proved to be the families of Mehrab Khan's brother, and of his principal minister, Mohammed Hoossain Khan, and none of them, poor things, had ever before been beyond the precincts of a harem. It behoved us, while we kept the same road, to remain with this party a sufficient time to listen to all their griefs, and having been previously introduced to my companions in the character of a Seer, which holy disguise I had afterwards to support during the whole journey, I was most especially called to sympathise in their woes. This I did by assuming an air of deep gravity and attention, although, in reality, I did not understand a single word that was uttered; and in the meanwhile, one of my companions relieved the mother for a time of the burden of Mohammed Hoossain Khan's infant child, which he carried before him on the saddle.

"During the time that we accompanied this party, it may be imagined that my situation was far from being an enviable one. Independently of the fairness of my complexion, which, although concealed as much as possible by a large turban bound over the chin, was eminently calculated to excite suspicion, it so happened that I had equipped myself and my servants with raiment taken from Mohammed Hoossain Khan's own wardrobe, from amongst the contents of which the prize agents had permitted me to select whatever was necessary for my disguise. Most fortunately, indeed, I had conceived the humblest garb to be the best suited to the pious character I was to sustain; and the apparel I had chosen, was, therefore, in all probability, of too common a description to have passed through the harem, by the fair hands of the inmates of which the more costly suits are wont to be embroidered. Whether from this circumstance, or because weightier cares diverted their thoughts from such trifles, our garments were not recognized, and we took the very first opportunity of pleading an excuse to leave the poor creatures in the rear."

As the colonel and his companions ad-

vanced, dangers and difficulties thickened around them. The place whence they came being conjectured, horsemen from all sides were constantly riding up to them to make inquiries respecting the catastrophe at Khelat. The Syuds were adroit. Knowing that their companions spoke not one word of the language of the country, they always contrived to place themselves foremost, so that all questions might be put to them; for had his ignorance of Belooche been discovered, the immediate destruction of the whole party must have been the consequence. Their moment of greatest risk, perhaps, was that in which the brother of Mehrab Khan, who had fallen during the storming of the capital, passed them on the road. He was attended by numerous followers, all inspired by the most irrepressible hatred of the English. Colonel Outram does not describe the feelings which he experienced, when this body of horse was observed in the rear of his party. They dashed on at great speed, and, without pausing even to afford protection to their own families, swept by as if they had been engaged in some desperate pursuit. Next night during the halt, which was made at a deserted village, they were encountered by several agents of this chief, who had been sent back to make inquiries respecting the ladies of his harem, whom he had ungallantly left trudging along the road on foot. Here again the holy Syuds exhibited their rare talent for diplomacy, and effectually warded off all suspicion from their comrade, who during this perilous interview feigned sleep. But not at all relishing the neighbourhood of the chief's emissaries, they silently and stealthily decamped from the village as soon as the new comers had retired to rest, and pushed on vigorously for six hours through the darkness, conducted by a poor native whom a sum of money had tempted to act as their guide. They now diligently avoided the hamlets and villages, and bivouacked on the banks of a secluded stream. Resuming their journey next morning, they were rejoiced to find, by the traces of horses and camels, that the Khan's brother and other fugitives, whose route they had hitherto followed, and whose presence in their front had been the source of considerable anxiety, had now struck off to the left, and fallen into the high road to Wudd. Having passed the following night in a ruined village where they met not a living soul, they departed next morning at day-break.

"My companions having discovered that certain persons, whom they thought it prudent to avoid, were on the high road to Nal, we occupied five

hours in reaching that place; and, having passed it, rested in the jungle three miles beyond, sending one of the Syuds with the two armed attendants into the village to procure grain for our horses. This party, unfortunately, missing our place of concealment, subsequently passed on, and we waited for them in vain until the evening. The other Syud then became so uneasy, that he went back to the village to inquire for them, leaving me alone with my domestic Hoossain to abide his return. As neither of us could speak a single syllable of the language of Beloochistan, we should have been somewhat awkwardly situated had we been discovered and addressed by any of the numerous inhabitants who passed close to our hiding place on their way home from the fields. Fortunately, however, no one did perceive us. Nearly another hour having elapsed, and darkness now coming on, without any appearance of the Syud's return, I could not but conclude that my presence had been discovered, and that Fakheer Mohammed, the chief of Nal, whose near relation had been killed at the storm of Khelat, had adopted the plan of detaining my companions, in order to compel me to come to his village in search of them. Under these circumstances, I considered what was best to be done. The whole of our money and provisions was with the absentees, and, destitute of these essentials—without a guide and without the smallest knowledge of the language—our murder was inevitable at the hands of the very first Beloochees we should meet, who could not fail immediately to penetrate our disguise. I determined at once to proceed to the village, where, should I fail to terrify the chief into civility, by threats of the consequences of maltreating a British officer, I hoped that the holy influence of my Syud friends might prove of some avail. We were on our way, accordingly, and I was consoling poor Hoossain with the assurance that *his* life, as a Mahomedan, was at all events secure, when a cry from behind attracted our attention, and looking round, we joyfully recognized our friend, the second Syud, who, having also missed our place of concealment, had long been hunting for us. His return brought a most welcome reprieve, from what I considered almost certain destruction; and he informed us, that the rest of our party had left the village some hours previously, and had doubtless gone on, under the impression that we had preceded them. We therefore set out forthwith in search; and after tracing them for two hours from village to village, at each of which we ascertained that they also had been seeking for us, we at length discovered them in a small fort, assisting at the *coronach* for the dead chief, the tidings of whose fete at Khelat had been received that very afternoon. Long before we reached this village, the wailing of the women had burst upon our ears at intervals, and amid the deep stillness of the night it had sounded very plaintively. The relatives of the deceased urgently pressed us to enter the house of mourning; but in the time of such affliction we would not be prevailed on to intrude ourselves, and after resting an hour, we were but too glad to take advantage of so good an excuse for resuming our journey.

“Resolved to outstrip the news of the Khelat catastrophe, we now pushed on throughout the

night at a rambling pace of at least five miles an hour—not once drawing bridle until the grey of the morning; having then travelled eight hours over a smooth and level road, which was lighted by a splendid moon. The weather has now become quite mild, and whilst it forms a most agreeable contrast to the bitter and pinching cold we have lately endured, seems to prove how greatly we must have descended since leaving Khelat. It is satisfactory also to find, that we have at last emerged from an inhabited country. Not a trace of any human habitation have we seen within the last thirty miles; and it is therefore with a feeling of much greater security than I had hitherto permitted myself to indulge, that we are about to lie down on the banks of a river, to obtain two hours' sleep.”

During this short period of slumber, the Belooche guide deserted them; and, but that they slept on their saddle-bags with their horses' bridles on their arms, he would probably have decamped with their property and their steeds. A shepherd, whom they accidentally met next morning, supplied the truant's place, and onward they pushed with the energy and activity of men who are travelling for their lives. During the whole day they traversed a wild and desolate tract, discovering not a trace of man or human habitation, and encamped at night on the banks of the Dornach river, where, for the first time since quitting Kabul, they saw a patch of green grass, with a few juniper berries.

“The moon was almost at the full, and we marched at midnight. In a sequestered dell, lying in the neighbourhood of the hills, and seemingly quite isolated from the rest of the world, by the wild, sterile mountains surrounding it, we passed several fields of juwarree—the first I had beheld since leaving India—and also some straggling hamlets. Notwithstanding the peaceful appearance of their secluded abode, the inhabitants of this valley are represented to be a particularly wild and savage race, and we therefore passed silently on our way, without communicating with, or arousing a soul. We next surrounded the Poorallee range, which appears to be higher than that styled Dornach; and here my hopes of the practicability of this route, which had hitherto been sanguine, were completely extinguished. The road over this pass, which I saw no means of otherwise turning, is a path so narrow, steep, and rocky—sometimes winding along the sides of precipitous hills—at others, through narrow fissures in hard rock—as to be utterly impracticable for guns, and incapable of being made so unless at an immense cost of time and labour, if at all. We dismounted, and passed the day in a ravine, which afforded a scanty supply of water, and a little green pasture for the cattle. Making pretext of the heat, I here separated from my companions, and sought the shelter of a bush at a little distance, my real object being to indulge in the perusal of a “Bombay Times” newspaper of the 12th of October, which I had secreted about my person for the purpose of beguiling a weary hour, but which I had hitherto found no

opportunity of reading. I was busily occupied with my paper, when a rustling noise above me drew my attention; and looking up, I was not a little startled to find myself confronted by a ferocious-looking Belooche, who, armed with a long matchlock, was scanning me from the top of the bank. On my calling to my companions, who were seated at no great distance, and whom he saw immediately rise, the ruffian made off. How he came into that spot, or what his intentions were, I have not the slightest idea, but this rencontre seemed as a warning to me not to separate again from my companions, and to be more circumspect in future how I exhibited the newspaper. In the evening, we continued our journey for seven hours over another mountain-range, both the ascent and descent of which were easy. The road generally wound along smooth, firm, sandy beds of dry water-channels, which in their descent gradually widened to the expanse of a magnificent river, though totally destitute of water. The banks are sometimes flanked by sloping hills, and skirted with shaded tamarisk trees of gigantic growth—at others, hemmed in by bare perpendicular rocks of great altitude. In the former case, the hills generally open into wide valleys; in the latter, the iron-girt walls contract into a narrow channel. Except in the secluded dell, noticed above, not a trace of any inhabitant presented itself during this day's march, which lasted eighteen hours. The bold mountain scenery throughout the whole distance, alternately cast in deep shadow, and next lighted up by the brightest moonbeams, was striking and beautiful; and in many clumps of the "prickly pear" I had the pleasure of recognizing an old and familiar Indian acquaintance, which conjured up pleasing reminiscences of boar and tiger-hunts to "wile the weary way." At break of day we arose from our bivouack, and continued to wind along the beds of dry water-channels, from which, after two hours' travelling, the road at last emerged, and right glad was I then to find my view to the southward unconfined by hills. All before me now is open, all difficulties are surmounted, and having outstripped the tidings of the fall of Khelat, there was little danger to be apprehended during the residue of the journey."

It was most fortunate that Colonel Outram's impatience to be at Bombay did not permit him to act in accordance with the above persuasion, since the greatest danger, though he himself had no suspicion of it, was at that very moment close at his heels. He arrived at Sunmiani on the morning of the twenty-third, and having, through the agency of a Hindu merchant, obtained a boat, embarked that same evening on his way to Karachi.

"From that town I proceeded," he says, "to Bombay, and not many days after my arrival there, a party of Belooche horse-dealers also landed, who had embarked at Sunmiani very shortly after my departure from that seaport. They state that at midnight of the evening on which I sailed, the son of Wullee Mohammed

Khan (the chief of Wudd, who was slain at the storm of Khelat), arrived in great haste with a party who was in pursuit of me; and on learning that I had already gone, displayed extreme disappointment and irritation. It would appear, that information of my journey and disguise had been received by this chief the day after I passed through Nal. To the forced march of fifty miles, therefore, which was made thence by our party, with the design of outstripping the flying tidings of the overthrow of Khelat, I may consider myself principally indebted for my escape—my pursuers having missed me at the seaport of Sunmiani only by a few hours."

To follow this most indefatigable and high-minded public servant through the remainder of his career, would so greatly exceed our limits, that we are compelled to deny ourselves that pleasure. We must not, however, pass over his brilliant defence of the residency at Hyderabad with a small honorary escort which beat back and held in check, during upwards of four hours, a force which to any other but English soldiers would have appeared overwhelming.* The assailing party consisted of 8000 Belooches, esteemed generally the bravest soldiers in Asia. They were led on to the attack by Meer Shah-dad-Khan, one of the principal Amirs, his cousin, Meer Mohammed Khan, and several other distinguished chiefs. The escort, the only defenders of the residency, consisted of the light company of Her Majesty's 22d regiment under Captain Conway. To abridge the account given by Colonel Outram himself, would be to deprive it of all its interest. We shall, therefore, once more permit him to be the historiographer of his own achievements, though the modest reserve of his language by no means does justice to them.

"At nine, A.M., this morning, a dense body of cavalry and infantry took post on three sides of the Agency compound (the fourth being defended by the Planet steamer, about five hundred yards distant), in the gardens and houses which immediately command the enclosure, and which it was impossible to hold with our limited numbers; a hot fire was opened by the enemy, and continued incessantly for four hours, but all their

* The history of the events which preceded this exploit, the reader will find in Captain Postans's 'Personal Observations on Sind.' This highly interesting and able work should be familiar to all who desire to possess a thorough knowledge of Sindian affairs. The author's political appointment enabled him to observe whatever was going forward; and he turned to the best account the advantages of his position. He views, however, more favourably than we do the proceedings of the Amirs, for which we can no otherwise account than by supposing it to be the effect of a personal knowledge of those amiable despots.

efforts to enter the Agency enclosure, although merely surrounded by a wall varying from four to five feet high, were frustrated by Captain Conway's able distribution of his small band, and the admirable conduct of every individual soldier composing it under the gallant example of their commanding officer and his subalterns, Lieutenant Harding and Ensign Pennefather, Her Majesty's 22d regiment, also Captains Green of the 21st regiment native infantry, and Wells of the 15th regiment, who volunteered their services, to each of whom was assigned the charge of a separate quarter, also to your aide-de-camp, Captain Brown, Bengal Engineers, who carried my orders to the steamer, and assisted in working her guns and directing the flanking fire. Our ammunition being limited to forty rounds per man, the officers directed their whole attention to reserving their fire and keeping their men close under cover, never showing themselves or returning a shot, except when the enemy attempted to rush, or showed themselves in great numbers, consequently great execution was done with trifling expenditure of ammunition, and with little loss. Our hope of receiving a reinforcement and a supply of ammunition by the 'Satellite' steamer (hourly expected) being disappointed, on the arrival of that vessel without either, shortly after the commencement of the attack, it was decided at 12 A.M., after being three hours under fire, to retire to the steamer, while still we had sufficient ammunition to fight the vessel up the river; accordingly I requested Captain Conway to keep the enemy at bay for one hour, while the property was removed, for which that time was ample, could the camp followers be induced to exert themselves; after delivering their first loads on board, however, they were so terrified at the enemy's cross fire on the clear space between the compound and the vessel, that none could be persuaded to return except a few of the officers' servants, with whose assistance but little could be removed during the limited time we could afford, consequently much had to be abandoned, and I am sorry to find that the loss chiefly fell upon the officers and men, who were too much occupied in keeping off the enemy, to be able to attend to their own interests; accordingly, after the expiration of another hour (during which the enemy, despairing of otherwise effecting their object, had brought up six guns to bear upon us) we took measures to evacuate the Agency. Captain Conway called in his posts, and all being united, retired in a body, covered by a few skirmishers, as deliberately as on parade (carrying off our slain and wounded), which, and the fire from the steamboats, deterred the enemy from pressing on us as they might have done. All being embarked, I then directed Mr. Acting-commander Miller, commanding the 'Satellite,' to proceed with his vessel to the wood station, three miles up the river, on the opposite bank, to secure a sufficiency of fuel for our purposes ere it should be destroyed by the enemy, while I remained with the 'Planet' to take off the barge that was moored to the shore. This being a work of some time, during which a hot fire was opened on the vessel from three guns which the enemy brought to bear on her, besides small arms; and requiring much per-

sonal exposure of the crew (especially of Mr. Cole, the commander of the vessel), I deem it my duty to bring to your favourable notice their zealous exertions on the occasion, and also express my obligation to Messrs. Miller and Cole for the flanking fire they maintained on the enemy during their attack on the Agency, and for their support during the retirement and embarkation of the troops. The 'Satellite' was also exposed to these guns in her progress up to the wood station, one of which she dismounted by her fire; the vessels were followed by large bodies for about three miles, occasionally opening their guns upon us to no purpose; since then we have pursued our voyage up the Indus, about fifteen miles, without molestation, and purpose to-morrow morning anchoring off Mut-taree."

The above slight outline of Colonel Outram's services will probably awaken in many the recollection of the conduct by which Lord Ellenborough repaid them. At present, however, their positions have been reversed, the former being once more engaged in that career of honour for which nature has fitted him, while the latter has been unceremoniously removed from his post, probably to pass the remainder of his days in *otium sine dignitate*. Whether his successor will observe a more judicious course of policy towards the best officers in the army, it is of course impossible to foresee. Our expectations are not over sanguine; for Sir Henry Hardinge goes out as the protégé of the Duke of Wellington, with whom, of all men living, we should be most reluctant to entrust the destinies of India. His intemperate and unstatesmanlike speech in the House of Lords, was inspired by the consciousness that the attempt of the Tories to govern India presented the most humiliating contrast with the brilliant achievements of the Whigs in that quarter. His grace felt, and knew that the world would feel, how completely he and his colleagues had failed to chalk out a new course of action for themselves, and that they had been compelled to imitate in a crude and imperfect manner the bold and comprehensive plans of their predecessors. The Duke of Wellington is thoroughly aware, that if the Sind and Gwalior campaigns be justifiable, those of Afghanistan and Beloochistan were still more so. He writhes, therefore, under the conviction that the retreat from Kabul and Kandahar was inspired by the combined feelings of weakness, envy, and irresolution. Again, had the Liberals been in office the Gwalior territories would either not have been invaded, or having been invaded and subdued, would have been permanently annexed to our empire. Lord Ellenborough, like those who sent him out, never knew his own mind. He boasted inces-

santly of his peaceful designs, while hurrying from one war to another, and talked of folly while projecting the retreat from Affghanistân! On the subject of the army, the Duke of Wellington's opinion is of more value than it can be on any political question; and in the farewell dinner given to the present governor-general, he observed that that army was never at any period in a state of higher efficiency than it is at the present moment. In the course of the articles we project on India, and on the army as its best defence, we hope to offer irrefragable proofs of this, especially should the officers of the Company's service be disposed to favour us with that assistance which none are so able as they to render. We therefore invite all who approve of our design to forward us any such original information, anecdotes, &c., as they may possess and may be willing to communicate, persuaded that we shall make of whatever they may favour us with, the use best calculated to redound to the honour of the army.

ART. VII.—*Angleterre*. Par ALFRED MICHELIS. (England, by A. MICHELIS.) Paris; Coquebert. 1844.

THE works of the author of this wonderful book have been hitherto unknown to us; and we are curious to know the opinion of the French critics concerning him. Has the volume called '*Angleterre*' been received gravely as an authentic narrative? Does the French public believe its statements, and gather matter out of its ingenious pages corroborative of its hatred for our perfidious nation? Do the '*National*' and the '*Siècle*' quote from it with approval, and point out the opinions of the '*homme consciencieux, esprit distingué, écrivain sérieux, M. Alfred Michiels*,' as capable of directing his countrymen in their judgment of England and its institutions? Indeed they are ignorant enough to believe him: and of all the civilized countries in Europe, France perhaps is the only one where such a book *could* be written, or published, or credited. The narrative of that distinguished foreigner Hajji Baba, of Ispahan, is almost as correct, and the travels of the famous Hanoverian Baron, Monsieur de Münchhausen, scarcely less authentic.

When the great Michiels came among us does not appear. The interesting date of that event our author keeps back with stu-

dious obscurity. Nor does he appear to have seen anybody of note in this country. He says he lived in a boarding-house, and his '*Angleterre*' consists of Boulogne, London, Richmond, Hampton Court, Windsor, and—Bethnal Green. Regarding all these places he has drawn much information out of the guide-books, the origin of which learning he does not acknowledge, and adds reflections of his own far more curious and valuable than any facts which he has gathered from the various works of previous travellers which he has consulted.

History is indeed Michiels' forte: and he is happier than most French travellers in being, as he says, a master of our language. He had known it since his earliest youth. He had perused a great number of British authors, and often had dreamt of the 'land of minstrels,' and the moment he put his foot on shore he resembled (in his private opinion) 'a man who had fallen in love with a woman at the sight of her portrait, who had mused in ecstasy over her image: who seeks her trembling with hope, and falls down panting at her feet the moment he has found her abode.' Was ever country so complimented by a Frenchman before? Happy is ours to have so passionate an admirer. It has been pronounced by the poet to be a special benefit to mankind to be able 'to see ourselves as others see us.' Let us accompany awhile this accomplished M. Michiels through his peregrinations, and hear the remarks that he makes regarding our manners and institutions.

These opinions are exceedingly curious. Arrived at Boulogne, and before he catches sight of England, our sentimental traveller begins to point morals at us, and gives us some useful lessons apropos of Buonaparte's pillar,—that object which eight hundred cockneys weekly are now in the habit of visiting:

"On the 15th of August, 1804," says Michiels, "the fête day of Napoleon, a hundred thousand men were here assembled under the orders of Marshal Soult. They were formed in a semicircle, in the midst of which the throne of the emperor was raised, and over it the banner of the nations which his genius and French intrepidity had conquered. All hearts beat: a thousand visions of glory traversed the mind. Buonaparte was about to found the legion of honour. *Two thousand drummers saluted him, and the fête began.* * * The menaced shores of England trembled no doubt when the breeze brought to her the murmurs of this enthusiastic crowd, when the shouts of the legionaries, mingled with the plaudits of the expiring waves, reached the strand. The army desired that a monument should for ever recall the remembrance of so great a ceremony. It raised *half*

a column, not having time to construct the capital. The pillar was terminated in 1841, by the orders of Louis Philippe. Elevated on the summit of the rock it looks towards the hostile island, and *seems to give it a perpetual lesson.*"

A man who commences a book in this way is pretty sure to prove an amusing companion, and we felt at once that his work must be read with respectful interest. Each of these brief sentences in which our author describes the above pillar is of vast eloquence surely. All hearts beat. Napoleon founded the legion of honour, and—and *two thousand drummers saluted him.* The army, desirous to erect a monument to perpetuate the remembrance of the ceremony, built half a column—because they had not time to do any more. And there it stands—for what purpose, in Heaven's name?—*to give England a perpetual lesson.*

That is a sly satire of Michiels. It is a lesson to England certainly; but it is a lesson to France too, which the sly moraliser would doubtless have his countrymen take to heart. It seems to say—O England, let this monument teach you how to regard us. We did all we could to frighten you. We went every length to show our ill-will. We bullied and threatened to our utmost. But we could do nothing and so we came away; erecting this monument as a token of the triumph which we had achieved, and leaving it as a lesson to you in future ages; that sort of lesson which Canute read the waves, when, according to the legend, he ran away from them, and left his chair behind. And do not let any good-natured foreign reader quarrel with us for mentioning a disagreeable subject: it is not *our* moral, be it remembered, but that of our traveller, Alfred Michiels.

He goes on musing from his mound upon the vast ocean before him, and stating great and wonderful truths concerning it. 'Nations die—empires crumble—races perish—but Time, which spares nothing else, never stops the music (*melopœa*) of these eternal waves.' They are also dangerous. 'Voracious monsters inhabit them, and menace the imprudent who confide themselves to their waters. Vegetables and animals people their solitude, and frighten the spirit by their singular forms and heteroclit character. He thought the day would never rise again, and that death and solitude were about to take possession of the globe. Before such a sight any man, however small his sensibility, would have had difficulty to refrain from tears.'—Indeed he is a noble specimen of a French cockney, and it is fine to picture to oneself the image of Alfred Michiels waiting by the side of the ocean;

that is, if he ever did visit the sea-side—about which we shall express a few opinions presently.

He does not state whether he cried or not; but night fell, it was time to go into Boulogne; and in ten minutes after he reached that city, he was on board the Harlequin steamer, treading that menacing wave which he had just contemplated with such profound emotion. The night was clear—the stars bright over head, did not yet shine bright enough to 'illumine the depths of the sea,' and 'the wheels of the vessel,' Michiels says, in a great image, '*struck in obscurity the black face of ocean*'—boxed the ears of the Negro Neptune.

The consequences of such an insult to the god are but too obvious. Michiels was sick. He was seized, he says, 'with astonishing promptitude'—and lay inanimate until morning. 'There are very humiliating things in this world,' adds poor Alfred, moaning out of his crib.

But with morning life was restored to Michiels. He attributes his recovery to the re-appearance of that sun whose departure he had announced the day before as likely to be eternal; but the probability is, that it was because Michiels now found himself in calm water in the mouth of the Thames, that he was no longer in a 'humiliating' position. Other mariners of his sort have experienced, under like circumstances, a similar relief. Almost all the travellers came upon deck, and an Englishman, 'about forty years old' (the circumstantial nature of the evidence is extremely interesting), 'cordially presented' to Michiels a *gourd* full of brandy; which offer Alfred accepted. We can see him crawling out of the fore cabin and fixing his pale lips upon the Englishman's 'gourd'—a vegetable which our islanders are always in the habit of carrying.

He left his baggage at the Custom House, and began, forthwith, wandering about the city, that darling London, his passion for which he has already described. The first thing he naturally saw was the Monument of Fish-street-hill, on which he proceeds to narrate the history of the famous fire of 1666: from that he branches off to an agreeable dissertation on the plague; which leads him to Old St. Paul's, whence he passes to the existing edifice, of which Alfred has rather a contemptuous opinion. "Wren," he says, "was not a man of genius, he was a poor creature, a blind copyist, who fancied that he was producing pure forms, whereas he only produced 'monsters without character, without value, without harmony, and without vital force.'" His claims at any rate are disposed of: and the architect of St. Paul's

and Greenwich has got his deserts. However, he is not always so severe: Michiels, cool with regard to the cathedral, admires *Guildhall* very much, and finds it of a remarkably pure gothic architecture.

We have before signalised a practice of the modern French tourists (Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas especially), who, the instant they arrive at the place, proceed to rob the guide-books wholesale, and to transfer the information contained in those careful and useful, but not rare volumes to their own pages. Now if this sort of robbery be considered as a proof of skill—there is perhaps no man on record who has robbed so much as Michiels, and who finds such opportunities to pass off page upon page of his borrowed lore. Thus, in one instant, still ill with the 'humiliations' of the voyage, and with drops from the revivifying 'gourd' of the Englishman still on his beard and mustaches, Michiels falls to with his archæological talk, and the city, the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor, and the dinner to the allied sovereigns, are described before he is even settled in his inn. The historical disquisitions, we, in our discussion of Michiels, shall for the most part omit. They are known to us; or if not known, to be learned with ease: it is Michiels personally who interests us, the elegant traveller, the enthusiast, the wise and honest commentator upon things which he has really seen and deeply meditated upon.

In speaking of the appearance of the city, he pays some very high and deserved compliments to the *sewers* of London. "The waters of the skies above," says he, "moisten its streets; no impure streams are poured on them from any part. But—and probably from the great fire of London—the town still retains the physiognomy of a city that has been burned. Seen from St. Paul's, the town has, so to speak, a *scrofulous* look: retaining the appearance which the fire impressed upon it at the most perilous period of its history, like those individuals whom a horrid evil has stricken in their youth, and who bear the tragic imprint of it for ever." This is quite novel and elegant. London has never yet been looked upon in a scrobutic point of view: nor, seeing that all the houses, and edifices built by the wretched Wren, are new, could any but a man of Michiels' genius have detected upon them the tragic imprint of the old fire.

At night, however, he speaks of the city with a more tender spirit.

"Past midnight the view of London is much more agreeable. When the inhabitants are a prey to slumber, and the clatter of the vehicles

and the noise of the multitude are heard no more; when the chimneys have ceased to cast up their vapours—the sky, veiled until then, displays its radiant dome. At the same time the soul purifies itself in contemplating the brilliancy of the stars. The eye plunges into immensity, as if to seek for the God whose grandeur it recounts! How brilliant everything is above yonder—how tranquil! How everything flatters the imagination, and speaks a poetic language to the heart! The Tower, too, has been embellished by the change. The two ranks of candelabra along the pavements shine without anything to interrupt their splendour: they really compose an illumination which seems prolonged indefinitely. Each hotel has a lamp fixed over the gate, which casts its brilliancy without as well as on the interior arcade. From distance to distance a *watchman* circulates, the protecting spirit of the place: no fear troubles the spirit, nor disquiets the reverie. The calm, the solitude, the darkness, which envelops them above and around, gives the monuments an imposing expression which they do not possess during the day. Here and there a tardy lamp is shining—it illumines the dying man's bed, the speculator's window, or the *delights of mutual happiness*. What dark projects and guilty schemes has this night interrupted! What hatred, what treasure, what brutal errors sleep in those heads now lying in temporary death, or in the shape of dark dreams visit them! Ah, if all men could but rise one morning burning with a sacred passion for love and truth! If they could wake and find in their hearts only charitable sentiments, sage principles, and glorious desires! how the evils which at present infest life would be lessened or diverted! how noble and delightful would be the lot destined for our race so worn by suffering and care!"

That passage about 'a sainted love of truth,' is above all very fine. When a man is writing down his own vocation, you may be sure he is sincere. How many copies of this book (Heaven bless us!) would be sold, if a sainted love of truth actuated all Michiels' fellow-creatures? And is it not praiseworthy of a man to write against 'treasons, hatred, and stupid errors,' when we have him presently discoursing in the following fashion?

"I had resolved to walk for several days about London as chance should lead me, without any other purpose than to observe the general aspect of men and things. Even the hotel in which I was lodged offered me, at the onset, some subject for remark. It was a boarding-house, to which, however, all the world was not welcome, but to which a presentation was necessary. This precaution already gave me a proof of the general want of confidence in England. *Au reste* the house was small and snug, and well carpeted from head to foot. Two old English women kept it, and, with the exception of the kitchen-work, two Irish women performed the servants' work. Never, surely, were domestics more wretched. The *hatred which their nation awakens among their oppressors*, perpetually

brought down upon these poor girls their mistress's anger: a tempest of scolding, often accompanied by brutality, poured on them from evening till night. Ill provided with bed, board, or clothes, they were learning to understand what human justice and charity are. They did all in their power to satisfy their despots, and could not succeed: I doubt whether the whole year through a single kind word was addressed to them. They had so profound a feeling of their distress, that they ended by making no reply to the insults and ill-treatment heaped upon them; they could weep no longer. Why weep, indeed, over such hopeless misfortune!

"I must confess the poor girls were not pretty; but still they inspired me with a sovereign pity. I love the Gaelic nation where they were born, and of which they exemplified to me the misery. The wrecks of a race once powerful and covering all Europe, it is closing now in the bosom of desolation a glorious and a painful career. The Normans and Saxons who trample them under foot never give them a moment's rest: they plunge them into that frozen mud into which the Florentine poet exiles traitors: each day they are thrust a degree lower, and if they make an attempt to escape from the abyss, their tormentors put a knife at their throats, infected with every deadly poison. Ah! why cannot a nation expire like an individual? The agonies of Ireland would then at last come to an end.

"And yet in spite of the triple malediction which weighs her down, Ireland continues to produce great men: she holds up her head against her cruel rival, and disputes with her the triumphs of glory. It seems as if she wanted to render her rival's injustice and tyranny more conspicuous. She has always had a harp for her emblem—formerly she embroidered it on her banners, and used it to sing her victories. Alas! she has only sorrows now to sing, and the wind, as it passes through the magic chords, only awakens from them the notes of despair.

"Whenever I spoke of these poor slaves, my hostesses contented themselves by saying, 'They are Irish women!' as if their nationality justified all crimes that were committed."

The two victims of British tyranny in this exclusive establishment, honoured by the residence of Michiels, affected him greatly by singing a certain song, entitled, he says, the 'Two Guardian Angels,' a national melody, by turns sad and lively, passing alternately from the tones of menace to those of frightful despair. One of the guardian angels, Alfred says, counselled resignation, tears and prayers; whereas the other rallied the nation for its tranquillity, excited it to carnage, and doomed it to endless affliction, if it drew not from its sheath the vengeful *claymore*. Has any one ever heard of this poem and the angels? It is quite clear which of the guardians Michiels would be for following, for the young hero breaks out in the following noble strain concerning them.

"O ancient Ireland, old sister of Gaul! listen

to the song of thine exterminating angel! remain no longer motionless as the statue of desolation, wave in the sun thy intrepid glaive—that sword of which the brilliancy used to frighten thy enemies of old. Be not lulled to sleep by vain harangues, by judicial subtleties,—the ways of diction are not the paths of independence. For a people that would free itself the roaring of cannon is the most eloquent of language—the sword and the grape-shot the most persuasive means. Do you fancy that you can convince or mollify England? Think you she will come and file your chains and say, 'Let us embrace?' Never was folly equal to this. What? publicans weep for repentance and release their prey! the thing was never heard of. A rhetorician deliver millions of men? it never has, it never can be heard of. Every day of delay prepares for you a year of servitude: in the midst of the fine protests that people are reciting to you, the Normans take possession: troops and ships of war cover your soil, and watch with lighted matches along your coasts. Their barks take possession of your lakes and rivers, so that neither earth, nor ocean, nor the waters which lave them, can afford you a retreat. O ancient Ireland, listen to the song of thy destroying angel! Justice and truth are proscribed upon the globe: they only flourish in the blood of martyrs, rust in the blood of oppressors. Rouse thee—the world regards thee. If thou art to die, die the death of the brave, and not the ignoble death which seizes thee by the entrails: be not starved to death, as the wolves of Albion by the English hounds. Let thy men struggle to the last sigh: let thy women next take their place; and thy children succeed them. Let the drum never cease to roar, and the trumpet to peal—let an immense, eternal battle rage on thy fields. At least thou wilt have caused thy rival to commit the greatest political assassination whereof history has remembrance.

"But thou art not marked with the seal of reprobation; thou canst vanquish and purge thine isle of the Norman race—the hypocrite race! Greece had six times less inhabitants, she had been chained for centuries, she was as poor as thou art. See what she has done, and judge what thou too may'st do! What fearest thou to lose? Why hesitate? Strike, strike! and count upon the God whom thou hast not abandoned, upon thine own valour, thine own genius, and on fraternal nations, who will thrill with hope and joy!"

Is not this a lesson (like the pillar at Boulogne) of what some Frenchmen would do for us if they could?—Not that it is meant to introduce the great Michiels as a representative of his country; but let any impartial man say, is that amateur incendiarism uncommon in France? We have had lately specimens of it published under very high authority, and with far different talent. We have had a king's son, disclaiming, to be sure, all intentions of hostility, yet suggesting plans of invasion, the facility of burning our unarmed towns, the ease with which our

merchantmen might be assailed and sunk—all which points, if discussed, might surely have been debated in private. Princes at peace with each other need sign their names to no such document; if a prince of the English royal house had published a paper showing the practicability of annoying the French coast—would not all the French empire have rung with indignation at the insult? But in the meanwhile we are forgetting our friend Michiels bellowing out 'Frappe! frappe!' and giving the Irish the agreeable opportunity of allowing their rivals to 'commit the greatest political assassination, of which history shall retain the remembrance'—the greatest, including La Vendée of course. But even a Michiels should beware when he talks 'of fraternal nations thrilling with hope' at the thought of the convulsion: our great traveller's known love of truth and justice should keep his revolutionary instinct quiet.

From war he passes agreeably to love, stating in his pleasant Gallican way, 'Let us hate our neighbours as much as we please, their wives and daughters demand *very different sentiments from us*.' Murder the men, says our Michiels, but be kind to the women—the one sentiment is quite as flattering as the other; as graceful, as modest, and as honourable. Here is an account of part of an adventure which occurred to some lucky friend of Michiels' at the Haymarket.

"On going to the theatre, one is dazzled by the enchanting faces which may be seen on every side. It is only in Italy that similar assemblages of persons can be found. *A magnetic fluid inundates as it were the theatre*. One of my friends lately told me of an adventure of this kind which shows what seductions the fair daughters of the three kingdoms exercise. Standing up in the pit of the Haymarket he turned his eyes from box to box, from tier to tier. Charming eyes, brilliant faces, mouths created for love, intoxicated him with admiration. All of a sudden a young lady came and sat close to the balustrade of the lower row of boxes: two men, her brother and her husband probably, placed themselves near her. As soon as she appeared the other spectatresses were eclipsed: not one could bear comparison with her: for if they were brilliant—she was divine. She possessed that perfect sort of beauty which awakens a *religious sentiment* and softens the soul, as the magnificences of nature—you perceive in them more lovely signs of the creative hand, a purer ray of the celestial light! Wo to those whom such objects inspire with a hopeless idolatry! One cannot love them with a feeble love. They excite desire as violent and as unconquerable as fanaticism. Passion then loses its habitual character: one would say that the senses formed no part of this attachment, that it is the soul alone which speaks—and wishes to embrace in a magic union the immortal

spirit under its passing form. Such a passion will brave all perils—what are misfortunes, agony itself, compared to the ineffable pleasure it demands!

"*No one feels this emotion more keenly than my friend*. In consequence, far from resisting the sudden transports, which now seized him, he gave way to them without reserve. His eyes fixed upon the wonderful stranger: he examined, scrutinised her different charms, and penetrated himself with their electric influence. The play began; but it was impossible for him to see anything. His imagination would allow him to see nothing but the fair Englishwoman, and he incessantly turned his glances towards her. Tired of the equivocal position, he turned round altogether, and sat with his back to the stage, and his face turned towards the young lady. He had some fears lest he should displease her, and cause her to leave the theatre; but on this point he was speedily reassured. He seemed to say to her I sacrifice the play to you—you in my eyes are the most interesting of *chefs-d'œuvre*. She understood this mute eulogium, and received it with favour. It was *delicate* and manifestly sincere."

'Delicate' is just the word—nothing could be more delicate, surely, than for a man in the pit to turn his back upon the audience, to stare a lady full in the face in the box above him; and we can fancy how pleased she would be by this graceful attention. How pleased also would her husband and her brother be (those individuals who are stated to have accompanied the lady in question), by the politeness of the French gentleman in the pit. Modest French gentleman! though he will have all us men handed over to the Irish executioner; the ladies he will preserve to gratify other elegant tastes of his own! He confirms it. As he looks round the theatre at the pretty English women, 'he is inundated with a magnetic influence!'—chaste French gentleman! He compares the feelings of desire which are agitating his noble soul to a *religious sentiment*—pious French gentleman! No, indeed, there is no man in this world *but* a Frenchman, who can think and feel and write in this way.

How this delightful adventure ended, there is little need to say. The English lady was of course captivated by the graces of her French admirer—they always are. The two gentlemen who accompanied her, her brother and husband, were too stupid to remark his elegant manner of paying her attention, or too cowardly to punish him. My lady dropped her fan in the lobby—a fan 'with arms and a family title' upon it; Michiels' friend carried it home the next day, and triumphed over the lady of the boxes—indeed Michaels says, 'Many daughters of lords, of counts, of dukes, of barons, of mar-

quises, *sont séduites par leurs valets.*' He knows it, the honest creature; his experience of London has proved it to him; and speaking of a class of our women still more degraded than the daughters of the nobility above-mentioned, he says, 'Je doute qu'il en existe d'aussi belles dans aucun pays du monde, et l'on seroit tenté de leur dire: Ah! si vous étiez pures, comme l'on vous adore-rait! Si vous n'étiez pas vénales, de quels sacrifices ne paierait-on pas votre *possession.*' Noble French moralist! he wishes to see women pure that he may pervert them; and only regrets that they are lost already, because he has not the opportunity to be the first to debauch them!

Now let us venture to hint that this person, who knows so much of the manners of the ladies of England, never spoke to one; that he never saw them or the country in which they live, or the select boarding-house which he pretends to have inhabited. There is not a word in this book which looks as if it were the description of a scene actually witnessed by the writer. There is not a word of description which might not have been borrowed from a guide-book or two, such as the author might easily procure at the public library, where he has the privilege of sitting, and whence he can send his pure imagination travelling. The man tells lies so audaciously, that his very statement of having been in England may be discredited, simply because he himself has advanced it. He describes the misery of Bethnal Green (a clever paper by M. Léon Faucher, in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes,*' has probably inspired him), and by way of authenticating his narrative, Michaels says he gave a poor beggar woman whom he met a *double shilling*. That is a lie. He goes to Hampton Court, and quitting the picture-gallery there *when night begins to fall*, he goes to an inn, 'of which the gothic gables and multiplied windows' tempted him, and is conducted to 'a bed of the fourteenth century, with its dais, and its panels, and its open columns.' These two are lies. In the morning a minstrel comes and sings to him, accompanying himself on an ancient black guitar; a ballad in five-and-forty stanzas, beginning:

'There was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, sir.'

The whole ballad is to be found in 'Percy's Relics.' This story also is a lie. He goes to Eton, where he finds a professor who declares himself to be the author of the most popular book in England, 'The Memoirs of Punch,' and editor of the 'Letters of Cicero to Atticus.' The popular author had received

orders from all the princes in Europe—and *wore them at his button-hole*. This is the last story in the book, and a lie too. There is no use in looking for polite phrases and qualifying otherwise a book which is as gross and disgusting an imposture as ever was pressed upon the incredulity of Frenchmen. With which compliment, and hoping that his own countrymen will notice him as he merits, we will take leave of *Alfred Michiels*.

ART. VIII.—*Colonies Etrangères et Hayti.*

Par V. SCHOELCHER. Paris. 1842.

2. *Brief Notices of Hayti, with its Condition, Resources, and Property.* By JOHN CANDLER. London: 1842.
3. *Le Manifeste, 1er Mai, 1842—Avril 23, 1844.* Published at Port-au-Prince, now Port Republican.

THE history of Hayti, Hispaniola, or St Domingo, is an epitome of that of America. It was the first island at which Christopher Columbus landed. He was received by its hospitable inhabitants with kindness, which his successors repaid with treachery and massacre, terminating in the total destruction of the aboriginal population. A foreign race now took possession of the soil, introducing a foreign religion and foreign manners, to be modified and corrupted by the almost unavoidable influences of climate and circumstances. The new comers, however, seized with so faint a grasp on their rich acquisition, that a few hundred Gallic buccaneers were sufficient to dislodge them from the mouths of the Artibonite, and the two promontories that embrace the great bay which indents the western extremity of the island. France, ever prone to accept established facts of such a nature, and not to pry too curiously into causes, recognized the proceedings of her lawless sons, and founded thereon a claim which the dialectics of the Spanish government were unable to refute. One-third of the island was, therefore, ceded to her; and the superior industry of the colonists she sent out, soon began to develop the immense resources of the soil. But the fatal impulse to which all the nations of Europe have successively yielded, was soon given. Cargoes of African blacks, first imported by the Spaniards, were not long in finding their way to the French side. A vast slave population, that terrible enemy, in modern times, to all institutions, was rapidly formed. It would be painful to relate in what manner they were treated by their

masters; but when we reflect that these were descended from the friends and associates of Monbars, the Exterminator, and a rabble of women raked from the prisons, hospitals, and most abominable quarters of Paris, it is easy to conceive that it was anything but paternal. What ensued when this heterogeneous mass was leavened by revolutionary principles, is well known. All, at least, have heard of a frightful disruption of society, of the arming of every rank against the others, of confusion, war, bloodshed, alternate exhibitions of patriotism and treachery, of Toussaint's heroic conduct and melancholy fate, of the savage Emperor Des-salines' frightful tyranny, with its fruits, conspiracy and assassination. A republic and a monarchy then appeared upon the scene. The former, by its expansive energy, subdued the latter; and then, breaking its bounds, overran the island as far as Cape Samana, and united the whole under one government. Since then, a virtual despot, ruling under the deceptive mask of a president, kept the population in order, until the occurrence of events, long looked for by politicians, and fated to affect materially the destinies of Hayti, and perhaps of the whole West Indies.

To unfold the causes of these events, we must look a little into the constitution of society in the island. The first feature that strikes us is the difference, the next the rivalry of races. Without seeking further, this is the fertile source of dissension and misery. This it is that converts every civil broil into a revolution, and makes every political controversy a signal for massacre. The white population in the French part has been long exterminated or driven out; but they left behind them the mulattoes, or the browns, the mixed or the coloured race, which first operated as the instrument of their destruction, and became a legacy of torment to the enfranchised blacks. The fruit of crime in this case, as in every other, was misery and more crime. Every mulatto that came into the world was an additional enemy to society. Hating the superior, and despising the inferior class, with all the pride of the one, and all the ignorance of the other, impatient of subordination and incapable of command, the mixed race, until it had passed through the crucible of revolution, was an all but declared enemy to the existing order of things. They were the first to set the example of revolt, and driven to desperation, no doubt, by the atrocious cruelties of their masters, were the first also to encourage the negroes to the perpetration of those deeds of horror, the relation of which must ever form one of the most melancholy chapters of his-

tory. Nor did they suffer themselves to be excelled in any species of villainy. By their very position, indeed, they were enabled to perform acts of excessive wickedness which were denied to the blacks; and parricide was never committed with so much profusion and so much recklessness as by them. But this result was almost inevitable. There was scarcely a single coloured man who was not the offspring of crime, and bred up to the licentiousness of which he was the child. Every one of them almost was a living proof of the total immorality of the island. They were all—it is useless to carry on the exception in favour of a few individuals—ignorant, covetous, lazy, proud, vindictive, and cruel, with scarcely any religion, none of any value, almost totally destitute of moral feeling. They had learned, however, to contemplate their own numbers. In an ancient state, when it was proposed to distinguish the slaves by a separate costume from their masters, it was objected that they would thus be enabled to ascertain their own numerical strength. Nature had provided for this in Hayti. Every mulatto beheld at once, in the sinister face of his fellow, the reason and the pledge of his co-operation. They required no peculiar badge. Friends and foes were sufficiently distinguished by their complexion.

The extirpation of the whites at the first outbreak of the revolution, left the negroes and the mulattoes on the field face to face. Whilst dread of foreign interference was entertained, they appeared to coalesce; but as soon as the outward pressure was taken away, the chasm by which they were naturally separated began to open. The process is easily conceivable. The liberated African slaves, by their very position, were forced to entertain one single feeling, in common with those men who, in more fortunate countries and under happier combinations of circumstances, have laboured, from principle, to infuse a democratic spirit into society—we mean an impatience of inferiority. In them, however, this feeling was associated with none of the nobler impulses of our nature. They were a bruised, degraded, unhumanised set of beings, suddenly, and as if by magic, relieved from their chains. This liberation was the result of no profound conviction of wrong in their own minds. Oppression and tyranny had elaborated for them no theory of the rights of man. They saw the door of their cage open, and, like tigers, slipped out to rend and tear those who had confined them. It was consistent with their nature that they should seek to wipe out every trace of their former degradation, and to expend the yet unexhausted rage of

their hearts upon the imperfect representations, the mimics, the parodies of their former masters. But in these it was equally natural that they should cling to that distinction, that pre-eminence, to which their superior origin, they thought entitled them, and they nourished, therefore, sentiments of contempt for the negro race, which produced the most unfortunate results. It at once disgusted the mass of the population, and, acting fatally on their own minds, served to distance them every day more and more from those with whom they should have sought amalgamation. Had these feelings not existed on both sides, the barrier between the two races would have been speedily broken down; and, on the principle that the physical type of the majority must ultimately prevail over that of the minority, in the lapse of years one homogeneous population would have dwelt in peace and quietness in Hayti. But a bias of the mind is as unchangeable as a disposition of the body; and we must speculate on facts as they exist.

The two antagonistic sentiments we have been describing became at length embodied, as it were, in the two states which rose on the ruins of the French colony. The mulattoes, by their superior wealth and intelligence, had obtained the political preponderance in the south, the blacks in the north. The former established a government republican in form, the latter a monarchy. But the two constitutions were *de facto* exactly similar. Pétion was as absolute as Christophe; and when President Boyer overthrew the black king of the north there was no triumph of the principles of liberty, but a temporary victory of one race over another. Though not openly acknowledged, this was generally felt at the time. When Christophe, or Henri I., the 'humane and benevolent' monarch of the 'Quarterly,' who was so eminently distinguished 'in the exercise of all the social virtues, and so strict in the observance of all the duties of morality and religion,' began to grow old, he determined to make the citadel of La Ferrière one of the strongest fortresses in the world. Men and women were employed upon it, as on the great public works of Mohammed Ali, and forced to labour with such severity that it was calculated that every stone cost the life of a human being. Among the rest, Captain Agendreau, with thirty other coloured men, was compelled to join in dragging stones up the steep sides of the mountain, because two of his race had deserted to Pétion. On every occasion possible this 'humane' king evinced his hatred to the descendants of the whites. At one time they feared

general extermination, and the mulatto women of Cape Haytien met in the great church to offer up prayers for the black monarch's downfall. No sooner did this reach his ears than a company of soldiers was ordered to make domiciliary visits. The unfortunate women were torn from their families, taken to a retired spot about a mile from the city, and there butchered. Their bodies were thrown into a well, still called the 'well of death,' of the water of which nobody until this day will drink. This persecution of the mulattoes by the king was intended to operate in his favour with the majority of the people, the blacks; and he placed so much reliance on this resource, that, when all other means had failed, he thought it sufficient to issue an order for the massacre of the coloured race to regain his popularity. But it was too late. He had not been exclusive in his tyranny, and Boyer besides was advancing with an army. The result is well known. Christophe fell by his own hand; and the conqueror, with the idea of the rivalry of races ever present to his mind, immediately sent his troop of African descent to the south, where, at that time, his own race was predominant, and his coloured regiments to the north, to keep down the black population. That this precaution was wise will be acknowledged by those who have observed that every attempt made against him, during the early part of his rule, was concocted and led by blacks, who in his triumph saw their own defeat.

The expulsion of Boyer, though he was succeeded by another mulatto, was virtually a reaction of the negro population against the rival race, because it was brought about by a black army or mob. The result also would have been the choice of a black president had not Herard, a man of great ability and influence, procured his own election by intrigue backed by menaces. Eight-tenths of Boyer's troops were black, but these West Indian sipahis were officered by mulattoes. Such a state of things could not be expected to continue in a country where any of the principles of republicanism were recognized in theory, however they might be violated in practice. The struggle indeed which began with the first introduction of the blacks, and which we fear will only terminate when they shall become the sole possessors of the island, took a step in advance in 1843. Since then it has made rapid progress every day, and will continue leaving a track of blood behind until the consummation we have predicted.

At any rate it is not from France that Hayti must look for its political regeneration. It must never again come within the sphere

of the pernicious influence of that power. It can never do so but by war, and a war of the most terrific description. The present unprincipled attempts of Louis Philippe to disturb the island,—already, alas! sufficiently disturbed,—show a desire if not to conquer, yet to revenge the former defeats of the French armies. But they must be classed with the rancour exhibited by the French inhabitants of Jamaica to the fugitives of Aux Cayes, as impotent to effect any great result. The subjection of Hayti would be even more difficult than that of Algiers. Twenty battles would not decide the affair. The discomfited blacks would lay aside the musket and take to the torch and the dagger. They would devastate their fields, burn their plantations, give their towns up to the flames; and if finally overcome, would bequeath nothing but a desert to the victor. The antipathy of the blacks, in fact, to French domination is unconquerable. They have been injured past forgiveness. Their traditions teem with nothing but the horrors of slavery.

A rapid coup-d'état over the state of the island, in the early part of 1842, will show that everything was prepared for a civil commotion; and that an accident only was wanted to precipitate it. In the first place, as we have before hinted, the government, though in form free, was in reality little better than a downright tyranny. No authority but that of Boyer was recognized, and where his grasp relaxed there was none to replace it. The miniature houses of parliament were completely under his control; he could silence or expel obnoxious members at pleasure. The courts of justice even were not free from his influence; and it was the custom to dig the graves of persons accused of treason against the state before they were tried. Hayti was a monarchy tempered not by songs but by the feebleness of the executive. Cultivation and commerce, which had gradually been on the decline since the separation of the island from the French crown, reached nearly the lowest possible ebb. The vast plain in the east called La Despoblada, or the Unpeopled, had become almost characteristic of the island. Plantations occurred only here and there in the midst of jungle or deserts; and the coffee in most places had run wild among the woods, an experienced planter having calculated that one tree would not produce more than two pounds of coffee in the husk. A general confusion pervaded the island. It was like the house of a fraudulent bankrupt given up to the pillage of his servants.

During such a state of things it was not to be expected that the exchequer would be in

a very prosperous condition. However, we find that about two millions and a half of Haytien dollars were annually extracted from the people, a great portion of which went to the support of an absurdly large army, not to be depended on, as subsequent events have proved, and actually disbanded for two weeks out of every three. During this time the major part gained an honest or dishonest livelihood in the neighbourhood of head-quarters, whilst some few went to *cultivate their estates in the mountains!* This, however, they could not very effectually do, having to present themselves once in every seven days of their furlough. The other establishments of the state were on the same scale, and conducted in the same slovenly manner. The church subsisted on enormous though irregular fees, and was anxious only to multiply occasions of receiving them, actually baptising door-posts, houses, and boats for a consideration! Morals, as may be supposed, were in accordance with this state of things. We have no space for details; but one fact will speak for itself. Children born out of wedlock were calculated to be three in every four.

The distribution of wealth, especially if it coincide with that of races, is not an unimportant consideration in any state. In Hayti, property was in the hands, to a certain extent, of the mulattoes. At least these formed the majority of the opulent inhabitants. There were doubtless many blacks possessed of wealth; but as a general rule this ignorant and savage race lived almost wild among the mountains, never coming in contact with the government, except under the provisions of the *Code Rurale*, by which labour was made compulsory in this free country.

It would have been a curious story for a philosopher to have examined completely the state of Hayti during the latter years of Boyer's government. Mr. Candler's volume, published in 1842, and the work of M. Schoelcher, furnish the best accounts; but the opinions of the first-mentioned gentleman were too much influenced by his honourable aversion for slavery to be impartial. He endeavoured to persuade himself that the Haytians were to a certain extent happy, and that they would work out peaceably a reform in their institutions. Results have proved his mistake; and if he had suffered himself to contemplate with a little more coolness the political aspect of the island, he might have foreseen what actually occurred. Society, he would have discovered, was still tremulous from the shock imparted to it by the French Revolution, and the vibrations striking upon hearts differently at-

tuned by circumstances, produced strange discord. It required no very fine ear to detect on every side, rising above the turmoil and clamour of daily business, the echoes of 1793. Theories of government suggested as alleviations of temporary and local evils occupied the minds of the most speculative; but it was more common to encounter an unreasoning discontent with the present, exhaling itself in lowly-muttered threats against society and plans of reform by the strong hand at once unwise and reprehensible. The great evil—namely, the distinction of races—few had courage to contemplate face to face; but if any were so daring, the result was not any scheme for assimilating the two; but on the part of the mulattoes a sort of yearning after an aristocracy of colour, on the part of the blacks a wild desire of vengeance, an appetite for massacre tending to the total extirpation of the objects of jealousy. These feelings, it was said, Boyer was himself so culpable as to encourage. *Divide et impera* became in reality his motto. In the beginning of his reign he was the representative of the coloured race. Towards the close, finding these advancing in knowledge, and desiring reform and an abridgment of his authority, it suited his policy to foment to a certain extent the prejudices of the blacks against the mulattoes, and even against the whites. Towards the English he was always decidedly hostile, probably because his former rival, Christophe, looked on them with a friendly eye, and even attempted to extirpate the French language by causing English alone to be taught in his schools. Three weeks before his abdication, he issued a proclamation declaring that no *white* merchants should for the future have patents granted them to do business, and that those firms that possessed patents should only be permitted to trade during the lifetime of their present partners. This policy, however, was one of retaliation. All European governments, not excepting England, discouraged and almost forbade intercourse between Hayti and the other islands of the West Indies.

It is probable that these acts would have had no effect on Boyer's popularity, had he not attempted of late years to play the despot too openly. He went so far as to imitate the Russian autocrat, by forbidding his subjects to leave the island without his permission; and, feeling that the House of Representatives sometimes crippled his movements, undertook to purge it of the malecontents. He began this system in 1838, by expelling, under awe of a body of troops, though nominally by a vote of the house, certain members who had been most forward in the

promotion of an address, praying for redress of grievances, among the principal of which was the appointment of a president for life, with power, like a Roman emperor, to adopt a successor. In 1842, Herard Dumesle, brother of Charles Rivière Herard, and one of the expelled members, and André Laudun, a man of known liberal principles, were elected for Aux Cayes. The latter was chosen president of the chamber, and actually invested with the office. But Boyer procured, partly by threats, partly by persuasion, another vote, which reversed the former and deposed Laudun. No sooner was this made known throughout the country than a gradually increasing excitement, manifesting itself at first in murmurs, and then assuming the shape of open threats, evinced to the president that he had taken too bold a step. At the same time a conspiracy was set on foot at Aux Cayes, which soon spread over the whole country. A sort of carbonarism was instituted, and the materials of revolution rapidly accumulated. The chamber, encouraged by the general state of feeling, attempted to assert its dignity. Mobs collected to encourage it. But an army of 20,000 strong was called out on the side of government, and the unripe movement for a while checked.

Such was the situation of affairs when a most unexpected element of confusion was added to those that already existed. For many months a severe drought had parched the plains and dried the streams in almost every quarter of the island. An unusually sultry atmosphere filled the valleys, and the sky, whether clouded or serene, assumed strange aspects, as if to presage the misfortunes to come. Heavy volumes of vapour hung on the peaks of Cibao and La Selle, and overspread the country like so many vast umbrellas; and before the going down of the sun every day an extraordinary livid tinge painted the whole heavens. Travelers coming across the mountains told of strange phenomena they had witnessed. To some, groves of palm trees stretching along the edges of cliffs had appeared wrapped in fire. The moon and stars by night, and the sun by day, seemed dilated and wore an unnatural hue. But there was no prophet to speak in the language of warning to the unfortunate Haytians. They had eyes to see, but they did not see. Though many felt anxious and uneasy, none fled. They were fated to destruction. On the 7th of May, 1842, at a little past five o'clock in the evening, after a calm, sultry, hazy afternoon, the whole island began to shake and quiver, and roll like a drunken man. The loftiest mountains trembled, chasms opened

on every side, streams hung suspended in their course, houses, towers, churches, palaces, came to the ground; and the sea, rushing up the shore, threatened for a moment not to leave a single Deucalion to tell the tale. It is useless to enumerate the places where the shock was felt and disasters occurred. Not a single town escaped without some casualty. In many quarters powder mills blew up; in others, conflagrations began to rage as soon as the earthquake manifested itself; water and sea-sand gushed in many places in the interior, and lakes took the place of savannahs. Thousands of lives were lost, and property to an incalculable extent was destroyed. But it was at Cape Haytien, the capital of the north, and the great depôt of agricultural produce, that the earthquake produced the most disastrous effects. It was Saturday, and the town was full of people come to buy and sell in the market. No prelude noises, no roaring of the sea, no subterranean rumbling announced the approach of the calamity. It came on suddenly. The vibration was generally lateral or horizontal, and from west to east, though one or two vertical movements were felt, as if the subterranean fire was struggling for an exit. The very instant the shock was experienced the houses began to tumble or rather to rush down upon the heads of their twelve thousand inhabitants, more than half of whom were buried in the ruins. For forty minutes there was one continual deafening sullen roar of falling houses. The bellowing of artillery in the greatest battle that ever was fought can impart no idea of the overwhelming torrent of sound that rose from the devoted city. Every building, small and great, was levelled with the ground. Not a fragment of wall remained entire. The sky became suddenly dark and lowering, and clouds of blinding dust rising through the hot air increased the horror of the scene. It is easier to imagine than describe the shrieks, the wailings, and the struggles of the wretched crowd that survived the first shock. Climbing over tottering walls and smoking ruins, all endeavoured to make their way towards the outskirts or the great square in front of the church, which, like everything else, was humbled in the dust. Some miraculous escapes are recorded. Men, women and children, who were sitting in balconies or in the upper stories of their houses, suddenly found themselves unhurt in the streets. Some were saved by standing under arched doorways, that protected them from the falling mortar and stones, and were the last to yield to the successive shocks that finally laid all prostrate. An English surgeon, Mr.

Daly, was stopped in the streets by a father who bore his child with a broken arm, and had courage enough to splinter it with a shingle in the midst of the toppling houses. There was only one family in which no death occurred. Many, with limbs shattered by huge stones, endeavoured still to drag themselves along. Others lay down awaiting patiently the death that soon came to relieve them. Affection now displayed its untiring energy. Fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, friends who had made their escape in obedience to the first impulse, hurried back amidst the tottering ruins to save those who might have been buried alive. Some were dug out within less than half an hour; others bruised, wounded, bleeding and faint, were extricated in the dead of the night; but the greater number were left until the following morning; and many remained four, five, twelve, and even thirteen days before they were found. It is scarcely possible but that some were left to perish of hunger and thirst. Hundreds were drowned by the rushing in of the sea, or swallowed up in the chasms, some of them three quarters of a mile in length, that opened in the streets. There perished, it is supposed, about seven thousand souls.

The principal place of refuge was an elevation called La Fossette, close to the town. Here the survivors, most of whom were dreadfully wounded, collected and lay down on the bare quaking earth, almost heart-broken, to pass the night. The shocks were repeated every five minutes, but there was nothing more to shake down. The roaring in the bowels of the earth was uninterrupted. Most expected, some wished, that the earth would open and swallow them up. To add to the horrors of the scene, the ruins were soon wrapped in flames, and many poor creatures, who had sunk exhausted upon them, were burned to death. Their shrieks could be distinctly heard at La Fossette, and added to the misery of the survivors, who imagined every now and then that they recognized the voice of a friend in his agony. Few could muster strength or courage to go to their assistance, and several of those that went perished miserably. A torrent of rain, that fell about midnight, increased the wretchedness of the wounded, without extinguishing the flames, which shone so brightly on the limestone rocks that crown the mountains behind the town, that many thought a volcano had burst forth. By this light, too, the vessels in the harbour, crowded with fugitives, could be seen tossing and rolling on the disturbed sea, that hissed like a seething cauldron along the shore. Suddenly, a column of light more vivid than ever

shot high into the heavens. It was followed by a terrific roar. The great powder magazine had exploded, and blown numbers of miserable men to atoms.

The morning of the eighth dawned bright and balmy, but served only to reveal the extent of the general misfortune. At the foot of a huge heap of shattered hills, covered with uprooted trees, lay the smoking ruins of the town, and beyond, stretched the still heaving sea, white with foam, and bearing on its breast the four ships which had served as a refuge to so many of the inhabitants of the cape. Presently, issuing from every ravine, and swarming along every road, hordes of black savages, armed to the teeth, appeared rushing on with wild yells to plunder the devoted town. In a few hours the streets were one dreadful scene of fighting. Everything of value that was found, these inhuman villains madly struggled for; and those who had taken refuge on La Fossette, could everywhere descry groups of infuriated blacks with swords, daggers, and guns, engaged in desperate conflict with each other. A desultory fire was kept up on every side. Many of the merchants collected in armed bodies, and attacked the plunderers, putting them to death without mercy, as they deserved; for they stabbed and shot the wounded wherever they found them, and tore necklaces and ear-rings from women who lay half dead among the ruins. Even the soldiers and their officers joined in the pillage. The surviving inhabitants, that ventured unarmed into the town, were ruthlessly murdered. Four men found a piece of linen and fought for it. Two fell beneath the strokes of the others, who were about to renew the contest, when some officers rode up and shot them dead. An article of trifling value was discovered by two blacks armed with swords. They left it on the ground, and rushed at each other. A desperate encounter ensued, and one being at length cut down, begged for mercy, but his ruthless opponent plunged his sword into his breast. At that moment, a shot from a neighbouring ruin brought the villain to the ground, and he never spoke more. No city taken by storm was ever sacked with greater ferocity. A gentleman, armed with a pistol, was endeavouring to save some of his property; five blacks came up in succession to disturb him, and he shot them all, reloading coolly after each discharge, and continuing what he was about until the next plunderer came to meet his death.

This state of things continued with little abatement for nearly a week, during which a pestilence, engendered by the effluvia of so many dead bodies, swept away a great num-

ber of the survivors. At length, however, order was restored, and the wretched remnants of the population of Cape Hayti began slowly to endeavour to clear and rebuild it. But many, their hearts overlaid with sadness and unable to bear the sight of a place where they had suffered so much, embarked for various foreign countries, or retired to remote quarters of the island; and even unto this day, in spite of the great events which have since occurred, many who were witnesses of the terrible calamity we have described, retain a sadness which they will probably carry with them to the grave. It was remarked, however, at the time, that not a tear was shed; the blow was too severe and too sudden; it stunned the faculties, and checked the natural overflowings of feeling.

The most remarkable circumstance in the history of this catastrophe is the total apathy with which the blacks of the interior, even when they did not actually join in the plunder, beheld the misfortunes of their fellow-citizens. The same feeling seems to pervade the whole of this injured and vindictive race. Even in Jamaica, when a fire takes place, the former slaves look stupidly on without attempting to afford any assistance, and in every other part of the West Indies their conduct is almost invariably the same. Frequently, indeed, the first flash of a conflagration is a signal for plunder. In Hayti, we must regard the conduct of the blacks on this occasion, as partly indicative of a state of political feeling directed against the mulattoes, and those more fortunate negroes, who, by acquiring property, had learned to identify themselves in some respect with them. It must be remembered, indeed, that an upper class had by degrees been formed in Hayti, composed of the two races, actually divided amongst themselves, but apt, like the aristocracy of England, to combine against the lower orders. This circumstance had diverted the attention of many from the incessant action of the rivalry of the two races, which in reality is the cause, proximate or remote, of almost every event that has taken place of late in Hayti.

The mass of the population, though astonished for a while by the awful visitation we have described, soon recovered sufficient elasticity of spirits to return with fresh ardour to their intestine discords. But it is very possible that the physical convulsions which had taken place around them may have prepared their imaginations calmly to receive impressions of civil strife. Many, besides, had been totally ruined, and looked forward to the storms of revolution for an opportunity of regaining their position in the world. It was their fancy to fish in troubled waters.

Meanwhile the secret society, at Aux Cayes, was taking advantage of the general excitement to diffuse its principles and dispose the minds of the people for a revolt in their interest. But it was not until the beginning of 1843 that they had sufficiently ripened their plans to put them into execution. A frightful hurricane had, in the meanwhile, again devastated their unfortunate country; and a third disaster ushered in the new year. On the 9th of January a dreadful fire burst out at Port-au-Prince, which the late earthquake had scarcely touched. Six hundred houses were burned down, and property to an immense amount destroyed. No sooner did the volumes of smoke that swept along the sky and the deep red glare of the flames announce the disaster, than the blacks of the mountains were again in motion, and the scenes of Cape Haytien were renewed. Houses which the fire had not reached were attacked by the mob, and defended with desperate energy, though with various success, by their masters. The authorities were paralysed, and it was not until the savages returned, glutted with blood and plunder, to their haunts, that they made any attempt to assert the majesty of government. Malouet might now have exclaimed, with reason, '*Il faut que la colonie de Saint Domingue soit encore dans les ténèbres; car je cherche sa police, et je ne la trouve pas.*' The weakness of the government now became evident. If they could not repress an unorganized multitude, what could they do against a real revolt? The argument was cogent; and, towards the end of January, it was resolved to be doing. A place called Praslin was selected as the scene of the first overt act, which circumstance has gained for the leaders of the revolution the name of the 'Heroes of Praslin.' The commandant of artillery, Rivière Herard (absurdly reproached by the '*Jamaica Gazette*,' which has furnished us with some valuable materials, with being a horse-breaker), here assumed the title of chief of the executive. Aux Cayes was now invested, and General Borgella, who held it for Boyer, compelled to capitulate.

When General Herard proposed to treat with Boyer, the only answer he received was, that no negotiation could be opened with rebels having arms in their hands. But as the troops began to exhibit signs of disaffection, and even to go over to the popular party, it became evident that the most prompt and energetic measures would alone suffice. These, however, there seemed no one capable of resorting to. General Inginac, the secretary of state, came trembling back from Goave with his forces towards Port-

au-Prince, without waiting for the enemy. Herard, meanwhile, and his rapidly increasing army, remained stationary at Tiburon, whither Boyer should have marched and driven him into the sea. But he suffered the whole country to be excited to such an extent that at length to attempt to exert his authority would have been merely to betray his weakness. On the other hand, the committee of public safety, at Jeremie, agitated the country with untiring perseverance; and, at length, began to advance its forces along the promontory eastward towards the mainland and the capital. At Pestel took place the first serious collision, in which General Lamarre, commanding for the president, was shot by one of his own officers. In a second battle, not far from Jeremie, another of Boyer's generals, Cazeau, was killed, and his men routed or taken prisoners. Herard then marched upon little Goave, the troops of the president retiring before him, and dispersing as they went; but at Leogane he came up with a force which, though much inferior to his own, gave him battle. The result was decisive of Boyer's fate. He now resolved on flight, applied to the officer of a British sloop of war then in port to take him on board with his family, collected about 40,000*l.* in money, with a quantity of jewels, and having published a proclamation, by which he formally abdicated the presidency, embarked unregretted and unpitied. All felt that something was removed from over their heads which had cast a sombre shadow on their souls. His tyranny had rather been continuous and depressing than wild and bloody. Accordingly many who did not precisely hate him, felt relieved when he was gone, and looked forward with something like hope to the provisional government which was shortly installed at Port-au-Prince.

We shall pass over the remaining events of the year with a remark or two. The victory achieved by the blacks did not enable them to take that prominent position in the government which they had expected. This may be explained by the fact that nearly all the great military offices having been in the hands of the mulattoes, they alone were qualified to command. Accordingly, on the 17th of December, General Rivière Herard was proclaimed president by his troops and adherents. There was a momentary show of opposition; Quixotic allusions were made to the illegality of a military election—the poor people thought themselves in a free country—they had cheated themselves with a name; but on the 9th of January, 1844, the choice made in the camp was confirmed in the city, and the news

spread over the world that Herard had been elected by the unanimous suffrages of his fellow citizens. Sanguine politicians began, thereupon, to indulge in delightful anticipations. We were now to have a real black republic. Every packet was expected to announce the appearance of a negro Solon at Port-au-Prince. Philosophers and philanthropists, whigs, and even Tories indulged the fond delusion; and many enthusiastic advocates of emancipation began to look forward, already, to the reception of the rights of citizenship. But alas for the mutability of the affairs of this world!

It is well known that in 1822, the Spanish portion of the island, occupying two-thirds of its whole extent, but comparatively unpeopled, was annexed to the republic by President Boyer. This was consummated with the utmost ease. The French, it is true, and this is worthy of remark, endeavoured to prevent it but were foiled. The Spaniards, one and all, were weary of the rule of the mother country; but a portion of them only desired to be united with Hayti; the others would have preferred the yoke of Columbia, separated from them by seven hundred miles of ocean. However, Boyer's rapid march silenced all discussions among the Dons, and the whole island was united under his rule. Whatever may have been the faults of this distinguished man he cannot be refused a capacity for government superior to most of his fellow-islanders. From 1818 to 1843 he maintained the integrity of his dominions, and it is only since his abdication that a sort of centrifugal tendency has shown itself in various parts of Hayti. January and February of this year passed away in quietness. It was thought that, satisfied with this amended constitution, in which the principal feature was the reduction of the term of the presidency to four years, the Haytians would now work out their own regeneration. But, on the 1st of March, the Spaniards set forth their grievances in a public manifesto, and flying to arms declared themselves a free and independent state separate from the Haytian republic. The charges made against Boyer and the Haytian government are expressed by the Dominican people in vague language, but one fact is established, namely, that the white portion of the population of the eastern division looked upon the black with the utmost hatred and abhorrence. It appears also that the Spanish portion of the island had greatly deteriorated under Boyer's rule, and that he had committed many acts of oppression, and treated the people as if they had been conquered by force. But the im-

mediate cause of the Spanish revolt was the excitement which spread like a contagion to every nook of the State in 1843, and the disappointment that was general throughout the country when Rivière Herard took the lead. The Dominicans complain that in the interval during which this general governed by martial law, he traversed the department of St. Jago, stripped the churches, sold employments, annulled elections; and they point to the notorious fact that he reached the presidency by means of his army. Not the least offensive of his acts was his incarceration in the dungeons of Port-au-Prince of a number of Spaniards accused of entertaining designs of going over to Columbia. It is a curious circumstance that Boyer, during his stay at Jamaica, was detected intriguing with some Columbian officers to join him in endeavouring to recover his power. Another fact must be coupled with this, namely, that in May the ex-president was seen at Havre on his way to the West Indies. Has he received any encouragement from the French government? Several reasons may be assigned for believing that he has. On the 13th of January last arrived for the first time at St. Domingo, the focus of the Spanish insurrection, a French consul, by name M. Juchereau de St. Denis. On the 16th his official installation took place, the French flag was hoisted and honoured by a salute of twenty-one guns. 'The arrival of our consul,' says the writer of a letter in the *Journal du Havre*, 'seems to have caused much satisfaction in the town, where everything is at present tranquil. The articles of the new constitution were already known, and its promulgation was expected every day.'

Is there not here an evident presentiment that all would shortly be not so very quiet, and that whatever disturbance took place would be in consequence of dissatisfaction with the constitution, just as was ostensibly the case? To our mind the connection of M. Juchereau with the affairs of St. Domingo, however the French journals may deny the fact, is as evident as that of M. Lessep's with those of Barcelona. As to the papers containing plans of French domination found on Colonel Pimentel when he was taken prisoner by Herard, they may or may not have been the offspring of his own imagination; but we confess it appears to us very unlikely that he should have no ground whatever for his speculations. Certain it is, however, that when the garrison of St. Domingo was surrounded by an overwhelming force, it was the French consul who negotiated their capitulation; and it is equally certain that Ad-

miral Moges commanding the French West India squadron offered his *mediation* to Herard. This, however, was indignantly rejected.

The more recent events in Hayti, though full of interest, cannot arrest us long. Accounts are so contradictory, that it is almost impossible to state anything positive concerning any but the most leading facts. The general outline, however, seems to be that Herard marched with what he conceived to be an overwhelming force upon the Spanish side, that his forces were encountered and defeated in a pitched battle, and that as he was preparing to renew the contest, intelligence of another insurrection of the blacks in the neighbourhood of Aux Cayes, compelled him to retrace his steps. But it was now too late. A general rising against the mulattoes, who were compelled to fly into the ships in the harbour and escape to Jamaica, proclaimed the true state of feeling in the island. The movement rapidly spread, and we learn by the last accounts that General Guerrier, a black, has been elected president. How all this will end it is impossible to say; but it seems that, if the blacks are as powerful as their numbers would testify, they will without check or control exercise supreme sway. The independence of the Dominicans is for the time, at least, achieved. There will be struggles, however, both between them and their neighbours; and between the various parties of the Haytian republic. May the end of the strife be peace! All we hope is, that, on the one hand, France may desist before it is too late from her endeavours to avenge her former defeats by inciting her conquerors to destroy each other; and that, on the other, the Haytians will abstain from any propagandist system, such as that of which they are accused in Cuba. If they are let alone, and if they themselves are content to fight out their own quarrels on their own soil, they may at length, weary of bloodshed, settle down into some rational form of government.

5. *The Tragedies of Sophocles*, from the Greek, by the Rev. THOMAS FRANCKLIN, D. D., late Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. A new edition. 1809.

THERE are few facts more currently recognized in literature than that Germany is rich in admirable translations, and that England is beggarly; and there are few facts in the explanation of which there is such unanimity of error. It is loudly asserted by one party, and tacitly assumed by the other, that the superior richness of the language is the cause of the German superiority. Now this is not only an error, but it is a grossly pernicious error. If it were merely a piece of national modesty we might applaud it; but being the cloak for incompetence and conceit, we are bound to pull it to the ground. The German is a fine language: rich, flexible, and sonorous, a richer language than our own, perhaps; certainly more flexible; therefore easier for the translator to manage. But in admitting the powers of the German, we are by no means called upon to decry the English language; in admitting the partial superiority of the one, we are not to assume the poverty of the other. He is a bold man who can assert that the language of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Shelley (to mention no others), is incapable of reflecting the finest passages of Greek, in as far as any language can reflect them. These poets abound in passages which for depth, clearness, subtlety, sonorousness, or massive grandeur, equal, if they do not surpass, any parallel passages to be found in any literature.

No: it is not in the language we must seek the cause of our bad translations; it is in the mind of the translator; it is in the method of the translation. In the third number of the 'Classical Museum' Mr. R. H. Horne published an excellent and well-timed essay, in which he reprobated the practice of the substituting their minds for those of the original authors.

"Let us know what the writer *did* say, in his own words, as closely as they can be rendered by equivalents, and not what you think he *meant* to say. If you do not consider his meaning clear enough, another may find it quite clear; and if the original be really obscure, that is not our fault. Do not venture on a remedy which would open the door for licence, and destroy our confidence."

This strikes at the very root of the question. It is the anxiety of *improving* the original, or rather the anxiety of thrusting in something they can call their own, which leads men into writing trash, and

- ART. IX.—1. *Sophokles Tragödien*. Von F. W. G. STAEGER. Ürschrift und Uebersetzung. 2 Bde. Halle. 1842.
2. *Des Sophokles Antigone*. Griechisch und Deutsch. Herausgegeben von AUGUST BOECKH. Berlin. 1843.
3. *Des Æschylos Gefesselter Prometheus*. Griechisch und Deutsch. Von G. F. SCHOEMANN. Greifswald. 1844.
4. *The Tragedies of Æschylus*, translated by R. POTTER. 1819.

selling it as translation. To translate is to impose a task on self-love; it is a stern abnegation of self, to which few men feel themselves equal. The ordinary mind represents the necessity of closely following the thoughts and expressions of another; it feels itself merely a machine; so, to gratify its desire for active co-operation, falsifies, and imagines that it improves.

Now self-abnegation has long been a celebrated Germanic virtue. Fidelity and self-sacrifice are German characteristics: hence the superiority of German translations. For in spite of the coxcombical cant respecting the 'servility' of 'literal versions,' and their inferiority to those which 'reflect the spirit rather than the letter,' the truth is, that the nearer a translation is to the letter the nearer is it to the spirit. We shall prove this presently by examples.

Moreover, the fidelity, so contemptuously treated, is difficult; nothing is easier than paraphrase. To be faithful implies thorough knowledge of the language: this is what English translators from the Greek have rarely possessed. Elocution teachers, it is notorious, either stutter, or speak with a brogue; we presume it is on the same principle that imperfect knowledge of the language is the first qualification of a translator. This qualification, whatever it may do for 'spirited versions,' is clearly not the best for securing fidelity; fidelity therefore has been eschewed, nay, sneered at. But let us suppose the translator's knowledge to be complete, this does not imply that his taste is perfect. Yet there are innumerable passages in all fine poets which a correct taste alone can appreciate. If the translator misses the peculiar excellence of a passage, seeing only baldness in that which is the simplicity of strength, he straightway gives what he is pleased to call the 'spirit of the original,' i. e., something as unlike the original as his ingenious dullness can devise. We cannot help thinking that the spirit of the original is best to be seen in that which he wrote, not in that written for him; in the words of Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles presented in English equivalents, not in the words of Pope, Potter, and Francklin. It is easy to call names, and to sneer at 'literalities'; as easy as to paraphrase what you do not understand; but literality is after all the first merit of translation. In a literal version the sound is lost as well as that peculiar magic which lies in words, making poetry delight, and defying translation; but the ideas and images of the original are preserved; the charm of poetry may in some measure be lost, but the spirit of the writer, and his age, remains. In a paraphrase

sound and sense are equally lost; we have only gained the translator's substitution.

To the proof. It will only be credited after reading the following examples, that all the translators of Homer (Cowper excepted) destroy the beauty and grandeur of Apollo's descent upon the Grecian army; every one misses the peculiarity; every one 'improves.' Homer says simply *ὅ δ' ἥε νυκτὶ ἰοικώς*. —'He went like night.' This is brief, striking, Homeric; it is very easy, and falls naturally into simple English. But Pope says:

"Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread."

This is explaining the original image, and explaining it falsely.

Dryden:

"Black as a stormy night he ranged around."

Tickell:

"In clouds he flew concealed from mortal sight."

Sotheby:

"The god descended dark as night."

Even old Voss, who on many an occasion shows a true Homeric feeling, 'improves,' and says, 'Er wandelte düsterer Nacht gleich.' Why thrust in the epithet *düsterer*, dusky? It only weakens the image.

Now all these versions are bad, some detestable; and why? Simply because they are unfaithful. The spirit of the original would have been perfectly represented in a literal translation; but literality is servile! Search, wherever you will, the same fact will always present itself to you, that the triumph of translation is exact fidelity: not, of course, schoolboy construing, not dictionary fidelity, but the finding of exact equivalents for each word of the original, and *no more*; this will be poetry if the original is poetry. For instance; what makes the celebrated line in Catullus—

"Ridete, quidquid est domi cachinnorum—"

so difficult? Every one perfectly understands and feels the felicity of this line; but who can render it in English? Leigh Hunt's version:

"Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of home!"; is like Leigh Hunt, but very unlike Catullus. Yet if there is an admirable translator now living, it is Leigh Hunt; and he is the most accurate.*

* Of all the translations of this ode of Catullus we have seen, that by Mr. Swynfen Jervis is incomparably the best. The line quoted in the text has been often pronounced untranslatable; Mr. Jervis has given it to perfection:

And Home with all thy laughter welcome me.

The virtue of accuracy is twofold : it prevents the bad taste of the translator having any influence on the beauty of the original thought, and it fulfils all the real purposes of a translation. For let the matter be fairly stated : do we, in a translation, require an accession to *our* poetical literature, or do we desire to know something of the literature of another age and country ? It is clear we want no accession to our poetry ; and if we did, the translators are usually the last men to whom we should look for it. We are not beggars ; we are not forced to live upon the scraps which fall from any man's table ; we have a literature of our own, rich, vigorous, immortal ; we are more in danger of repletion than starvation. It was otherwise in Rome. Horace and Catullus might translate as they pleased ; their object was to give a literature to their nation, and they were right to make any use of the Greeks they thought fit. If all antiquity were a closed book to us, we could thrive without it. Nevertheless, a natural and laudable curiosity urges us to become acquainted with this antiquity, since the book is there, open to all who have eyes to read it. Hence translations ; but for whom designed ? This is the important question : what purpose have you in giving a translation to the world ? The answer contains the true method to be adopted. We answer, therefore, that the purpose is, first, to enable those ignorant of Greek to gather some idea of the spirit of Greek poetry. Secondly, to assist those who, knowing little, would know more, and have not a master always at hand. Thirdly, to furnish those who are in the habit of quoting the poets, with versions ready made. The two last aims, it is obvious, can only be fulfilled by accuracy ; let us examine the first.

To enable those ignorant of Greek to gather some idea of the spirit of Greek poetry, is the problem. How is it to be solved ? By the most painstaking accuracy, and in proportion to the accuracy. This is our method. Translators almost universally adopt another and very different method, the keystone of which is this curious proposition : in order to attain the most complete resemblance, you must deviate from your model as far as possible, pay no attention to its outlines, but substitute your own ! This is the proposition seen in its nakedness ; *clothed*, it runs thus : as a literal version must necessarily be bald and unreadable, because all the beauty has evaporated, endeavour to make the original speak as he would have spoken had he lived in these days. This sophism has taken in thousands, who forgot that an accession to our literature was

not the thing they sought. Examine the sophism, reader. 'Make the original speak as he would have spoken now !' In other words, 'Suppose that if Sophocles were now to be born, he would be born a Thomas Francklin.' The supposition is a strong one. For our parts, we fancy that Sophocles was a man of altogether different stamp from Thomas Francklin ; to our apprehension Sophocles was one of the most astonishing poets, and Francklin one of the most astonishing blockheads in the records of poetry ; the one the consummate flower of Greek art, the other the quintessence of the Dunciad. Had Potter really been an Æschylus, Boyd a Dante, Hoole a Tasso, or Francklin a Sophocles, we should have desired above all things that they would write tragedies and epics of their own ; being somewhat different, we wish they had thought twice before making their originals 'speak as they would have spoken.'

Paraphrase is a cloak for ignorance and want of taste. Whenever a paraphrase is good, it is because it represents exactly, but in other words, an idea which cannot be expressed in dictionary equivalents. But whenever our language possesses equivalents, paraphrase is an impertinence. So that, turn it how you will, accuracy is the one virtue of translation. The boasted superiority of the Germans in this branch of literature consists entirely in the possession of this quality ; to which, of course, the flexibility of their language assists them. This flexibility is mistaken for the primary cause—it is only secondary. They often translate badly ; in other words, inaccurately. When the English equal them in accuracy, they will equal them in beauty. The image from Homer, before quoted, will prove this ; but take another example. There is a celebrated simile in Æschylus, where Prometheus speaks of the 'sea waves' innumerable laugh,' (ποντιων τε κυματων ἀνιριθμον γελασμα) ; which Potter renders :

. "Ye waves,
That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
Your crisped smiles."

This is bad enough. Bulwer is not much better :

. "Waves
That dimple o'er old ocean, like his smiles."

M. Alexis Pierron calls it, 'flots innombrables qui ridez la mer.' Schoemann, in his edition of the 'Prometheus,' which heads this article, most unwarrantably calls it :

. "der wogenden Meersflut
Zahlloses Blinken."

Droysen alone has taste enough to be literal; he says *unzähliges Lachen*. The roaring and innumerable laugh of the waves as they dash against each other, is a bold, grand expression; and if it were absurd, the translator is bound to reproduce it. To *improve* is unfair; to say nothing of the danger in the attempt! Æschylus was a poet and best knew the force of words; he did not omit epithets, because epithets were not *at* his command, but because they were *under* his command: he knew their power; he knew also their weakness. In the above example a German has succeeded; another German failed, because, like the Englishmen, he substituted something for the original idea. It was not the language which made Droysen succeed; it was the method.

We will mention here a few of the many deviations, improvements, or whatever they may be called, of Voss in his Homer; they will clearly show the danger of neglecting accuracy. We will confine ourselves to the 'Iliad.' At b. i., v. 266—7, Homer makes Nestor say of his former associates:—

Καρτιστοὶ μὲν ἴσαν καὶ καρτιστοῖς ἐμάχοντο,
Φθρῖν ορεκφοῖσι καὶ ἐκπαλῶς ἀπολέσαν.

Which is literally,

"They indeed were the strongest, and fought with the strongest,
With mountain-dwelling Centaurs, and terribly destroyed them."

Voss poorly thus:—

"Waren selbst die Stärksten und Kämpfeten
wider die Stärksten,
Wider die Bergkentauren, und übten grause
Vertilgung.*

In the next instance we shall see something more than mere weakness. B. ii., v. 6, Zeus sends to Agamemnon 'a destructive dream,' *οἶλον δειρὸν*; i. e. a dream destructive in its consequences. This endowment of things with anticipated qualities is peculiar to poetry, and is very energetic. Thus Keats says:—

"They rode to Florence with the murdered man."

Meaning the man whom they were going to murder, and who was murdered in thought. This is the use of *οἶλος*. But Voss entirely misses the sense, and translates it 'täuschender, deceptive.' Pope, with his usual

* We cannot resist adding the 'spirit of the original' as seen in Pope:

Strongest of men they pierced the mountain boar,
Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from the hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.

inanity, calls it 'an empty phantom.' Voss is weakest when rendering imaginative expressions like the above; or descriptive epithets, such as 'goat-defying rock,' which he calls '*jähem Geklipp*;' or the 'sharp-witted son of Kronos;' 'Sohn des verborgenen Kronos.' Sometimes he positively perverts the sense, as thus. In B. xxii., v. 455, the horses of Achilles are dragging the body of Hector; the agonized Andromache beholds him, and, to her eyes, they drag him with cruel carelessness (*ἀκηδέστως*): an admirable, passionate, pictorial epithet; not only describing their reckless course, but the sentiments of Andromache, to whom it seems as if the very brutes should treat Hector with pity and respect. This is the wondrous power of words in the wondrous mind of a poet! Voss, with singular dullness, translates *ἀκηδέστως*, *mitleidsvoll*, 'compassionate;' exactly contradicting Homer. In a former passage, Homer, describing Hector dragged along, says:

τοῦ δ' ἦν ἄλκομενοιὸν κονισαλός.

"And there was a cloud of dust from the dragged one."

This Chapman has enlarged in a fine sonorous line:

"A whirlwind made of startled dust drove with them as they flew."

But this is not Homeric; it wants simplicity, and the power which simplicity in such places always has: 'whirlwind,' and 'startled,' are too elaborate. Voss is closer, but not perfect: 'Staubgewölk umwallte den Schleppenden.' Here the 'unwallte' weakens the line. In the simplicity of those words, 'there was a cloud of dust from the dragged one,' there is something terrific; and this is preserved throughout the passage.

We are not criticising Voss, and must let the above instances suffice. We may say, that whenever he deviates from his original, the chances are hundreds to one that he produces something very inferior; and that should he be really superior, it is unfair to the reader; but as, in general, he is very accurate, so is his version excellent. Still an English version might be equally excellent. There is nothing in our language to prevent it. There are occasional lines in Sotheby's translation which are quite equal to the original, and surpass all rival versions. Thus the single line,

οἶρεα τε σκίοεντα, θαλάσσα τε ἤχησσα,

cannot be more beautifully given than by him:

"Earth-shadowing mountains, and a dashing sea."

But unfortunately these lines are extremely rare; the rest of the poem is 'improved Pope.'

We reiterate our assertion that the cause of the badness of the English translations is not the poverty of the English language, but of the translators. Whenever an Englishman has had the competent knowledge, he has either wanted correct taste, or has gone wrong upon system. The consequence is that we possess nothing but schoolboy versions in prose, or paraphrases in poetry. The former are unquestionably better as to meaning; but we cannot help regarding prose as a detestable medium for poetry. Not merely is the charm of metre considerable, but the expressions, which delight us in poetry, are unendurable in prose: poetical prose is detestable prose. Moreover, it is a fact worth insisting on, that all prose versions are too wordy; in the anxiety to express the whole meaning, considerable latitude of words is taken with the hope that some among them may precisely suit. Metre keeps a check on verbosity; especially if line for line versions are adopted. Rhymes should be rejected as chains too weighty for perfect freedom; they render accuracy impossible. But unrhymed metres, the nearer the original the better, are no hindrances to accuracy, and preserve in some degree the character of the poetry.

Having explained our views of what translations should be, let us cast a glance at what they are; and confining ourselves for the present to Æschylus and Sophocles.

The standard English Sophocles is that by Thomas Francklin. It has gone through several editions; is to be seen on every book-stall; and is perpetually quoted in books and Quarterly Reviews; and doubtless prevents many translations from being undertaken. If there is a book in the whole range of our reading which we should characterize as unredeemably bad, the Sophocles of Thomas Francklin is that book; if there is a writer whose position, and the nature of whose work, justify the expression of an unmingled contempt, Thomas Francklin is that writer. By a literary paradox, not unsusceptible of explanation, the dumbest man of his age undertakes to translate one of the greatest poets of any age. Native incompetence, unsuspecting dullness is the ground of his attempt; had he been less dull he would have seen his incapacity. Strong in his impregnable imbecility he persevered in the task, because 'the old tragedians have been shamefully disguised and misrepresented to the unlearn-

ed by the false medium of bad translations!' A passage from the dedication to the Prince of Wales is too amusing to pass by:—

"That a writer so universally applauded should never yet have been seen in an English habit (for the disguises which he has hitherto worn are unworthy of that name), is certainly a matter of astonishment; but Sophocles seems *purposely to have waited for the present happy opportunity of making his first appearance amongst us under the patronage of your royal highness*; a circumstance which has made him ample retribution for all our former slight and neglect of him."

If this be so, what 'retribution will be ample enough' for the translation of Thomas Francklin? For Thomas, besides his native, has no small stock of acquired ignorance; he has not only translated Sophocles, but annotated him: and such notes, ye gods! such notes! Commentators are not a lively race; but in Francklin there is magnanimity of dullness.

In the first qualification of the ordinary translator, ignorance of the language, Francklin was not behind his rivals. Although professor of Greek at Cambridge, his book is evidence enough of his 'small knowledge and less Greek.' As a bit of 'construing,' it would disgrace a fourth-form boy; as poetry, it would disgrace an Annual. When he does not quite understand a passage, he paraphrases it; when he does not understand it at all, he translates from the Latin version. The former case occurs half a dozen times in every page; the latter, with amazing frequency: and as the Latin is usually incorrect, what Francklin's version must be, *je vous donne à penser!* There is generally a right and a wrong way of doing things, and some fat-handed people always choose the wrong. One of these is Francklin. His alacrity in blundering exceeds that of any translator we have met with. Whenever he happens to understand a passage (which is rare), he deviates from the sense, in order, we presume, to make Sophocles speak as he would have spoken. Thus the opening of the 'Œdipus Coloneus' is as solemn as it is simple.

τεκνον τυφλοῦ γεροντος Αντιγονη, κ. τ. λ.

Which runs easily into English:—

"Child of the blind old man, Antigone," &c.

But this is literal. Francklin, wishing to make it what Sophocles *would* have written, translates it thus:—

"Where are we now, my dear Antigone?"

Is not this perfect? has bathos lower deeps, have translators greater absurdities? Upon what principle is the deviation made? He *must* have understood the meaning of the original, i. e., the dictionary meaning; why then avoid it? Clearly because Sophocles-Francklin would have written otherwise. The demigod of Greece is dressed in the periwig and small-clothes of the Cambridge professor. Again: a little further on Œdipus says that Apollo confirmed his promises by signs:

ἡ σεισμον, ἡ βροντην τιν', ἡ Διὸς σέλας.

which is, word for word, this splendid verse:

'Earthquake and thunder, and the flash of Jove!'

Sophocles-Francklin prefers saying:—

"Thunder, or the sound
Of dreadful earthquake, or the lightning's blast
Launched from the arm of Jove."

Reader! If your knowledge of Sophocles is founded upon Francklin's book, what has been your private opinion of the Attic Bee? With what sincerity have you praised the prince of Greek poets? What have you thought of the praises of others? From this time forward clear your shelves of the book. Take your Lexicon and grammar and set doggedly to work. However 'small your Greek,' you will be repaid; you may spend a month, two months over a single play, but you will be repaid, you will have something different from Francklin. Hammer out every passage and then repeat it: toil and then enjoy. With Francklin you have not only toil without enjoyment, but with positive injury, for you have imbibed false ideas, utterly false. If the toil rebuts you, consent to be ignorant. It is better not to know at all, than to *mis*-know.

We have not yet done with Francklin, but we stop to answer the very natural question which the reader might put, as to why we deem it necessary to spend so many words on so contemptible a writer? We do so because he is an exception to the ordinary run of blockheads. Had he been a bad historian, a bad essayist, or a bad novelist, we should have left his ashes in repose; such men sink from their specific gravity: the stream of time passes on without bearing them with it, leaving them with the mud and filth at the bottom. But Francklin, buoyed up by the incessant interest attached to Sophocles, has descended with the stream, like an unshapely, unsightly, useless hulk that serves but to darken and obstruct. Of

all bad books a bad translation is the worst. In the dullest history there are useful facts; in the vilest novel there is a story, and should that be utterly without interest you can close the book and be bored no longer. But in a bad translation there is no redeeming quality. It stands as a dark dismal log between you and the original, pretending to reflect the splendour of that original, and transmitting nothing but its own opacity, which you, believing it to be the veritable original, pronounce a wretched imposture, kept up by pedants and blockheads. And this useless, or rather this pernicious log, has been suffered to stand there for now some seventy or eighty years, the representative of the prince of poets to all English readers. For these weary years no Englishman that knew no Greek could look at Sophocles except through Francklin; the old poet had been made 'to speak as he would have spoken,' and a very curious speech it is. The antique Hercules, broad-backed, brawny-armed, is transformed into the rickety and pitifully flabby modern professor; and modern youths exclaim with scorn, 'this is the boasted Hercules, of whom pedants talk so much!' It is for this reason that we have placed the modern Hercules upon a pedestal, where all may view his proportions. There he stands: a monument of unexampled imbecility.

We have given an instance or two of his taste, let us, therefore, notice a few of his blunders in Greek. In the 'Philoctetes,' Ulysses, formally inculcating the doctrine that the end justifies the means, attempts to overcome the repugnance of Neoptolemus to treachery, by saying:

'I know thou'rt not by nature fram'd to speak
Such things, nor execute such treachery.
But sweet is the possession of a victory.
Be bold! just we shall appear hereafter.'

This is as literal as we can make it (*vide* 'Philoct.', v. 79-82), and it is very Greek in sentiment. Francklin says—

'I know thy noble nature
Abhors the thought of treachery or fraud;
But what a glorious prize is victory!
Therefore be bold! we will be just hereafter.'

By means of the epithet 'noble,' and saying this nobility 'abhors the thought of treachery,' Ulysses is made to speak like a Christian; and this is strengthened by the blunder in the last line. Sophocles does not say 'we will be just hereafter,' but we shall *appear so*: *ακφανόμεθα* is the word; and our readers will agree with us in thinking there is a considerable difference between appearing and being just. Ulysses was the last

person in the world to think highly of repugnance to treachery, and to qualify it with 'noble': treachery was a Greek virtue, and Ulysses was the Greek hero. Not only a hero, but one thought equal to Zeus himself in counsel: *Δὴ μῆτιν ἀταλάντων* (Il. β 169), which he would never have been thought had those counsels been wicked. The gods themselves inculcate treachery (*vide* 'Electra'); Prometheus, the high-minded, daring Titan, does the same (*vide* 'Prom.' v. 212), the chorus in the 'Septem contra Thebas' (v. 716), Orestes in the 'Electra'—in short, throughout the Greek drama we have constant testimony to the virtue in gaining by stratagem a victory hopeless by force. The sense of Ulysses' speech is not, therefore, Christian admiration, but Greek irony: 'I know that you are young, inexperienced, hot-headed; but think of victory; gain it, and we shall appear just; i. e. our means will be applauded.' Francklin says, 'be wicked now; we will afterwards repent and be just.'

In the 'Electra' (v. 59), Orestes, having arranged with his pedagogue that he shall be reported dead, adds, 'what will it matter to me if I am dead in words, but live in acts; i. e., if I am reported dead, yet live in reality.' Such, at least, if we can trust our knowledge, is the meaning of—

τί γὰρ με λυπεῖ τοῦθ', ὅταν λόγῳ θανῶν,
ἐργασίᾳ σωθῶ.

Francklin translates thus;

'What should deter me from the pious fraud?
Since my feigned death but gains me real fame,
And I shall wake to better life.'

And upon the words 'pious fraud' he has this note:

'The Greeks, who were remarkably superstitious, entertained a notion that to feign themselves dead, had something in it both wicked and dangerous; they were apprehensive that death would not thus be mocked, but would revenge the fraud by coming upon them in reality. Orestes endeavours to shake off these fears.'

It is thus the lively commentator does his work: after mistranslating, he writes a note upon his own blunder. The reader will remark that nothing like pious fraud is in the original; and if he turn to the whole passage, it will be evident that Orestes had no such thought. Let us now open the 'Œdipus,' and see what Francklin makes of its profound meaning and subtle irony. The pest is raging, and the people come to implore the aid of the great, the wise, the happy Œdipus. The irony lies in this: for the man they implore is the unconscious cause of their evils. This irony Francklin destroys by making him say,

'I know the woes of Thebes,
And yet amongst you lives not such a wretch
As Œdipus.'

This is true; but it is in flat contradiction to the original; it 'denotes the foregone conclusion,' and utterly destroys the peculiar art of the poet. Sophocles says (v. 60, 1.), 'I know what you suffer; and I suffer more on your account than you do;' but as to calling himself a wretch, there is not a shadow of such a thought. And in this manner is the delicate art of Sophocles destroyed throughout.

A man who cannot render the simplest passage correctly, will hardly succeed in the difficult ones. Let us see what he makes of them. Œdipus having discovered that he has unwittingly murdered his father, and married his own mother, tears out his eyes; and reappears, exclaiming, 'Ah! ah! wo! wo! miserable me! Where shall I wander, wretched one? Where flies my voice, hurried along? Ha, Fortune! whither drivest?' In this there is a bold periphrasis of voice for the man, 'where flies my voice, hurried along? i. e., whither am I impelled, to whom shall I speak: *πᾶ μοι φθογγὰ διαπεταται φοραδὴν*; the passage is in Francklin:

'O! me!

Where am I? and whence comes the voice I hear?
Where art thou, Fortune!

This is perhaps unique. It proves beyond a doubt that the learned professor could not construe the passage. It is not an easy one; but a professor of Greek at Cambridge surely ought to be versed enough in the language to know that similar periphrases abound in the dramatists. Thus, in the 'Electra,' v. 1225, voice is put for the person, 'O voice, art thou here? *ὦ φθεγγ' ἀφικον*; and in the 'Œdipus,' v. 1458, *μοῖρα*, fate, is used in the same sense. The periphrasis of *καρὰ*, 'head,' for the whole 'person,' is extremely frequent;* and if the 'head' may be thus used, why not the 'voice?' Besides, the passage quoted above will not make sense unless the periphrasis be acknowledged; and we may express our surprise at a Cambridge professor's not perceiving this. We have no great scholarship, ourselves; we make no pretension to it; but we have enough to see that Francklin had none. †

* Comp. 'Œdip. Tyr.' v. 40—950—1235. 'Antig.,' vi. as examples.

† In a note to the 'Antigone,' he tells us that *σχεδόν τι μῶρος μορῶν ἀφλεσκάνω* is literally, 'I talk foolishly to a fool;' with submission, that is neither literal, nor correct; we believe the translation to be, 'I am accused of folly by a fool,' or somewhat to that effect. Francklin, in his text, gives quite another sense to it, saying, 'tis fit I should act thus, it but resembles thee.'

Here is another specimen; Œdipus, about to die, takes his farewell of the light of day; as all dying Grecians were wont to do. There is, however, a peculiarity in his language. He is blind, and cannot therefore bid adieu to the light in the same words as one who sees. But he feels the sunbeam, he has *lived* in it, if he has not seen by it; and he says, 'O light invisible (*i. e.*, to me), formerly wert thou mine; but now for the last time does my body touch thee,' ('Œdip. Col.' v. 1549), and which in the version of Stäger, runs thus:

'Tagloses Licht! in andern Zeiten warst du mein,
Doch nun zum letzten Male leb' ich noch in dir.'

Francklin, utterly misunderstanding it, says,

'Oh sightless eyes, where are ye? never more
Shall these hands touch your unavailing orbs.'

We submit that *ὥς ἀφ' ὧν* cannot mean sightless eyes; 'where are ye?' is the stupid blunder of a school-boy, and there is nothing whatever about 'hands, or 'unavailing orbs.'

It is thus that a speech, peculiarly Greek in feeling, and well worth preserving for its peculiarity, is rendered drivelling nonsense. What delight could there be in 'touching unavailing orbs' with his hands, that Œdipus must needs regret parting from life on that account? We presume the reader requires no more specimens of the professor's Greek; we can conscientiously declare that the translation abounds with such as the above, and that in no single case that we have consulted is a difficulty solved.

Potter is a poet compared with Francklin: compared with anybody else, Potter is not illustrious. Frigid, formal, sometimes pretty, generally paraphrastic, constantly wrong: this is the character of the translation of Æschylus. It is as like Æschylus as the version of Sophocles by Francklin is like Sophocles; but it is not such an unreadable book. Potter also makes his original 'speak as he would have spoken;' all the peculiarities of an early energetic singer, are pruned away, and a frigid, rigid, *very* modern song introduced instead. He blunders over the sense, or slurs over it almost as often as Francklin; but he has greater excuse in the greater obscurity of his author. All the *naïveté* of Æschylus, and there is a great deal and characteristic, has vanished in Potter; all the 'big-mouthed' compounds for which Aristophanes ridiculed him, are softened into prettinesses or inanities; all the grand simplicity elaborated into nonsense. We need spend no time in long examples; two will suffice to exhibit the spirit of the whole.

At the close of the 'Agamemnon' the chorus, furious against Ægisthus, says, with a somewhat homely sarcasm, 'He struts before her (Clytemnestra) as a cock before his hen.' This may be language unfit for *le style noble*, or it may be fine and Shakspearian: at any rate it is the language of Æschylus, which Potter (shuddering at its vulgarity), turns into:

'The craven in her presence rears his crest.'

In the 'Eumenides' the furies coming on the track of their victim, one of them says, 'He must be here: the scent of mortal blood laughs at me, *ὁσμή βορρῆων αἵματος με προσγελᾷ*: meaning obviously, 'Rejoices me, makes me chuckle with delight.' It is a bold figure; but Catullus has a similar one: 'jucundo risit odore' (lxii. v. 384.) To say that an odour laughs, *i. e.*, to transfer the properties of one sense to another, is by no means unfrequent in the classic poets.* This is a peculiarity which surely ought to be preserved; yet Potter says:

'With joy I snuff the scent of human blood.'

In this way Æschylus is made throughout to 'speak as he would have spoken'—had he been Potter.

We have said enough to show that neither Æschylus nor Sophocles have been tolerably translated into English; we will now, therefore, endeavour to show how they can be. For this purpose we will select some specimens of German translation, and confront them with literal versions. We are anxious, at the outset, not to be understood as putting forward our attempts at what we conceive translations can be; but simply to show that the great requisite, fidelity, can be as well preserved in English as in German. The first passage shall be from the 'Antigone' (v. 806, sq.); and Böckh's version, as the most recent, shall be given.

"O seht mich, o Bürger des Vaterlandes,
die ich den letzten Weg
wandle die ich den letzten Strahl
schaue jetzt von Helios licht,
und nie wieder! Lebend entführt
Hades, alle lagernd zu Ruh'
Acheron's Ufern
zu mich; nicht Hymenäen
empfang ich; nimmer ein bräutliches Lied
feierte mich im Lust-
reigen: Acheron führt als Braut heim mich."

Let the reader now compare the simple English:

* Compare 'Prom.' v. 21. *φῶνεν ὄψει*. 'Electra.' 473. *ἐλαμψε φάμα*. 'Œdip. Col.' 138. *φῶνεν ὄρᾳ*.

"Behold me, fellow-citizens!
 I tread the last path,
 I see the last beam of the sun;
 I shall see it no more.
 For the all-reposing Hades leads me
 To the Acherontic shores;
 No Hymeneal rites may charm me,
 No nuptial hymn be sung,
 For I wed Acheron."

Antigone shortly afterwards likens herself to Niobe, in a passage given by Böckh thus:

"Wohl hört ich, ging Tantalos Tochter, sie die
 Phrygien uns gesandt,
 graunvoll unter an Sipylus
 Höhn: gleich Epheus strammen Gewächs
 fest umschloss sie sprossender Fels;
 Schmelzend zehrt der Regen an ihr,
 lautet die Kunde,
 der Schnee lässt sie nimmer;
 und stets herab von dem thranenden Brau'n
 netzet die Busen sie:
 der am ähnlichsten bettet Schicksal mich!"

We turn the passage thus:

"I have heard how miserably perished
 The Phrygian stranger,
 Daughter of Tantalus, on the heights of
 Sipylus,
 Whom—like encircling ivy
 The eager-growing rock subdued.
 And she in a shower dissolved,
 (So runneth the legend.)
 The snow never leaves her,
 But falleth down melted
 From cliffs ever-weeping.
 This much doth resemble the fate I am
 called to!"

This is literal; the reader must decide whether it be readable. But with such accuracy, we have only to suppose a more perfect finish, a more subtle rendering of the delicate *nuances*, to see how perfectly English is capable, on a proper method, of reflecting Greek. At any rate we protest against our opinions being pinned on the merit or demerit of our translations. The reader shall now have the translation of these passages by Sir Lytton Bulwer; who, in his admirable work on Athens, has given some very elaborate versions of various passages, and for which he has been loudly praised. We mark in italics the additions he has thought fit to make to the original.

"Ye of the land wherein my fathers dwelt,
 Behold me journeying to my latest bourne!
Time hath no morrow for these eyes. Black
Orcus,
Whose court hath room for all, leads my lone
steps,
 E'en whilst I live, to shadows. Not for me
 The nuptial blessing, or the marriage hymn:
 Acheron receive thy bride.

Methinks I have heard,
 So legends go—how Phrygian Niobe
 (*Poor stranger*) on the heights of Sipylus
 Mournfully died. The *hard* rock, like *tendrils*
 O' the ivy, clung and crept under her heart;—
 Her nevermore, dissolving into showers,
 Pale snows desert; and from her *sorrowful*
eyes,
 As from *unfailing founts*, adown the cliffs
 Fall the *eternal dews*. Like her, the God
 Lulls me to sleep and into stone."

We will add one more specimen, and it shall be the celebrated chorus to Bacchus,

Πολυνυμφε Καδμείας νυμφας αγαλαμα—κ. τ. λ.

in the 'Antigone.' This time Stäger shall be the German selected:

"Vielnamiger Du, der Stolz
 Der Kadmos-jungfrau, Du, des schwer
 Hindonernden Zeus Geschlecht!
 Du Hort Italias,
 Jener, der Edlen! ja du Fürst
 Der allbefahr'nen Bucht
 Deo's von Eleusis,
 O Bakteus, Thebe's Bürger, der Mutterstadt
 Der Baktehantinnen, dort am Strom
 Ismenos, und zunächst
 Der Saat des wilden Drachen!
 Dich siehet die helle Gluth
 Dort auf des Felsen Doppelhaupt,
 Wo Nymphen Korykias
 Den Bakchostanz begehnen,
 Dort wo Kastalia's Quelle fleusst!
 Des Nysa Höhenland
 Und Epheuhügel,
 Und Küsten im Grün der Reben entsenden
 dich
 Unter heiligem Jubelsang,
 Wenn heimsuchend du
 Hinziehst zum Lande Thebe:
 O du, wie die Mutter
 Die blitzgetroffene, du bist unser stadt vor Allen
 hold!"

This is admirably rendered. But English is capable of being as accurate:

"Many-named darling of the Theban maid!
 Offspring of the heavy-thundering Jove!
 Who cherishest the far-famed Italy,
 And rulest in mysterious vales
 Of Eleusinian Ceres.
 O Bacchus! dweller in the Bacchic Thebes,
 Thy mother-city, by the rushing stream*
 Of wild Ismenos, and the field of dragon-teeth.
 Thee, upon the double-crested mount,
 The flame-smoke sacrifice beholds,
 Where dance Corycian nymphs, bacchantelike,
 And flow Castalian streams.
 To Thee the ivy-steeps of Nysian mountains,
 And verdant shores in ruddy grapes abounding,

* We may remark in passing that Francklin, with his usual correctness, translates this 'gentle flood,' *αγριος*, gentle!

Send forth the immortal songs
When thou visitest thy native Thebes,
City above all others most beloved,
By Thee and thy thunder-stricken mother."

Sir Lytton Bulwer, wishing to be more poetical than his original, has paraphrased this in a very loose style; we have only room for the last dozen lines:

"Where roam Corycian nymphs the glorious
mountain,
And all melodious flows the old Castalian fountain,

Vocal with echoes wildly glad,
The Nysian steeps with ivy clad,
And shores with vineyards greenly blooming,
Proclaiming, steep to shore,
That Bacchus, evermore,
Is guardian of the race
Where he holds his dwelling-place
With her* beneath the breath
Of the thunder's glowing death,
In the glare of her glory consuming."

Unless we are greatly deceived, the literal version is more poetical than the paraphrase; at any rate it is more like the original, and this is the great point to be considered. If the German, in the above examples, is better, no one will assert that a good English translator could not soon turn the scale. We contend, therefore, that if an Englishman, of poetical capacity, and with a quick perception of equivalents, were to attempt a translation, on the principles laid down in this essay, he would rival the best German translator. Be this as it may, we hope to have shown that the first principle of translation is verbal fidelity, and not 'spirited paraphrase'; the second principle is the preservation of metres, as closely corresponding to the original as our language admits; and we make this reservation, because in two such different languages there cannot well be identical metres; thus hexameters have often been tried in English, but always without success, because emphasis, and not quantity, regulates our verse.

In standing up for the richness and capability of English, we trust we shall not be accused of insensibility or injustice to the capacities of German. It is a noble language, and possesses beautiful translations. We may study them as models without despairing to rival them. The scrupulous painstaking employed by Germans is certainly a quality we should do well to imitate; might we not also imitate in some degree their formation of new compound words? Without at all desiring to introduce neologisms, we think it desirable that, in translations at

least, many new compounds should be admitted, if formed according to the analogies of our language—for instance, why should not *κεκοπιτο* be rendered 'bedusted,' as the Germans say, 'bestäubt?' since we say bedevilled, begrimed, besieged, bespattered, &c. The facility with which Germans create compounds is a great source of lingual treasure, and a great assistance in translation. In this they rival the Greeks. Here is a word used by Droysen in a translation of Pratinas' 'Hypochreme':—

"Schweriallendesangestaumelrhythmentrunkenbold."

We need not ape the Germans in this respect; but we may make better use than we do of the resources of our own language.

Since the above was written we have received a prose translation of Sophocles* which demands a brief notice. It is obviously intended for students; meant as a *crib* to those reading Sophocles; and the notes are consequently purely philological. Regarded then as 'a crib,' and not as a book to read, we can favourably recommend it as the work of a painstaking scholar, admirably suited to its purpose. The difficult passages are very often happily cleared up; and brief pregnant notes elucidate the text. It is very literal: literal to a fault. Instead of *translation* we have mostly nothing but *construing*; which, though all, perhaps, that was intended, renders the book unfit for perusal.

Two specimens will be sufficient to show the nature of the translation; and we shall select two of the passages already given by us in this article: the hymn to Bacchus, and the plaint of Antigone. The reader will thereby be enabled to judge of the difference in effect of a prose and a rhythmical line for line version:—

"O God with many names, glory of the Cadmean nymph, child of the heavily-roaring Jupiter, you who preside over the illustrious Italy, and bear sway in the all-receiving plain of Eleusinian Ceres, O Bacchus dwelling in Thebes, the metropolis of the Bacchæ, near the moist streams of the Ismenos, and the offspring of the fierce dragon. And the bright smoke rising over the two-peaked rock of Parnassus saw you, where the Corycæan nymphs, the Bacchides, rove, and the fountain of Castalia is; and the ivy-bearing defiles of the Nysian mountains, and the shore of Ebæa, green with many branches of grapes, conducts you, while the sacred songs sing ever, to visit the streets of Thebes, which you with

* The 'Tragedies of Sophocles in English Prose.' A new literal translation, with copious notes. Cambridge: J. Hall, 1844.

your lightning-smitten mother honour exceeding-ly above all other cities."

The second passage runs thus :

"I have heard, indeed, that the Phrygian foreigner, the daughter of Tantalus, perished most grievously on the lofty Sipylus, whom, like adhesive ivy, the growth of rock slew; and the rain, as the report of men is, and snow never leaves her dripping, but she bedews her neck with ever weeping eyes, very like to whom fate is sending me to rest."

ART. X.—1. *The Odes and Ballads of Schiller*. Translated by Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart.

2. *The Minor Poems of Schiller*. Translated for the most part into the same Metres with the Original, by JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE, Esq.

It is not long since we had occasion to discuss Schiller's life and literary character; and although his lyrical poems did not at that time enter into consideration, our present object is not so much to discuss their merits and defects, as to call attention to the progress of poetical translation among ourselves, and to the critical views which it accompanies and illustrates. It is curious that the poet, who, of all his countrymen, is best known in England, should at this comparatively late period have been simultaneously fixed upon by two translators, who have evidently written without any thought of rivalry or competition. The student, however, who has industry to compare the different versions with each other and with the original, will find his time not ill spent, and although neither work is of a nature to secure extensive popularity, they will both be found to deserve the favourable consideration which will be secured to them by the just reputation of their writers. Mr. Merivale, though his name is far less widely known than that of his rival, had secured, at an early period, a respectable place in the literary world. His translations of Italian poetry, and his contributions to Bland's versions from the Greek Anthology, had proved his command of poetical language, and his nice appreciation of the meaning and spirit of the original authors. His original poems are rather the graceful amusements of an accomplished gentleman, imbued with the poetical associations of his youth, and yet capable of appreciating the productions of modern art, than proofs of independent

genius; but if his mind was rather that of a scholar than of a poet, he possessed some of the best qualities of a translator. His command of language is considerable, though not profusely great, and his pure and accurate taste is the best security for his fidelity. It is a pleasant proof of the healthy activity of his mind that, in the intervals of leisure allowed by his judicial duties, he commenced the study of the German after his sixtieth year, and almost immediately devoted himself to Schiller, and to the composition of the work before us. We believe that after its publication he continued to pursue the subject with unabated interest, and that he had been occupied on it within a few minutes of his sudden and lamented death. This version includes all the principal poems, and is accompanied by a short preface and a few judicious notes.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's collection is more complete. He has translated, we believe, all Schiller's lyrical poems, and he has materially increased the value of his volumes by a well-written and agreeable life of the poet. The industry which he has shown in consulting the voluminous labours of his predecessors, and the conscientious minuteness with which he appears to have studied the text of Schiller, are well adapted to conciliate the prejudices of his literary opponents. Standing as he does second in popularity among living writers of fiction, while he is, at the same time, the least unsuccessful, and the least undeserving of success, of recent English dramatists, with a reputation which is even more universal on the Continent and in America than in his own country, he need not be surprised, and ought not greatly to regret, that severer critics have been led, by the pardonable bias of opposition to the crowd, into censures of his defects in style and in taste, which we think are unreasonably strong and sweeping. As admirers of his genius, we have watched with pleasure his steady advance from the faulty productions of his youth, and we have satisfaction in now seeing, not for the first time, that success and applause have not led him to forget the importance of study, and that among the flattering triumphs of original composition he can still find time to cultivate in himself, and extend to his countrymen, the power of appreciating the great works of other writers.

Both translators, as might be expected, dwell feelingly on the difficulty of their task. In some respects, however, Schiller, as it seems to us, presents fewer obstacles than any other poet of equal rank to an adequate representation of his thoughts in a foreign language. He is not local in his

allusions, his thoughts are not idiomatic; he is the converse of the old definition of poetry, neither simple nor sensuous in his language, and, when impassioned, it is with the passion of an enlightened enthusiast rather than through instinctive sympathy with the common emotions of men. An Englishman or a Frenchman, with a perfect mastery of the language, would find in his poems all that they offer to a German. The homely raciness of dialect, the unconscious assumption of that which his countrymen know by habit, and which escapes the observation of foreigners, the reference to household usages, the implied adoption of peculiar prejudices, form the strongest links of sympathy between a poet and his nearest audience, and are first destroyed in the attempt to give them expression in any language but that which they have modified in its formation or in its progress. Except in 'Wallenstein,' Schiller never gave an interest to his works by national associations, and even in that he walked only along the highway of history. As a ballad-writer, he sought in books for suitable subjects, and among his most celebrated narrative poems we can only recollect three, 'The Knight of Toggenburg,' 'The Count of Hapsburg,' and 'Count Eberhard,' in which he has taken a local German tradition for his groundwork. 'The Cranes of Ibycus,' 'The Victory Feast of the Greeks,' 'Cassandra,' 'The Fight with the Dragon,' 'The Diver,' all show that the home and country of his imagination was no other than the land of books. We are indebted to Sir E. Lytton for the new ingenious suggestion, that his transplantation of the legend of 'Rolandseck' to the obscurity of Tottenburg in Switzerland, is explained by his desire to introduce a description of Lorch, the residence of his youth; but his indifference to tradition is shown by the arbitrary alterations which he has made in the story itself. Neither in this, nor in any other of his ballads, can the translator excuse his own inferiority by the exclusive national interest of the original. 'The Song of the Bell,' which in some respects may be considered an exception to our general remarks, is the most popular of all his writings in this country.

We are far from meaning to imply that Schiller's poetry could have been written in any country or age but his own. Though a theorising and critical poet, he was a manly straightforward man, far too simple and too correct in taste and judgment to affect the character of a cosmopolitan author. He felt the same interests with those around him, and what he felt, he uttered, in prose

and verse. It might, for the purpose of art, be a misfortune that the educated society of Germany cared for little but for books, theories, and generalities; but it was the only society which he knew, and it was to his credit, as a man, that he shared in its sympathies, and, as a poet, that he did not hunt for an unreal basis to stand upon, or affect what he did not feel. The indispensable requisite of the subject-matter of art is, that it should not have before been a reality in the minds of those who are to be affected by the complete work. For once philosophical abstractions, books and political generalities, such as the misty cluster of negations which then made up the continental idea of freedom, had become the most living and actual interest which occupied the minds of men in the universities and courts of Germany. To the poet of the time, therefore, such subjects as the 'Ideal and Life,' such didactic allegories as the 'Walk,' were allowed and natural, though the privilege of making use of them was in itself an evil; and to say that Kantian philosophy, and speculations on art, took the place of immediate observation of life and nature in Schiller's mind, is only equivalent to the assertion, that if he was in the front and sometimes in advance of the knowledge of his time, he did not transcend it like Goethe. If he had attempted a native and homely subject, such, for instance, as 'Herman and Dorothea,' he would have sacrificed his characteristic earnestness, without the possibility of attaining to the living richness of his great contemporary and friend.

Perhaps, too, Schiller's mode of constructing his poems was not such as to render them peculiarly difficult for foreigners to appreciate, or to represent in their own language. Not only were his subjects either abstract and general, or at least deliberately selected illustrations of a general principle; his mode of treating them was conscious and scientific; an application to art of the critical laws which he had studied. His imagination was determined and directed by his reason, and the student or translator who is familiar with his æsthetical views, and has ascertained his immediate object, has the opportunity of putting himself in the place of the poet, and entering into his spirit and purpose, without the exercise of that subtle tact which alone can do justice to the unconscious inspirations of less systematic artists. The region of theory is open to all thinking men, and the critic who exemplifies his æsthetical opinions in poetry affords the means of judging of his works from the same point of view, which he had himself selected. Sir E. Lytton has availed

himself largely of the explanations of many of the poems, which Schiller himself has left in his letters and in the conversations recorded by his biographers; and Mr. Merivale frequently calls the attention of the reader to the principle which has given its form to a poem; as in the cases of the 'Ideal and Life' and of 'Woman's Dignity,' to the figure which in rhetoric is denominated antithesis, and in poetry may be called see-saw. We do not altogether agree with Sir E. Lytton, that Schiller's undeniable advance in taste, and critical knowledge, in the latter years of his life, was of unmixed advantage to him as a poet. If we read a poem for information, we shall certainly prefer the productions of a mature and well-informed writer; but Sir E. Lytton is wholly wrong in approving the doctrine—which Schiller was wrong in holding, though less wrong, inasmuch as he used the term in a wide sense—that a poet should be a preacher, either of ethical philosophy or of the theory of poetry. No artist, not even a church organist, ought, as such, attempt to preach. The greatest change for the better in Schiller's critical opinions, was that which took place under Goethe's influence, in favour of narrative and of representation of life, in preference to speculation. The great ballads, by which he is best known, have much of the human interest which is wanting in his philosophical odes; but he rather selected outward actions and persons as symbols, than rose from them to the universal. Except where he saw an opportunity of finding 'sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks,' he felt no interest in either brooks or stones. Many of these poems are more skilfully constructed, but we know none which have more of the beauty which arises from the expression of deep feeling, than 'Resignation,' which was written in the second period, as his biographers call it, of his life—that is, between 1785 and 1788. There is, in some parts of it, a melancholy sweetness which may remind the reader of Shelley. We quote the commencement, in which both translators have happily caught the spirit of the original.

MERIVALE.

"And I—I too was in Arcadia born,
And joy through countless years
Had bounteous Nature at my cradle sworn;
And I—I too was in Arcadia born;
But my short spring hath given me only tears,
Life's May no second festival doth keep.
For me its bloom is shed,
The silent god—twin deity with sleep,
Hath dipped his torch—O weep, my brethren,
weep!
And all the vision's fled,
I tread the arch that spans thy gloomy reign,

Fearful eternity!
Oh take my writ of right to joy's domains!
With seal unbroke I yield it up again—
I wist not of felicity."

LYTTON.

"And I too was amidst Arcadia born,
And Nature seemed to woo me,
And to my cradle such sweet joys were sworn;
And I too was amidst Arcadia born;
Yet my short spring gave only tears unto me,
Life but one blooming holiday can keep,
For me the bloom is fled.
The silent genius of the darker sleep
Turns down his torch, and weep, my brethren,
weep!
Weep, for the light is dead.
Upon thy bridge the shadows round me press,
Oh dread eternity!
And I have known no moment that can bless—
Take back this letter, meant for happiness,
The seal's unbroken—see!"

In the first two stanzas both versions are nearly equally correct; the 'silent god' of the original is in both translations expanded for the sake of the rhyme; but we do not understand why the sense should be confused by the substitution of *his torch* for *my torch*. The god is supposed to have a separate torch for every man—he is now distinguishing *my torch*. *The light is dead*, is inaccurate—Mr. Merivale's version, though indefinite, may be correct. The meaning is, that Appearance, or The Apparent, i. e., Life in Time, as opposed to the Real or Eternity, is passing away.—*Und die Erscheinung flieht*. The third stanza is as follows:

"Da steh ich schon auf deiner finstern Brücke,
Furchtbare Ewigkeit!
Empfange meinen Vollmachtbrief zum Glücke!
Ich bring ihn unerbrochen dir zurücke.—
Ich weiss nichts von Glückseligkeit."

LITERALLY.

"There stand I already on thy dark bridge,
[i. e., the bridge which leads into eternity, not, as Mr. Merivale gives it, that which spans it],
fearful eternity! Receive my letter of credit
for happiness! [unlimited power to draw for
happiness on eternity]. I bring it back thee
unopened. I know nothing of blessedness."

Sir E. Lytton appears altogether to miss the meaning of *Vollmachtbrief*. Mr. Merivale as a lawyer naturally thought of a law term, and he quotes Dr. Anster's words, 'I am amused at your writ of right. It is very lucky however.' To us it seems by no means lucky—a bill of exchange, a draft, or an order, would have been nearly or quite equivalent to the original. Mr. Merivale was too good a lawyer to apply a writ of right to any but real property, and therefore he has been obliged to import a domain,

which Schiller knows nothing of, and he has destroyed the quaint propriety, with which the metaphor of an order on Eternity given in consideration of a payment in Time is kept up through a great part of the poem. "Before thy throne I raise my *plaint* (in a personal, not a real action), Veiled Arbitress." 'Give thy youth to me,' it was said to him, 'and I will pay thee in another life—I can give thee nothing but this *order* (*Weisung*).' "I took the *order* on the other life, and I gave her the joys of my youth," and again, "'The *assignment of the debt* (*Schuldverschreibung*) is directed to the dead,' laughed the world in scorn." Mr. Merivale gives both these passages with sufficient correctness, 'I've nought to pledge thee, save this bond on fate'—'I took the surety for a future state,' and, 'Thy bond must be exacted from the grave.'—We do not, however, believe that among his innumerable law-phrases, Shakspeare ever uses one so legally inaccurate, as a bond *on* fate. Who was the obligor, as lawyers, we believe, call the maker of a bond? Sir E. Lytton's version—'Give thou to me thy youth.—All I can grant thee lies in this command'—misrepresents the original and has little meaning in itself, for what grant is contained in a command to the grantee to give the grantor something? The other is still worse—'What bond can bind the dead to life?'—a question very remote from that of the scornful world in the original. The translator has evidently overlooked the reference to the *Vollmachtbrief*. The conclusion of the taunting speech of the world, and the echo of it by the sufferer, are finely conceived and well translated.

MERIVALE.

"For hopes which cold corruption doth belie,
Didst aught of real good resign?
Six thousand years hath Death passed silent by,
And not one corpse hath left its cemetery,
To give the dread Avenger's awful sign."

I saw old Time to other regions fly—
Nature that bloomed before,
Behind him left, a mouldered carcase lie—
And not one corpse hath left his cemetery;
And still I trusted what the goddess swore."

LYTTON.

"Gav'st thou for Hope—(corruption proves its lie),
Some joy that most delights us?
Six thousand years has Death reigned tranquilly—
No one corpse come to whisper those who die,
What after death requites us.—
Along Time's shores I saw the seasons fly;
Nature herself interred,
Among her blooms lay dead; to those who die
There came no corpse to whisper, Hope! Still I
Clung to the godlike word."

The defence made by Truth or Eternity, that the tenor of the promise had been complied with by giving the complainant Hope instead of Enjoyment, reminds us of the inconvertible paper-currency of Birmingham. Since the debtor in Æsop satisfied his creditor by chinking the money in his hearing, we remember no mode of payment so unsatisfactory. In prose the remarks of the creditor on such a plea would not be fitly entitled *Resignation*.

In most cases, when we have compared the two versions with each other, and with the original, we find Mr. Merivale the more literal and accurate of the two; and we should suppose that, although his knowledge of German was probably less extensive than Sir E. Lytton's, he had been trained in a stricter school of scholarship. We are far, however, from attributing to Sir E. Lytton either carelessness or looseness. As compared with English translators of former times, and with some of the present day, he is laudably close and correct. As a versifier, he has a greater command of metre and language than we had anticipated. We should not be inclined to attribute to either translator that mastery over the music of words, which belongs exclusively to those who, in the strictest sense, are called poets; but the English reader may derive from either a just general notion of Schiller's rhythmical peculiarities. It would be presumptuous in a foreigner to speak positively of the nature of the sounds which can only be fully expressed by native organs; but it seems to us that Schiller's melody is not of the rarest and subtlest quality. Sir E. Lytton justly says: "Unlike Goethe's poet in the 'Wilhelm Meister,' he did not sing, 'as the bird sings,' from the mere impulse of song, but he rather selected poetry as the most perfect form for the expression of noble fancies and high thoughts;" and the result is, an absence of the rich natural music which in some poets would almost suffice for enjoyment, if the thoughts and images had lost their meaning. Probably there is no composition of Schiller's in which an educated ear detects so great a command of metre as in the rapid doggerel of the Capuchin's sermon in 'Wallenstein's Camp;' and this, according to a report quoted in Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller,' was written by Goethe. That he had, however, originally a good rhythmical ear, and that his verses were constructed with great skill and success, it would be unreasonable to deny. His translators have shown great ability in imitating him, and the resemblance, though only approximate, is closer than we think they would have found it possible to attain, if they had at-

tempted Goethe's lyrical poems. The best composition in itself, contained in either work, is, in our opinion, a Latin translation of the 'Commencement of the Century,' borrowed by Mr. Merivale from that delightful volume, as he justly calls it, the 'Arun-dines Cami.' We quote the first four lines :

"Edler Freund, wo öffnet sich dem Frieden,
Wo der Freiheit sich ein Zufluchtsort ?
Das Jahrhundert ist im Sturm geschieden,
Und das neue öffnet sich mit Mord."

"Postumi, quod quæris mihi, quod tibi, desit asy-lum,

Neque ulla rebus impetrantur otia :
Ut mala nimbo cum turbine conditur ætas !
Ut inter arma sæculum renascitur."

We heartily agree with Mr. Merivale in his 'conviction of the benefits to be derived to our English poetry, from a close and scholastic familiarity with the principles of Latin versification.' It will not produce poets, but it will continue to make critics a terror to poetasters. In Dr. Anster's contributions to Mr. Merivale's collection, it is not difficult to trace the hand of a true poet. The smoothness and sweetness of his versification distinguish him from his more laborious and artificial competitors ; and the two or three versions which he has supplied are perhaps the only poems in the three volumes which have the appearance of original compositions. He is, however, not remarkably successful, perhaps not very careful, in expressing the character of his text ; and he seems indifferent to the great object of metrical imitation. In this respect Mr. Merivale deserves very high praise. With the single exception of the classical metres, he has adopted the "rule of constant adherence to the metrical form of the original poems—a principle, which I have adopted from a deep feeling that form is of the very essence of poetry, and that the soul itself escapes and evaporates in the transfusion of the sentiment into another shape of outward vehicle." Sir E. Lytton is less strict on this point ; though he makes it his study, where he departs from the original metre, to use one of kindred spirit and nature. But, unfortunately, no metre will do the work of another metre. The exact feeling which the poet has once embodied in words, can be expressed by no new combination of relative sounds and accents. The attempt to find a substitute can, at best, but produce only an injurious approximation, and, in most cases, it will lead to a misapprehension of the true tone of the original. Sir E. Lytton's spirited translation of one of the early stanzas in the 'Song of the Bell,' will exemplify our meaning :

"Nehmet Holz vom Fichtenstamme,
Doch recht trocken lasst es seyn,
Dass die eingepresste Flamme
Schlage zu dem Schwalch hinein !
Kocht des Kupfer's Brei.
Schnell das Zinn herbei ;
Dass die zähe Glockenspeise
Fliesse nach der rechten Weise."

"From the fire the faggot take,
Keep it, heap it, hard and dry,
That the gathered flame may break
Through the furnace wroth and high.
When the copper within
Seethes and simmers, the tin
Pour quick, that the fluid that feeds the Bell
May flow in the right course glib and well."

In the penultimate couplet the anapæsts of the English version may represent tolerably well the sharp broken trochaics which express the practical quickness of the order given, and of the supposed compliance with it. But the effect produced in the original depends in a great measure on the contrast afforded by the longer swing of the concluding couplet, when the operation has been performed, and the master-founder has leisure to explain his reasons for it. The calm regularity of uninterrupted trochaics, the best of all metre for moralizing, is altogether misrepresented by the jerking amble of the translation.

Let no student of poetical criticism suppose that such objections as these, if well founded, are captious or trifling. The first requisite in a judge of poetry is an accurate ear—the one indispensable test of a poet is his power to justify such an ear—the first duty of a translator is to indicate, if he cannot fully represent, the music which the poet has produced. As Mr. Merivale truly says, form is of the very essence of poetry, and metrical form is even more inseparably connected with the essence, than unity of form in the poem considered as a whole. It is no exaggeration to say that metre constitutes the distinction between poetry and prose. The popular opinion has in this case conformed to the truth ; and it is difficult to calculate the amount of error and confusion which has been introduced into German criticism, by the use of the same word, *Dichtung*, for all imaginative composition, metrical or non-metrical. It is as much a metaphor to call a prose tale a poem, as to give a vivid description the name of a picture. We cannot pretend to explain why the mind is pleased by a definite artificial form, by the occurrence of expected sounds and forms of speech, such as the parallelisms of the Hebrew prophets, or, above all, by the melody of words as distinguished from vocal or instrumental music. It is enough that

there is such a pleasure, and that it differs altogether from the pleasure derived from the wisdom or elevation of the thoughts and images conveyed by verse, although it must be amalgamated with it to produce the full effect of poetry, and although it seems to be generated by it. As little can we explain why it is impossible for any but a true poet to compose melodious verses. If his command of his art is incomplete, if his powers are ill-balanced, his compositions will be wanting in unity, and will form mere fragments of a true poem, *disjecti membra poetæ*. But the attempt to secure this higher completeness of form, when the very language in its minutest divisions is shapeless, is the most common error of would-be poets.

Sir E. Lytton's views appear to be diametrically opposed to these conclusions: he would even lead us in some passages to suppose that the higher unity, also, to which prosaic poets appeal, though they can never reach it, and to which true poets do not always attain, may be dispensed with, as well as the verbal melody, in favour of valuable and enlightened doctrines.

"Happily," he says, "the true beauty of the composition ('The Walk'), like most of Schiller's, unlike most of Goethe's, is independent of form, consisting of ideas, not easily deprived of their effect, into what mould soever they may be thrown."

Probably, however, *form*, as used here, applies only to metre and rhythm, for Sir E. Lytton elsewhere makes a declaration in favour of form in its larger sense, which involves a severe censure on contemporary English writers of verse.

"Amongst us, of late years, everything that can pervert true taste in 'poetic diction,' has been elaborately and systematically done, and most of our young poets vie with each other, who can write most affectingly; masculine thought is dwindled into some hair-breadth conceit: the wording is twisted into some effeminate barbarism called 'poetic expression': a poem is not regarded as a whole, but as a string to hold together glittering and fantastic lines, which, as in Shelley, only distract the reader from the comprehension of the general idea—if indeed any general idea is to be found buried amidst the gaudy verbiage. Now in Schiller's riper and more perfect poems there is no straining for 'poetical expressions,' no impertinence of fine lines, episodic to the main design. The notion of a poem, however brief the poem may be, is that of infinitely higher art than is dreamt of by phrase-hunting poetasters * * The ordinary characteristic of Schiller's later style in his poems is the absence of verbal mannerism, and a manliness of versification occasionally reminding us of Dryden, and at times of Byron; but always in sturdy contrast to that adulterated composition,

which has of late years aimed at a mongrel eclecticism of all that is worst in Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley."

With the general propositions here expressed we have no quarrel; though with those which we believe to be implied, that a well-constructed poem may dispense with rhythmical beauty and verbal elaboration, and that 'poetic expression' is to be despised as 'effeminate barbarism,' we have already expressed our irreconcilable disagreement. The criticism on Shelley is partially just; not that his rich and melodious lines were produced by straining for 'poetical expression,' for no poet ever sang more truly 'as the bird sings,' or fed more habitually on 'thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers;' but his grasp of a subject was imperfect, his intellect had scarcely attained its full vigour, and he was embarrassed by enthusiasm for philosophical theories, fantastical and absurd in themselves, but injurious to him as a poet, mainly because he had not yet learned the fallacy of the belief that a poet ought to be a preacher. As to 'our young poets' our knowledge does not extend to more than twenty or thirty of them; but it seems to us that of the greater part of them the most striking defect is the want of that 'poetical expression' which Sir E. Lytton reprobates. That they have also failed in complying with the higher requisites of Art is more than probable. But it is very remarkable that, as a class, they have not followed either Keats, Coleridge, or Shelley; but have confined themselves to the imitation of those parts of Wordsworth's poems, in which he has, for the misfortune of his readers, most fully realized the demand on a poet for acting the part of a preacher. Religion, morality, and every kind of virtue, pervade the compositions of the school; and we should suppose them all to be saints, if the same mode of judging did not lead to the uncharitable and unjust conclusion, that the imitators of Byron twenty years ago were demons. Of the poets again, properly so called, of the present day, Mr. Tennyson is the acknowledged head and representative, and great as is his command over language and his mastery of rhythm, he is in nothing more entirely superior to ordinary writers, than in the severity of his taste, and in the consequent unity and completeness of his compositions.

We are inclined to think that there is some ground for a parallel between Schiller and Byron; not so much with reference to the Corsair-like hatred of established order expressed in the 'Robbers,' as from the spirit and eloquence which in both poets arises

from the utterance in verse of their actual feelings and opinions at the time. We think in opposition to Sir E. Lytton, that the German poet was superior to the English in style, in language, and in command of metre; he was also a far wiser man, a far better taught scholar, and incomparably more fortunate in the society in which he lived. His reputation was many years anterior to Byron's, and it has already nearly outlived it; but we can hardly think that Schiller could ever have excited by any of his poetry the same enthusiasm. Both wrote from their feelings; but Schiller had to teach his hearers to understand philosophy and art, while Byron was enshrining in burning words the universally understood sentiment of indignation and despair. The only point in which, however, we should attribute to the English poet a real superiority, is the possession of humour, which, as Mr. Carlyle observes, is one of the chief components of genius, and was almost wholly wanting in Schiller.

Mr. Merivale more plausibly, but perhaps less justly, compares Schiller to Wordsworth, whom he resembles as little in the diffuse simplicity of the more tedious passages of the English poet, as in the unpremeditated bursts of true and imaginative sentiment and of homely pathos, which have become household phrases wherever English literature is known. Both critics labour unnecessarily in the censure or defence of Schiller's various philosophical or religious heresies. As critics, they have little or nothing to do with his theoretical opinions—as biographers they can have no difficulty in defending his almost faultless character. The theory which seems to us to occur most frequently in his poems, and to be most indefensible, is his exaggerated appreciation of the importance of art, as a refuge from the troubles of the world. This thought is constantly repeated, as in the 'Dignity of Women,' in the 'Artists,' and in the 'Commencement of the Century,' where his consolation in the troubles of the time, while he looked at the world-wide struggle of England and France, of the thunderbolt and the trident, was not the security which Jefferson felt against universal dominion, that the leviathan could not walk, and the mammoth could not swim, but that there was a region untroubled by war, where, in the garden of freedom, 'Manhood blooms in beauty of its prime.'

"To the heart's serene and holy places

Must thou flee from Life's incessant wrong,
Only in the land of Dreams is Freedom,
Only blooms the Beautiful in song."

We do not observe that either Sir E. Lytton or Mr. Merivale has adverted to the

immediate cause and nature of the difficulty which occurs in the endeavour to retain in a translation the metre of the original. It is not always proportionate to the difference of the languages, for it is much easier to turn English verse into German than German into English, except perhaps in the case of blank verse to which our language is the better adapted of the two. Mr. Merivale, we believe, thought it easier to translate Italian than German poetry; but he was probably influenced in his judgment by the comparative incompleteness of his mastery over the German language. The remoteness of the etymology and idiom of the Italian from that of English presents peculiar obstacles, which do not exist in the interchange of the kindred Teutonic tongues, and one considerable difficulty, arising from the difference of accent in the termination of words, recurs even more frequently in translations from the remoter language. A great majority of English verses end with an accented syllable, while there is, we believe, no Italian poem in which three-fourths of the lines do not terminate with a trochee or paroxytone word, that is, with an accent on the penultimate. The proportion of double endings in German versification is not so great, but it is sufficient to constitute the principal difficulty of translations into English. So great a number of the most terse, vigorous, and characteristic words in our language have roots common to all the Teutonic family of dialects, and the construction has so much in common with German, that it would, in most cases, be possible to convey a great part of the sound of the original in an English version, if we still used the inflections of Chaucer and his contemporaries, if we could utter the mute *e*, instead of absorbing it in the preceeding consonant, and if the distinctions of persons and cases were marked by the addition of a syllable, as in German is still the case. Almost any passage will illustrate our meaning. Thus, in the 'Eleusinian Festival,' the first line contains three words common to both languages, each of which in the English loses a syllable.

"Windet zum Kranze die goldenen Aehren."

"Wind to a garland the golden ears."

A similar result will be found in the 'Maiden from Abroad,' which we select almost at random, retaining the same roots in English as in German—

"In einem Thal bei armen Hirten

Erschien mit jedem jungen Jahr,
So bald die ersten Lerchen schwererten,
Ein Mädchen schön und wunderbar."

"In a dale by poor herds
 Appeared with every young year,
 So soon as the first larks trilled,
 A maiden fair and wonderful."

It is unnecessary to multiply instances of a difference which will be familiar to every person acquainted with both languages. It is evident that the result to English translators will be, that they will have, by some mode of compensation, to supply two or three syllables in every line, while Germans, in the converse process, will have syllables to spare, and consequently may strengthen the verse by compression, instead of weakening it by expansion, as with us too often happens.

One natural consequence of this difference of formation between the two languages, is the frequent use by the translator of those words in which the English inflection consists in the addition of a syllable to the root, as in the first four stanzas of Mr. Merivale's very graceful translation of the fine ballad of the 'Alpine Hunter.'

"Wilt thou not with watchful heeding
 Tend the firstlings of the fold,
 On the grassy pastures feeding,
 Playing by the water cold?"
 'Mother, mother, let me sally
 To the chase, o'er rock and valley.'

'Wilt thou not the herds, glad bounding,
 Summon with the clanging horn?
 Hark! the bells—I hear them sounding,
 On the woodland echoes borne.'
 'Mother, mother, let me fly
 To the mountain summit high.'

'Heed thy flowers the vale perfuming,
 How their fragrance fills the air!
 In yon wild no flowers are blooming,
 Smiles no beauteous garden there.'
 'Leave the flowers in peace to blow,
 Mother, mother, let me go.'

And the boy no counsel heeding,
 Blindly bounded to the chase,
 Ever onward, onward speeding,
 To the mountain's loneliest place:
 Swift before his footsteps fell
 Trembling flies the wild gazelle."

In this passage it will be observed that the first and third lines of every stanza end with a present participle, a monotony which it might not unfrequently be well to avoid by even sacrificing the rhyme in the lines which have a trochaic ending. Another mode of getting over the difficulty is the substitution of words of Latin origin for their more graphic Saxon equivalents; but it requires a fine ear imbued with the rhythm of the original, to develop in a new form the latent metrical capabilities of the English language.

Sir E. Lytton agrees with his competitor in acknowledging the almost insuperable difficulty of introducing the classical metres into our language. Mr. Merivale, however, justly remarks, that 'there is no such fundamental difference in the construction of our English idiom from that of its Teutonic sister, as should render it unfit for being the vehicle of similar musical impression.' Looking for some other difference, he thinks 'it may be found in the comparatively recent growth of the modern German poetry, and its consequent freedom of restraint from those conventional rules of prosody, which long habit has fixed as the standard measure of our English system of versification.' We do not think that this explanation is satisfactory. The construction of modern German verse is the same with that of the 'Nibelungen Lied,' and of an uninterrupted though obscure succession of metrical writers down to the time of Klopstock and Bodmer. Luther's hymn is exactly similar in its prosody to a poem of Uhland's or Heine's. The great advantage which the Germans possess is the same to which we have already referred; the comparative abundance of short or unaccented syllables at the end of words. They have quasi-trochees when we have long syllables, and for our trochees they have quasi-dactyls. The habit of compounding substantives into one word also gives them more quasi-spondees (c.g. *Stammbuch, Standpunkt, Fernrohr*) than we possess. And in reality their success has been exaggerated. Great poets, and above all Goethe, have given them verses which can be intoned so as to resemble real dactyls; but even in accentual correctness they are frequently wanting, quasi-trochees occupying by far the greater number of the spondaic places, and emphatic monosyllables passing as ends or middles of dactyls. It is quite an error to suppose that Germany has recovered the true music of the ancient hexameter, depending as it did on quantity for its principle, and on accent rather for counteraction and variety than for direct assistance. Any passage from a Greek poet, read according to the traditional accent preserved by the Grammarians, or from a Latin poet, given with our own ordinary pronunciation, will show the entire independence on accent of the true classical line. We take two or three lines at random from Homer and from Virgil to illustrate this assertion.

οἶον πάγε λείοντε δύο ὄρεος κορυφῇσιν
 ἐτραφέτην ὑπο μητρὶ, βαθεῖης τάρφρασιν ἑλῆς:

"Dii pátri Indígetes, et Rómule, Véstaque máter,
 Quæ Túscum Tiberim, et Romána palátia
 sérvas."

The true distinction of long and short syllables is lost in modern languages, and can, perhaps, only be adequately represented by musical notation; but a good deal may be done by attending to the general length as distinguished from accent, and the difficulty in English, though greater in degree, is not different in kind from that which writers of German hexameters must experience.

It would be neither fair to the translators, nor agreeable to the reader, if we were to enter into minute comparisons of particular passages. We have endeavoured to make some suggestions which may be useful both in appreciating Schiller, and in judging of poetical translations in general. It was impossible, consistently with our object, to express the full sense which we entertain of the merits of both the writers under consideration. A few specimens from each will show the spirit and skill with which they have transferred the feelings of the poet into their own language. Sir E. Lytton has happily caught the melody of the opening stanza of the 'Eleusinian Festival.'

"Wind in a garland the ears of gold.
Azure Cyanes inwoven be,
Oh! how gladly shall eye behold,
The queen who comes in her majesty.

Man with man in communion mixing
Taming the wild ones where she went,
Into the peace of the homestead fixing,
Lawless bosom and shifting tent.

The finest passage in 'Hero and Leander' is well translated as follows, though the trochaic metre of the original is deserted.

"Now changing in their seasons are
The Morning and the Vesper Star—
Nor see their happy eyes
The leaves that withering droop and fall;
Nor hear, when from its Northern hall,

"The neighbouring Winter sighs—
Or if they see, the shortening days
But seem to them to close in kindness;
For longer joys in lengthening night
They thank the heaven in blindness."

The beautiful ballad of the 'Knight of Toggenburg' loses much by the substitution of a catalectic or incomplete trochaic for the full line (Ritter, treue Schwester-liebe) of the original. The passage in italics is also slightly absurd:

St. III.

"High your deeds and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb,
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume—

Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art,
But thy heart is heavy—Oh!
Heavy is thy heart."

St. IX.

"Looking to the cloisters still,
Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice, till
Clinked the lattice bar.
Till a passing glimpse allowed,
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
Meekly towards the vale."

In the following passage from the 'Victory-Feast,' the metre is changed, and the 'Dorian king' is a gratuitous insertion, involving an error, as neither Achilles nor Neoptolemus were of Dorian blood, even according to the later writers who made Menelaus a Dorian.

"To his dead sire (the Dorian king),
The bright-haired Pyrrhus pours the wine—
O'er every lot that life can bring,
My soul, great Father, prizes thine,
Whate'er the goods of earth, of all,
The highest and the holiest, Fame!
For, when the form in dust shall fall,
O'er dust triumphant lives the name—
Brave man, thy light of glory never
Shall fade, while song to man shall last.
The living soon from earth are passed—
The dead endure for ever."

One stanza will show the spirit with which the 'Diver' is rendered:

"Dark-crawled,—glided dark,—the unspeakable
swarms,
Clumped together in masses misshapen and
vast,
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless
forms;
Here the dark-moving bulk of the hammerfish
passed.
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing
motion,
Went the terrible shark—the Hyæna of Ocean."

We conclude our extracts with a portion of the 'Battle' which very accurately represents the original:

"Heavy and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread like a table dread
For the wild grim dice of the iron game—
The looks are bent on the shaking ground,
And the heart beats loud with a knelling sound—
Swift by the breast that must bear the brunt
Gallops the Major along the front.
Halt!
And fettered they stand at the stern command,
And the warriors silent halt!

* * * *

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go—
The Adjutants flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe—
The thunder booms in dying—
Victory !

The terror has ceased on the dastards all,
And their colours fall—
Victory !

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight—
And the day like a conqueror bursts on the night—
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along—
The triumph already sweeps marching in song—
Farewell, fall'n brothers, though this life be o'er,
In the life to come we shall meet once more."

Mr. Merivale has as usual followed the original metre in the 'Ode to Joy,' and, as it appears to us, with considerable success, though the 'Millionen' of Schiller escape the vulgar associations which advertisements and politics have connected with the English 'Million.' Sir E. Lytton's version of 'Weltenuhr' by 'Timepiece,' is more correct than 'World-machine.' The 'Telescope,' too, is forgotten :

"Joy all who our globe inherit
From the breasts of Nature draw ;
Good or evil every spirit
Follows her benignant law.
Grapes she gives—she gives us kisses—
Friends, who true to death have trod,
On the worm are showered blisses,
And the cherub faces God.

Chorus—Bend ye then your knees, ye million !
Dost thou, World, thy Maker own ?
Seek him o'er the starry zone !
O'er the stars is his pavilion.

Joy—the spring, the secret notion !
That directs the Vast Unseen,
Joy—that sets the wheels in motion
Of the mighty world-machine.
Flowerets from their buds alluring,
Suns from elemental night ;
And through boundless space conjuring
Orbs yet hid from gifted sight.

Chorus—Gladsome as those sons, careering
High o'er Heaven's majestic face,
Brothers ! run your joyous race,
Like a hero victory steering."

Our limits will only allow of another quotation, which we take from the 'Gods of Greece':

"All those blossoms—late so fair—have
perished,
Scattered by the north's ungentle blast ;
While One Great Supreme is only cherished,
And the pageant host of Heaven o'erpast.
Sadly now I scan the starry cave—
There no more art thou Selene found !
Through the woods I call, and through the wave !
They give back an empty sound !

All unconscious of the joys she renders,
Of the spirit that rules her unaware,
Heedless of her own surpassing splendour,
Senseless to the bliss she bids me share ;

E'en unmindful of her Maker's praise,
Like the dead beat of the swinging hour,
Nature of her Gods bereft, obeys,
Slave-like, mere mechanic power.

To renew at morn her course diurnal,
Every night she digs her grave profound ;
Whilst encircling moons, in flight eternal,
Wheel their one unvarying axle round.
To their home—the realm of song—retiring
Have the gods on flagging pinions flown,
Useless to a world no more requiring
Other guidance than its own.

Yes : they're home returned, and with them
vanished
All the beautiful and all the great ;
All sweet hues and tones of life are banished,
And a soulless word usurps their seat.
Rescued from the flood of time, they hover
Freely o'er the tops of Pindus high ;
What shall live in song, when life is over,
First in mortal life must die."

Mr. Merivale's notes to particular poems, and in a higher degree still more, Sir E. Lytton's more elaborate explanations, will supply valuable materials towards a just appreciation of the poet. As criticisms, in the true sense of the word, they seem to us deficient in independence, and in large views of art. We have not at present attempted to supply the defect, except by incidental remarks and expressions of dissent, which might justly be thought cold and disparaging, if they were offered as illustrations of the genius of Schiller, and not merely to denote its limitations. We believe that it would be useful to show much more fully in what respects his powerful and accomplished intellect, his lofty and heroic morality, his apprehensive rather than creative imagination, yet fell short in their combined results of the full stature of the greatest of poets. He is high enough to be judged by a high standard. When he fails of attaining it his defects exactly correspond with some of the worst and most prevalent errors of modern criticism ; and if, in calling attention to sounder views, we seem to undervalue one who is entitled to respect and admiration, it is not that we love Schiller less, but that we love Goethe and Shakspeare more. They move, though not with equal brilliancy, together, in an upper region ; but there is also a place for Schiller in the zone immediately below the highest. Many poets of far inferior dignity may still console themselves by the encouraging exhortation:

"If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Shine, poet, in thy place, and be content."

ART. XI.—1. *Heimskringla. Sagen der Könige Norwegens, von SNORRO STURLESON. Aus dem Islandischen von D. GOTTLIEB MOHNIKE. Erster Band: Mit einer Karte. Stralsund. 8vo.*

2. *The Heimskringla; or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway.* Translated from the Icelandic of SNORRO STURLESON. With a Preliminary Dissertation by SAMUEL LAING, Esq. London: 1844. 3 vols. 8vo.

SNORRO STURLESON may with very great propriety be designated the Froissart of the North; and it may be said of him with as much fitness as of the worthy canon of Chimay, that 'he was born to transmit to posterity a living picture of an age which preferred the hazard of war to the solid advantages of peace; which, amid the intervals of troubles almost continually agitating it, found relaxation only in the most tumultuous pleasures.'

Grateful as we are to Mr. Laing for his translation of the Icelandic historian's stirring and interesting Chronicle, we cannot help expressing our regret that, in forming his estimate of Snorro's character, he has not made sufficient allowance for the feelings of the age, and the state of society in which he lived—The milder principles of Christianity then exercised so little influence over the inhabitants of Iceland, although two centuries had elapsed since their introduction into that country, that sensuality and concubinage were indulged in to the greatest extent, even the priesthood, in despite of their vows of celibacy, living openly with their wives and mistresses—while divorce and repudiation were matters of every-day occurrence—illegitimacy but little regarded, and revenge for the death of a relative was still looked upon as a sacred duty. Nor will the reader be surprised at the existence of such a state of things at the close of the twelfth century, when we add that, up to its commencement, the barbarous practice of exposing their children prevailed among the Icelanders, in spite of the church's denunciations of such inhuman and unnatural cruelty.

Snorro was unquestionably a man of restless activity and indomitable passions. Had he lived in these days, the strong arm of the law, and the yet more powerful influence of the conventions of society, would have compelled him to exercise some restraint over his feelings. But in his own time, those feelings were stimulated, not checked, praised and admired as the manifestation of a gallant nature, instead of being rebuked as evidences of a vindictive spirit, as much

opposed to the dictates of reason as they were to the injunctions of religion. It is little wonder, then, that his character will not bear the test of those principles of moral duty, which in these less stirring times serve to control the fiercest natures, and calm the most impetuous.

A brief notice of Snorro's busy life will at once justify our defence of him, and prepare our readers to appreciate his services to historical literature.

Snorro Sturleson was born at Hvam, in the western province of Iceland, in the year 1178. His father, Sturla Thordson, was local judge (or Godar, as it was still termed, though the priestly duties attached to that office had been abolished by the introduction of Christianity) over several districts of the country, and was, as well as the mother of our historian, descended from the same ancient and honoured races as the Kings of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. But what exercised yet greater influence upon his character, was the fact, that the foster-father chosen for him, according to then prevailing custom, was John Loptson, of Odda, the grandson and representative of no less a personage than the celebrated *Sœmund hinn Frodi*, or the Wise, to whose zeal we are indebted for the preservation of those venerable monuments of Scandinavian literature, the Songs of the Edda. Loptson was regarded as the richest and most accomplished man in Iceland; and in his house, which was the chosen seat of learning, Snorro, who lost his father when only five years old, remained until he had completed his nineteenth year, 'availing himself,' to use the words of Schonings, the historian of Norway, 'of the rare opportunity afforded him of acquiring knowledge, and developing those intellectual powers with which nature had gifted him.' It was here that he obtained a familiar acquaintance, not only with those ancient songs of Scalds which Sœmund had so assiduously collected, but also with Sœmund's own compositions, as well as those of Are Frode and other early historians.

In his twenty-first or twenty-second year he married Herdis, the daughter of the priest Berse the Rich, and received with her so considerable a dowry that we find him at one time numbering from eight to nine hundred armed men among his retainers and followers; and possessing no less than six large farms, besides others of inferior value. In 1209, he took up his residence at Reikholt, where he built himself a most commodious dwelling-place; and availing himself of the proximity of one of those hot springs, with which Iceland abounds, constructed for his own use a bath of freestone, which remains

to this day a monument both of his wealth and of his appreciation of the luxuries of civilized life. It was during his residence at Reikholt that he is believed to have composed that system of Icelandic mythology which is sometimes called after him *Snorra Edda*, but more frequently the prose or younger *Edda*.

The learning, intelligence, riches, and personal influence of Snorro, were too decided to admit of his leading a life of retirement; and accordingly, in 1213, he was chosen to the first office in Iceland, that of *Lagman*, or Lawman, an important post, which brought him into communication with the Earls of Norway, who were suspected, and with good reason, of a desire to bring Iceland under the Norwegian dominions. It was at this period that Snorro, who, like Froissart again, wooed the Muse of Song, transmitted a complimentary poem to Earl Hakon Galin, who rewarded the poet with a costly sword, helmet, a suit of armour, and an invitation to visit Norway. Owing, however, to the death of the Earl in the following year, this visit to Norway was postponed until 1218, when Snorro's fame was already established in that country, where he was most loudly welcomed and hospitably entertained by the wealthy Earl Skule and the young king, Hakon Hakonson. From Norway he proceeded to Sweden on a visit to Christine, the widow of his former patron, Earl Hakon Galin, whose memory he had honoured in his elegiac poem entitled 'Andwaka—Waking Hours.' She was married again to a Swedish nobleman; and Snorro, who resided with him there for upwards of twelve months, is supposed during this sojourn in Sweden to have acquired that knowledge of the early history of the country, which is discoverable in many parts of his work.

On his return through Norway he found the Norwegians busied in making preparations to invade Iceland, and thereby revenge certain real or supposed acts of injustice towards some of their merchants who had been trading to that country. Snorro endeavoured to act the part of a mediator, but his interference on this and subsequent occasions in the political affairs of the two countries has been greatly misrepresented. He has been stigmatised as a traitor, and the betrayer of the independence of his native Iceland. Yet Finn Magnusen has shown, by a careful examination of all the historical facts of the case, that he is innocent of this offence, which has been as pertinaciously as unjustly reiterated against him.

His alleged misconduct towards his wife Herdis is not, however, capable of being si-

milarly disproved. His marriage with her appears to have been one of interest, not of affection, and consequently an unhappy one. Of their children, two only survived their infancy:—one a son, Murt, who having on the occasion of his marriage quarrelled with his father on account of the smallness of the portion which he bestowed upon him, took up his residence in Norway, where he died from a wound received in a drunken brawl;—the other, a daughter, Hallbera, married to Kolbein Arnorson. Her ill health having led her husband to desert her after they had been married three years, she returned to her father's house, where she died.

Before the death of his wife, Herdis, Snorro had entered into another marriage with a rich widow, Hallweig by name, who took up her residence with him at Reikholt, while Herdis lived at Borg, a farm which Snorro had, through his marriage with her, inherited from her father, Berse. Snorro had no offspring by this marriage; but he had several natural children, who, according to the prevailing custom of those times, were looked upon much in the same light as if they had been born in wedlock. His daughters, Ingebjorg and Thordis, were married to men from whom they were afterwards separated, the latter entailing great misery upon her father from her disgraceful and dissolute life; the two husbands, from whom the former had been divorced, as well as his other son-in-law, quarrelling with Snorro on the subject of their marriage portions.

The latter days of Snorro's life were days of misery and anxiety. Denounced as a traitor by the Norwegian monarch, and a price, as it were, set upon his head, his three sons-in-law, with whom he was at enmity, determined, by one bold bad deed, to win the favour of Hakon, and to wreak their vengeance upon Snorro. On the night of the 21st of September, 1241, accompanied by some trusty friends, they forced their way into his residence at Reikholt, and Snorro Sturleson—one of the greatest men whom Iceland ever produced—fell beneath their wounds, the victim of treachery and revenge.

Such was the busy and chequered life, such the startling end of Snorro Sturleson. His *magnum opus*, the 'Heimskringla,' exhibits all the characteristics which one would look for in the work of so extraordinary an author—an author, who combining in his own person the distinguishing qualities of bard and hero, appears to have composed his 'Chronicle of the Kings of Norway' with a sword in one hand, and a pen in the other—and the result is a book so striking and so racy, so truthful, and at the

same time so picturesque, that, while six centuries have added to its value as a historical document, they have not in the least diminished the interest or destroyed the charm of Snorro's narrative.

That such a work should have remained, until the present day, a sealed book to the mere English reader, cannot but be matter of surprise—more especially when we recollect how closely it is connected with our earlier history, and how strikingly it illustrates it. Yet though we, therefore, express our thanks to the translator for so valuable an addition to our historical stores, we cannot but regret, that in furnishing a translation of a great national chronicle—from an edition, too, which occupied half a century in its production, he should have been guilty of such offences, both of omission and of commission, as must be laid to his charge: of omission,—in neglecting to avail himself of the stores of antiquarian learning which previous editors had accumulated for the purpose of elucidating Snorro's narrative, which, in many cases, is only half intelligible without such helps, how much soever Mr. Laing may be inclined to despise instead of using them: of commission,—in his contemptuous estimate of the value of antiquarian studies generally, and in his prejudices against our Anglo-Saxon forefathers and their noble literature. When we find him speaking of the connected series of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman history from the fifth to the thirteenth century (although composed by such writers of the Anglo-Saxon population as Bede and Matthew Paris, men the most eminent of their times for learning and literary attainments), as 'being of the most unmitigated dulness, considered as literary or intellectual productions,' and of 'the historical compositions of the old Anglo-Saxon branch during those eight centuries, either in England or Germany, as being, with few if any exceptions, of the same leaden character'—and when at the same time we observe his silence as to some of the more striking productions of Anglo-Saxon genius, we know not whether to ascribe all this to his prejudice in favour of the Northmen, or to his ignorance of the literature of the Anglo-Saxons.

Did Mr. Laing ever hear of that extraordinary poem 'Beowulf,' first published in Denmark by Thorkelin, which Mr. Kemble has since edited so admirably in this country—a poem which Leo and Ettmüller have translated into German, and illustrated with their well-known learning? Are the extraordinary poems contained in that matchless treasure-house of Saxon song the so-called 'Exeter Book,' or the 'Metrical Paraphrase

of the Holy Scriptures,' by the Saxon Milton, *Cædmon*, both of which have been so carefully edited by Mr. Thorpe, characterized by 'unmitigated dulness?' Or could that epithet be applied to 'The Traveller's Song,' to the noble fragments on the 'Battle of Maldon,' or to those valuable remains of Anglo-Saxon lore—the poetry contained in the 'Codex Vercellensis,' which have not only exercised the philological learning of James Grimm, but which Mr. Kemble, no mean judge, in his edition of them published by the Ælfric Society, pronounces to be of paramount importance?

In the next edition of his 'Chronicle of the Kings of Norway' we trust Mr. Laing will read a recantation of his heresies on the subject of the Anglo-Saxons; and if, taking Mohnike's edition* for his model, he will append to Snorro's history a copious selection of illustrative notes, he will furnish a picture of northern life in the thirteenth century, as perfect in its details as it is masterly in its design; make his book a perfect storehouse of information on the early manners and customs both of Norway and England; and gain for it a popularity which will entitle him to adopt, as its motto, the couplet which Geijer, the Swedish historian, inscribed in the copy of the 'Heimskringla' which he presented to his son:

'Fran fäder är det kommet; till söner skall
det ga
Sa langt som unga hiertan ännu i Norden slå.'

'From fathers it hath come; and to sons it shall
go forth
As long as there are young hearts that beat high
in the north.'

ART. XII.—1. *Note sur l'Etat des Forces Navales de la France.* Par S. A. R. M. l'Amiral PRINCE DE JOINVILLE. (Published in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' for May.)

2. *The Naval Forces of France Compared to those of England.* By H. R. H. The PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, Admiral of the Fleet. Translated by B. H. BEEDMAN. Painter.

* Unfortunately left imperfect by the death of the editor. The first volume, all he lived to complete—though containing between five and six hundred closely printed pages—only extends to 'King Olaf Tryggvasson's Saga;' the last two hundred and fifty pages being occupied with Essays on the Life of Snorro, on the origin, credibility, and literary history of the 'Heimskringla;' and lastly, with a large apparatus of critical and explanatory notes.

3. *The Ports, Arsenals, and Dockyards of France.* By a TRAVELLER. Fraser, 1841.
4. *Rapport sur le Matériel de la Marine.* Par M. le BARON TUPINIER. Paris. 1838.
5. *Compte du Matériel de la Marine Session.* 1840.
6. *Life of Sir H. Palliser.* By R. M. HUNT, Esq. Chapman & Hall. 1844.
7. *Session de 1845, Compte du Matériel de la Marine.*

THOUGH the coast of France may be said to be almost within sight of our shores, yet it is wonderful how ignorant are, not alone the British public, but the great mass of British statesmen and legislators, as to the number and extent of the French ports, arsenals and dock-yards. The state, prospects, and progress of the French navy—the system of maritime inscription and organization, are very near as little attended to or canvassed in England, as the measures of the Duke of Modena, or the decrees of the high and puissant republic of San Marino. ‘Distance’ seems ‘to lend enchantment’ not only to the view, but to the volumes of all recent travellers. But few of the hundreds of thousands who annually leave our shores take the trouble of exploring Cherbourg, Brest, L’Orient, Rochefort, and Toulon. Indeed, if it were not for the mad war freaks of M. Thiers, in the dog days of 1840, and the bellicose humour of his helpful ally, Admiral Prince de Joinville, in the dog days of 1844, we doubt whether the work which stands number three, among our notices at the head of this article, would ever have been written, or referred to, as it must be, now nearly four years after its publication.

The general history of the French navy would be too vast a subject to handle, in the largest space that could be allotted in a review. To the consideration and examination of that history we may, on some future and more fitting occasion, dedicate more space than can be conveniently afforded at the present juncture. Suffice it at present, in taking a rapid bird’s eye view of its rise and vicissitudes, to say that the marine of France has had, in almost every century of French history, its period of progress and declension, of elevation and depression, but that it never has been, as with us, a steady, stable, and enduring monument of strength, commercial importance, and civilisation.

The naval power of the ancient Gauls was only considerable in a relative sense. Their skill in navigation stood them in good stead in their commercial speculations, contributed to the establishment of their colonies, enabled them to defend their own

coasts against external enemies, and frequently favoured their designs to make incursions on the opposite coasts of their neighbours. But this warlike nation has left no historical record of its feats of arms, and we are forced to trace its history in the vague traditions of Greek and Roman authors, who furnish anything but clear and satisfactory accounts. The early history of the French navy is therefore necessarily obscure. Under the first race of French kings no naval deeds are related; and all that we learn of Charlemagne in a naval point of view is, that he built a number of ships, maintained many well-appointed *garde-côtes*, and vanquished on more than one occasion the Saracen and Norman fleet, whilst Louis le Bonnaire and his successors, without any well-constituted navy, allowed these barbarians to ravage and lay waste their country. The crusades, which commenced under Philip I., tended in a great degree to accelerate the progress of the navy; but when the French historians speak of the 700 armed vessels of Philip Augustus, of the expedition of St. Louis to the Holy Land, the embarking of 60,000 men at *Aigues Mortes*, the departure from Cyprus with 1800 vessels, and the project under Charles VI. for an invasion of England, one cannot but discern midst the haze of prejudice, exaggeration, and passion, with which they abound, that these efforts were the product of the fitful fever of the moment, neither well directed nor well conceived, nor sustained by any definite or intelligible object. The greater number of the 1700 vessels would be found on minute inquiry to be coasting smacks or barges, or large sloops, barks, galleys, or coracles hired from the Venetians, the Genoese, the Pisans, and navigated by outlandish and foreign sailors.

During the civil wars of France, her navy was at the very lowest ebb, and at the period when Henry IV. ascended the throne, he was exposed on the high seas to the insults of the most insignificant among the neighbouring states. Cardinal d’Ossat, in writing to M. de Villeroi,* complains bitterly to that minister that the king, his master, had neither vessels at sea nor in harbour, though he had an urgent want of a considerable navy. The cardinal represented to the minister how unfortunate it was that the king his master should be reduced to the necessity of borrowing the galleys of the pope, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and of the Grand Master of Malta, to remove Marie de Medicis into France.

* Lettres d’Ossat.

His eminence goes on to state that it was humiliating to think how four miserable galleys of the grand duke might desolate their common country, and keep the whole kingdom enchained within bounds. In a word, says he, is it not deplorable to see an empire such as ours not in a condition to chastise the insolence of the paltriest pirate that infests the ocean? These representations sank deeply into the mind of the prudent and politic prince, who 'would not lose so fair a kingdom for a mass.'

Against the opinion of his minister, and in spite of the opposition of his Parliament, Henry determined to give an adequate extension to the French marine. In 1602, an ordonnance issued, directing the same amount of anchorage to be levied on foreign vessels as was exacted from French bottoms in the ports of the various maritime powers. Thus had Henry resolved to give every encouragement to the naval service, when the hand of the assassin prevented him from carrying his royal intentions into effect. French commerce was so unprotected, after the death of this monarch, that the States-General of 1627 were obliged to demand an armed navy of forty-five ships. On the complaint of the parliament of Provence, the government awoke from its lethargy, and purchased seven ships of war in Holland, to cruise in the Mediterranean. The glory of raising the French navy from a position so humble, if not prostrate, is due to the genius of Richelieu; and the creation of the charge of grand master, chief, and superintendent-general of the navigation of France, with which his sovereign invested him, gave to this enterprising minister at once the power and the opportunity of carrying his designs into effect. In the year 1627, the cardinal obtained from his sovereign the permission to build ships. He established foundries of cannon at Brouage, at Marseilles, and at Havre-de-Grace. He instituted commercial companies for America and Canada, and thus turned the genius of his countrymen towards maritime enterprise and speculation. The taking of Rochelle in the following year, after a protracted siege, allowed the monarch to give a fuller scope and effect to the design of his minister. Harbours were deepened and fortified, storehouses and arsenals erected, and pilots, caulkers, cannoneers, ship-carpenters, sailors, fishermen, and rope-makers, forbidden, under severe penalties, to enter into the service of foreign princes. The cardinal died in 1642, but not before an opportunity was afforded him of seeing, in the rupture with Spain, in 1635, the progress which his country had made in nautical science, under his auspices and encouragement. Before

his death, France possessed 35 galleys and 60 ships, one of the most considerable of which was *La Couronne*, mounting 72 guns. This vessel, 200 feet in length and 46 in breadth, of excellent sailing qualities, excited so much interest and curiosity, that several English and Dutch shipwrights made a journey to France to inspect her proportions and take her measurements. During the minority of Louis XIV., the number of French ships of war decreased; but before the wars of the Fronde, in 1649, France still possessed 25 galleys and 30 two and three deckers.

The navy of France was small and inconsiderable, when that heartless individual, whom our neighbours call the '*Grand Monarque*,' assumed the reins of government. There were no ships of the first or second class; few of an inferior class, and even these not in a condition to put to sea. Colbert ordered the breaking up of some and the sale of others. Of the ships which existed in 1661, eight only were fit for service in 1671. It was then the first care of Richelieu to encourage the building of merchant ships, with a view to create sailors. Five francs a ton bounty was granted to the builders of ships of from 100 to 200 tons, and four for foreign built vessels, the property of Frenchmen. But naval munitions were still wanting, and in order partly to induce French sailors to enter to the, at that period, sealed sea of the Baltic, partly to procure ships' furniture, a premium was allowed to every vessel returning laden with hemp, pitch, spars, and other raw materials indispensable to the building and equipment of a navy.

Fifteen or sixteen ships, with a few Maltese and Dutch small craft, was the amount of the squadron employed in the expedition to Gigeri.* Nor had these vessels been all built in France, for it was, at this period, customary to buy ready built ships in foreign countries, or hire them for the particular occasion. When, however, the government did construct vessels in their own stocks, the material was generally purchased in Holland, and shipped by an agent for the particular arsenal where it was to be fashioned into a form, not always 'ship-shape and Bristol fashion,' though it must be generally conceded that our neighbours had early attained great perfection in the science of naval architecture.

Colbert came at the proper period to reform this vicious system. He encouraged native industry, caused native hemp and iron to be wrought and manufactured, and by these means rendered his country much less tribu-

* Anquetil, Hist. de France, tom. xxii.

tary, for manufactured supplies, to other nations. This was but the commencement of his labours. He directed the sea-faring population to be distributed into classes, and inscribed, so that in the interval between 1668 and 1681, 60,000 enrolled seamen were distributed over the maritime provinces. Five principal arsenals were soon after created, namely, Brest, Rochefort, Toulon, Dunkirk, and Havre. In each a council of scientific and nautical men was established for the purpose of deliberating and advising on anything that had relation either to the construction or equipment of the navy. These measures produced so wonderful an effect that, in 1672, Louis was enabled to send thirty ships of the line to join the fleet of Charles II., against the Dutch squadron commanded by De Ruyter. And, twenty years later, in 1692, France had at her command 2500 naval officers of different ranks, and 97,000 sailors.* But, as we before observed, these were but sudden spurts, indicating no steady national progress, and, accordingly, towards the end of the reign of the Grand Monarque, and still more under the regent, we find the navy languishing and neglected. The stocks lay empty and untenanted, and the din of the caulking mallet and of the smitheries gave place to silence. Small, by degrees, the French navy became, and, to its enemies at least, beautifully less, and the war of 1754, terminated in 1763, by the peace of Paris, may be said to have swept French vessels almost altogether out of the bosom of the ocean. The American struggle for independence roused the government and the natives from this apathetic and hopeless indifference to maritime affairs to new exertions and sacrifices. In the interval between 1778 and 1783, the maritime forces of France, if not so prosperous and powerful as in the earlier portion of the reign of Louis XIV., were at least placed on what may be called a respectable footing. By a tabular view of the navy, published at the time, we learn that it then consisted of seventy-one vessels of the line and a proportionate number of frigates. Now that the delusions of factious party spirit are passed away, it can no longer be denied that the unfortunate Louis XVI. gave the warmest encouragement and support to the naval service†. In 1789, this branch of the service consisted of eighty-one ships of the line, from one hundred and eighteen to sixty-four guns; of sixty-eight frigates, from forty to

thirty guns; and of one hundred and forty-one smaller craft, armed with 14,000 guns, and manœuvred by 70,000 sailors. But the revolution ended all that the monarch had so laboriously effected. In the early ages of French history there was a repugnance among the gentry to enter the sea service, but from the accession of Louis XIV., the oldest families of Provence, of Languedoc, of Guienne, and of Brittany, the Forbins, the Duquesnes, the Tourvilles, the Beaulieus, the Villeneuves, the Vallabelles, the Grosbois, had distinguished themselves as naval commanders. It thenceforth became the fashion for the men of the best birth of the kingdom to embrace with ardour the perilous and adventurous profession of a sailor, and of such officers the service was, at the breaking out of the revolution, composed. A high-minded, educated and noble-born corps of officers found, of course, no favour or encouragement with the revolutionary government or tribunals, and during the sway of the Dantons, Marats, Robespierres, and Legendres, the navy was little attended to or altogether neglected. This privileged corps, to which the golden cross of Malta and the order of St. John of Jerusalem was reserved by Louis XIV., to which precedence over the army* was accorded by the same monarch; this select and exclusive body of officers, so admirably composed by Louis XVI., was now discouraged and proscribed. Admirals of the White and Red no longer existed, officers with fine uniforms and golden aiguillettes gave place to burly skippers of the merchant and coasting service, or the daring and desperate sea-rovers of Nantes and St. Malo. These men, though brave and adventurous, were not, like D'Estaing, capable of large combinations; they could not manœuvre even a small squadron, and were incapable of comprehending the vast evolutions of a large fleet.

In the early days of the Republic and the Directory, though France was not wanting in ships, yet she was most lamentably wanting in a corps of superior and scientific officers to manœuvre them.

That extraordinary man who had given so vigorous an impulse to all the warlike resources of his country, was soon aware of this fact, and one of his first objects was, by promises of reward and promotion, to gain back such superior officers as had quitted the navy in disgust.† Nor did his efforts stop here, for the conquests achieved by the French army had enabled him to give greater

* 'Memoires sur la Marine,' par M. Malouet.

† Lacretelle, *Hist. de France pendant le 18ème siècle*, tom. 3.

* Louis XIV., *Son Gouvernement et ses relations*, par Capéfigue.

extension to his large conceptions, and no sooner was he possessed of Antwerp than he directed the establishment of a floating dock, capable of containing twenty-five ships of war, and a proportionate number of frigates and other craft. These exertions derived new energy from a hatred and a dread of England. But though Napoleon had at his command both Antwerp and the Texel, though his fleet was joined by the Spanish squadron under Gravina and Godron, yet the efforts of his Admirals, Gantheaume, Mississy, and Villeneuve, were powerless against the ships of Britain, commanded by Nelson, Cochrane, and Calder.

The naval history of the Restoration is easily written, and may be described in one word—Algiers. At the same time it would be unjust to the government of Charles X. not to admit, that during his reign the navy experienced a proportionate share of favour. For some years after the Revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe held his throne by so insecure a tenure, that he could bestow but little attention on the state of the navy, but the dedication of his son, the Prince de Joinville, to the service, in the year 1834 (if we are not misinformed), afforded a proof that he regarded the profession not only with favour, but looked on it as an important element of national strength. The earliest service of the Prince de Joinville, then we believe in his sixteenth year, was on board the *Orion* at Brest, and within five years of that period he was post-captain of the second rank, and within six had proceeded on board the *Belle Poule* frigate to bring back the bones of Buonaparte from St. Helena, for which service he was raised to the dignity of admiral. It was a little after this period, in the month of September, 1840, that the author of 'The Ports and Dockyards of France,' visited the five great arsenals. Great feverishness and anxiety existed in England, and not a little turbulent enthusiasm in France. Preparations for war were apparent on all sides, and travellers and strangers were looked on with suspicion. A strict prohibition had, some days before his arrival at Cherbourg, been issued, interdicting access to the Port Militaire, but he, nevertheless, contrived to gain admission, and describes the progress since 1827 as almost exceeding belief. These improvements were not only apparent in the deepening of the harbour, and the continuation of the works commenced by Louis XVI., but in the forges and foundries commenced in 1831, and finished in 1832 and 1833. From Cherbourg he proceeded to Brest, of whose roadstead, harbour, and dockyard, he gives a glowing, but in the main, we are inclined to think, an accurate descrip-

tion. It appears that all the most recent improvements in machinery are here understood, and practised in the simultaneous labour of 12,638 human beings, 8997 of whom are freemen, and 3641 wretched galley slaves. At L'Orient he is struck with the superior construction of the ships, whether as regards grace, sailing power, force, or durability, and with the zest and passion with which the workmen fatigue without exhausting their enthusiasm. The dockyard, during the period of his visit, was open so early as five o'clock in the morning, and the evening sun had already set ere the willing labours of the workmen closed. There are slips for the construction of thirty vessels of all sizes, and after a minute survey of each of them the deduction of this writer is, that within the last ten years the French have made a greater progress in their navy than any nation in Europe. He speaks of workshops then in course of erection, in solid granite, for the construction of steam-engines of the largest power for vessels of war, and from the durability of the material concludes that this is destined to be a regular branch of industry, and that France feels herself in this regard completely independent of England. It is, however, at Indret, a locality specially devoted to the production of steam-engines, that he is most struck with the spaciousness and excellent arrangement of the foundry and workshops, in which are thirty-six large fires and 420 men. Machines of from 160 to 220-horse power had been most commonly made here, but when 'A Traveller,' for so he signs himself, passed through the forges, it was understood that orders had been given to complete the machinery for twelve steamers of 450-horse power. At Rochefort there is also a *chantier* specially dedicated to the construction of steam-boats. Two of 220 horse power, and of the length of a 90-gun ship, were on the stocks in 1840, and preparations were then being made to get in course of preparation four additional ones of 440-horse power. There was then more activity in the *fonderies* than in any other department of the port. Immense machinery was in the course of construction, with a view to the fabrication of steam-engines for vessels of war, under the direction of M. Hubert. The object, and it was openly avowed, was to render France wholly independent of England. At Toulon our traveller found nearly 6000 free workmen in the dockyard, and more than 3500 galley slaves. Eight steamers then plied between this port, Africa, Corsica, Italy, and the East. The arsenal and the fleet of Toulon, he says, are making and must continue to make great progress, provided France maintains her

African colonies, and on the whole he repeats that within the last ten years France has advanced in her navy more rapidly than any European nation whatever.

The attention which these statements excited at the time soon afterwards subsided. Men had seemed to persuade themselves of the pacific policy of M. Guizot, and of the discretion and of the love of peace of Louis Philippe, when in the latter end of the month of May forth comes the Prince of Joinville again to sound the tocsin of war, and, as the 'Morning Chronicle' well puts it, to fling down the gauntlet to England and Europe. A prudent reserve and silence had been more becoming to the branches of this house. But the ambition of the family of Orleans has always overborne its prudence, and they have for three generations looked to the navy as calculated to furnish to some one of their members the pay and the power of Grand Admiral of France. Yet when it is remembered that two of the family were degraded from the rank of admiral, and the last, the grandfather of Rear-Admiral Joinville, for cowardice at the battle of Ouessant, it indicates rather more than ordinary boldness in a time of peace to raise a third to the dignity of rear-admiral in the short space of ten years. We confess we are disposed to think ill of the courage of every thrasonical boaster; and when we remember that this rear-admiral of ten years' service, now in his twenty-sixth year, and who never saw a naval action in his life, talked of blowing up his ship rather than surrender the bones of Buonaparte, the lines written upon his grandfather (who talked in as valorous a vein before the battle of Ouessant, but yet did not obey the signal of his commander, and bring his ship into the thick of the action) occur to us.

"Poltron par mer,
Poltron par terre,
Polisson par tout,
Prince nulle part."

It is idle to say that the publication of this pamphlet was disapproved of by Louis Philippe, or that it came on him as a surprise. The object of the work is to render the prince popular with the sea service, to obtain a larger budget from the chambers, possibly also there may be the *arrière pensée* of justifying the appointment of the prince as commander of the expedition against Morocco, by pointing to the pamphlet as a proof of his patriotism. If he has done his country no service with his sword, he has at least wielded his pen for her, and shed his ink if not his blood in her behalf. M. de Joinville says, France wishes to have a navy strong

and powerful to protect her interests, and her honour. In answer to this we ask, who has threatened the honour or attacked the interests of France? Chandernagore is quiet; Pondicherry and Carical are in perfect repose; Goree dreads no hostile attack; the Isle of Bourbon is unassailed by enemies; St. Pierre Miquelon, Mariegalante and Cayenne are unconscious of danger. This strong and powerful fleet therefore cannot be intended to keep watch and ward over distant and discontented colonies in all quarters of the globe; for the united population of the colonies of France does not amount to 80,000 free inhabitants, and her possessions are so inconsiderable in a colonial point of view, that the value would not justify the outlay; *le jeu ne vaudrait pas la chandelle*. We find this part of the subject is so well treated in a recent review of the pamphlet in the 'Morning Chronicle,' that we are tempted to give the following striking passage *in extenso*.

"Our line of conduct," says the prince, 'ought to be traced out by the example of our neighbour. She creates for herself a formidable steam force, and reduces the number of her steam-ships, of which she has discovered the uselessness.' The answer to this is short. There is no analogy whatever between the two cases. England has distant colonies in different seas and opposite latitudes—east, west, north, and south. She has possessions which claim her solicitude and surveillance, and the largest and most extensive commerce, which requires the attention of a considerable fleet. But these colonies and that commerce are not owing to her fleet or her navy. They are the results of the courage, intelligence, and activity of her people. It is to the wisdom, economy, and industry of the people of England that the magnitude of her colonial empire and the extent of her commerce are owing; and if she loses these virtues, no fleets, however formidable—no diplomacy, however astute or able—can long maintain to her a supremacy, due to well-directed energy and boldness, to the constancy of her character, and to the stability of her institutions. It may be that England has at this moment afloat more steam-ships than France; but she owes her maritime superiority, not to the number of her vessels, or to the number of her men, but her knowing how to use them better than her neighbours. It is to the promptitude and perfection of her evolutions, to the more skilful and scientific distribution of her forces, as much as to her daring and energy, that she ought to attribute her greatest successes.

"With her distant possessions, it is necessary that England should keep up a rapid and facile communication; and for this purpose steam-ships are necessary; but France has no distant colonies—no empire in India, or China—to awaken her solicitude, or to require her protection. A steam navy is a matter of necessity with England; with France it must be either a matter of aggression or of empty parade. But though, from her insular position and her colonial possessions,

a navy is a matter of necessity with England, yet she does not pamper this right arm of her strength to the neglect of other interests. She does not demand from her parliament an allocation of 18,553,616 francs for sailing ships of war, and 5,517,000 francs for a steam navy, at a time when her railroads are imperfect and unfinished; when her internal communication is disgraceful to the age in which we live; when the greater number of her communal and vicinal roads are impracticable; when her high roads are badly made, and often out of repair; when her agriculture and its implements are alike barbarous and backward; when quays and harbours remain unfinished; when marling and draining are not either understood or practised; when her wretched breed of sheep are fed on straw, and when Paris, her luxurious capital, is still supplied with water as in the time of Charles the Simple or Philip the First. If civilisation, not conquest, be the object of France, let her survey her coasts, shelter her roadsteads, deepen her harbours, improve her telescopes and chronometers, and increase the number of her pilots and light-houses. She would thus invite the co-operation and secure the amity of other nations, while she would, at the same time, increase her commerce and extend her resources. But if, instead of these peaceful triumphs, the son of her sovereign seeks to influence the warlike ardour of an excitable, impetuous, and daring people, the loss of his father's crown and his country's ruin may be the penalties of his rashness."

But, says the prince, steam has changed the face of things, and our military resources can take the place of our impoverished navy. By the aid of steam the most audacious war of aggression is henceforth practicable. A few hours will suffice to transport armies from France to Italy, to Holland, to Prussia, and though it is not stated in terms, yet no one can doubt the prince's meaning to be to England also. The answer to this is short, and is supplied in the able journal before quoted. It is undoubtedly true, says the 'Morning Chronicle,'

"as experience has proved, that other nations have adopted steam as they adopt most other novelties: but new inventions, such as this, turn most to the account of those who best know how to use them. Steam, like heat and water, abounds all over Europe; but the knowledge and the skill to apply steam on the ocean exist almost exclusively with England among the European nations. The advantage which each nation has derived from steam has been in exact proportion to its previous acquirements; and as England before the general introduction of steam, produced the best navigators, the best naval tacticians, the best *marcouvriers*, the best ships, and the best sailors, she has profited just in the ratio of her previous perfection."

But steam, we are told, leaves no such chances between 'France and her foes as existed thirty years ago,' for this new re-

source is most admirably adapted to the special necessity of that country, and time, wind and tide cannot now disturb her, for she can calculate to the day and the hour. 'What has been done at Ancona,' says the pamphlet, 'by the aid of favourable winds, may now be done without and against winds with still greater quickness.' We do not deny that France may again enter, with or without steam, a sea-port of His Holiness the Pope, who has no steam or other navy, and take possession of it; but we do deny, whatever Sir Charles Napier may say to the contrary, that by the aid of this invention she can invade England. If steam gives to her a greater power of attack it also confers on us a greater power of resistance, and though the deeds of St. Vincent, Rodney and Nelson, transcended almost the power of belief, yet we have as little doubt as we have of our own existence, but that, the aggressive and resistive power of England being increased by steam in a compound ratio, we shall do more against an enemy in any future war than we have ever done in any period of our past history. If young France is conspicuously ignorant of English naval history, it may be as well to recapitulate. The burning, then, of Boulogne by the mariners of the *cinque ports*,* the destruction of the French squadron by the inhabitants of Portsmouth,† the defeat of their fleet at Harfleur by the Duke of Bedford,‡ the taking of the whole Rochelle fleet by the Henry Pay,§ the destruction of the squadron going to the relief of Dunkirk by the gallant Blake,|| the victory at La Hogue under Ashby and Rooke,¶ the taking of fifteen sail off Granville by Dilke,** the destruction of thirty ships by Admiral Townsend in 1745,†† the destruction of St. Servan by Howe;‡‡ the total defeat of their fleet by Hawke in 1747, and again at Belleisle in 1759, the destruction and burning of Cherbourg in 1758, the bombardment of Havre-de-Grace by Rodney in 1759, the defeat of De Grasse by the same gallant admiral in 1782, the taking of the *Pegase* in 1782 by Jervis, the taking of Toulon and Corsica in 1793 by Hood and Nelson, the defeat of the French fleet in 1795 off Cherbourg by Sir John Borlase

* Holingshead's Chrons., vol. ii., 257.

† Mezeray, vol. iii., 125.

‡ Père Daniel's Hist. de France, and Campbell's Admirals, vol. i., 167.

§ Thomas Walsingham.

|| Clarendon's Hist.

¶ Campbell's Lives of Admirals, vol. iii., p. 53.

** Idem, p. 236.

†† *Mémoires d'Illustres Écrivains*, vol. v.

‡‡ Duncan's British Trident, vol. ii., 63.

Warren, the victory of the Bay of Aboukir 1798, by the ever-glorious Nelson, and the daring deeds of Cochrane in boarding French vessels close to the Corduan light-house, and within two heavy batteries—in taking the Tapageuse and Pomone, and destroying the French signal posts—will be eclipsed in any future war, not because we have braver and better officers, but because improved science, and the tremendous extension of steam power, coupled with the ability and the skill to use it, render us far more formidable to our enemies than we were at any period of our previous history. Not alone in the propelling of ships, but in the towing of them into action, in the use of projectiles and the service of a steam artillery, is Great Britain a century in advance of all competitors. If she could hold the empire of the seas against the old world previous to 1814, she can hold it now against both the old world and the new, and take the ships, burn the dockyards, and destroy the fleet of an enemy, with more tremendous vigour and velocity than she ever heretofore exhibited. Admitting, however, that the French could land on our shores, we do not dread their approach. Never have we crossed bills or bayonets with them from the days of Crecy to Waterloo, that they have not been signally and triumphantly defeated.

The young admiral, after dilating on the advantages of a steam-navy as the only effective means by which an offensive and defensive warfare may be carried on—as the only means of protecting the French coasts and of carrying on operations against the coast of an enemy, goes on to advise his countrymen not to keep up munitions and accoutrements, and ships' provisions in docks and arsenals, but to equip at once an available steam fleet. In other words, he says, 'Burn all your old vessels, sell your old marine stores—and with the money equip a fleet of war-steamers.' If the French were to follow this silly sailor's advice, they could not do anything that would be more favourable to our interests. Steam vessels may, no doubt, be employed as excellent convoys, they may also be advantageously distributed as the guardships of roadsteads and ports—they may be used in the conveyance of troops to short distances, they may render subsidiary services to vessels becalmed, or lead out of action or the wake of an enemy dismantled vessels—they may act as a species of guerilla or tirailleur force to a great fleet—or in laying a large ship alongside an enemy:—but to say that they can wholly supersede all other ships—till fuel can be compressed into a smaller space, or some improvement is made in the paddlewheels

which has not yet been invented—is to maintain a theory irrational and preposterous. It is possible that half a century hence, war galleys propelled by steam may be used in warfare, but till we have an actual experience of their great efficiency in an engagement with an old seventy-four, we will not theorise on a subject on which data are wanting. If any nation on earth might make the experiment which the Prince de Joinville advises to his countrymen, it would be England, yet how foolish would it be to do so. Steam-ships, it is needless to say, are peculiarly liable to derangement and accident, and there is hardly a repair of any moment to engines that can be effected at sea. Once out of order, they are forced to have recourse to sails, and how heavy and lumbering they then lie on the ocean all nautical men well know, though the fact appears to have escaped the attention of the princely pamphleteer. If this reasoning be true as regards England, how much more forcibly would it apply to France, whose iron is of inferior quality, whose machines are of inferior power and workmanship, and whose people are dependent for a supply of coal on the mercy of their neighbours. Add to this, that the expense of steamers is nearly double the cost of sailing vessels, while their durability is not very much greater.

Is the Prince de Joinville, however, correct in saying, there is an excess of *matériaux de la marine* in the five government arsenals? The Baron Tupinier, a most experienced and able government officer, a councillor of state, and member of the Board of Admiralty, and *directeur des ports au ministère de la marine*, is directly at issue with the young aspirant for the office of grand admiral, for he says that the arsenals contain materials only sufficient to equip twelve to fifteen ships, and as many frigates, and this he does not consider as more than is necessary for the safety of the service. He moreover states, that the forges of Brest and Toulon are insufficient, and that the interest of the service would demand, in a time of war, double the number of fires. It would be impossible, he maintains, to equip, in six months, the twenty ships and twenty-five frigates afloat. From the same authority we learn, that not one of the arsenals contains a manufactory of projectiles, and that the quality of such as are furnished from private establishments is far from satisfactory. This excellent public officer goes on to suggest thirteen improvements in the port of Brest, and eight or nine in the port of Toulon, each of which is of more importance to the navy of France than the building of war steamers.

We think we have now demonstrated that

neither the interests of her colonies nor of her commerce demand of France this increase of her steam navy; and we have also attempted to show (as those who refer to the work of Baron Tupinier will see in detail) that there are improvements of a more pacific character which demand more immediate attention; among others, the completion of the works at Cherbourg, estimated at a cost of 52,700,000 francs. What, then, is the object of the Prince de Joinville, in giving his pamphlet to the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' and afterwards permitting it to appear in a cheap form, at a cost of 10 sous? The object and the end of the pamphlet, in one word, is war. War is taken as the basis of all his reasonings; and at a time when no menace was spoken against his nation or his family, and when hundreds of thousands of British capital are embarked in making railroads through his country, does he inconsiderately sit down to provoke national animosities, to revive smouldering hatreds, and to form a code of piracy and plunder worthy of the Barbary latitudes, in which, it may be, he hopes to practise his doctrines. This may appear strong language, but whether it is justifiable, or exceeds the occasion, will be apparent from the following extract:—

"It remains for me," says the prince, "now to speak of another means of action which, in the case of a war, we shall have to employ against England. Towards the close of the Empire, there issued from our harbours numbers of frigates, whose duty it was to sweep the seas, without uselessly engaging an enemy superior in number. These frigates inflicted serious losses on English Commerce. To injure commerce is to injure the vital principle of England—is to strike at her heart. At the present epoch, this lesson ought not to be lost to us, and we should put ourselves in a condition, on the first firing of cannon, to act powerfully against English commerce, with a view to destroy its confidence. To this end we should establish, in every part of the globe, judiciously-stationed cruisers. In the Channel and in the Mediterranean the task might well be confided to steamers. *Steamers used in the packet service in time of peace would, from their quick sailing, make capital cruisers in the time of war. They might chase, pillage, run down, and burn a merchant vessel and even escape war steamers, whose sailing qualities would be impeded by their weight of metal.*"

These are the aggressive and predatory doctrines of a population of pirates, or of a wild, untameable stratocracy, hungering for military mischief, and thirsting for human blood. They are such as one might fancy would proceed from the Cossacks of the Don, who are yet uncontrolled by opinion, and unsoftened by the influence of manners—they are such as might proceed from the

old nobles of Moscow, whose tyranny is founded on the triumphs of an adventurous and invading army—they are such as obtained in the time of Napoleon, whose marshals previously computed the contributions to be levied by their insatiable plunder, as a vicarious atonement to their master's destructive revenge—they are such as would be befitting to ferocious irruptions of Arabs and Tartars, birds of prey and passage; but they are not such as we should expect from the son of a monarch of the barricades, in reference to a nation which has no thoughts of war or of aggression—no desire for acquisition of fresh territory—and which desires to live in peace with all the world, and in friendship with France. Why, then, is this indiscreet and turbulent stripling allowed to vent such venomous nonsense? Alas! he has known what it is to command before he has learned to obey. He has drunk of the draught of premature power, and it has produced an intoxicating, a maddening effect. But, thanks to the improved spirit of the age in which we live, a man who proclaims such sentiments and opinions now, even though a citizen king's son, is looked on, not as a hero, a deity to be worshipped, but as a calamity to be loathed and feared. The days of the Atilas and the Napoleons are gone for ever, and a civilized nation like England knows too well how to value her superiority and her well-acquired reputation, to risk it because a rash and ramping fool of fortune has shot forth his bolt.

The budget of France for 1845 is not a mere paper pellet, like the *brochure*. Unfortunately, however, the *brochure* is the straw which shows the way the wind blows; it is the unmistakeable, unfavourable symptom of the war fever, as the budget is the disease itself, and as such it should be vigilantly and carefully watched. We have stated that, during the last ten years of profound peace, the French navy has been increased in a degree incommensurate with the actual wants of France, either commercial or colonial—in a degree incompatible with the safety of other nations, and menacing to their security and peace. The following *resumé*, which we borrow from the '*Times*,' of the 13th of June, is so brief and clear, that we prefer using it to any summary of our own;—

"In 1830 the budget of the Marine amounted to 65,109,900*fr*, or about two millions and a half sterling. The number of seamen voted for that year was 12,926; the number of vessels afloat, including transports, was 126, and of these only one was a ship of the line.

"In 1843 the vote proposed to, and accepted by the Chamber for the navy was 106,905,876*fr*.,

or about 4,280,000l.; the number of seamen 26,926; and the number or size of vessels was proportionably increased or rather increased in a far greater proportion, for it is stated on official authority that the number of guns ready for active service was in 1843 *tenfold* what it was in 1830.

"The vote for the navy and the colonies for 1845 is on the same scale as in the preceding years since 1840. The amount is 107,241,280*fr.* It should, however, be observed, that about one-tenth of this and the other gross sum we have quoted is appropriated to the civil service of the colonies; but it does not include a vote of about 5,500,000*fr.* for maritime fortifications at Cherbourg and other places. The number of seamen now required is 29,073, of whom 23,704 are to serve afloat, and the remainder are destined for service in the ports. This force is to be employed to man a great squadron of evolution and exercise consisting of 8 sail of the line, 1 frigate, and 2 steamers; whilst, besides this fleet, 149 sailing vessels or steamers of less dimensions are kept in commission.

"In addition to this numerous armament, it is now proposed to introduce a new class of ships, as a reserve for the navy, under the name of vessels *en commission de rade* partially equipped for sea. This class will consist of 30 ships, including 8 sail of the line, 8 frigates, and 6 steamers. Including these two divisions of the French navy, the total force which might be ready for sea, at a short notice, is stated by the Minister of Marine to amount to 140 sail and 50 steamers, in all 190 vessels. This fleet is the most important and available portion of the French navy. The number of vessels in ordinary does not exceed 100 more; and although there are likewise 23 line of battle ships and 19 frigates in course of construction, their progress is slow."

Commerce is the foundation, the very corner-stone of the naval power of England. Her navy has been the child of her commerce, and has grown up with it, whereas the navy of France has grown while her commerce has been stationary, languishing, or actually on the wane. Under these circumstances these estimates present a portentous phenomenon, and nothing justifies them but the dread of an impending war or the actual outbreak of hostilities. Whether any explanations have been demanded as to the object and purpose of these maritime preparations by Lord Aberdeen we are not aware, but unexplained, they appear to be hostile and menacing, and calculated to encourage and call into life again, all the wild-

ness, arrogance, and presumption of 1840. We are not among the number of those who dread the power or the resources of France in the present day. That which the greatest military genius of modern times, with all Europe cowering and crouching at his feet, could not effect, is not likely to be achieved single handed, even by so great a naval commander as Rear-Admiral Joinville, the grandson of the hero of Ouessant. We survived the Berlin and Milan decrees and the Boulogne raft, and it is therefore possible we may survive the *brochure*. But of the disposition of the family and the nation, the pamphlet affords, alas! an unerring indication. We may object to the civility or complaisance of this young prince, but his sincerity we are bound to respect; and with equal frankness we now tell him, he will find us prepared for open hostility, for armed neutrality—or for those 'waiters on Providence,' who watchfully look on to see which is the stronger side to range themselves accordingly. Though therefore our neighbours, as appears by their budget, have twenty-three ships of the line and eighteen frigates afloat, yet we dread them not, for in the last ten years we have not relaxed in our progress, and we still maintain that unquestioned superiority far above rivalry and competition, which we have now enjoyed long enough to look on as an inheritance and a birthright. We know it was the power of England at sea that arrested the tyranny of Buonaparte by land—"Qui mari potitur eum rerum potiri,"—we know it was the navy of England saved Europe, and that it may again save it, should the independence of nations be rashly or wantonly attacked. From what we have seen and from what we have heard and read, we incline to think that the words 'Ireland and the Repeal of the Union' may have somewhat to do with the increased French budget, and more still with the French brochure. But let neither the Prince de Joinville nor the French nation deceive themselves. The Independence of Ireland is a dream—England must fall before Ireland can repeal her Union, and her name and memory must perish from among the nations ere Ireland can repeal it by the aid and assistance of France.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICAN THEOLOGY.—*The American Book Circular, with Notes and Statistics.* Wiley and Putnam. London. 1843.

To this 'Circular' we refer those who would form a correct estimate of what the United States are doing for the furtherance of knowledge. In addition to a list of the best works in various departments of literature published in America, it contains a temperate but earnest defence of that country against the censorious remarks of the historian Alison, and other English writers, ourselves included. *Audi alteram partem.*

In no field are the merits of our transatlantic relatives more numerous or more decided than in theology. With thirty-nine theological schools and 123,600 theological students, there must be in the United States a great demand for theological works. Not content, like the majority in this country, with old and to some extent obsolete works, American divines have successfully laboured to transfer to their own some of the best productions of the German soil, offering to us, in the cultivation of German literature, and the translation of German theological works, an example which it is not to our credit that we are very slow to imitate. Meanwhile the impartial and wise theological student may find his account in turning his eye towards the works with which America has enriched and improved her theological library.

In two departments the United States have earned for themselves the honour of independent and original excellence in practical divinity, and sacred geography. We quote the 'American Book Circular': 'Of Channing—it is true that his fame is European; that his works have all, on being republished, had an immense circulation in Great Britain; of some of them, no less than seven rival editions have been reprinted.' Not less distinguished in a different direction is Dr. Robinson, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, who by his 'Biblical Researches in Palestine,' has also earned an European reputation, and whose work, not less by its accuracy and thoroughness than by its bold, yet for the most part judiciously restrained originality, forms, by general admission, an era in our knowledge of the Holy Land.

The subject so well handled in the work last mentioned, Dr. Robinson carries forward in a theological work, which deserves to be widely read in England—we mean the 'Bibliotheca Sacra,' which is at present conducted by Edwards and Park, professors at the Andover College, with the special co-operation of Dr. Robinson and Professor Stuart. A very valuable volume of the work was completed in 1843. The number for February (the last we have seen) contains, besides other pieces, an interesting sketch of

'The Aspect of Literature and Science in the United States, as Compared with Europe,' by Dr. Robinson; a learned biographical notice of Atistotle by Professor Park; a useful paper on 'The Structure of the Gospel of Matthew,' translated from the Latin; and the first part of a translation from the unpublished lectures of Professor Tholuck on the very important subject which the Germans term 'Theological Encyclopædia or Methodology,' meaning a practical introduction to the study of theology, suited to students and divines. We are of opinion that better matter might have been found in print than what Tholuck's MSS. supply, but his, we are aware, is 'a good name' in some influential quarters, and we are grateful to the conductors of the 'Bibliotheca Sacra,' for this contribution to systematic theology. We also hope that their example will be followed by other conductors of periodicals, in giving the public translations or digests of theological works by men of deserved and established reputation, rather than the crude thoughts of half-formed, or the borrowed materials of would-be scholars.

Connected with the subject which Dr. Robinson prosecutes so successfully is a recently issued work—'Residence of Eight Years in Persia among the Nestorians,' by the Rev. Justin Perkins, 1843,—for which scientific theology owes a debt of gratitude to missionary enterprise, Mr. Perkins having disinterestedly devoted himself to the task of seeking out the Nestorian Christians with a view to the very needful work of their spiritual improvement and social elevation. Setting aside a little Yankee gasconade, which scholars and divines, at least, ought to be above, the work displays an amiable spirit and sufficient knowledge, while it supplies valuable information regarding districts of Persia, comparatively little known, and manners and customs which serve to throw light on the Bible.

If our brethren of the United States surpass us in the cultivation of systematic divinity, they also give English divines an admonition, in their care to provide means for the popular study of theology. Three works are before us which give evidence of this fact—'Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistle to the Hebrews,' by Albert Barnes, 1843; 'Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Acts of the Apostles, designed for Bible Classes and Sunday Schools,' by Albert Barnes, 1843. 'Notes, Critical and Practical, on the Book of Leviticus, designed as a general help to Biblical Reading and Instruction,' by George Bush, professor of Hebrew and Oriental literature, 1843. These are all cheap, useful books, designed and fitted for popular reading, full of solid and interesting matter. Were we, indeed, to call up our critical powers we might take exception in some cases to both

substance and form, and must express regret that newer sources of information had not been consulted in parts of the compilation; yet, even in relation to this point, the volumes contrast advantageously with the theological information ordinarily supplied to the English people. The appearance of these books is an index of a desire on the part of the public, at which we rejoice, and the supply will serve to feed the appetite and augment the demand. Theological works are more read in the United States than in Great Britain. Barnes received in payment of his 'Notes on the New Testament,' for part of the copyright, about 5000 dollars in two years. His volume on the 'Acts' has reached a tenth edition. A third work, on the 'Names and Titles of the Lord Jesus Christ,' by Charles Spear, came to a ninth edition in little more than a year. Our copy (1842) is the twelfth edition. All this, especially when taken in connection with what has before been said on the prosecution by the citizens of the United States of the higher branches of theological knowledge, has a healthy appearance, and justifies the assertion that religion is regarded with a deep and practical interest among them.

The best wheat is scarcely without tares. When the popular element of society predominates, effects will be seen which good taste cannot help condemning. Sermons, however, need not be trash. One department of English literature, a very rich—an invaluable one, consists of sermons. But, 'Sermons on Different Subjects,' by the Rev. Edward Norris Kirk, A. M.—Fourth Edition, revised.—New York, 1841, will, we venture to predict, fourth edition though they have reached, never take rank even on the lowest shelf of the American classics. Yet the pretension of the book is on the inverse ratio of its merits. As if it was not offensive enough to impose on the public a volume of poor commonplace, we find the thin food introduced by a flourish of trumpets in the shape of 'An Introduction by Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D.,' who avouches in language, which, whatever else it is, cannot be called English, and in which we are puzzled to say, whether the fine or the grotesque, the ludicrous or the lofty, has the greater share, that the volume is, in a word, the best in the whole world, and that its author, the Rev. Edward Norris Kirk, A. M. aforesaid, is a very model of disinterestedness and generosity, to say nothing of talent. Had we space, we should, we fear, yield to the inclination which we must plead guilty of feeling, to offer our readers some amusement in the shape of flowers culled from this 'revised' volume (what was it *before* the revision?). Seriously, however, should another edition ('revised' again we hope) be required—we beg Messrs. Kirk and Cox to ascertain whether they have not been in some way duped before they venture to declare anew to the world that 'these ten sermons were all published in London, where they were delivered to *listening crowds*' (what wonder is there in the crowds listening? congregations assemble to listen; is Dr. Cox surprised they did not sleep under his friend, the Rev. Edward Norris Kirk, A. M.?) 'who were not willing that they should be enjoyed only in the hearing, or realised alone in the

delivery. Hence in different ways they procured the publication' of these 'precious relics and justly valued mementoes.' We dare venture an obolus that we know the secret of all this—the Rev. Edward Norris Kirk, A. M., is 'a fine man,' and 'a nice man.'

'A Church without a Bishop' is a far different volume, and a very valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history. With the validity of our author's argument we have nothing to do, but we advise Episcopalians not to pass the work in neglect. It is too calm, judicious, and scholar-like a production to be allowed to remain unanswered with safety. The full title shows the object of the work—'A Church without a Bishop. The Apostolical and Primitive Church popular in its Government, and simple in its Worship;' by Layman Coleman, Author of 'Antiquities of the Christian Church,' with an Introductory Essay by Neander, Boston, 1844. The author being by accident led to turn his thoughts to the constitution of the primitive church, wisely proceeded to Germany, where, under the guidance, and with the aid of the profoundly learned and truly liberal Neander, he consulted the best authorities, and compiled his excellent work; thus setting a good example, while he produced a useful book.

Die Attribute der Heiligen, alphabetisch geordnet. Ein Schlüssel zur Erkennung der Heiligen nach deren Attributen, in Rücksicht auf Kunst, Geschichte und Cultus. Nebst einem Anhang, &c. (The Attributes of the Saints, alphabetically arranged. A Key to the Recognition of the Saints from their Attributes, in reference to Art, History, and Culture. With an Appendix, &c.) Hanover. 1843. Svo. pp. 224.

At a moment like the present, when the study of ecclesiastical antiquities is pursued in this country in a manner which almost entitles it to be called the fashion of the day, this little volume will be found a most useful addition to the existing hand-books connected with this interesting branch of archæology. It is true that artists who may be desirous of correctly representing those Saints, whom they may have occasion to portray in their compositions, would find no difficulty in ascertaining their peculiar attributes from an examination of existing works; but, on the other hand, lovers of art and historical students, who may be desirous of learning from an examination of the attributes by which he is surrounded, the Saint to whom any particular monument may be dedicated, had no means of satisfying their doubts until the appearance of this little volume, of which the appendix will be found not the least instructive portion, treating as it does of the costume worn by the members of the different secular and religious orders of the Romish Church, and of the various minutæ of that church's imposing ceremonial and mystical observances.

Niederländische Sagen—Gesammelt und mit Anmerkungen begleitet, herausgegeben von JOHANN WILHELM WOLF. (Legends of the Netherlands, collected, illustrated with Notes, and edited by J. W. WOLF.) Leipsic. 1843. 8vo., pp. 708.

SINCE the year 1818, when those profound scholars and philologists, the brothers Grimm, published their collection of German Traditions, a spirit of inquiry into these interesting relics of the literature of the people has manifested itself in almost every country of Europe, and produced numerous volumes of popular legends, calculated alike to interest the mere reader for amusement, and the philosophical investigator into national antiquities and the history of fiction.

Too many of these collections have, however, been disfigured by one glaring and unpardonable fault—an attempt to invest their contents with a dignity and importance utterly at variance with their artless and fragmentary character. The best and most interesting of these traditions, although furnishing admirable materials for the poet and the romancer, possess, in their childlike simplicity, a grace beyond the reach of art, and are always most effective when narrated in the homely style of the old crone whom Akenside so admirably describes :

“By night

The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant audience, with her tales,
Breathing astonishment, of witching rhymes
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave, to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life concealed; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.”

From this offence against propriety and good taste, the vast body of Flemish traditions, here gathered together by the industry and research of the editor, is entirely free, as indeed might be expected from the complaints to which he has given utterance, against such of his predecessors as have fallen into this error. Thus, while he commends Schayes for his ‘*Essais Historiques sur les Usages, les Croyances, et les Traditions des Belges,*’ and Dr. Bovy for his ‘*Promenades Historiques,*’ he does not scruple to point out the defects of Berthoud in his ‘*Chroniques et Traditions surnaturelles de la Flandre,*’ and to denounce as utterly unworthy of notice the ‘*Chroniques des Rues de Bruxelles.*’ As it will be seen from these remarks, that the editor of the present collection has had many predecessors, even in our own day, in the great work of collecting the traditionary remains of the Netherlands; and as he has moreover diligently sought them out from time-honoured chronicles—and noted them down from the recitation of venerable greybeards, in whose memory the tales heard in their youth still held their place—and in addition to these sources, has been favoured with communications from some of the most distinguished Flemish antiquaries, it will readily be believed that the five or six hundred legends with which his goodly octavo volume is

filled, form a perfect storehouse of Flemish traditionary lore—the value of which is certainly considerably increased by the editor's notes and comments. The connection which subsists between the early language and literature of England and Flanders, and the light which they are calculated to throw upon each other, render the present volume one of peculiar interest to the antiquaries of this country, who will find in it many a striking picture of the manners and customs of bygone times, many a startling illustration of old world feelings and old familiar phrases.

Portraits of the Game and Wild Animals of Southern Africa. By MAJOR SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS HARRIS. London. Pickering.

THE publication of this work has been delayed by a variety of causes into which it is not necessary that we should enter. Such productions, however, come when they will, are always welcome. The portraits are of the utmost delicacy and beauty, and are presented to us surrounded by landscapes, in most perfect harmony with them. We have never seen tropical animals delineated so well. Sir Cornwallis Harris, in fact, is as remarkable for his superior skill as a draftsman as for the eloquence and interest of his style as a writer. The present work is, in every respect, magnificent; so that it is hard to say whether the descriptions or the delineations are the more worthy of praise. We would direct particular attention to the antelope tribe, which forms the most exquisite link in the chain of animal existences inhabiting the African continent. They who have beheld it dart like a flash of light across the desert, or seen it browse, at dawn or by moonlight, on the tender young corn of the Upper Nile, or on the vast Kanoo of the Cape, will regard with singular pleasure the masterly delineations of our diplomatic artist, who, with a versatility of powers exceedingly rare, excels at once as a sportsman, a daring traveller, a draftsman, an author, and a politician. We would, therefore, recommend his ‘*Portraits of Game and Wild Animals*’ to all who admire superbly-illustrated books. Each lithograph is a pastoral poem in itself, transporting the fancy to the richest scenes of the East, and diffusing around it all the charms which forest solitudes possess in the torrid zone, where the atmosphere seems to be impregnated with fire, and where vegetation, solicited by warmth and moisture, develops itself with a wild luxuriance almost inconceivable in the colder North.

Randzeichnungen. Vom ADVOKATEN DETMOLD, in Hannover. Braunschweig. 1844.

WONDERFUL! Here is a book, very small and very witty, and yet a German book. The author is famous among his countrymen as a sayer of good things; *e.g.*, A full-length lithograph portrait represents the Hanoverian minister of finance with a roll of paper in his left hand,

and his right hand pressed against his heart. On this Detmold remarked, that the minister was appropriately portrayed, holding the budget in one hand, and with the other covering the deficit. The little work before us consists of two short political satires, in which the author fairly hits every blot he aims at; whilst so genuine is his humour, that it cannot fail to move the hearty laughter, even of those readers who give themselves no concern about his political allusions. The first piece, entitled 'The Difficult Problem,' relates to the doings of an æsthetical club in the *residenz* of Flachsenfingen, rich in all the twaddle and mouthiness of German Philistendom. The club had a plaster cast of the *Venus de Medici*, as large as life, placed at the entrance of the saloon, the original whiteness of which became much impaired, in course of time, by dust, tobacco-smoke, and the deposits made by flies; but what was worse, a new member called the attention of the club to a fact which no one had previously observed, that the dark colour was not equally diffused over the statue, but peculiarly affected the most prominent portion of the *torso*. The fact was, the members, as they severally entered the club-room, could not forbear from evincing their taste and feeling for art, by passing their hands over that part of the statue in which, according to Hogarth, the line of beauty is most strikingly exemplified. Hence the especially dark colour of that particular part. No sooner were the eyes of the members opened to the enormity of the evil, than a special meeting of the club was called to take it into consideration, and discuss means for remedying it. The debate that ensues is an admirable parody on the pseudo-constitutional palaver of the Germans.

The second piece is a nursery tale. Two unfortunate mice, husband and wife, are compelled daily to deliver up six of their blooming progeny to a horrid ogre of a cat. The distracted parents implore the advice of all the domestic animals of their acquaintance; but none can give them any feasible counsel; their des-

pair is extreme, when, at last, one of their children has the wit to run away of its own accord, and escape into a safe retreat, where it laughs at all the wheedling and the threats of grimalkin, and positively refuses to come and be eaten. 'Rebellious rabble!' exclaims the cat, 'I give you over to your own devices. Begone, and see how you will thrive without me!' Ever since then, if the cat will have mice to eat, he must first catch them.

The Despatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, during his various Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, and Spain, the Low Countries, and France. Compiled from official and other authentic documents, by COLONEL GURWOOD, C. B., &c. An enlarged edition, in eight volumes. Parker, Furnival, and Parker.

Two monthly parts have appeared of this new edition, which is to contain many important papers, particularly those relating to India, never before published. The work is handsomely printed in a large octavo form; and while we are promised an addition to its original contents, its cost is considerably diminished.

Observations on the proposed Improvements in the Overland Route via Egypt; with Remarks on the Ship Canal, the Boulac Canal, and the Suez Rail-Road. By JOHN ALEXANDER GALLOWAY, Esq., C. E. Weale. 1844. pp. 24.

In this pamphlet, the brother of the late Galloway Bey, who made the surveys and estimates for a rail-road from Cairo to Suez, advocates the superiority of that scheme over the others which have been proposed, for accelerating the transit of goods and passengers from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

AUSTRIA.

EDWARD DULLER's new historical work, 'Maria Theresa and her Times,' the first part of which has recently issued from the press, excites, as may be supposed, a very great degree of interest. A good narrative of the life of Maria Theresa was a desideratum in the historical literature of Germany. The German reviewers speak in terms of high commendation of the manner in which Duller has executed his task. His talent as a historian had already been displayed in his continuation of Schiller's 'Downfall of the United

Provinces of the Netherlands,' for which he collected his materials by a course of laborious research in the archives and libraries of Holland.

BELGIUM.

In the recent meeting of the Society of the Fine Arts at Ghent, the secretary, M. Verviers, submitted to the inspection of the company a very curious old document, which, by some singular accident, has found its way into the library of the society, where it is carefully preserved. It is the authentic journal of the celebrated Dutch

Admiral Martin Harpertz Tromp. It was commenced about the year 1629, on board the ship of war, *De Vliegende Draeck*, and was continued to the year 1646, on board the *Amelia*. It contains a vast number of notes and reports of naval actions in which the admiral was at different times engaged; and especially some curious particulars respecting the victory of the Downs, in which Tromp defeated the Spanish Admiral Oguendo, in the year 1639. In this register the autograph signatures of some of the most distinguished captains of the age, are of frequent recurrence. One portion of the document which particularly interested those who had the opportunity of examining it, was Tromp's account of his capture of the Algerine corsair, off the Land's End, Cornwall, on the 27th of August, 1640; together with some details of the life and adventures of the Algerine officers, who, with the crew, consisting of 105 men, were condemned to death by a court-martial held on board Tromp's squadron.

FRANCE.

A new volume of the '*Histoire littéraire de la France*' has recently appeared. This great work, which was commenced by the Benedictine Congregation of Saint-Maur, has been continued by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. The first twelve volumes, which appeared in the interval between the years 1733 and 1763, embrace the history of French literature from the earliest period to the middle of the twelfth century. The work was then suspended until the year 1807, when the Minister Champagny assigned to the second class of the institute the task of continuing it. An editorial committee was appointed, consisting of MM. Guinguené, Brial, Pastoret, and Saint-Croix. On the death of Guinguené in 1816, and of Saint-Croix in 1820, the vacancies were filled up by MM. Amaury and Duval. Volumes xiii., xiv., xv., which appeared in the years 1814, 1817, and 1820, complete the literary history of the twelfth century. The succeeding volume, published in 1824, treats of the literature of France during the thirteenth century, which subject is continued through the four following volumes. The volume recently published contains curious biographical notices of many of the French troubadours, and full accounts of their works. In the year 1832, the only surviving member of the original editorial committee, was M. Pastoret. He, as well as MM. Duval, Petit-Radel, Emeric-David, who were subsequently chosen, were all removed by death in the course of a few years, so that the undertaking has fallen into entirely new hands. It is now under the direction of MM. Felix, Lajart, Leclerc, Paris, and Fauriel.

Berton, the French composer, died in Paris on the 23d of April, at the age of 80. He was the author of several popular French operas, among which may be named '*Aline*,' '*Montano*,' et '*Stephanie*,' &c.

Eugene Sue's dark pictures of Parisian life seem to have suggested the idea of a work which is to make its appearance in numbers, and which has for its object to paint the bright side of things in the French capital. It is announced under the title of '*Le Diable à Paris*,' and bears

the consolatory motto '*Le Diable n'est pas si noir*.' The most celebrated writers of the day are to contribute to this publication. Madame George Sand opens the series of numbers with a *Coup d'Œil général sur Paris*, which is followed by sketches by Gozlan and Balzac.

The experiment (originally made and followed up in Germany) of giving dramatic representations of some of the ancient Greek tragedies, has been tried at the Theatre del'Odéon in Paris. The piece selected was the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with the symphonies and choruses of Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Judging from the descriptions given of the French performance, it would appear that the Parisians carry the *Sophoclomania* even further than the Germans. The stage arrangements were in the ancient style, in so far, at least, as the limited dimensions of a modern theatre will admit. The *parterre-loges* were removed, and the pit raised to a level with the stage, the podium superseded the orchestra. A proscenium was made to communicate by two lateral staircases with the roof of the stage, and in the middle of the proscenium stood the altar of Bacchus, adorned with wreaths of laurel. The fall of the curtain too was managed in the ancient manner. It descended from the ceiling, and was then drawn under the stage. The principal actors wore the buskin; and even carried their anxiety for correctness of costume so far as to wear a mask. From all this it may be presumed that the *mise en scène* was as perfect as possible. The French translation of the tragedy is the work of MM. Vacquerie and Meurice.

The library of the late Charles Nodier, though small in extent, produced, at its recent sale, no less a sum than 68,000 francs. So choice was the collection, that the mere sight of the books was a rich treat to the bibliographer, for every volume which Nodier thought worthy of a place in his library was a gem. The difficulty of finding perfect and beautiful copies of old books is greater than is generally believed. Of this fact the library of Charles Nodier afforded a proof, as it showed deficiencies which were scarcely to be expected in the collection of such a scholar. Could it have been supposed that Charles Nodier did not possess a copy of '*Virgil*?' What, it may be asked, is more easily obtained than a good '*Virgil*?' But an amateur like Nodier was not to be satisfied with any other than the Elzevir '*Virgil*,' printed in 1636, and, if possible, in the old binding of that date. It happened that Nodier never had an opportunity of procuring the '*Virgil*' which his taste pronounced to be the only perfect one, and as he would not have an inferior copy, the consequence was that he had none. *Tant pis pour lui*.

GERMANY.

The '*Suabian Mercury*' mentions that at Inningen, in the principality of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, some human skeletons of great antiquity have recently been discovered. They were found buried in a chalky hill, each skeleton being in a separate grave about one foot beneath the surface, and covered with earth. The heads all lay in the direction of the east, and on the breast of each there was a stone. Several of these skeletons measured upwards of seven feet

long. On being lifted up they crumbled into dust. There is reason to believe that the graves are of earlier date than the period when the Romans occupied Germany. Many other antiquities, consisting of coins, swords, spears, and earthenware vessels, have at different times been dug up in the same locality.

A society has been formed to commemorate the celebrated German author Lichtenberg, who was born on Oberamstadt, on the 1st of July, 1742. Two of Lichtenberg's sons, holding high situations under the Hanoverian government, are members of the society, which is to meet annually. At the meeting held on the 1st of July last year, it was resolved to publish a new edition of Lichtenberg's works, including many articles which have hitherto been withheld from the public. Those who are acquainted with Lichtenberg's admirable comments on Hogarth's pictures, will look forward with interest to the appearance of the new edition.

Haufstaengl is proceeding actively with his task of lithographing the principal pictures in the Dresden gallery. He proposes to extend his plan, which was at first limited to 120 of the pictures.

A new work entitled 'Cosmos,' from the pen of Alexander von Humboldt, is announced for publication by Cotta, and is, as we have reason to know, in a considerable state of forwardness. Unlike most other works by the same distinguished author, it is written in German, not French: but it will, as we are led to think, appear almost simultaneously in French, English, and Italian translations. It will be of a purely scientific character. "The world will be surprised," said Humboldt, a few days since, "that at my advanced age (72) I should attempt a work of such magnitude as a physical description of the earth." It has been likewise intimated to us that an English version of Humboldt's 'Ansichten der Natur' is in course of preparation by a practised translator (Mrs. Austen?).

The second part of a comprehensive work on European and other Railways, by Baron von Reden, has appeared, and attracts much attention, in consequence of the engrossing interest which the subject of railway communication now possesses throughout the Continent.

In consequence of the recent abrogation by the Saxon government of the censorship, as regards all works exceeding twenty printed sheets, an enterprising publisher of Leipsic has commenced a quarterly journal, entitled 'Wigands Vierteljahrs-Schrift,' the peculiarity of which consists in all the articles being such as have been written for other publications, and prohibited by the censorship. As this review exceeds in size twenty sheets, the articles are published in it without any previous permission, but at the risk of the publisher's being prosecuted for the sentiments thus put forward, and with the chance, almost amounting to certainty, of the publication being interdicted abroad or suppressed at home. The articles in the first number are of very unequal merit.

GREECE.

Great political changes, and the excitement resulting from them, are not less unfavourable, than

war itself, to the progress of the arts of peace. In Greece the revolution of September last has had the effect, not only of diverting public attention from subjects connected with art and antiquity, but it has also disabled the government from affording the pecuniary aid heretofore granted for carrying on excavations. Thus the labours on the Acropolis must have been entirely suspended, had not Colonel Leak and other lovers of Greek archæology, raised in London a sum of money for the purpose of restoring, at least as far as the relics will permit, the little Temple of Victory in front of the Temple of the Propylea.

ITALY.

Within the last few years a growing taste for historical research has been manifest in Italy. In 1834 a scheme for collecting and publishing the state records of Piedmont was set on foot in Turin. In Florence a collection of state documents is now about to appear under the title of 'Archivio Storico,' edited by several individuals eminent for learning; and an association has been formed in Rome for re-publishing the 'Muratori Collection' in a more complete and correct form than heretofore, by collating the documents with the originals. In this department of research, Naples has as yet been behind other parts of Italy. That she possesses able writers of history is a fact sufficiently testified by Amari's narrative of the Sicilian Vespers (which has brought on its author the penalty of banishment),* and by the 'Montecassino History.' The stores of yet unexplored records, in the archives of Naples and Sicily, have suggested the establishment of an association for the purpose of publishing some of the most curious documents relating to the history of Naples and Sicily, from the year 568, when the Lombards entered Italy, to 1734, when Charles of Bourbon mounted the throne of Naples. In furtherance of the undertaking, the Neapolitan government has promised to permit free access to the archives.

The valuable collection of letters and papers left by the late Cardinal Pacca, which he intended should furnish materials for his memoirs, have been sent from Rome to his relations at Benevento. The cardinal marked them with his own hand 'for publication,' but there now appears reason to doubt whether his desire on this subject will be carried into effect. The letters are said to contain some confidential correspondence which took place between Frederick the Great and Pacca in the nine years during which the cardinal filled the post of nuncio at Cologne. This correspondence relates to important religious and political questions which arose on the outbreak of the French revolution. The cardinal had an interview with the king himself at Westphalia; and the journal sets forth that he prepared an asylum on the Rhine for the fugitive

* See 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' No. LXI. A recent letter from Sicily mentions that Amari's work has been reprinted at Lugano, whether with or without the consent of the author is not stated. The work is entitled 'Un Periodo delle Istorie Siciliane d.lle Secolo XII.'

Louis XVI. The most important portion of the papers is understood to relate to the Marquis de Pombal, to the religio-political party of the Jansenists in Portugal, and to Pacca's three years' captivity in Fenestrella. He went as nuncio to Lisbon in 1794; and he filled the highest posts and exercised unbounded influence in the papal government, under Pius VI., Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI.

The sale of the Palazzo Barbarigo at Venice will shortly take place. In this palace, and surrounded by the members of the Barbarigo family, Titian breathed his last. The picture-gallery contains several of Titian's finest works; among others a Magdalen, a Venus, and a St. Sebastian. To this last work he had just given the finishing touch, when he died of the plague in 1576, at the age of 99. The group of Dædalus and Icarus, one of Canova's earliest works, is also in the Barbarigo Palace.

In the Protomotheca of the capitol—which may be termed the Roman Walhalla—there has hitherto been wanting a statue of him whom the Italians proudly and justly name *il Principe della musica*, viz., Pier Luigi da Palestrina. The monument of that great musician is to have a place next to those of Marcello, Corelli, Paisiello, and Cimarosa. The statue of Palestrina will be executed in marble by the sculptor Galli.

Pisa.—A history of the life, scientific and private, of the lamented Rosellini, has been written by his friend and disciple, D. Guiseppe Bardelli. The following passages from his will, having reference to his works, will be read with interest:

"I bequeath to the Library of the University of Pisa, the manuscripts of my Egyptian Studies, viz.:

"1. Seven journal-books, containing notes and descriptions taken on the several spots, part of which have been made use of in the compilation of my printed works, but a still larger portion of which remain inedited. 2. Eight other books containing the MSS. of the eight printed volumes of the 'Monumenti d'Egitto e della Nubia'; and further, about twenty-one quires of MSS. for vol. ix., which have not been printed. 3. Two large journal-books. The one entitled '*Ιερογλυφικά*,' the other '*Dinastie*,' containing MS. materials, some of them made use of in the above work, the rest inedited. 4. Four little boxes in divisions containing my nearly completed '*Dizionario Geroglifico*,' consisting of several thousand little bits of pasteboard, arranged in alphabetical order, in the phonetic characters; and in methodical order, in the figurative and ideographic symbolical character; the latter in the largest box. As to my designs, published and inedited, they belong to his Royal Highness the Grand Duke."

ROME.—Eight volumes of Cardinal Angelo Mai's most important collection '*Spicilegium Romanum*,' have made their appearance, and the two remaining volumes are daily expected to appear. This collection presents a body of documents of the greatest interest in illustration of the middle ages, from the Greek, Latin, and Italian MSS. in the Vatican. One of the future volumes, it is said, will contain a valuable lexicographical essay upon middle and lower Latinity, supplying many

of the deficiencies in Ducange. Another work, under the care of the same learned cardinal, and now in the press, will, it is announced, furnish the world with some hitherto unpublished writings of ages, not very far removed from the classical.

PRUSSIA.

The recently published memoirs of Field-Marshal Keith, by Varnhagen von Ense, contain some novel and striking pictures of persons and events connected with the life of Frederick the Great. Keith was a confidant and favourite of Frederick, and was a distinguished commander in the Prussian army; but the romantic adventures of Keith's life before he entered the Prussian service form the most curious portions of von Ense's memoirs. Amidst the prosaic dullness and pedantry of the first half of the last century, a character like that of Marshal Keith stands out in wonderful relief. His undaunted courage and energy, his romantic feelings of honour, which remained unsubdued in the most trying circumstances,—and above all the extraordinary adventures of his life, seem to belong to the middle ages or to the early part of the sixteenth century. James Keith was the youngest son of George Keith, Earl-Marshal of Scotland, and of Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth. He took part with the Pretender in 1715, and was wounded in the battle of Sheriffmuir. After the defeat of Charles Stuart, Keith was obliged to fly from Scotland and to seek his fortune. He sought and found it in those countries of Europe in which at that time the spirit of romance still lingered. He went to Spain at the time when Alberoni was concocting his great political schemes. From Spain he proceeded to Russia, where he received a military command from the Empress Anne. He fought with the most chivalrous courage in the battles against the Turks, among whom the terror of his name is to this day remembered; and lastly entered the Prussian service. Frederick the Great cherished a cordial friendship for Keith, who accompanied him in a journey through a great part of Germany, Poland, and Hungary. He filled the rank of field-marshal in the Prussian army, and was killed in 1758, at the battle of Hochkirch.

SWITZERLAND.

Some excavations recently made on the Hochberg (a wooded hill near Solothurn) have led to the discovery of some curious ancient graves and skeletons. The diggings were made under the direction of the archaeologist Hugl, from whose report are extracted the following particulars relative to the objects discovered: The direction of the graves is uniformly from east to west. One of them presents this peculiarity, that the body interred in it appears not to have been originally laid in a dug grave, but merely stretched on the surface of the ground, encircled by a row of small stones, and then covered with earth heaped up in the form of a hillock. At the feet of the skeleton was a pitcher evidently of great antiquity; and at the head was found a small copper coin, nearly corresponding with the obolus of the Greeks. On

one side of this coin there is an imperial head, and on the other the figure of a kneeling skeleton. The second grave is still more curious and interesting. It is dug in the ground, and carefully lined in the inside with Roman bricks or tiles. In this grave were found two skeletons. One was that of an extremely aged woman—and on the grave being opened, the right hand was found in a raised position. At the feet of this skeleton, there was another,—that of a powerful man, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age. It was in a sitting posture, and very much twisted; one hand was raised to the roof of the grave, the other pressed down upon the ground. The female skeleton was lying perfectly straight, except that her feet were pushed to one side and pressed against the tile wall by the knees of the other skeleton. Hugi remarks that the twisted and distorted position of the skeleton of the man leaves no doubt of his having been buried alive; and it is not improbable that the female likewise suffered the same horrible death. The resemblance in the form of the skulls seems to indicate that both were members of one family, and that they belonged to some eastern tribe.

In another grave, also lined with Roman tiles, there was found the skeleton of an aged female, with another skeleton at her feet. In some ancient graves previously opened at Grunchen, Hugi found human skeletons with the bones of dogs at their feet. In one of the graves of the Hochberg there was a skeleton with a row of amber beads on the breast, and the throat encircled with the usual Celtic beads of clay. Beside the skull lay large silver earrings, and round one arm a beautiful bronze bracelet; these objects all resemble the ornaments frequently found in Celto-Roman graves. Hugi's report gives a most curious description of several more of these ancient graves; and he anticipates important discoveries in the course of the excavations which he proposes to pursue on the Hochberg. The spot has doubtless been an extensive cemetery.

At Lausanne some literary curiosities have been discovered, consisting of unpublished poems by Clement Marot, and a letter of Catherine de Medicis. The manuscripts form 282 pages of small folio, and are beautifully written in the Gothic character.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW PUBLICATIONS

ON THE CONTINENT.

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